



There are people", begins the performer, "who just don't believe in anything, even when they see it before their very eyes. They are the skeptics of the world who hold back and retard progress in almost every line of creative endeavor. My experiment now is to duplicate the accomplishment of many spiritualistic mediums -- that of receiving a written message from "the happy summer land", that part of the veiled universe where departed souls live, and strive to make their thoughts and wishes made known to us still among the living."

The performer shows a single slate to be clean on both sides. He asks two close-by spectators to initial each side, one of whom then holds the slate close to his body for the time being.

"While messages have been received countless times under a stringent condition as this", he continues, "the unbelievers talk of trickery, and that is why I want to try and prove otherwise. I don't want to know what is going to be the result, that is, if we are successful in establishing a contact with the far beyond. For test purposes I cannot ask any certain one of you to help. We must leave that selection to chance."

The performer-medium passes out ten envelopes, each containing a blank card. He calls attention to the fact that each envelope is numbered, from 1 to 10. Each spectator receiving one is to write a simple query upon his card and then seal it inside the accompanying envelope. The performer follows this up by collecting the envelopes on a tray, and dumping them into another person's lap.

"It's best that I don't touch your writings," he says. Next he takes from his side coat pocket a handful of counters. "There are ten of these," the performer blandly remarks, as he drops them into the hands of still another person. "You see?" He takes them back. "One counter for each envelope,

and only one will be picked." He drops them back into his side coat pocket and, shaking the pocket, holds it open for a selection by the spectator. "The number?", asks the wizard. Perhaps it is 8. He turns toward the man with the envelopes. "Find the envelope numbered 8, open it, and read aloud so everyone can hear, the question inside."

The spectator does so. It might be something such as, "Will a state of war exist between the United States of America and Germany?"

The performer sees an acknowledgement of the question and tells the man with the envelopes to pass the rest of them around as they are of no further use.

"And thus we've found and determined upon a question which no one of us could have foretold would be asked or selected." The performer says this as

he approaches the man who has been guarding the slate. "Honestly, now," he asks that person, "Do you think that anyone has had access to the slate you hold, or that any entity of an invisible nature might have been close by?" It's a tricky question and the person will have to hesitate. The audience takes this for indecision and you take advantage of the stall by reaching for the slate and asking, "Those are your initials, aren't they?"

Then you call the other "initial man" forward. He sees the other side of the slate and agrees when you ask if his initials aren't there, also.

Then you turn the slate around towards the audience. It bears a chalked on message! And the writing could read something like, "WAR IS HELL!" --- a perfect answer to the question asked. We, ourselves, would like to finish by saying, "And that, my friends, is proof enough that from another level of being has come an answer as well as a warning."

Now we must take up each step as it has occurred, but from backstage. The single slate gets away from the



**CLARENCE
HUBBARD'S
"MY CASE"**

too common set of two. It has a flap, but the flap has a corner cut out in semi-circle fashion. The answer, supposedly as given herein, is chalked onto the slate and covered with the flap. It is on the table. First it is shown on both sides as you talk, and at that time you chalk on a semi-circle on each side, the chalk following the cut edge of the flap. Directly underneath the flap at this spot has been chalked another semi-circle.

The first person puts his initials inside this section. The chalked line effectively hides the line of demarcation between flap and slate proper. The initials go onto the slate itself. At this time you go back and drop the slate onto your table. Then, as an afterthought, pick it up, minus the flap, and have a second person step forward. He initials the unprepared side in its corner and you push the slate under his coat asking him to hold it.

The envelopes are passed out, but really there are only nine instead of ten. No one can check on this as you distribute them around. Let us say 8 is missing. Who can tell? The various questions are written and sealed. You collect them on a tray. And the tray is faked exactly as the ancient "money tray" used only for children's shows for time immemorial. It really consists of two plates together with the "in between" space accomodating the envelope missing from the set. An opening under the lip of the tray provides a means of exodus, and inside there are pins or a sort of track which allows the envelope to freely be inserted and freely to slide out when the tray is tipped that way.

The nine genuine writings are collected upon this tray. They are dumped into a person's lap, and the inserted envelope automatically is added INDETECTABLY to the group. (Editor's note: I would suggest that you have the pile or envelopes on tray to start, pass the tray around for people to take one until gone, and then collect on tray. You hold it at opening side for the first and second part and then change hands to dump. Thus you've not touched envelopes throughout nor made a single false move.)

Next comes the force of that added envelope with the question, the answer to which is on the slate being held. All suit coats are made with a small change pocket at the top of one or both of the side pockets. In the pocket proper put ten counters or the same number, in this instance 8. In the little pocket put ten counters numbered consecutively beginning at 1. It is from this pocket that you take the counters which you hand someone and take back. You put them back into that little pocket, and shake the entire pocket as you hold it open for a selection. If the coat pockets have flaps so much the better. Keep the flap open for the first showing and return. Then turn the flap inside and let the spectator reach freely. The little pocket is covered. Otherwise merely hold your hand there in an effort to keep the pocket open and make the spectator's task of reaching in easier. (?)

This method was devised by Mr. George Holly as a clean-cut forcing procedure where counters are used.

The rest you know. Just remember that no matter what question you may use, keep it topical, be certain that the answer definitely fits the question so that no checkup with its writer is necessary, and keep the answer short so as to show up on the slate. When you apparently get an acknowledgement after the question first is read aloud, it's a lie -- for you look around and then nod with a gesture at -- the Lord only knows whom. No one else will know either, but you've made a subtle point.



The Public Show - P.C.A.M. Convention. Metropolitan Theatre, Seattle, Washington. July 23, 1941. Time: 2 hours. Reviewed by Charles Bertram, Jr.

With a black-out opening a la Olson and Johnson the show got off to an effective start. A scream thrilled the spectators to attention. And when lights went up, Charlie Smith, P.C.A.M. president, took over as Master of Ceremonies. Appearance and manner good. As a preface he performed Card in Cigarette, with missing tobacco found in sealed envelope. Torn corner seemed to convince audience.

Then introduced was POGGIE-POGGIE ALLSTRAND, semi-pro. Directness of action is Allstrand's crowning virtue. Stage manner and appearance good. A quick 8-thimble routine and production of 4 rabbits (each in a different manner) appealed to the audience. Clippo and Torn-&-Restored Napkin (with sucker explainish) were effectively sold. With much loud talk and a deliberate manner, all 4 rabbits were vanished at once via break-down sucker box, and the lay audience as well as magicians present acclaimed this act as "right" for an opener.

Charlie Smith, before introducing CARLYLE, foisted a thought-of card gag on the spectators. Only the audience-man who assisted was fooled because rest of audience saw the super-Jumbo card shown. Everyone seemed to enjoy it. Then, working in "one", Carlyle (a pro) presented Cane-to-Silk, Card fans upon removing gloves, and then Diminishing Cards. He followed with Cigarette Catching routine. Offering a super-smooth sequence, Carlyle's nonchalance actually slowed the show down. Music cues and stage presence very good.

Smith returned to do a production from Jap Box before introducing next act. Silks naturally came first, and an egg from the mouth of an assistant was perfect cover for double load on Jap box. On continuance, a rabbit was among other production items. Well handled. In the third spot was "TINY" CLARENCE TALBOT (Portland, Ore., amateur) introduced as "Dr. Schultz". Stage presence excellent; accent well affected. Each trick was in nature of "an experiment" and the situation comedy was far too slow to merit spontaneous laughter. The Vanishing Telephone that didn't, and the Growing Plant that didn't only helped this act to drag to point of being only slightly amusing. That Talbot maintained character throughout, in spite of two misfortunes, speaks well for his dramatic ability.

Next, 16-year old "MARVIN, THE SILK MERCHANT" with his colorful silk act, well set to music. Stage presence fair; setting excellent. Routed in a colorful pattern were "Cobra", the Albenice Silk, a Phantom Tube with double load and exchange features, 20th Century Silks, Flower Growth and Water Production. This act is pro calibre and makes nice full stage showing. Marvin is still prone to be overly dramatic, but definitely is becoming "class". Keep your eye on this act.

The transition from Marvin to "MAGIC IN THE HAIR" (LLOYD JONES & CO.) was accomplished without benefit of M.C. -- and just as well, too. Commencing with contralto solo on rundown and a stooge wandering around in audience with fishing pole and tackle box, this act represents Jones' idea of Olson & Johnson doing magic. Everything is designed to go wrong, with comedy the objective. And some of the stunts from Tarbell's Stunt Book and elsewhere are funny bits of business. Especially the pseudo-levitation and burlesque sawing-a-woman-in-half. But the act as a unit

missed fire, because it is neither well-conceived nor well-timed. Too many disconnected events occur one after another, the melange being confusing without developing any good situation comedy. This act was misplaced on a public performance, although many magicians found the pre-edicaments an outlet for laughter. Not so the laymen. And so the first half ended, rather flatly. Someone missed a cue, and Mrs. Houdini was introduced before the intermission. Without benefit of spotlight, she graciously took the stage and received the acclaim of magicians and laymen alike.

LEN MANTELL (vaudeville star of years gone by) dusted off MANTELL'S MANNEQUINS and the folks really enjoyed these marionettes as a 2nd-half opener. With Dancing Girls, Wooden Soldiers, two Blackfaces and the famous Spark-plug Horse Race, this act was fast, furious and well set to music. Good hand. It might here be noted that the musical direction for the entire show was first rate -- and a great help.

Len Mantell in person took over the M.C. and gave CLARENCE CAIN a nice send-off. Cain, working in "one", struggled against himself all the way. Nicely dressed, and offering Acrobatic Cane, Gloves to Ropes via change bag, 3-to-1 rope trick and beautiful Sympathetic Silks, this was a neat-appearing act. Were Cain the master of himself, he easily could have had the acclaim of the audience. But his poor stage presence brought tears to the eyes of the onlookers. Seems that when a silent manipulative act is nervous, he has nothing to fall back upon as a cover-up.

In his wake came little KING SYLBER -- all of 2 years of age. Mantell introduced King in front of the curtain, and the tot proceeded to do one trick, Mystic Ball. Trick or no trick, in his little cowboy outfit, King took the house by storm. The old story--human interest--and this kiddie is plenty cute for a youngster, his age or any age.

GERALDINE LARSEN had the luck to follow this mite, and presented "Garden of the Moon". While singing she produced 4 bouquets from foulard, then did Cecil Lyle's Paper Hat Trick and watched a rose bush bloom while singing "Moonlight and Roses". The blooms were cut from the bush and tossed to the ladies. Act well costumed and cued to music. Voice O.K., nice appearance. Good hand.

Followed "MALDO" with his own Torn-and-Restored Paper Squares, that on second tearing change to bouquet in mid-air. Nice flash. Then Egg-on-Fan, 6-card Repeat and his now-famous Substitution Trunk. Old tricks, truly well sold, attest to the just popularity of this man who purposely garbles the King's English and thereby makes the most of his appealing Mexican personality. Costume very colorful; stage presence good. Excellent hand. A good capper to an entertaining Public Show. The folks went home early, and well pleased with what they had seen.

ELLIOTT'S ERROR

The wonder worker makes use of any deck without borrowing distance. A card is chosen, remembered, and returned amongst the others in a very fair and above-board manner. The performer takes back the shuffled pasteboards and deliberately looks over their faces. He looks wise, picks out one card, and places it face down upon the table. The deck also is put face down on the table a bit to one side. The performer says that he has found the selected card.

"Yes or no?", he asks. The spectator looks at

the single card on table. The answer is "No". The card is shown. The performer resignedly says he may as well let the card he (performer) picked finish the trick. He asks the spectator to spell its name off, dealing a card face down at a time for each letter. The performer takes the card arrived at on the last letter spelled. He asks the name of the spectator's chosen card. He shows the card he holds. Where the performer has failed, the card has succeeded.

This is a strange sort of effect but its a quick one and especially very clean in working. It is simply necessary for the performer to know the identity of the chosen card when the deck is given out for Mixing, or, almost at once after receiving the deck back.

The performer fans the deck with faces toward him and notes any one card near the face of the deck. He continues his look-through, next looking for the card which has been selected. When it is found, the performer starts counting, with that card as the first letter, mentally spelling the name of, not that particular (chosen) card, but the name of the card he noted first near the face of the pack. He then cuts the deck after this card's name has been spelled and looks through the pack once more. This time he removes the pasteboard he first noted and whose name he has used.

The working details are over. The card picked out and laid down is found not to be the one chosen, but when its name is spelled out in the deck and the last card shown, that card proves to be the one selected.

The performer, after HIS failure, can say, sadly, "This is bad. When you let the cards themselves get the better of you a few times, it becomes more difficult than ever to control them."

The location of the selected card? It can be any one of a million (or at least there seems to be that many available) ways. I have a method of "daubing" which is almost impromptu and which can be used for many effects. Use a paper of matches, the kind you get too many of (at least in this country) for your pockets. With one of the lighted matches smoke up, or char, the inside of the pasteboard cover tab. Keep this in your right trousers pocket. Just a touch of your second finger-tip to this prepared cover results in a smear which can be transferred in a not-to-be-noticed shading on a card. It can be applied as the pasteboard is returned to the deck, the finger-tip touching the index corner on its face. With some it will be found more easily done by using the forefinger-tip. Then one fans such a marked deck towards him the shaded corner shows up like a headlight, and, in this instance, he can proceed as directed. In other cases he may continue as his conscience and expediency may dictate.



--- EDITORIAL ---

As of August 4, 1941 -----

We know that but a comparative few of our readers entertain in clubs and restaurants where the tabled guests demand close-up tricks, but Dell O'Dell's "perambulator" deserves description. Her chromium plated "push-around" is a veritable magic shop on wheels. About 3 feet high, 14 inches deep, and 20 inches wide, this demi-demonstrator wagon opens on top and to her side giving access to endless gags, give-away novelties, and quick tricks of the always ready type. When the customers haven't been satisfied with the amount of floor trickery she presents, it takes but a word to the head waiter. Dell, representing the carriage trade, rolls up to a spot between the desert and coffee. I've seen a lot of practical gadgets, in magic and out, but this one is a honey. It even has a mirror so she can keep her appearance in trim while trimming the spectators' minds. Currently at Rodgers - 8th Ave. at 50th St., N.Y.C. --- The August Genii will be a sellout, if only because of the mail-order magic dealers who always can use a fresh list of "might be" clients. It will contain a complete membership list of the S.A.M. Bill Larsen has an increased printing order in but you'd still better order that extra copy early -- that is, if you're a member or a dealer.

The P.C.A.M. convention made newsreels which reached N.Y.C. The conventional rabbit from hat, bird cage, cig manips, and by-play were quickly done by individual performers without credit, and "Blendo" was done by one who oughten't to have had such bad luck. It looked as though it should have been called "Blotto". --- Still at the movies we saw a "short" called "Movie Magic" which, among other novelties, included a depiction of Floyd Thayer and his shop of classic trickery. The west coast manufacturer of superlative woodwork wizardry gave peeks at this and that section of his plant. Familiar tricks worked at random with a movie-extra stooge on the surprised end, the pay-off being a terrific picturization of the buzz-saw illusion practised on one of the mechanics. It was no ad for Thayer, but it was a swell piece of publicity for magic and its mysteries.

Frank Stobbart's trick in #141 was liked by the N.Y.C. Clinic of conjurers but Paul Morris, who tried the easy way of using an all-kind deck with an odd card facer, became a cropper when, from the 53 cards, the spectator actually picked the wrong one leaving the 52 duplicates intact! Otherwise the trick is to the good, and Paul is contemplating doing it as written.

We like that new type of industrial bottleneck to national defense in theory but not in practice. Women workers caused stoppages in one plant until it was discovered that many of them visited the same fortune teller and were being warned to be cautious between 2:30 and 3:30 each afternoon because they were in danger of serious accidents. The fortune teller now is in "clink".

Jinx #139 carried a protest letter from a dealer regarding convention costs for those who, according to the trick purveyor, are practically indispensable at such magic-fests, and shouldn't be charged display-space fees while attendance badges are sold. Immediately after we received a too long to publish letter from a Providence, R.I., committeeman. The S.A.M. 1941 National Convention had just been held there. It was made plain, to us, that income minus expenses could not allow concessions, and the view was that

dealers present expressed themselves as satisfied with their sales on the spot and the goodwill built up by meeting and associating personally with buyers and prospective mail-order customers. That's past - here's the present and future. The Magician's Alliance of Eastern States convenes on Sept. 19 & 20 in Newark, N.J. at the Robert Treat Hotel. A representative informs that dealers contacted express the wish to have separate rooms where they can lock up instead of having open display space with payment for a watchman. The hotel has offered to chisel its rates and make available rooms from \$1.50 to \$10 per day, the higher prices including sleeping accommodations for two people. That lets the committee "out". What a dealer pays for the privilege of being present with his display is his business. That's either profit or loss.

I think that conventions-so-called today are run on a loss basis if the local enthusiasts compute their time and energy. There was a day when the I.B.M. began and ran conventions with plenty scandal about localities who built up expense accounts by tossing "pork-barrel" amounts to organizations in their home town for "co-operation" to make the convention a success. The opening day parades would bring out every jampy in town plus the "boy's band", the "boy scouts", a ladies' auxiliary of some sort, and, in at least one case, by political "pull", part of the state militia. Certainly, everyone had a glorious time, and I, for one, would like to see conventions held in cities of 25,000 or less population. It's much easier to get around. But when the I.B.M. found new leadership and let bigger cities get the vote, this thorn naturally disappeared. There's not much chance for profit taking to-day. It's all very individualistic, except for the committeemen.

All this is after talking with and writing to a few old timers who never miss a convention, and who have seen the "convention" idea, born in Kenton, Ohio, nearly 20 years ago, grow into a national magic-fad. No doubt there are grievances between some dealers and committees. There always are in the best organized clans, and magic is away down on the list of "organized and ethical" brotherhoods or societies. It just doesn't look like a good argumentative subject to me - so far. I wish it were. This sheet could use one right now.

Life magazine for August 4th has three pages of luminous paint uses a la "blackout" necessity. This paint, manufactured by the Prescott Paint Co., of Mt. Kisco, N.Y., is called FPC After-glow. With but two minutes of activation from light it is said to shine for from 8 to 10 hours. Mediums and spirit-exposers haven't been able to beat that with their gimmicks. The pictures also show how a shadow on a screen will last for a long time after the performer (?) walks away. The subject matter does not mention magic.

Reported is the closing of the Dante show. Reported is the closing of the Blackstone show. In both cases "layoff" is not mentioned. In both cases "disbanded" is mentioned. No comment for the present. --- Could you ask for a better address? Louis Rachofsky gets his magical mail at Spirit Lake, Iowa. --- It seems as though an issue of The Jinx can't get into print without a mention of THE Swann, meaning Russell. He moves to Chicago's Drake Hotel about the middle of this month. Someday, when we've neglected him for a while, we'll tell you the story about his parrot.

Did you hear about the Hindu fakir who always slept on a board full of nails - and got sick? His doctor told him he'd be all right if he stayed OUT of bed for a few days! Gabbatha!

The American