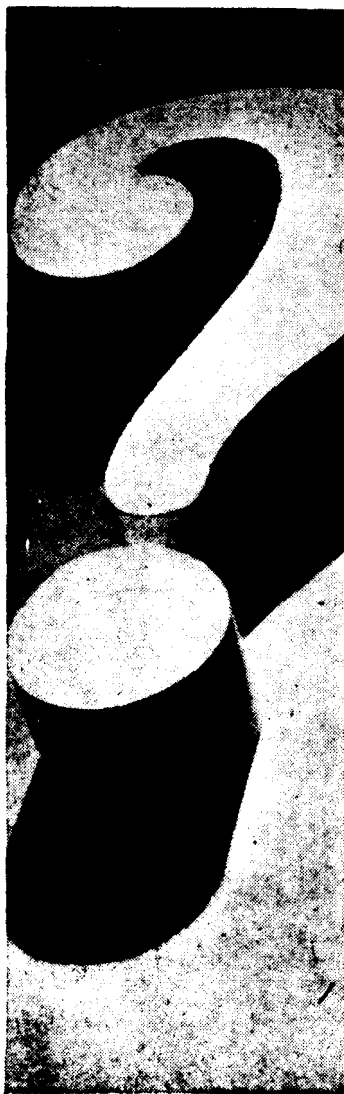


HIT PARADE



A very cute musical thought transmission effect was contained in the book "Sh-h-h. It's a Secret!" I've played with it off and on since its appearance and it has been satisfactory because one man can use a strange pianist practically impromptu.

During this time I have added a few details which, to my way of thinking, simplify things a bit and possibly add to the effect. I save time on the presentation by using lists of songs prepared in advance, and this is made possible due to the fact that The Billboard (theatrical trade weekly), Variety (same), and other similar publications publish a list of the ten top-ranking songs of the week. A dozen or so small typed lists are made. Early in the evening give the pianist one of these lists, and also the following "key" list, explaining to the pianist that the first word of whatever you say immediately after you ask somebody to think of a song will be the cue to the proper song on the list.

- 1 Name
- 2 Tell
- 3 Please
- 4 Think
- 5 Keep
- 6 Ask
- 7 Say
- 8 Don't
- 9 Try
- 10 Make

In presenting, explain that you have the ten top-ranking songs of the week, in the order of their popularity, as judged by national polls, listed upon a number of cards. Then pass out all but two or three of the cards to convenient spectators.

And here is the second time you've simplified things, for you retain two or three cards and the uppermost of these contains not the list of songs, but the list of code words. A glance at this, if and when necessary, will arouse no suspicion.

Someone holding a list is approached and asked to point to one of the titles and think of that melody. Immediately it is coded to the pianist who hears the first word of the sentence and knows what to play. If, for instance, the fifth title were touched, the performer would say, "Keep concentrating on that tune, and perhaps Miss --- will catch your thought vibrations." The pianist notes that "keep" is the fifth word on the key list, and therefore plays the fifth hit tune.

The use of the tunes of the Hit Parade gives a LOGICAL reason for a list prepared in advance. The next detail is one that might be used to climax this routine, or it can be used as a separate item by itself. Often I use it for groups where, previously, I have already used the regular telepathy act as described.

A totally unknown pianist is asked to sit at the piano and is given a list of the songs beforehand, but no cue list is necessary. She is told to play any one of the ten she pleases when the time comes.

Again you have a dozen or so tune lists, plus three additional cards which bear the wording as given on the next page. You are careful to remember to whom these three particular cards are given. Try to pick people where others nearby won't have an opportunity to read the cards also. If crowded, give

ORVILLE W. MEYER

the cards out in three's -- that is -- to three persons sitting together. The first gets a song list, the second gets the special card, and the third gets another song list.

BE A SPORT.

When asked, pretend to think of a tune, but whatever is played, say "That's it." Thanks for cooperating. Please don't tell anybody how we did it!

playing and the spectator admits "That's it." This is repeated with the persons holding the other two fake lists.

Plenty of magicians will shed bitter tears over the thought of such barefaced "cheating." But I'm certainly far from the first to use this impromptu confederate gag. And when 297 persons (including the pianist) out of 300 are completely baffled, why worry? You'll be lucky if your sleight-of-hand tricks make such a score!!

CARTES MECHANT LOUIS CAPIAUX

Always there seems to be a good reception for "sucker" tricks, and in the following, one can always be sure of getting a "rise" from his onlookers.

The performer has a deck of cards snuffled and one selected by the spectator who marks it. The card is replaced among the others and the performer openly wraps the deck in a handkerchief. During this action, it is evident to the watchers that underhanded business is afoot, for they see the performer's cramped right hand and even catch a glimpse, perhaps between the fingers, of a palmed card.

The performer suddenly realizes that he is being suspicious so hands the wrapped deck to someone close by. He may (or should?) look properly embarrassed for a second, then say, "I hope you don't think I'm cheating - or trying to deceive you."

The audience is skeptical -- or the performer rightly accepts it so -- and the performer looks at his cramped hand together with a shake of the head and then at the audience with a hurt look. "It just isn't so. I'll prove it. What was the card you picked and marked, sir? The original spectator names it.

The performer shows his palmed card. It isn't the card just named!! "You see?" he says, "I wasn't trying to fool you. This card just happened to stick to my hand. I only tried to hide it for your sake."

"But," the performer continues, "it's a poor magician who can't do a trick at any given moment when things go ascrew." He takes out his breast pocket handkerchief and places the shown card beneath. A nearby spectator takes hold of a hanging corner, and with a slap of his right hand the magus causes the card to vanish from beneath the folds.

"I've just passed that card from under one cloth to another," he says. "Will you," addressing he who holds the hanked deck, "look over the deck you've been holding so securely and see if the ----- (naming the card just seen and vanished) ----- is there?" IT IS!

"That's a mere detail in applied magic! says the wonder worker, "and because I've been doubted I must try to vindicate myself in truly a convincing way. May I ask again, sir, the name of the card you first drew from the pack and initialed?" It is named.

"And you, sir, will you look over the cards and remove that important piece of pasteboard?" IT IS NOT THERE AT ALL!!

"I didn't think it would be," says the magician, "for when you unjustly suspected me of trickery I merely snapped my fingers very silently and caused the card to come to me. Look."

The performer now either produces the marked card from his pocket, or produces a wallet from which the card is taken. This last is the well known appliance as sold by dealers.

It has been a long (as written) effect but it gets a relatively short explanation. The requisites are - a pocket hank with a match in its border; an ordinary handkerchief; an extra card of any back design to match yours or a borrowed deck; the "card from wallet" trick, in readiness, or, not this if you merely desire to produce the marked card from a pocket.

The faked hank is kept in your breast pocket. The ordinary hank is on the table with your cards. The extra card is in your right trousers pocket. If you use the wallet finish - have it set as per instructions.

Have a card chosen and marked. It is returned to deck and you bring it to the top. Palm it off and reach into the right trousers pocket for a rubber band (we forgot this bit of apparatus and procedure), leaving the palmed card UNDER the extra card. Bring out band and secure deck. Pick up hank and wrap deck within, holding the four corners in left hand, finally, so that deck is in a sort of bag. During this gesture let right hand go to pocket and secure the extra card. Hand comes up against the sacked deck, twists it tightly, and lets the palmed card become evident. Wrapped deck is given out and the palmed card shown. It is vanished by putting it under prepared hank and palming to pocket as other hand holds the match stick under cloth. Spectator takes a corner and performer lets go with a flip and then retrieves hank. The vanished card is then found in deck. The marked card is looked for and found gone. The performer then finds it in his pocket or pocketbook. It's one of those rather simply accomplished effects which packs a lot of wallop as far as your audience is concerned.

CARD DETERMINED

Dr. Wm. T. Palchinas

Effect: Any pack of 52 cards is used. While a spectator shuffles the performer says that a complete deck may prolong the method of choice too much and he asks the spectator to name the number of cards that shall be used.

The performer counts this given number of cards onto the spectator's hand. Then the person is asked to hold the packet face down, give the performer the top card, put the next on the bottom of the bunch, give the performer the next, put the next card onto the bottom, hand over the next, etc., and this action is continued until the spectator has but one card left in his hands.

He is told to look at it and keep its identity a secret. Then he is to mix it thoroughly among the other 51 cards.

The performer next spreads the full pack face up on the table and can locate the card himself, or, in an effective way by letting the spectator hold his (performer's wrist) while he finds it apparently by thought (muscle) reading.

SECRET: The method is a matter of simple mathematics. No matter what number of cards is named for use the performer knows almost immediately the position in the shuffled deck of the card which finally will remain in the spectator's hand, and which he, the performer, must glimpse.

This is done quite naturally when he deals the required number of cards onto the spectator's hand, face up. The spectator then turns the packet face down and proceeds as has been described.

The key numbers are 2, 4, 8, 16, and 32. The number is named. The performer subtracts from it the key number next below, and multiplies the remainder by two. The result is the position of the card to be noted from the top of deck when the called for cards are dealt face up.

When a key number is called the procedure is simpler. It is best for the performer always to glimpse the deck's top card when he takes it back, and in case a key number is called this card will be the final choice. However, in this case the number of cards wanted is dealt fairly and face down off the top of deck onto spectator's hand. The noted card thus becomes the bottom one of the pile, which is the correct position for it.

For example: 15 cards wanted: 8 (nearest key below) from 15 leaves 7. 7 times 2 is 14. Just remember the 14th card of the 15 dealt. -----
35 cards wanted: 32 from 35 leaves 3. 3 times 2 gives 6. Note the 6th card. ----- 16 cards wanted. Note top card before dealing off 16 cards face down, or deal them off face up and note the last card. This applies to all key numbers.



Annual Banquet and Show -
Parent Assembly #1 - S.A.M.
Hotel Barbizon-Plaza, N.Y.C.
May 24th, 1941 --- Reviewed by
Rhadamanthus, Jr.

John Mulholland was Master of Ceremonies. He said that an M.C. was merely the punk that sets off the fireworks, but then he decided to do a trick so that the Larsens would not be the first on the bill. He did a few sleights with thimbles. If that were all the sleight-of-hand for that evening, this reviewer would have said that it was good, competent work, but then Cardini came later. No magician should ever be on the same bill with Cardini. It isn't fair to the other magician.

Then came the Larsen family; Papa, Mama, and the two little boys. It was all good standard apparatus magic, with no sleight-of-hand - not really. Papa (Bill) opened with the diminishing watch, and followed it with an odd version of the cups and balls, performed on a wedge-shaped tray that could have concealed almost anything. Mama (Gerrie) then sang "Moonlight and Roses" while a mechanical rose bush pushed its blossoms into the atmosphere. She produced several bouquets from a

square of heavy brocade, and then did the 20th Century Handkerchief Trick using a Jap Box for the vanish. Maybe I am just getting cranky on account of my arthritis, but it annoyed me to see a great big Jap Box used to vanish a single handkerchief. Then some tissue was torn up into a bundle and unfolded as a bonnet. That was cute.

Papa did the cut and restored rope using two ropes threaded on two sticks. Dante did the same thing so the trick must have audience appeal. The smallest boy then toddled out and pulled a dead chicken out of a production box. Mama then appeared in an elaborate Japanese costume and did the rice bowls with confetti and no water. Out came Papa and did the Chinese Rings. John Mulholland does this better, and lots of people do it worse. Papa continued with the block that penetrates a sheet of glass after falling down a square chimney. The patter was about an "illusion" and a "delusion", and was very deceptive.

The oldest boy then did the Afghan Bands with the patter about the Fat Lady and the Siamese Twins, followed by the Pig That Looks Round on a mechanical slate. Mama then demonstrated the mutilated parasol, singing the while. And now for a card trick, just take any card at all, now somebody else take one, now another. Of course the cards have to be found again, and how do you suppose that was done? Give up? Well, there was the cutest little rabbit named Peterkin, and with much encouragement from Mama, he looked the cards over and picked out the correct ones. Well, the audience, which was mostly S.A.M. members, liked it, so what more do you want? Maybe nobody had arthritis but me.

Papa handed a pack of cards to a member of the orchestra - ANY member of the orchestra, and let him take ANY card. It then appeared in a balloon. He then had somebody make a free choice of a magazine - pick up two, hand me one, now the remaining one we shall tear in half, and the sheets will be handed around in the audience, and then call a page number, and I shall tell you the principal story or advertisement (a la Zufall). And he did it very entertainingly, and ended the William Larsen Family act with much good will.

God bless the Larsen Family, and God bless America.

Once more came John Mulholland. He had a card selected and shuffled back. After he located the bent corner he tore the pack in three parts, counted off bits from each partlet, and put the card selected together. It is said that this was well over 20 times that John has done the trick before the local S.A.M. gatherings without missing. He concluded with the vanishing birdcage.

Up to this point, your reviewer feels that he has done his faithful duty in reporting what happened. From now on the record becomes somewhat obscured, because I forgot about the pains in my aching joints and sat bemused. Cardini was on the stage. I cannot tell you about any sequences, because it was real magic. There was only one Caruso, and there is only one Cardini. They say that he worries about the people who try to copy his act. Somebody ought to tell him not to worry. Nobody can copy him. He is unique and in a class by himself.

If anybody tries to tell me that Cardini does a superb back-palm I shall sock him in the jaw. He does not have to do a back-palm. He just picks the cards out of the air. I KNOW that he really does, because I saw him with my own eyes, and you can't fool me because I'm smart.

God bless Cardini, and God bless the Universe.

— EDITORIAL —

Now that convention time is here it is well to consider a letter lately received from one of the established dealers. We're sorry it wasn't possible to bring the matter up before. In part it is quoted: "Why don't you take a side on the dealer situation at magic conventions? We've always felt that the dealers are the hub of a convention. They keep things going when the shows, banquets, etc., are not on. They actually are the reason many men come to the affairs - men who are from rural districts, especially. Any dealer with a mailing list advertises the conventions and they all talk them up in their shops etc. I know of dozens of newcomers to magic whom we have interested in the societies and the attending of conventions.

"Today the inclination of the convention leaders seems to be to exploit the dealers, charging them enough so that the revenue from dealers must help pay a good part of the convention expense. Yet each show is charged for, each dinner charged, etc. Why is all the money needed? What is the registration fee for?

"Regardless of the popular opinion, dealers do not make any money at conventions. There is a 25 to 50% profit in selling magic. By the time a man pays for his transportation, meals, room, tips, etc., he has to sell a hell of a lot of magic just to break even. What he counts on (if he is a real year-round dealer) is the advertising and good will. The other type - who sets himself up as a dealer to get rid of a lot of trash during a convention - isn't worth considering.

We think that each dealer (again I mean the real dealer who can prove he is an established merchant) should be allotted a free space to handle and fix up as he sees fit. All this auction, lottery, etc., business should be forgotten. That's only turning the whole business into a den of thieves. Why not get expressions from some of the dealers?"

Maybe if this had been brought up a month or so ago something of value could have been accomplished this year. But it's a swell argument for our money and we'd like to keep the pot boiling for next year. We doubt if there is one out of twenty magi who attend conventions who doesn't make a bee line towards the dealer's set-up and hang around there for all time except at show and meeting time when the dealers generally close up tight anyway. We honestly think that most members of the societies would vote "yes" to give the space, if only to assure the presence of more dealer counters than ever -- and there would be. And would that make Charley Larson happy!

Brewerton (Sir Felix Korim) Clarke and Clara (Choai) Decker took solemn vows unto each other on May 21st and will now have a legal right to berate each other and pass the blame when tricks don't work. With Choai's faithful assistance, Sir Felix has been making magic pay for some years now and his critics may as well let their ears straighten out to normal, the dogs, for he has never been caught with his pull showing, and while somewhat bombastically overenthusiastic at times you can't begrudge a good showman that right. So, to you, Felix and Choai, may your rabbits multiply ad infinitum.

"Dear Russ: Please tear down all "Swann, the Magic Man" billing from Club Bali Bali in Philadelphia and come back to N.Y.C. quickly. I miss the gymnasium sessions, your No. 1 boy Jay's jui-jitsu lessons (the fellow I want to lick knows a way out of the hold you showed me. Excuse my writing with one hand) and, oh yes, your

magic. Keep your rabbit clean. Best, Ted."

Almost hidden away on N.Y.C.'s West 49th St., at #125 is the Greenwich Toy House. It has an extraordinarily good magic department chaperoned by Al Cohn, who dates himself by recalling Martinka days and keeps you satisfied with tales of almost legendary wonder workers who were peers in their lines and who stayed just outside the limelight to ply their trade in the most exclusive intimate places for unbelievable fees. Probably because of his memory plus sentiment plus business acumen Mr. Cohn has almost finished a little theatre with stage, curtains, and 35 theatre seats in the back of the emporium. It is modelled quite like the Martinka spot where the S.A.M. was founded. It's going to be a nice place for intimate and not too large magical soirees (the store is open every day until after midnight) not to mention its value as a student's mecca where one can take a big step towards losing that self-consciousness. We've quite an important hang-out just across the street but our time will be divided now.

Few magi knew Melbert Cary, Jr., who passed away in N.Y.C. on May 27. President of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, his Park Avenue apartment housed one of the largest collections of playing cards in the world. Through an engagement we met Mr. Cary and had the pleasure of mulling over that vast array of "devil's picture books". We wanted to cut a short card into each and every deck -- but he wouldn't let us. His interest in tricks was almost nil but he was a gentleman who enjoyed watching someone enthuse over his collection while he rambled over the history of any deck towards which your eyes did stray. --- There is no truth to the rumor that Russell Swann left New York because Dell O'Dell is using the catch line "Don't Fool Yourself, That's My Business," which Russ, in proof, has associated with himself for 15 years. He isn't mad - just sad at the lack of originality. He departed because a manager wanted someone to fool his patrons, muttered "That's his business", and thought of - Swann.

Yoo hoo, Chicago. Bert Allerton's press notices are reaching New York readers - which include booking agents and hotel managers. He's at your Ambassador Hotel East right now. It's a swank spot but worth a few shekels to those of you who decry a working magician's ability but never consider it worth while to drop in and actually see what it is that makes one act different from another. We like one critic's mention of Bert's patter, to wit, " - complimentarily intelligent."

Are you a Sham? We mean a member of that newly formed organization known as the "Shams". Paul Estee, a New Englander, has made the members swear secrecy as to what the society stands for. Anyhow, I'll bet it doesn't stand for ending sentences with a preposition as I did that last one with! --- During a conversation with Burdette Bowman lately an interesting detail came up. It's simply - "Have you ever noticed how many magi change their business cards and advertising circulars more often than they change their acts?"

The magus cornered the theatre manager backstage after a performance. "Listen," cried the magic-maker. "Did you see the way that audience received my act?" "I sure did," admitted the manager. "It's a swell act. It's absolutely marvelous the way you pull a thousand \$100 bills out of thin air!" The magician nodded vigorously. "Darn right it is," he asserted. "That's why I want to speak to you about a two-dollar raise!" Gabbatha!!

The American