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the elbow. Into this cup is dropped the duplicate length of chain. Unless the arm is raised to a point almost directly upwards the chain is kept from falling out.

Now we'll proceed to fool somebody. Take the chain from an odd looking little box of the type you find in oriental novelty stores. You might even say that it was found wound around the ankle of a Buddhist idol and remark that legends told of its power to change from ankle to ankle whenever a hand of theft approached. Or you might take it from an incense box, and explain that a shoplifter in Woolworths had a very clever way hiding his loot by transfering it from one place to another during a search when he was suspicioned. You got the incense box also at Woolworths to keep the chain in familiar surroundings.

Hold an end with the right thumb and forefinger. Pull it through the curled left fingers
several times, keeping that hand at a position
near where the box pull will later appear. During the short patter beginning, the right thumb
goes into the loop of wire. This time, when the
right hand moves away, pulling the chain through
the left hand, the pull under coat is removed
from its hook and is drawn directly into the
left palm, its opening being at the top when the
fingers curl around it. The moment that the box
reaches the hand the right fingers and thumb

drop both the chain end and the wire loop. The patter finishes at this point - the chain end is retrieved (but not the loop) and the right hand raises it high to let it be lowered into the left fist, and, incidentally, into the box.

THE ACTION OF THE RIGHT HAND AND ARM ALLOWS THE DUPLICATE CHAIN TO DROP OUT OF ITS CONTAINER. THE SLOW LOWERING OF THE ARM SIDEWISE WHEN THE VISIBLE CHAIN ENTERS LEFT FIST CAUSES THE INVISIBLE CHAIN TO LOCATE ITSELF JUST BELOW THE ELBOW AND OUT OF THE WAY OF ITS ERSTWHILE CONTAINER.

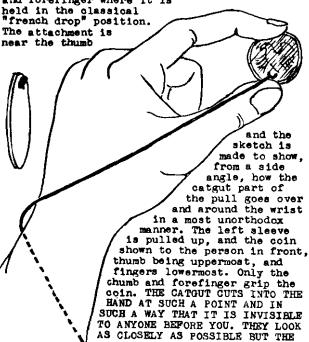
The moment that the last bit of chain is visibly dropped into the left fist the box is allowed to travel fast to its place against the left hip. Its shape is a hundred per cent effective against any loss of its contents. The left closed fist is extended up and outwards to the left, and as attention is directly upon it and its supposedly held chain, the right arm drops for the moment to the side when the loose duplicate proceeds to fall into the open and cupped hand.

With the left hand in place, the performer turns his head to the right and brings up the right hand clenched. Strange words may now be said, or the wordage from the cover of the incense box recited. The left hand is empty, and the chain is astonishingly revealed in the right.

THE "GOOD-BYE" COIN

his may seem like a lot of trouble for the vanish of a half dollar but it is so clean and startling that once you use it you'll not stop doing it at all available times.

To a half dollar size coin solder a small wire loop near the edge but not projecting over. The one end of an 8 in, piece of catgut to the wire loop, attaching the other end to ordinary black elastic used for pulls. The pull is fastened to the back of the vest and comes around left side of the body through a belt loop. The performer must set the coin in his left thumb and forefinger where it is



COIN APPBARS JUST THE WAY IT NORMALLY SHOULD. Now take the breast pocket hank out and throw it over the left hand. "Please see that the hand does not move." As you speak, turn the body to the right, grasping the left wrist with right fingers. "Will you please hold my wrist tightly, like this?" As you make the gesture, the coin is let go to whip across the back of the hand, under the wrist, and sourry to the left hip. The spectator holds on while you mutter abracadabra like words. Then the spectator removes the hank. The direction of vanish is so different, plus the deceptive absense of connections, that the effect is a bit of magical beauty.

COLUMN Y

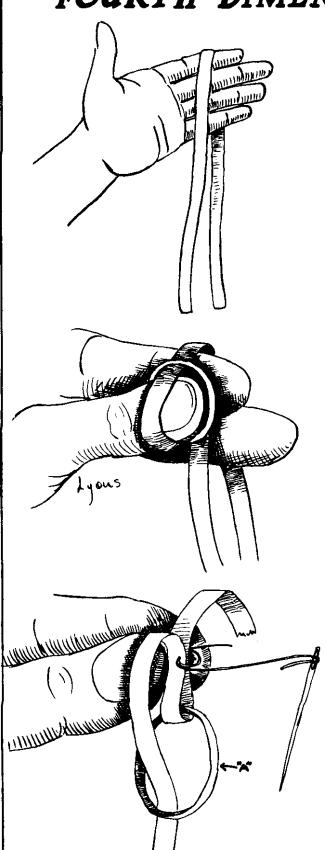
ere's a candid picture of Oscar, the cute poltergeist who did miracles in "Sefalaljia" (Jinx #69). Oscar measures just 8 inches from the tip of his flat little black snoot to the tip of his dainty tail.

Why anyone should want to know his plane area, I can't figure out, but suppose somebody did - could you be of any help? We'll be coy and hold back the simple truth until the next Jinx issue.



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FOURTH DIMENSIONAL SEWING



hen Jinx No. 69 appeared, Stewart James! "Sefalaljia" spirit cabinet routine became an outstanding hit. I have taken one part of that effect and made it into a trick which can be done by night club performers who entertain at tables, a trick which is impromptu requiring no underhanded fixing of the materials used, and one which is far different from any heretofore shown in that field. The only requisites are a needle and thread, a two foot length of soft half inch ribbon, and a ring borrowed on the spot.

The performer shows the ribbon and drapes it over his fingers of the left hand. He borrows a ring which he places against the first finger to be held there by the thumb. Taking a needle and thread from his right lapel he proceedsto do a bit of "fourth dimensional sewing". He especially asks everyone to note that the ends of the ribbon never leave his sight.

The sewing finished and thread broken (or merely left hanging) the performer deliberately hands the ends of the ribbon to the spectator. As he takes hold of them the performer lets go the ring. IT HAS FOUND ITS WAY ONTO THE RIBBON AND IN SECURELY SEWN THERE! The spectator keeps everything as a souvenir.

The ribbon is first placed over the outstretched left fingers as illustrated. The borrowed ring is placed directly over the ribbon against the first finger. With needle and thread in right hand, the performer speaks of doing a bit of occult sewing, and with the point of the needle he hooks the ribbon THROUGH the ring, pulling it through in a loop into which the left thumb goes. The needle point now pushes the ring down a bit which brings the thumb to the point shown in the third drawing. The ring, at this stage, is hidden behind the 2nd,3rd and 4th fingers which have been deleted by the artist for the sake of clarity.

The sketch also shows where the sewing is done. This finished there is little, if any, hesitation before the climax. The right fingers are now free of the needle. The thumb and forefinger grasp the ring at the point marked "A". The left hand moves forward, never letting the thumb slip out of the loop, AND THE RIBBON SLIPS THROUGH THE RING SOFTLY AND INVISIBLY, DUE TO THE FORWARD MOTION OF THE HAND. The spectator takes the ends and the right hand releases the ring which proceeds to swing at the bottom. You never have to couch it again, for the watchers find the ring, not alone ON the ribbon, but securely sewn there; sewn there, to all logical reasoners, while both ends of the ribbon remained in full view!

Those who put in a half hour's time perfecting this effect will have a trick far beyond the ordinary. My thought was to take the place of Stewart James' hook in the cabinet with my thumb, and make the item possible of being doing anywhere at any time. An intimate table worker might have a bundle of ribbon lengths printed up with his name and ad. Inside his coat he would have to have a number of threaded needles. He could approach anyone, at any time, and, showing a ribbon, request the loan of a wedding ring or signet bauble.

The sewing is done and the ribbon handed to the ring's owner. They keep it, or at least look at it, during the time they struggle to release the circulet from its threaded prison spot.

When threading the needles, leave one end somewhat shorter than the other. You can check this by trial. The ribbon is thus sewn with a single thread, and at the finish, the needle can be pulled free of the thread and pocketed before the finale. Some nite clubbers can stab themselves easily.

---**EDITRIVIA**---JULY 6,1940

The funniest story to come our way during the week was recounted by Bert Kalmar. He talked with John Booth just after the latter had made all arrangements to enter the ministry and let his prof. magic career drift. Bert asked when John was starting his new line of life. John, among magi friends of years standing, spoke without thinking, and then caught himself, "I open on the --!! I mean that I take up my duties, etc."

Mr. Kalmar, he of the song writing team of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, spent some of his time and enriched some of ours, talking mostly about the gags and practical jokes of the west coast movie artists, including himself. Our pet remembrance from among many was the "extra pocket dodge." The nickle and dime stores sell pocket linings for yours and my trousers when that inevitable hole gets too big. You purchase two of them for twenty cents, and baste them, by a couple of stitches, inside your regular pockets. As if you were starting the next trick, show the pockets of your trousers empty by turning them inside out. Have two spectatorsat each side and ask them to hold on the turned out pockets. And as you mention that there is "nothing in the pockets" you walk forwerd and leave the stooges with the money holders.

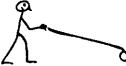
Mail Box: From Wm. Henderson - "H. Rea Fitch came into the office one day, sent by a friend of my boss' whom I know only from telephone contacts but who is an amateur magician. Fitch is after big game, selling a course of Magic to tired business men at \$50.00 for ten lessons. He uses a sort of "How To Win Friends and Seduce People" approach, develop your bust in ten easy lessons and be the life of the party. He teaches the dead name torn from center of paper gag (I know, Jinx No.6. Ed.), a sponge ball routine, a reversed card in pack, card to pocket, and lets it be by personal instruction in office or home. He has mostly bankers, a carry over from his work in advertising when he handled a lot of bank advertising accounts and thus built up the necessary contacts. Fitch, if I understood him in New York." (I tried to check this with The Sphinx office, but all I could get, up to my deadline, was "This is John Mullholland's office. Mr. Mullholland is out of town." A 24 hour telephone service takes care of calls when John and Miss Wolff are out. The third thing that we'll do, if and when we buy The Sphinx, will be to run it for magicians under the name SPHINX, and not use it as a plaything momument for our own professional and business aspirations.)

But back to Fitch, or Fiske, as Howard Warringer spelled it several months ago when he wrote about a man who played the Syracuse University Club. Fiske, in this letter, did the same kind of magical promoting, and Tarbell, who was at the Museum of Fine Arts in that city a week later, might testify as to how a local doctor tried to louse up the blindfold act by ripping things apart, denying statements of Tarbell when they were correct, and later explaining things as best he could to listeners with the qualifying remark, "I'm a magician, too." Why can't such beople climb into their own pull and let go fast?

Gen Grant has typed from Abbott's factory a few lines in refutation of our credit for the "moving picture" writing on the backs of cards the name of one selected. Gen says "positively claim --- and worked out way back in 1921."
He didn't put it out for he wasn't in a position
to do so until his late affiliation with Abbott. There's no doubt but that it sounds like a typical Grant idea, but we spoke to no less than 8 of the old Ducrot standbys and they remembered it as first being shown around New York by Al Wheatley. All of the above true, it's too bad, in one way, that ideas are mentioned to a few friends but not marketed and published in too many cases. Years later it's hard to make the credit stick. I've found out, with The Jinx, that one might just as well publish anything, no matter how good, for the general run of magicians, and this includes you, you and you, pay attention only while they read an effect and ther forget what they have looked at when the next day or issue comes out. Years later they see someone do something and then start to copy an act, not realizing how ridiculous they make themselves by carbon impressioning material from their files -- material they bought and as-sidulously read at the time -- even as you buy and read this sheet to-day, forgetting it in the light of next week's issue.

The Carl Rosine suit against Paul Rosini has only a finger grip keeping it from the grave of unholy things. The original complaint has been dismissed, and originality never suspected of Carl will be needed to find new reasons for his talk of Paul's trading on his (Carl's) reputation. We spelled Carl's last name correctly, above, for that was how he used to autograph things. It was but one of many details that let the Judge in on how loosly woven was Carl's pitifully jealous effort to wrangle money out of a successful friend, possibly for the purpose of building a new magic show to possibly lose his last thumb tip with an out of date conception of what the people want, and what the booking agents will buy. Paul Rosini opened July 5th at Detroit's Club Royale as Carl, who uses the same name mursed legal wounds. Paul will be in action for two weeks from that date with options. Don't ever say you didn't know in time, you Detroiters.

Don Booz has forwarded a very funny piece of business for those susceptible to such things. It is called the "Vanishing Dog" and the magus may talk at lengths about this greatest of ilusions that he'll present next. The assistant can be seen trying to drag the dog onto stage, tugging at the leash, and all that. Finally, and after obvious stalling, the magician tires, gets mad, pulls a gun, and shoots towards the dog offstage. Whereupon the assistant parades across stage and off -- leading the invisible dog! The leash and dog collar are supported by



a strong wire running from the assistant's hand. Or, the performer may try to bring the animal on, get resistance, shoot and yell "Vanish", and then do the leading across the platform. It sounds like a trick for "The Great Williston" to do during intermission -- when everybody is out in the lobby having a cigarette.

Nikola is scheduled to arrive in New York on July 26th. His entire show sank in an oriental port when the ship hit a harbor mine. Nothing has yet been salvaged. --- This issue, the first of the forty weeklies, is late because we've been too good a boy, possibly. The printer just had to spoil my record with the 100th number. Gabbatha!