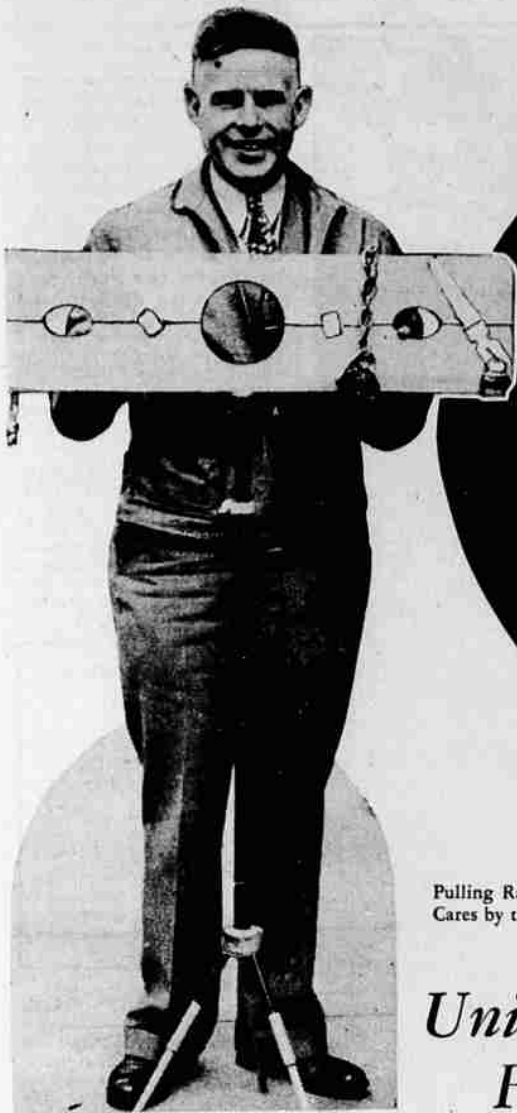


'Black Magic' Hobby Of Tacoma Businessmen



Ray Gamble, Head of the Tacoma Ring, International Brotherhood of Magicians, Demonstrates the "Pillory," a Device Used by the Late Houdini.



Pulling Rabbits Out of Hats Is Just Child's Play to These Tacoma Men, Who Get Their Relaxation From Business Cares by the Practice of "Black Magic." Amateur Magicians, Left to Right: Al Hooker, Herb Schuh, and Master Wizard Ray Gamble.



There Must Be Skullduggery Here. Al Hooker, Left, is Watching Phil Garland, Who Holds a Human Skull—One of the Chief "Props" of the Ring's Magic Tricks.

"Immature Hour" Aspirants to Radio Fame Include The Announcer In Act

By Bud Landis

ANNOUNCER: Here we are again, making big ones out of little ones. Or, in other words, this is the weakly amateur hour when we convert small-timers into great stars. Take it away, Bud.

BUD: The first application states that the aspirants are an aerobatic trio. But there are only two of you—how about that, spokesman?

AMATEUR: It's this way: During the last vaudeville engagement, we accidentally threw our other partner someplace and never found him again.

BUD: I don't understand.

A: Well, you see, we're hand balancers. We happened to toss the light man too far and couldn't locate him after the show.

BUD: Didn't you have a return address on him?

A: No, we always just relied on a cowbell to tell where he is.

BUD: Why didn't you put an ad in the lost and found columns?

A: We did. But the only response we got was from girl adagio dancers who'd been lost in the rough.

BUD: Adagio dancers? Oh, yes—the original broadcasters. But did you try the bureau of missing persons?

A: Our man wouldn't fit that classification. We've hardly missed him.

BUD: So now you just toss each other about, eh?

A: Sure. But we tie ourselves together like Alpine climbers.

BUD: Very interesting. But come to think of it, how do you expect to do a tumbling act on the air?

A: Shucks, we've been billed as aerial gymnasts for years.

BUD: I know, but people have got to hear this radio stuff.

A: We have sound effects. In any strong-arm act there's always the "Alex Oop," the "rite!" as well as sundry grunts and groans. And, of course, there's the roll on the snare to drum up suspense; the swishing of a thrown handkerchief; and a very audible thud when we fall to catch our man.

BUD: Maybe I could make a third for you.

A: Excellent. Here, climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy. . . Now, up on the shoulder blade. Careful—don't cut yourself!

BUD: Uh—uh.

SOUND: (SUNDRY GRUNTS AND GROANS.)

A: There—now, steady. . . Rite!

SOUND: (DRUM ROLL.)

A: There you go!

SOUND: (BANG!)

A: Oh, I'm sorry you faw down and go Bang!

BUD: Bang nothing! That's a typographical error. What you heard was this:

SOUND: (BONG!)

Unique Group Claims Magic Is One Of Few "Unselfish" Hobbies; Its Value Lies In The Ability To Please Others

BOYS may mature into men, but the small boys' love of magic seldom leave them. It may lie dormant, cropping out only at occasional intervals, when father entertains the family with a few simple card or coin tricks, but it is there, and it doesn't take much coaxing to send Dad off on his feats of legerdemain.

In Tacoma, Wash., is a group of men, who take their magic so seriously that they refuse to stop at mere card and coin tricks. They go in for the most difficult feats of the so-called "black art," and have banded themselves together into a gang, which they call a "Ring." There are other "Rings," some one hundred and fifty of them throughout the country, they explain. They are united in a national organization, which enables them to exchange ideas on magic.

The Tacoma Ring is headed by Ray Gamble, who manufactures wood flour when he isn't too busy with prestidigitator or collecting model elephants. Others in the group include Herbert Schuh, who manages a veneer package company in Puyallup; George Todd, who owns a

drug store; Al Hooker, who manages an electrochemical plant; Phil Garland, who manages a plywood manufacturing company; Herb Raleigh, a banker; Garth Dickens, a radio broadcaster; Sid Anderson, a newspaper advertising manager; Howard Williams, a produce dealer; Floyd Kinnear, Shrine secretary; Clarence Slyter, an entertainer; and a number of others.

MAGIC with them is a hobby. They tell you that their hobby is one of the few unselfish ones. If your hobby is golf, they explain, you are striving constantly to beat an opponent. If your hobby is collecting, you are always contending with other collectors for specimens, but if your hobby is magic, its value lies solely in your ability to please some one else. You are fooled, they are tickled, everybody is happy—what more can you ask?

They think so much of their art, that they are even proposing that a course in magic, with particular emphasis on card tricks, be included in public school curricula. The value of such teaching, aside from the fact that it would be highly entertaining to the students, would

be that it would give the youths such an understanding of card manipulation that it undoubtedly would cure them forever from patronizing public card rooms or gambling establishments.

THE Tacoma magicians think so well of their skill that each year they hold a banquet, to which they invite fellow magicians from all parts of the Pacific Coast. Nor do they limit their guest list to magicians. They also invite a group composed of those who probably are their severest critics—their wives. Following the banquet, the magicians demonstrate their skill. So famous have these affairs become that outsiders eagerly seek invitations and the Tacoma Ring has found it necessary to hire the largest available hotel room for their party.

Some prominent magicians have attended their parties. Guests have included Caryl S. Fleming of Beverly Hills, Cal., president of the Pacific Coast Association of Magicians, and Harry Louine "Gig" Miller of San Jose, Cal., father of the late Marilyn Miller, famous stage star, and himself a magician of international reputation.

Jack Hays, First-Class Fighting Man and Scourge Of Texas Border, Goes West for New Worlds to Conquer

This is the tale of Jack Hays, original Captain of the Texas Rangers, and other pioneer Texans whose exploits have made colorful history.

THE most remarkable thing about Captain Hays was his ability to control men," writes an old Ranger who served with the famous Captain. "The men he campaigned with were the most turbulent, adventurous and unmanageable men to be found on the North American continent, yet they yielded complete obedience to him. He exercised his control with a certain good-natured cheerfulness, without a particle of arrogance or dictatorial bearing, and never was anything dangerous or disagreeable on hand but what he was ready to lead."

For five years Jack Hays, first-class fighting man, was the scourge of the Texas borders. Then Texas became a state in the Union and the United States declared war on Mexico, in order to settle boundary disputes.

Jack Hays and his men rode with Zachary Taylor into Mexico and he and his men led the attacks in the noted battles of Palo Alto, Matamoros, Monterrey and Buena Vista. Hays and his Texas volunteers assisted also in the taming of Mexico City, and a fine to-do they created when they marched into those sacred precincts, no two of them dressed alike, but gallant fighters all.

In 1848, Jack Hays, now Colonel, was requested to head the expedition which marked out the highway between San Antonio and Chihuahua. Today the trail he blazed is one of the leading highways into Mexico.

This duty done, Colonel Hays looked about for new worlds to conquer. California beckoned and he went west where men still carried guns. He ran for sheriff of San Francisco county on the independent ticket and was elected. After two successful terms, during which he cleaned up the obstreperous element along the waterfront in much the same manner which he had cleaned out the Indians on the Texas border, Sheriff Hays became surveyor general for California and served in this capacity until he died.

His last Indian fight occurred in 1860 in Nevada against the Piute Indians in company with another Texas ranger, Captain Edward Storey. Colonel Hays took several companies of men from Piedmont, California and he and Storey cleaned out the Piutes, 1000 strong, at Pyramid Lake.

TEXAS' original Ranger Captain then returned to his home at Piedmont, where he lived until 1883. He was sixty-five years old when he died, and forty-two of those years he had spent in state-making.

Other noted Texans who moved on to California included Texas' first provisional governor, Henry Smith, a native of Kentucky. Henry Smith, who had the distinction of being elected in November, 1835, over Stephen F. Austin, as provisional president, was a stormy petrel in office and by January 12 of the next year, was facing charges accusing him of violating the constitution of 1824, and with perjury, slander of council members and contempt.

He was overlooked when Independence was declared at Washington-on-the-Brazos on March 2, 1836, and David G. Burnet was elected president of the New Republic. Smith went to California in the gold rush, and died there, being buried somewhere along the trail in an unmarked grave.

Eldridge Gerry Rector, a native of Tennessee, who "toted" a gun at San Jacinto when 19 years old and served in the war between Mexico and the United States, was another of the forty-niners, settling at Mariposa. In 1853 he was elected the first clerk of Merced county, and held this office for seven years. At the close of this period he became sheriff.

Rector later established an Angora goat ranch, but sold it in 1877 to come back to Texas and live at San Saba. Then he returned to Merced and was elected county treasurer. He lived to see one of his sons become a celebrated lawyer and another a journalist in California. Rector died October 19, 1902.

Captain Richard Roman, native of Kentucky,

hero of San Jacinto, member of Captain Jack Hays' fighting Rangers, county clerk for Victoria, member of the congress of the Texas Republic, moved to California after the United States-Mexican engagement, and became first state treasurer, serving from December 22, 1849, to January 2, 1854.

Appointed as U. S. Consul to Guaymas by President Franklin Pierce and U. S. appraiser at San Francisco by President James Buchanan, Roman lies in an honored grave today in Calvary Cemetery, San Francisco. He died December 22, 1875.

James W. Robinson, Ohioan, lieutenant-governor at the general consultation at San Felipe de Austin in November, 1835, was also at San Jacinto, and was named district judge of San Antonio by President Houston afterwards.

Robinson was holding court in 1842 when General Adrian Woll marched on San Antonio with 1200 invading Mexicans and captured the city. Robinson and his entire court were kidnapped in one of the most daring raids ever made. Taken to Mexico, Robinson persuaded Santa Ana to send him back to Texas as an agent for mediation between Mexico and Sam Houston. His mediations resulted in a brief armistice, but it took Zachary Taylor's men to settle matters four years later.

James Robinson served as district attorney from 1852 to 1855, and was also a school commissioner in 1854. He was one of the promoters of the railroad which today links El Paso with California. He died at San Diego, October, 1857.

HIS will presented an unusual legal tangle. He had married twice, and his will provided that his estate be settled out of court between the children of his two wives. The final distribution of his estate was not made until May 23, 1903, forty-six years after his death. Seventy-one legatees shared in the money, nearly everyone of them having been born years after the will was first filed.

Prisoners Escape From "Big House" In Washington State By Underground Tunnel

BEHIND the high stone walls which surround penitentiaries, a ceaseless war of wits is waged as prisoners scheme night and day to get out, and officers scheme just as hard to keep them in.

The recent escape from the Washington State Penitentiary, near Walla Walla, of eight men via the tunnel route, called attention to other odd escapes from the same institution—escapes in which luck and ingenuity played parts.

One of the most unusual of the escapes was made by three men, Jerry Penning, Lawrence Colton and S. C. Pidgeon, on November 23, 1923. Assigned to duty in the prison butcher shop, they attached a hose to the steam pipe and laid down such a barrage of steam that they were enabled to get to the wall; use a skid plank to "shimmy" to the top and over. Guards' bullets missed them, but they were caught later.

Mike Donnelly, lifer, chose the cloak of a dust storm to give him invisibility and freedom. August 14, 1911. Working in the jute mill, he slipped into the lavatory, then climbed through a small ventilator shaft and made his way over a 20-foot wall to freedom. His escape was discovered when officers took the men to their cells, it being too dark to work. Captured twice in a few weeks, he escaped twice, but years later was arrested in Idaho and received a life term.

FOG aided Frank Holmes, Warren Daniels and Everett Browning to get away the night of November 8, 1925. They had gotten into the hospital, presumably ill, but really suffering from "escape fever." They tied up the steward and went over the wall, being so indistinct that guards' bullets failed to find them. Holmes was free two years, but the others were back in ten days.

Mark McCoy played "pig tail" to retrieve lost baseballs during a prison baseball game December 12, 1920, and made a home run. Stationed on top of the flat-roofed jute mill during a game to toss back any baseballs which might land there, he fashioned a dummy which he leaned against the cornice, hid and when night came went over the prison wall unseen. He, too, was recaptured.

Eight convicts worked nearly two years to dig through the floor of a cell, and gopher out a tunnel 70 feet long. They got out early on the morning of December 9, 1935. Henry Rule was picked up by officers in Walla Walla for attempted car theft, fingerprinted and the prints taken to the prison for identification.

Flabbergasted at the identification—for Rule was thought safe in the penitentiary—the officers discovered the escape! Harvey Scott, Richard Thompson, J. H. Johnson, Clarence Miles and Gerald Durning were taken in custody that day, and the other two, John Weaver and Herbert Jackson, were arrested in Spokane later in the week.

Scott evidently had gone along just for the day, since when evening came he drank a glass of beer down town, then called up the officers to come and get him.

TUNNELING was tried before but unsuccessfully. Frank Penning, Frank Gorman, James E. Redmon, V. E. Caughnatt and Lawrence Colton tried to tunnel out of "Siberia," the "hard-boiled" ward, on December 16, 1927, but failed. Three others sought to tunnel out of the same place February 26, 1932, but were caught almost before they started.