

by Mr. Blackmore. Mr. Blackmore came to Birmingham from Illinois where he received most of his mental training. He has had a vision about troop leadership and already has won the approval of the scouts of B-3.

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over the radio? And went all over that country? I have spoken to him. He had a couple of hands out for several different occasions?"

"Sure," Joe admitted. "But all that didn't cost me anything. In fact, it cost me nothing."

"You made money!" the prosecutor exclaimed. "What do you mean, you made money?"

"Well, I won a \$2,500 bet." "Don't tell me!"

"I see," replied the prosecutor. "Who did you bet with?"

"I bet with my opponents; that's the place to win," he said.

"You bet one of your opponents he'd win? Then you must have lost because YOU won?"

"That's right," Joe agreed. "If I had lost, I would have won, but I won, so I lost."

"Wait a minute, now," the prosecutor interjected. "You won the bet, but lost the election—so I mean you won the election but lost the bet? Is that right?"

"That's right," Joe replied. "I didn't have to win the bet—I didn't have to pay any money."

"Did your opponent put up 'any' money?"

"Yes, but he wouldn't have had to do that, either, because he won the bet. You see, he would have lost if he had won too."

"So we have lost. In other words, we broke even. It didn't cost anybody anything, which is just what I told you when I first came in."

The prosecutor suddenly put his hand up to his eyes, swooned, and collapsed. He was rushed to a hospital where he was resuscitated and soon had his strength back.

"He's all right," Joe assured him.

"He's