



SCRAMBLED EGG BAG

This effect originally was conceived as a comedy finale to an egg bag routine, but, since that time, it has evolved into a very cute close-up number.

The magician borrows a handkerchief, gathers together the four corners, and offers to produce something from it --- what would the onlookers suggest? The replies should be good for a few laughs. And, when someone says a chicken or other type of fowl, seize upon this and ask if just the egg will do. If the person doesn't mention any kind of fowl, say, "Will you settle for an egg? After all, what do you think I am, a magician?"

As soon as an egg is agreed upon, the magus asks, "How would you like it - all at once, or a little at a time?" Someone sure is going to take you up on "a little at a time", so, with serious demeanor, you shake the handkerchief and something drops into its center.

Reaching inside you remove a few bits of egg shell, and, on the next trip, take out a round yellow ball which you firmly declare is the yolk. Now you pause and say, "It seems as if there is something else. Oh, yes, the white!" Make it plain, by your expression, that you are not particularly anxious to go delving for a fist full of albumin, but finally reach into the center of the handkerchief and produce a small glass of clear liquid -- the egg white!

Experience has shown us that the effect has what is needed generally in tricks with appeal. It is impromptu (perhaps not in preparation, but in performance), it gives the handkerchief's owner a few seconds of qualm, and the others a few seconds of mirth, at the thought of an egg's white being loose within the folds, and it var-

ies the usual procedure of simply producing an article from nowhere and letting it go at that.

The set-up of the necessaries is quite simple and easily handled. The yolk is a heavy sponge rubber ball painted yellow and wedged into the top of the glass to keep it from leaking. An important feature of this prepared ball is the hole hollowed out and large enough to contain (jammed in) several pieces of a cut up ping-pong ball, a perfect imitation of broken egg shell.

Don't look now, but the entire outfit was up your sleeve before you started. It can be carried easily for some time at the elbow. While the handkerchief was being borrowed, the right hand dropped to the side, and the load was delivered to the fingers, glass first. The left hand holds one corner of the hank, and right hand, with load palmed (in a manner) in curled fingers, takes the corner nearest it.

This corner is carried behind bulk of handkerchief, then up to left hand which is holding its corner between the first and second fingers. The left thumb and forefinger grasp the load about at the edge of the glass and hold it there while the right hand tucks its corner between the first and second finger. The remaining corners are gathered up and tucked so that the glass, when dropped, will fall inside the hank.

At the proper moment the load is released and its form appears in the center of the handkerchief. The celluloid is taken from the hole in ball and brought to light. It is best to let the glass rest on the table, through the hank, while removing the ball. It is shown with hole side away from audience, and the glass of water (albumin) is left for the finish.

george de laney

FIFTH ROW, CENTER AISLE

What magic needs more than a good five cent gimmick is a stiff dose of healthy criticism. The undersigned has never been able to digest, let alone swallow, the indiscriminating, unfailingly, laudatory write-ups of magical performances which break out in a rash each month like some incurable disease in our esteemed contemporaries. Good wood pulp shouldn't be wasted that way.

You know what we mean. The Great Sappo comes out and murders a couple of good tricks --- or, more often, a couple of lousy ones. He is, in short, a complete bust. And then, the publicity agents who write the reviews can never seem to think of anything more drastic to say than; "The Great Sappo presented Clippo with inimitable dexterity. Nice work, Sappy old boy!"

We don't think that is honest. It isn't fair to the customers, or the performer, or the magical societies. The readers are being misinformed. The performer, who usually has no idea that he was a frost, goes merrily ahead wearing his rose-colored blinders and, at the next show, dishes out another big helping of the same. And, if it is a public show, the laymen in the audience sniff and begin to suspect that the Society of What-ever-it-may-be is composed of kids who have never outgrown their inferiority complexes. That is embarrassing to the members who invited them. Besides, it's supposed to be a deep, dark secret. Incompetant performers who blow the gaff should be told off.

If magical reviewers did not show so much misplaced kindness, perhaps The Great Sappo might shake off his opium dream and wise up. He might even make some effort to iron out his faults and improve his presentation. Anyway, we are going to stick our neck out --- and find out. It is high time the method was given a whirl.

A considered, reasoned criticism is something that should be sought after --- not avoided like The Black Plague. Laudatory reviews that are not deserved are opiates. Honest, informed, criticism, sharp as a surgeon's scalpel, can be a healthy agent. It may hurt at the time, but the way to success is through adversity". (We swiped that one) The clean bit of the axe is more salutary than the mess an undeserved bouquet of orchids makes when it lands with a squashy plop.

We have heard a lot of criticism of magic and magicians by both laymen and magicians. But none of it ever does the slightest good because it is always whispered behind the performer's back. The slogan seems to be: "Don't, for goodness sake, hurt the poor fellow's feelings!" Are magicians men or mice that they can't take it?

How are we going to judge the shows we see? Well, here are a few of the ways. First, we're going to ask ourselves if the performer is trying to give out entertainment first and puzzles second. We are going to watch like a hawk to see if he has the technique we've a right to expect considering the amount of his experience. We are going to listen and find out if he speaks recognizable English. If he's a "dese, dem, and dose" guy, we'll mention it out loud and recommend a good textbook.

We are going to insist that he give his audience credit for having the intelligence of at least a six year old. And of knowing when a joke has whiskers. If he follows a torn-and-restored paper trick with a cut-and-restored (continued on page 740)

PAY DAY JACK VOSBURGH

This is a mental coin effect based on a mathematical system. On the table are three small coin envelopes labeled respectively: Office Boy, Janitor, President. Also there are five different coins: a penny, nickel, dime, quarter, and half dollar.

Three spectators are asked to participate and each is given a small typewritten sheet or card called a "Salary Schedule". While the performer's back is turned, one of the three men picks up the three employee envelopes, mixes them well, selects any one for himself, and passes the other two on to a second man. This person mixes the two remaining envelopes, selects either one, and hands the third envelope to the third spectator.

Each man reads the label on his envelope and sees what employee he is to be. Then he reads his salary schedule and sees which coin that employee is to receive. Each of the three men puts into his envelope the coin designated in the schedule. The envelopes are pocketed or held out of sight; and the performer is summoned.

He takes from his pocket a fourth envelope labeled "Income Tax," and into it he puts the two remaining coins. Pocketing this envelope he looks at each of the three men and tells what job he holds and how much money is in his pay envelope.

That's the effect. I have said that the method is mathematical. The three salary schedules are all different, as can be noted from the table here:

#1	#2	#3
President--10¢	President--25¢	President--50¢
Office Boy--10¢	Office Boy-- 5¢	Office Boy-- 5¢
Janitor---- 1¢	Janitor---- 1¢	Janitor---- 1¢

These are passed out writing sides down, so no man knows what the cards of his neighbors say. The performer must remember to which man each of the schedules goes. Because of the system involved, the two coins left on the table, after the three coins have been put into the envelopes, tell the story.

And the rest of the trick is a table written upon the back of the "Income Tax" envelope. This table is secretly referred to while placing the two remaining coins into the tax envelope. Here is the table:

	#1	#2	#3
6-----	Boy-----	Pres.-----	Jan.
	10¢	25¢	50¢
26-----	Pres.-----	Boy-----	Jan.
	10¢	5¢	50¢
30-----	Boy-----	Jan.-----	Pres.
	10¢	1¢	50¢
35-----	Jan.-----	Boy-----	Pres.
	1¢	5¢	50¢
60-----	Jan.-----	Pres.-----	Boy
	1¢	25¢	5¢
75-----	Pres.-----	Jan.-----	Boy
	10¢	1¢	5¢

To read the table add the value of the two coins left and read from this total in the first column. Reading across from this total you find the offices and the salaries held by the holders of schedules #1, #2, and #3.



UNIQUE PUZZLES

Editor's Note: The two following items are not new puzzles, by any means, but they represent well the type that makes one keep on thinking after being shown. In both cases these problems have been seized upon by showmen and used, not as puzzles generally are used, but in a graphic manner such as to captivate the imagination of onlookers who would otherwise beget a bored look were "here's a puzzle" mentioned. The first new approach, "The Odd Estate", is by Henry Christ. His use of pasteboards in the solution (?) can be a welcome interlude during any "take a card" routine. The second, "The Weird Inn", is from Herb. Rungie, to whom the rhyme was passed by an old timer who had known it for over 50 years. While the problem itself has been seen often in mathematical oddity books, the pattern is something that make a modern blackboard item of interest for the performer wanting a pause while his assistant, perhaps, clears the stage or performs some underhanded bit of business.

THE ODD ESTATE

Shuffle any deck and run through it with the mentioned intention of removing three aces, in order to illustrate a story about a very confusing will left by an early settler in New England. As this is being done, you also see to it that a deuce, trey, and nine spot are moved to the top (or back) of the deck (and in that order from top down) and the Joker of the pack finds his place at the face, or bottom. Of course, it is easy enough, at most times, to prepare this part a minute before.

Three aces are put face up in a row on the table. Omit the Ace of Spades because it doesn't fit with the other small pip aces in this case. Rifle shuffle the deck, keeping the three top cards and bottom Joker in place. From here on we'll let the story theme explain things.

Explain that the old farmer died and left his estate to three relatives. The will mentioned fractional proportions to each. Now deal the top card slightly overlapping the first ace, saying, "A deuce. Well, that gives this person one-half of what was left." Deal the next card face up onto the next ace. "A three. That gives someone else one-third." The next card dealt onto the next ace is a nine. "And here we have someone not so well in favor who gets one-ninth."

"It seems as if the farmhouse and buildings were mortgaged to their value when the old fellow passed away, and all that was left for the heirs to divide was a herd of cows. Let's take these values showing, add them, nine, three, two, one, one, one, and presume the number of cows to be 17." You count of 17 cards face down into a pile. "And now, how would you go about settling the estate?"

As the problem stands it just can't be done, that is, without carving a cow, and that happens to be something over which the heirs are won't to wrangle and finally refuse to countenance.

So, in order to settle the problem, a wise hermit was brought into the picture, and the modern Solomon, after careful consideration, added his single cow to the field of 17. As an illustration, the performer takes the Joker from the deck's bottom and adds it to the bottom of the 17 stack.

Now, he says, "Take the first heir. He gets one-half. That's one-half of 18, or, nine." And nine cards are dealt below the A/2 pile. "Next gets one-third. One-third of 18 is six." And six cards are dealt below the A/3 pile. "Lastly comes the one-ninth share. One-ninth of 18 is two." Two cards are dealt below the A/9 pile. "And, my friends, that left the wise old hermit's cow behind, and unwanted by all except the old hermit himself who promptly took him back and disappeared into the mountains." The last card is turned to show the Joker safe.

That's all, but it does hold attention. The business of apparently using what fraction cards turn up at random, plus the adding to obtain the 17 herd pile, will prevent anyone being successful if they try it, because this combination is the only one that will work.

THE WEIRD INN

Ten weary footsore travelers,
All in a woeful plight,
Sought shelter in a wayside Inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine beds - no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you;
To each of eight a single room,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head;
For of those tired men no two
Could occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease --
He was a clever man --
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan.

(The performer draws or shows a design upon paper or blackboard)

A B C D E F G H I

In room marked A two men were placed;
The third he lodged in B;
The fourth to C was then assigned --
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away
And in F the seventh man;
The eighth and ninth in G and H
And then to A he ran.

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travellers by,
Then taking one - the tenth and last --
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms - a room for each --
Were made to serve for ten,
And this it is that puzzles me,
And many wiser men.

EDITRIVIA

Our new "Fifth Row, Center Aisle" reviewing department will not be the sole effort of one individual but of from five to seven sincere advocates of bedrock reporting in the interests of magic. Cagliostro, Jr.'s article in this issue makes quite clear what we are pointing at. The other reviewers, scattered about the country, will take care of the performances occurring in their sections. We are interested only in shows for which tickets of admission are sold to the public. When a man entertains for people who have paid their money, he must be willing to except an honest review, regardless as to whether or not he, himself has been paid, as in the case of a benefit. For, if he is bad, he not alone hurts magic, but he helps to make a few vacant seats at least when the cause next runs a benefit performance.

There's a serio-comic booklet to be on the newsstands within 10 days which will startle readers with the hair-raising adventures of Blackstone in the "Superman" manner. It will be called Supermagic and the continuity will be based upon and include many of the illusions he has presented in his show. --- That "invisible" bogey is in again with news reports of Jasper Maskelyne making North African British troops disappear. J.M. is in the camouflage division.

English papers please copy: In 1814 there passed away Joanna Southcott, a remarkable prophetess whose picture still hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. At about the age of 40 she had begun the remarkable series of prophecies which were destined to create an almost worldwide sensation, according to The London Magazine, "the repercussion of which is felt to some extent even to the present day." Behind her she left a box, now famous among her devotees and followers, containing prophecies and documents, with the stipulation that its contents are not to be revealed until it is "asked for by the Government in time of great stress and trouble."

If Al Baker ever conceived of a memory type of stunt worth much applause and plenty kudos, he has done it now. At luncheon with Frank N. Dodd, Dai Vernon, and Al, he picked up a shuffled deck from which I had dealt myself a bridge hand of 13 cards. Looking through the deck once he proceeded to name every pasteboard I held! Al says it is to be included in his forthcoming book. I hope that one-fiftieth of the purchasers will appreciate the effect as I saw it. --- The wives of magicians still get around. Mrs. Clayton Rawson said "Hey Presto" on Feb. 12 and

gave the mentor of Merlini a baby girl to be named Joanna. (Another prophetess? Ed.) And Mrs. Clark Allen, wife of the S.A.M.er and Sphinx executive, blithely won a quiz award on electric irons. None, however, has approached Mrs. Burdette Bowman's successive winnings of an automobile, and then another.

Robert Nelson's column in the Feb Linking Ring mentions "A big booking agency is asking \$300 a night for an imported South American mentalist." This may mean DUON, and if so, it could easily be worth that to see his telephone book stunt which never uses less than ten from different localities, and which has that radio program "Pot O' Gold" backed off the map for freedom of selection plus the continuous series of seemingly impossible revelations. --- In the same issue Bob Weill asked about the Jinx being absent from the mails, hoping it hadn't gone the way of etc,etc,etc. As usual the wordage was out of date for, by the time it appeared, we had four more issues out. The delay was caused by the addition of 66 (more or less) acres to our estate of 1 typewriter and a spare suit plus the trouble of finding warm housing for our cats and their kittens. Never worry about the sheet just closing up with no notice. With #50 we wrote the grand finale if as and when it might be needed. There will be no doubt.

The Rochester Magicians' Club letterhead is attention getting, at least. A large sketch of a magus from top to bottom shows him holding a sheet of paper on which the message is written. That Club, by the way, might serve as an example for others. Members haven't paid dues for years. The 1941 dues to the I.B.M. (\$3 per) was paid by the club. There annual Clambake and Banquet was paid out of the treasury. Their system will be passed on to any other interested clubs or societies. --- Dante opens in Chicago on March 17 at the Erlanger. He is partially set for a reopening in New York City around April 14. --- The Jinx "Squiggles" contest closes in March so you'd better get those ideas down on paper. It has been six months, too. In two days we received a set of ideas from three foreign spots: Switzerland, Singapore, and Brazil. --- Deriders of this pages penchant for splitting infinitives might find fun worrying over an item we picked up somewhere. It makes our errors look awfully good, in print, anyway. Little Willie complained when his mother went upstairs to read beside his sickbed, "What did you bring that book I didn't want to be read to out of up for? And the learned savants are united in saying that the sentence is perfectly correct! Gabbatha!

Theo. Annemann

FIFTH ROW, CENTER AISLE (continued from page 738)

rope routine, we are going to remind him that he is guilty of repetition to the point of boredom --- and point out that he is definitely not presenting two different effects. We are not going to like any presentation of the rice bowls, the hindu sticks, the sympathetic silks, or the mutilated parasol --- not unless he does them as well as Roy Benson. If anyone steps out and offers a trick as trite, hackneyed, and done-to-death as those, and does nothing more than to follow the printed instruction sheet that came with the apparatus when he bought it back in 1911, he is going to read a few words in this department that he won't be able to use to any great advantage in his advertising.

We serve notice here and now that we are sick

and tired of reading directions in books and magazines for performing positive miracles and then, at the shows, having to sit and be bored to death by the same dreary old chestnuts.

And, finally, if we hear anyone say, "This lotus bowl (or what have you) is entirely unprepared and completely empty", we are going to shoot the offender dead right where he stands. If you want to know who Cagliostro, Jr. is, just look for the guy who is lugging the double-barreled shotgun!

We hope, with all our heart, that we are forced to write a completely laudatory review of the S.A.M. Heckscher show. It will be our beginning.

----- Cagliostro, Jr.
(Direct from a 146 year run at The Old Inferno)