

Devil  
Of a  
Bar  
&  
Pub

*By the Scribe*

**Devil of a Bar & Pub  
By the Scribe**

Routines and text

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*Once upon a time...*

...there was a place in cyberspace called “Shadowland” where a special breed of magicians gathered - unique magicians who preferred weaving magic into stories rather than just presenting tricks as puzzles. Tricks were included to help explain or embellish their tales. Their tales were skillfully crafted to make us laugh, cry or cringe, not just to have us wonder “How did she/he do that?”

The original Shadowland was begun by Carl Herron, also known as Brother Shadow. He invited a select group of like-minded magicians to share ideas and routines via what we now call snail mail.

With the explosion of the Internet and personal computers, Bruce Barnett suggested to Brother Shadow that his Shadow Net could be continued in cyberspace. Brother Shadow agreed, and together, Shadow and Barnett established the Internet Shadow Network.

As I write this, the Shadow Net is populated with over 300 “residents.” Joining is by invitation only, so all members know they share similar interests and are not just the curious. And don’t forget, to belong you must be a STORYTELLER.

When these magicians got together in the cyberspace Shadowland, they quickly morphed into a “community” and a town evolved. It became populated with residents, buildings, a school, houses, stores and even a dreaded dungeon where unruly citizens were punished. There was even a Mayor – who else but Brother Shadow himself.

What fun.

Weird folks migrated in. They had names like: NLT, Kotah, Blight, DeNomolos, Circe, Bubby, Grasshopper, EvilDan and others. These new residents brought strange talents and did unusual and oftentimes, amazing things.

We “regulars,” of course, knew who the real people were behind their aliases but it was fun nevertheless. But then, one day a mysterious stranger dropped into town. He called himself the Scribe.

The Scribe claimed that he was from Boston and that he was a regular customer at a place called the Devil of a Bar & Pub. He explained that this bar was a hangout for local magicians and it was also a magnet that attracted odd characters. The Scribe told us he had been asked to record the strange goings-on that occurred often at the DOB&P, as it was called locally.

The Scribe then followed with an amazing number of “Reports,” each of which described something that happened at the DOB&P, and being investigative in nature, he attempted to explain what he reported in an addendum to his reports which he titled: “THE TRUTH.”

Many of the Scribe’s reports were logical and the “truths” probably described honestly what had happened and how. But occasionally a report would describe something too strange, something that sounded downright impossible and it made us wonder if such an event really did take place. In fact, we frequently wondered if such a place as the DOB&P even truly existed in the real world. And yet ... it just might.

This mysterious, bizarre, unreal bar captivated the Shadowlanders so, not surprisingly, a few Shadowlanders took it upon themselves to investigate. They tried to track the elusive Scribe by trailing him in cyberspace, but to no avail. At least two people actually traveled to South Boston in an attempt to locate the bar. They, too failed, yet the Scribe’s reports kept coming.

The Scribe went further. He submitted reports (from a Halloween party that he claimed was held at the DOB&P) to Phil Willmarth, the editor of *The Linking Ring*, and he published them. Later they were judged the “Best Parade of the Year” and won the trophy.

The following year Mister Wilmarth invited the Scribe’s reports back



into the Parade and he responded with reports on the DOB&P's Holiday Party which became the Linking Ring's December 2005 Parade.

The reports in the Shadow Bulletin Board slowed and finally were seen rarely. It appeared that the Scribe had become involved with other projects.

But now you know ... his other project was assembling his reports (including a few that he never posted) into the form of the book you are now holding.

So, for those of you who enjoyed the reports as they were posted in Shadowland, you now hold a complete set and more. For those of you who are meeting the Scribe for the first time, you are in for a treat. Don't believe everything you read in the following pages. Remember that the Scribe posted them in an imaginary Shadowland from possibly an imaginary bar, a place where some things are real but where many things are not. But, real or imaginary, I think you will enjoy your visit to the Devil of a Bar & Pub.



**AND AN AFTER-BARWORD**

Most forewords, or in this case BARwords, are written by a fan of the author and are proudly signed by the writer. I have not signed this one because part of the fun is the mystery of who I am and who the Scribe is. Consider this: Perhaps *he* is not a *he* at all ... could he be a "she?" Or perhaps I am more than a "me." Ah, such is the fun of storytelling.

BUT, there are two conspirators who must be thanked here ... two women (yes - WOMEN) who have assisted the Scribe for years. The two have read, edited and improved the Scribe's Reports for many years. Without their commitment you would not have these reports in your hands today.

Their DOB&P names are Circe and Dorisma. No, those are not their real names. You'll learn them later, too.



**WELCOME TO  
THE DEVIL OF A BAR & PUB**

Boston's South End -- "Southie" to the locals -- is home to tough men and women. They work hard, play hard, and they love playing tricks on one another. The South End also is home to a popular hole in the wall called the Devil of a Bar & Pub. Each night after work you will find the DOB&P filled with a jovial lot quaffing pints of Sam Adams Ale, spinning tales, and doing bizarre stunts to amuse one another.

And late at night, when most tables are empty and those that are occupied are illuminated only by flickering candles in empty Chianti bottles, one can be told tales of stranger, not so jovial, things that have occurred in that little bar. It seems -- perhaps because of its name, perhaps that the mysterious town of Salem is not far north of it, or perhaps that Boston was once the site of many a bloody battle -- that this little hole-in-the-wall bar has also attracted one or two customers that were, well, a bit more sinister.

And curious things happen here. This has caught the attention of certain magicians. Because I am a regular patron, a careful observer, note-taker, and with a keen interest in magic, these magicians have approached me and asked that I record any unusual happenings I observe or hear of that have taken place in the Devil of a Bar & Pub. It has been my pleasure to do this, and I must say the task has become a most fascinating adventure. They also feel that these reports deserve an audience beyond those who frequent the Devil of a Bar & Pub. It is my hope that the notes that follow will be of interest, and hopefully helpful, to magicians who enjoy such shenanigans. Be prepared for a few surprises.

I thank the owner, Pete the Barkeep, and all of the gang that you will meet in these pages, for their friendship and for making me always feel comfortable in this wonderful establishment. I hope one day you will drop in for a visit.

Oh, and most important: A WARNING!

If you like the mystery in a good mystery story, do NOT read the ending of each tale. We will warn you when that part comes by heading it: **“THE TRUTH?”**

But with or without the secrets, I hope you enjoy reading about the curious events that often happen at the Devil of a Bar & Pub.

I remain, as always, your faithful

*Scribe*



## **BOBBY FLIP**

At the Devil of a Bar & Pub in Southie – Boston’s South End – when old-timers gather to tip a glass after work, you can still hear the tale of Bobby Flip and how he gambled with his soul one night forty years ago. The tale, which some say is only legend, involves all the elements of a good yarn: money, gambling, and yes, the Devil. Being certain you would like to hear it, I sought a particular old-timer who claims he was there when it happened. I record his recollection below.

“Yes, I remember that night as though it were yesterday. There were only a few of us in the bar when it happened, and I am quite sure I am the only one left living.

“Nobody remembers Bobby Flip’s real name, but his FIRST nickname was Boston Bobby. He gained his new nickname, “Bobby Flip,” when he joined the regulars at the Devil of a Bar & Pub, because of a particular game he liked to play. You won’t find his game in a casino or in any rule book because it was one he made up himself. It seemed to depend strictly on chance, but Bobby was unusually good at it. Good enough to keep him in beer and a warm room at night.

“Bobby gambled with silver dollars.

“He would line up bar coasters in a row on the table.

“He’d set his stack of silver dollars on the table and invite anyone to place a coin – any denomination, face up or face down, in front of any coaster, until each coaster had a coin in front of it.

“When all bets were placed, Bobby would pick up one of his coins and flip it. Without looking at it, he would slide it under a coaster, so neither he nor anyone else knew whether it was heads or tails. He’d repeat this until he had a coin under each coaster. When he was done placing his coins, Bobby would finish the game by lifting each

coaster, one at a time. If Bobby's coin matched the gambled coin – head-for-head or tail-for-tail – the gambler would take Bobby's coin. If they did not match, Bobby would take the gambler's coin.

“It was an enticing game, so every night Bobby visited the bar, he would find willing takers and the flipping would begin. And, of course this is why everyone started calling him Bobby Flip.

“Now, any mathematician would tell you that in the long run, Bobby could not have made or lost any money here. The odds for and against Bobby and the gambler are exactly 50/50. But something else was going on because Bobby consistently won more than he lost. As I said, he always won enough for his drinks and a room.

“Well, Bobby had the opportunity to really test his skill that evening back in the early 1960's, when a tall, dark stranger with reddish eyes and sinister eyebrows walked in. I can shut my eyes and still see him. Frightening, for sure.

“The guy walked straight up to Bobby and asked if he was the one who did the coin flip gamble. Bobby looked the stranger up and down and figured he had some cash in his pocket, so he answered in the affirmative. The stranger sat down, reached into his pocket and took out ten gold coins. Bobby's eyes popped. He had only gambled silver dollars. The stranger said he would like to play the game, but for higher stakes. Bobby asked him what he meant. He said he did not have any gold coins.

“The stranger told Bobby that he would use his ten gold coins against Bobby's silver dollars. Bobby was suspicious, but he was drooling over those gold coins. Then the stranger said he wanted to gamble for more than just ten silver coins.

“He told Bobby he would gamble his gold coins for Bobby's soul!

“Bobby snapped to attention. He knew who this tall, dark stranger was. Beelzebub - the Devil. Who else gambled for souls? But Bobby smiled at the opportunity to own those pure gold coins, which



otherwise, he would never attain.

“The Devil told Bobby he would give him ten chances to win the gold and keep his soul. It sounded like a good bet to Bobby, so the two shook hands on the wager. Bobby laid out ten coasters and set his pile of ten coins on the table. Then he began the game, telling the Devil to set his coins down, heads or tails up, in front of the coasters. He told the Devil that he would flip his coins one at a time and without looking, he would slip them under the coasters, trying to guess whether his would be a head or tail. The gamble was for Bobby to not match the Devil’s coins. The Devil agreed and also bet that Bobby would match his coin every time.

“It looked like Bobby had the advantage. It was impossible for every coin to match the Devil’s: if any of the ten sets was a mismatch, Bobby won. Only if every one was a match – head with head or tail with tail – would Bobby lose his soul.

“Then Bobby hesitated. He said that ten coins, even gold coins, were not much of a price for a soul. He asked the Devil to raise the stakes and also grant him one wish if he won.

“The Devil grinned, confident. He nodded and agreed to add the wish.

“The game began. The Devil laid his coins, some heads up and some tails up, in front of each coaster. Bobby took his coins, flipped them and slid them under the coasters. The gamble was finished.

“Slowly, Bobby slid nine coasters off the coins, one by one. Each one matched the Devil’s. It seemed, somehow, the Devil had predicted what Bobby would flip. It looked like he would win. Bobby looked downright scared. Slowly, with a trembling hand, he slid the last coaster off and ... the Devil’s coin showed a head, Bobby’s a tail. The coins did not match!

“Bobby screamed that he won and scooped up all of the coins. With a snarl the Devil instantly vanished from the table, leaving Bobby Flip

with nothing before him but some scattered coasters, his silver coins, and ten solid gold coins, which, according to what people say, provided him with wealth that lasted his lifetime.

“Oh, and the part of the wager that gave Bobby one wish? The Devil, despite his nasty reputation, granted him that. Bobby wished for eternal life so he could tell this story and brag forever about that night he gambled with the Devil and won.

***“And I do!”***

### **THE TRUTH?**

Was it possible that the man who told me this story was actually Bobby Flip? Why, that would have made him at least 100 years old and he looked about 50 – which, incidentally, is how old Bobby Flip was when this gamble took place in the Devil of a Bar & Pub.

Ah...

For those who believe in gambles with the Devil, and many do, this story will be accepted as true fact. But those who would argue such an event never really occurred might ask how it *might* have happened. These people are magicians who suspect that a trick was involved.

It *was* the real Bobby Flip who told us this story. We had the opportunity to chat with him the night before he left Boston to move to Illinois. We asked him if he would tell us the trick he used to beat the Devil and everyone else with his coin flips. He agreed and told us we could use his secret, if we wished. Here is his explanation:

“Take a coin – American quarters and half-dollars work perfectly, and probably foreign coins will, also. Hold the coin in your hand and rub your thumb over the head side. It feels smooth. Now turn it over and rub your thumb over the tail side. It feels rough. The sides feel different!



“With a few minutes practice you can flip the coin in the air, catch it, and as you turn your hand over to plunk the coin down on the table, by simply rubbing your thumb over it you will know whether the head or tail side is up. All I had to do was slide it under a coaster with a coin showing the same side. I deliberately matched all but the one of the Devil’s coins. I wanted him to think he was winning, so I matched his coins nine times. I mismatched the last coin so he would think I won by sheer luck. After all, I would never want the Devil to discover I was cheating.

“I learned the trick from a book a friend of mine gave me called *Magic for Dummies*, by David Pogue. The book describes this way of feeling a coin as, ‘Heads or Tails, The Shadow Knows.’ It is credited to a magician named Gregory Wilson.

“The book didn’t suggest what to do with the trick, so I gave it some thought and came to use it as a gamble. It has won me a lot of beers, a little hard cash, and it even fooled old Beelzebub.”

So there you go. Like all magic, the trick is simple. When you first describe and demonstrate the gamble, you have the choice of cheating each time you put down the betting coin by having the gambling coin matching or not matching. So, deliberately do *not* match seven out of the 10 bets. This way, you will come out the winner. Later, if YOU meet the Devil, correctly match the first nine times and mismatch on the tenth and you too shall live forever.

Obviously you can use playing cards instead of bar coasters for the covers. Cards certainly are appropriate for a gambler. But Bobby Flip preferred using the Devil of a Bar & Pub coasters to avoid any suggestion of this being a card trick. Appropriate coasters can be designed and printed on your computer and pasted on regular coasters or thin cardboard. It might even be fun to hand them out as souvenirs at the end. You can purchase stickers from Leaping Lizards Magic that will allow you to create your own Devil of a Bar & Pub coasters!



**RANDY ONTO & LASLY**

Randy Onto & Lasly are the husband and wife mind reading team who are best known in the Midwest area around Wisconsin, so it was a great surprise to find them relaxing at the Devil of a Bar & Pub here in Boston. Only a few of us magic fan regulars recognized them, but Randy is unmistakable with his bushy beard and balding head - a most imposing and charismatic figure indeed.

Randy and Lasly were in town on vacation. They wanted to see the sights of Boston: Take a Duck Tour, walk the Freedom Trail, visit the Witch City of Salem just a few miles north. When I greeted them I was flattered to have Randy tell me it was my reporting that encouraged them to also seek out our little Devil of a Bar & Pub here in South Boston.

I introduced Randy and Lasly to the owner, Pete the Barkeep, who immediately asked if they would demonstrate their mind reading. (Pete always likes to spice up his bar with a little entertainment, especially if it's free). They agreed and asked Pete for pencil and paper and if they could use his big wipe-off menu that was beside the bar. Pete cordially agreed. Then he began pounding a bottle on the bar to attract everyone's attention.

"My dear friends and customers, we are honored to have two of the most famous mind readers in the world with us tonight, Randy and Lasly Onto. If you will gather around, they have agreed to give us a demonstration of their phenomenal powers."

I thought this was quite an introduction from someone who, a few minutes before, had never heard of the Ontos, but it drew the crowd.

Randy was busy erasing the bar's menu from the wipe-off board as the crowd drew their chairs forward. He turned and began:

"Mind reading is not what most think it is. I cannot, nor do I believe anyone can, peer into another person's mind to read their exact



**Devil of a Bar & Pub**

thoughts word-for-word. But my wife and I have spent considerable time probing each other's minds trying to understand how our minds think alike. For example, if I suggest we go out for breakfast, I am not surprised when my wife orders sausage, scrambled eggs and cranberry juice. Not that she always orders the same things, she doesn't - but somehow, our minds have become attuned so I know what she has on her mind before she orders. If you like, we will be happy to offer you a short demonstration of this now."

Of course everyone nodded in the affirmative. Randy continued:

"Will one of you accompany my wife into the back room and ascertain that she is unable to see or hear what we do next in this room? If you wish, several of you may accompany her. It is imperative that you are convinced we are unable to communicate with one another verbally or visually." This was done.

"Now," explained Randy, "I would like you to name things and places you have in Boston and I will write them on the menu board, and I would like you, sir, to write the same list on this paper." Randy gave a nearby customer the paper and pencil he had received from Pete, then he stood before the blank menu board. As customers called out the names of objects, Randy recorded them:

**SWAN BOATS  
MUSEUM OF SCIENCE  
LOBSTERS  
PATRIOTS FOOTBALL  
RED SOX BASEBALL  
BOSTON COMMON  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
SAM ADAMS ALE  
COMPUTER MUSEUM  
BAKED BEANS  
FANEUIL HALL  
OLD IRONSIDES  
BAD DRIVERS  
WATERFRONT**

**CHARLES RIVER  
DEVIL OF A BAR & PUB**

When he was done he said, “Now I will test myself to see if I can look into my wife’s mind and decide which of these words will be her favorite recollections of our visit to Boston.” Randy walked to the menu board and picked up the eraser. He tipped his head in meditation for a few moments then began erasing words until he was left with:

**MUSEUM OF SCIENCE  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
COMPUTER MUSEUM  
FANEUIL HALL  
DEVIL OF A BAR & PUB**

He then asked the person who had been writing the duplicate list to bring the entire list into the back room and hand it to his wife asking her to cross out things and places, leaving only those that were her favorites. Randy never touched the list.

There followed a few minutes of anticipation before his wife and her keepers returned. Randy asked the man, now holding the list, what his wife had done.

He replied, “She crossed off a number of the words.” Randy asked him to read off the list of words she did not cross off - her favorite memories of Boston:

~~—SWAN BOATS~~  
MUSEUM OF SCIENCE  
~~—LOBSTERS—~~  
~~—PATRIOTS FOOTBALL~~  
~~—RED SOX—~~  
~~—BOSTON COMMON~~  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
~~—SAM ADAMS ALE—~~  
COMPUTER MUSEUM

 **Devil of a Bar & Pub**

~~BAKED BEANS~~  
FANEUIL HALL  
~~OLD IRONSIDES~~  
~~BAD DRIVERS~~  
~~WATERFRONT~~  
~~CHARLES RIVER~~  
DEVIL OF A BAR & PUB

“**Museum of Science, Harvard University, Computer Museum, Faneuil Hall, and Devil of a Bar & Pub**,” he read. The exact same memories Randy had predicted! The crowd burst into applause and Randy and Lasly sat down to enjoy the rest of the evening, now surrounded by new admirers who insisted on paying for their drinks.

### THE TRUTH?

Randy and Lasly Onto are very old and dear friends of mine. I know, and they know I know, they are not mind readers and really can only guess what each other is thinking. But they are clever magicians who know a few tricks that convince their audiences otherwise. This was one.

Randy has long been interested in methods of coding information to a partner and he and Lasly have used many methods. This one, he explained, was one of the simpler ones. “You can find it in Corinda’s *Thirteen Steps To Mentalism* in step seven - ‘Book Tests and Supplements.’ Most people never notice this, but it is a gem. Corinda and Fogel used it many times and even fooled magicians badly. And it’s so simple.

“The beauty is the audience makes the list. It can be a list of anything. Because we are in Boston we thought a ‘Boston list’ would be appropriate so we asked for ‘Boston’ words.”

“Once it was made, both my wife and I looked at the same list - mine on the menu board and hers on the copy. All we did was look at the second letter of the second item. In this case - Museum of Science, so our key letter was ‘u.’ Then we both looked through the list and

eliminated every word that did not contain a 'u' which made our 'favorite' words match."

I was amazed. Such a simple code had convinced everyone in the bar that these two did indeed have an amazing rapport. And, as Randy reminded me, "We can do this over and over because the second letter of the second word will change, and the list will be different each time."

Later that night, for fun, I wrote a list of words for YOU to read my mind:

**PRESTO  
SIMPLE  
MIND READING  
MARVELOUS  
MYSTERY  
MAGIC  
BOOK**

I know you are thinking of: SIMPLE MINDREADING MAGIC.

And it is!





## JOCK PULLTER

Bars are great places for single guys to pick up single women, and the Devil of a Bar & Pub is no exception. The problem is, the guys all try the same lines – “Hey, Beautiful, I’m a Virgo. What’s your sign?” or, “My wife left me last week and I need to talk about it,”... or the old, “You look lonely like me, can I buy you a drink?”

Pick up lines, all.

But Jock Pullter, a stranger, came into the bar one night with a new one.

Jock spotted a snazzy looking gal sitting with her girlfriend in a corner table. He zeroed in.

“Hi gals,” said Jock.

The two girls, figuring what was on his mind, ignored him.

“Do you believe in magic?” asked Jock.

The girls turned to him and said, “Sometimes.”

“Then I am your man,” responded Jock. “I am magic.”

The girls, though wary, were intrigued and encouraged Jock to go on. Jock asked them to go to the card table and bring back a deck. Thumbing through it, he removed four cards:

“The Queen of Hearts promises a lifetime of love.”

“The Queen of Diamonds promises a lifetime of wealth.”

“The Queen of Spades promises a lifetime of happiness.”

“The Queen of Clubs promises a lifetime of health.”

He laid the cards on the table and asked Marleen to consider carefully. He handed her a small piece of paper and asked her to write the name of the card that represented what she wanted most in her life on the paper. Jock took the paper and without looking at it, set it on fire. After it was reduced to ashes, he picked up the ashes and asked Marleen to name which card she had selected.

“The Queen of Diamonds. I want to be rich!” she said.

Then the most amazing thing happened. Jock rolled back his sleeve and rubbed the ashes along his forearm. Strangely, the letter “Q” appeared, followed by “D.”

Marleen and her friend gasped. Jock just smiled.

“Who are you? How did you do that? Where do you come from?” asked Marleen in rapid fire. Her friend was nodding her head as if asking the same questions.

“My name is Jock. I come from an island somewhere in the Pacific. How did I do that? Well, I told you at the start I was magic. Magic happens when one has a close psychical attachment to another. You and I seem to have some sort of mystical attachment. And, I am a person who would like to investigate this further. Would you?”

“Yes! Yes, indeed.” responded Marleen. Her girlfriend Mabel nodded in enthusiastic agreement.

And with that, as the young and charming Jock Pullter led the two young innocent ladies off to somewhere outside the Devil of a Bar & Pub, he was heard to say, “Marleen and Mabel ... now I am going to show you girls something that is truly out of this world.”

As he left arm in arm with the girls, Jock deftly gathered up the deck of cards on the table. Some say he was stacking the deck as he left. But who knows for sure?



### THE TRUTH?

Jock returned later with a broad grin on his face. How he made the QD appear on his arm was a mystery. He just chuckled.

“Why, that trick is as easy as pie. I was flipping through the deck of the card and saw your arm. I just flipped the card over and there it was.”

**TOP SECRET**  
**TOP SECRET**

women in  
non lines like,

leave a bar with two beautiful  
gging for more.



## CARDOOR & AWFULDAN

About every other month, in an effort to bring culture into the Devil of a Bar & Pub, Pete the Barkeep holds a Poetry Night. Anyone is invited to stand and recite a favorite poem or ballad. Amazingly, these nights have been well attended and have provided some free entertainment for the regulars and others.

One of the most bizarre incidents ever at the Devil of a Bar & Pub occurred during one of these Poetry Nights. It has been a lively topic of discussion ever since.

One of the regular performers was called Cardoor. Not a soul, except perhaps himself, has any idea why he chose this as his performing name. After the incident, however, the patrons added “The Great” after Cardoor. He became “Cardoor the Great.” He liked this.

It was about 9:00 PM that Saturday night when Cardoor (the soon-to-be Great) stood before the microphone. In his deep and compelling voice, he began:

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun  
By the men who toil for gold;  
The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee.*

“Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I offer you this marvelous narrative poem which was written by Robert W. Service, a Canadian poet and novelist who was known for his ballads of the Yukon. He spent eight years in the Yukon and saw and experienced the difficult times of the miners, trappers, and hunters that he has presented to us in this ballad, titled ‘The Cremation of Sam McGee.’”

After this brief introduction, Cardoor, the soon-to-be Great, returned to the poem.

*Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee,  
Where the cotton blooms and blows.  
Why he left his home in the South to roam  
'Round the Pole, God only knows.  
He was always cold, but the land of gold  
Seemed to hold him like a spell;  
Though he'd often say in his homely way  
That he'd sooner live in hell.*

*On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way  
Over the Dawson trail.  
Talk of your cold! Through the parka's fold  
It stabbed like a driven nail.  
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze  
'Till sometimes we couldn't see;  
It wasn't much fun, but the only one  
To whimper was Sam McGee.*

*And that very night, as we lay packed tight  
In our robes beneath the snow,  
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead  
Were dancing heel and toe,  
He turned to me, and "Cap," says he,  
"I'll cash in this trip, I guess;  
And if I do, I'm asking that you  
Won't refuse my last request.*

Suddenly, Cardoor's recitation was interrupted by loud shouting and cussing. The door to the bar was opening, then closing, then opening, then closing. It was obvious that someone was trying to back into the room but something was slowing his progress. This continued for almost a minute, and then the intruder barreled through the door with something following him. His face red with embarrassment, AwfulDan turned toward the group that was staring in wide-eyed amazement. He was holding a leash, on the end of which was a rather

stubborn young goat. Yes! A goat!

“For God’s sake, Dan, where on earth did you get that! And why? Do you plan to do a bizarre sacrifice later?” asked Cardoor.

“Naw,” said AwfulDan, “I just brought it along to get your goat.” The crowd roared with laughter. “Actually, a buddy of mine asked if I would baby-sit his kid for the weekend and I agreed, thinking it was a human kid. Instead, he drops this kid off with me. But not wanting to miss your recital, I had to bring him along.”

“Perfectly all right, my friend, in fact you look quite proper being accompanied by a goat. A much better looking date than usual, I might add. Now where was I?”

*Well, Sam seemed so low that I couldn't say no;  
Then he says with a sort of moan:  
“It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold  
“Till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.  
Yet 'taint being dead--it's my awful dread  
Of the icy grave that pains;  
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair,  
You'll cremate my last remains.*

The goat let out a loud “BRAAAAAAY!” Cardoor gave a sigh of exasperation and went on.

*A pal's last need is a thing to heed,  
So I swore I would not fail;  
And we started on at the streak of dawn;  
But God! He looked ghastly pale.  
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day  
Of his home in Tennessee;  
And before nightfall a corpse was all  
That was left of Sam McGee.*

“BRAYYYYYY! BRAYYYY!” Cardoor had to stop. He took a deep breath and stared at the goat. “Do NOT interrupt me again!”

 **Devil of a Bar & Pub** 

*There wasn't a breath in that land of death,  
And I hurried, horror-driven,  
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid,  
Because of a promise given;  
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say:  
"You may tax your brawn and brains,  
But you promised true, and it's up to you  
To cremate those last remains."*

*Now a promise made is a debt unpaid,  
And the trail has its own stern code.  
In the days to come, though my lips were numb,  
In my heart how I cursed that load.  
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight,  
While the huskies, round in a ring,  
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—  
Oh God! how I loathed the thing.*

“BRAYYY! BRAYY! BRAYYY!” Now Cardoor was becoming, pardon the French, pissed! The damn goat was upstaging him. But he tried to go on.

*And every day that quiet clay  
seemed to heavier and heavier grow;  
And on I went, though the dogs were spent  
and the grub was getting low;  
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad,  
but I swore I would not give in;  
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing,  
and it hearkened with a grin.*

A nasty look from Cardoor. AwfulDan tried to put his hand over the goat's mouth. “BRAYYY!” Cardoor bravely continued...

*Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge,  
And a derelict there lay;  
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice*

*It was called the "Alice May."  
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit,  
And I looked at my frozen chum;  
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry,  
"Is my cre-ma-tor-eum."*

*Some planks I tore from the cabin floor,  
And I lit the boiler fire;  
Some coal I found that was lying around,  
And I heaped the fuel higher;  
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—  
Such a blaze you seldom see;  
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal,  
And I stuffed in Sam McGee.*

"BRAYY BRAYY BRAYYY!" Louder, now, it seemed. Cardoor stopped. He walked to the goat, picked him up and set him on the bar. *What is he going to do?* the crowd wondered. Cardoor went behind the bar and stooped down. *Is he looking for a knife?* The crowd buzzed with this odd happening.

Cardoor came up from behind the bar with the bar towel.

He had wrapped the towel around his head so it resembled a turban.

"NOW," he said, "I will show you why I am called Cardoor the Great. I shall put this goat into a deep trance, which will render him voiceless."

With that, Cardoor flipped the goat upside down on the bar and asked AwfulDan to hold him firmly in that position. Cardoor walked to and fro waving his hands, gesturing toward the inverted goat, mumbling strange words. He finally said to AwfulDan, "Please remove your hands. The goat is now under my spell and will do as I command."

AwfulDan took his hands away, and as the patrons gasped in astonishment, the goat remained lying motionless on his back... apparently hypnotized! There was a small smattering of applause but



**Devil of a Bar & Pub**

Cardoor ignored this. Instead, he stood before the hypnotized goat and finished his ballad.

*Then I made a hike, for I didn't like  
To hear him sizzle so;  
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled,  
And the wind began to blow.  
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled  
Down my cheeks, and I don't know why;  
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak  
Went streaking down the sky.*

*I do not know how long in the snow  
I wrestled with grisly fear;  
But the stars came out and they danced about  
'ere again I ventured near;  
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said:  
"I'll just take a peep inside.  
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked;"  
... Then the door I opened wide.*

All ears were on Cardoor but all eyes were on the goat, which remained motionless, upside down, on the bar.

*And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm,  
In the heart of the furnace roar;  
And he wore a smile you could see a mile,  
And he said: "Please close that door.  
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear  
You'll let in the cold and storm—  
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee,  
It's the first time I've been warm!"*

And with this final line, Cardoor turned toward the goat and gave it a tap, saying, "Take a bow, kid." The goat thrashed a bit and then flipped over and sprung to its feet.

Picking the goat up off the bar, he set it on the floor, handed the leash



do. So they simply lie there, very still, ‘thinking’ about their situation. They appear to be mesmerized but they really are not.”

“Ah,” we asked. “Then how did you wake the goat up on cue?”

“When I tapped him, I simply pushed his legs to one side. This ‘told’ him what to do to get out of his dilemma; so, he just rolled over and stood up.”

How simple.





**LAURA WRIGHT**

“Show and tell time!” shouted Laura Wright as she strode into the Devil of a Bar & Pub! She was holding a small wicker basket and a packet of what appeared to be pictures.

Laura used to own a pet shop in old Haymarket Square. That was before Haymarket was taken over by some clever businessmen who transformed Boston’s dilapidated North End Marketplace into a world-class tourist attraction filled with trendy shops, gourmet eating places and non-stop street entertainment. Today, any tourist visiting Boston finds Haymarket a must-see.

But I digress. The tale I want to tell you is about Laura Wright. During Haymarket’s transformation, she had to move her pet shop to a place with a cheaper rent ... to the little shop just off L Street in Southie.

Her new shop was only a few blocks away from the Devil of a Bar & Pub. Being a single, never-married young lady it was only natural that she became a regular at the joint. And because of her love for animals, the regulars were never surprised when she showed up with a kinkajou or eagle on her shoulder.

Well, this night she showed up with a surprise for the regulars. I am certain she had planned this for some time.

She sat down at the bar and set the basket and pictures on the counter.

Many who knew Laura, and others just curious, gathered around her. Entertainment at the Devil of a Bar & Pub is rare, so any diversion is welcome.

“Before I show you my pet and what I have trained him to do, let me show you some photos of other animals I have had for sale in my pet shop,” said Laura, as she spread the packet to show they actually were photos. Each was a picture of an exotic creature: a giant beetle,

a millipede, a king snake, a spider monkey, a gecko lizard, an alligator, a gerbil, a giant cockroach, a tarantula, a brightly colored fish, and more.

Laura turned the packet over and pointed to the small basket. “I have been training Spy, here, and have been very successful. Want to see?”

Nobody in the Devil of a Bar & Pub had any idea what Laura was talking about, so of course they encouraged her to go on.

Laura took one picture at a time off the packet, picture side down, and laid them in a circle, like the numbers on a clock face. After setting twelve pictures down she set the rest of the packet aside and moved the small basket to the center of the circle of pictures.

“Ladies! Gentlemen! Children of all ages!” announced Laura with a twinkle in her eye. “I introduce you to Spy, my trained tarantula.”

She lifted the lid off the small basket and inside was a real live Mexican Red-Leg Tarantula! Everyone at the bar gasped!

“Don’t worry,” said Laura. “Spy is very docile. In fact this species of tarantulas make great pets and I sell lots of them in my pet shop. But I won’t sell Spy because he is the most intelligent tarantula I have ever known. Watch.”

Spy crawled slowly out of his basket. He crawled back and forth around the basket. Everyone watched, almost mesmerized.

Then Spy waddled slowly away from the basket and stepped right on one of the face-down pictures Laura had previously set down. The moment Spy did this, Laura picked him up, dropped him back into his basket and set the basket to one side.

She then took away all of the pictures except for the one Spy had stopped on. Pointing to this remaining picture and looking up at the crowd that had gathered around, Laura said, “You probably don’t believe I can train something as primitive as a spider. But look. Spy

is a male tarantula. Only one of the pictures showed a tarantula and it was a photo of a female tarantula.” Laura flipped over the picture Spy had walked to. It was the female tarantula!

The crowd oohed, aaahed and applauded. They felt they had just witnessed a wonderful demonstration of animal training.

Laura tipped the basket forward and invited Spy to take a bow. Nobody remembers if he did.

But they all remember the night a tarantula found his mate.

Or did he?

### **THE TRUTH?**

First let's consider pet tarantulas. They are gentle and not lethal.

So, if you  
cont

**TOP SECRET**  
**TOP SECRET**

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