So given these chapters to express my actual feelings as to the charge of being a swindler or condffidence man, it's amazing to pick up the morning or afternoon paper and see the rehash of the same line -- "Doodlebuggers who swindled Denver Industrialist out of $250,000." Nothing ever put in print could be more false or misleading. I had the chance during the trial of this case to observe the mediocrity present, posing as reporters. Having had a rather close association for many years with a group of newspaper-men, some of them men of the highest type, intellectually and morally, I could hardly believe my eyes as I saw these two reporters strut their stuff in the courtroom and the judge's chambers. One of them was as indifferent to truthful reporting of the days testimony as a hibitual drunkard is to the idea of reformation. Indifferent to the slightest concept of the possibility that there might be on trial a method of geological research that might possibly reduce the hazard of oil finding beyond any method yet developed. They gobbled up the word "ddodlebug", and after their stock paragraphs of cheap libel under their protestation of reporting a criminal trial, it was evident their bosses had ordered them, "Slur 'em and slam 'em." This D. A. is political minded and if he wins this one we can say we helped his case by confusing the public mind with lies and untruths. I had the satisfaction of calling to the attention of one of these characters of a police reporter that he was a liar on the record, but he came right back in the next issue with the same lying paragraph that was his head to each story. When it was shown by indifferent certified public accountants that the prize exhibit of $152,000 of checks was only $91,371, some sixty-odd thousand dollars less than the D A's souts as to the total, do you think these insults to the cult of

news reporting had the courage to correct their lying statements? That the $91,311 of checks never in any manner, shape or form was charged as being paid to the alleged swindlers made no difference. The whole idea was to make something out of nothing. On the street and in their homes the good citizens of Denver read these lies from day to day and dozens stopped me on the street to comment as to the low estate to which the papers had fallen. You must understand that a large percentage of the business people of Denver know Flader for what he is, a ruthless vicious low character without principle. He is hated by his employees and in the short space of time I had dealings with him, saw one of his truck drivers whom he started to curse, crawl down off the truck and say in unmistakable language: "If you open your filthy mouth again, you rotten dog, I'll kill you with these bare hands." And this coward slunk away like a hyena from a rolling carcass without another word.

These are the jails I know about. I was in and out of them in October and November 1952. Let us start the machinery of the law. Once Cahn got the Denver Post to pay his way to Denver and his expenses there, he went to work on Flader. They were two kindred souls. Flader signed a complaint before a J.P. and at that instant, because I was in California, looking after my company's oil interests there, instead of in Colorado where I had been a few days before, I was a fugitive from justice, and in all probability in hiding or fleeing to parts unknown. So by the simple device of Western Union telegram that I was probably at the hotel in Los Angeles where I had been a guest from time to time, days, weeks and months for over ten years as my business demanded, the sheriff's office sent out one of their men to locate me. In answer to a simple question the clerk said "there he is" and the man came over and asked if I were Silas Newton. I said that I was. He flashed a badge

and demanded that I show him proof that I was Silas Newton. I replied "I don't need any proof. That's who I am. The clerk there just told you." Then he pulled the telegram and all it said was that I was likely at the hotel named, and to hold me for a felony charge. Astounded, I said, "Do you have anything that says what this is about?" "No, on a fugitive wire we don't need one nor do we need do know what it's all about." I then asked if I could telephone my wife or my attorney. The sheriff said that he was not supposed to let me talk to anyone but that he would let me call my lawyer. I didn't have a lawyer, but I thought of my long true friend, A A. Brigham Rose, one of America's great criminal lawyers, who had been cited for contempt in Los Angeles courts eighty-seven times without ever paying a fine or serving a day in jail. This man had told the Bar committe in the famous Bonelli case that there were only four honest judges out of fifty-six in Los Angeles County before whom he would try the case and make it stick. He also publicly declared on many occasions that no man should be made a judge without being forced to serve at least a full day in fail as a common criminal.

I called Mr. Rose and he talked to the law guy and then went into action. It was about three-thirty in the afternoon, and the judges had all left their chambers so a writ of habeas corpus couldn not be gotten that day. Down town we went and I was racking my brain all the way as to how lightining of this kind had hit me. My first reaction was that "Flying Saucers" fitted in somewhere, but that didn't make sense. The <u>True Magazine</u> libel by Cahn had been out over a month and they knew the libel suit action was in preparation and Scully's attorneys in New York on notice six months before they printed the false and libelous stuff Cahn had peddled to them for

a few pieces of silver.

When I arrived at the sheriff's office, I was herded into a side room and someone else took over. This character threw a lot of senseless questions at me and told me Mr. Rose was then in consultation with the head man in that office. All this time I was totally unaware of what it was all about. Suddenly, when the law forces grab you your normal channel of inquiry or communication is shut off. I was due to be at an appointment with my wife at four o'clock and it was now five, and I knew she must be frantic. I asked to call her as the telephone was on the desk beside me. Nothing doing. The law didn't know what they had me for, now did I, but the number one wanted killer of the land was in their clutches so far as my getting on the telephone was concerned. They want to give you a taste of prison, no matter who you are.

All of a sudden, a guy walked in and said, "Take him upstairs and book him." So they led me out of there and into an elevator and when it opened, I stepped into a steel-padded hallway. Nor far away was a cage full of derelicts of humanity and into that I was thrown. The officer stood me up at a window and I was searched and everything was taken out of my jacket. Then a lot of questions were asked. When they were finished, I was turned into another cage. Poor kids, Mexican boys, Negroes, drunks, all of them poorly clad, and easily noted as the lowest dregs of whatever it is we call society.

I had been left with six dollars, part of it in change and on the wall was a pay telephone with the notice "One Call Only". I debated who to try to call. I decided to try my attorney, hoping to catch him. He answered, and stated he had gotten word to my wife who was frantic. He said he was hunting for a judge, but had just been advised that the Federal authorities were after me with what

they call a hold." He hadn't found out what the charge was at that time.

After hanging up I stood close by as the cage was locked. I thought I might get a chance to call again regardless of the ntocie. I called my home and got a busy so I called Frank Scully. He was wild, but was in touch with Rose and my wife. Later I tried my home again and whil the telephone was ringing, the receiver was jerked out of my hand and a vicious cage officer hung it on the hood and said: "You've talked -- get away from here."

An hour passed. The keys rattled and the steel door clanked open and my name was callled with about ten others. Out we went, into an elevator. By this time, an experienced jail bird, seeing my ignorance as to the ways of a jail induction, said: "Stick close to me, I'll help you." We arrived at the undressing department. Again I was booked in some fashion and ordered to undress. Then my clothes were checked in and I was given prison outfits and towel. I was ordered under a shower and I came out as a prison officer squirted me with a hot burning disinfectant under my arms. Then I was ordered to bend over, and saw stars when the delousing shot hit my behind.

Dressed, I sat and was fed. As you may gues, I couldn't eat the pig slop they fed us.

Later we were taken to an upstairs hallway and there I picked up a bedroll. Then a medico walked up and down the line and made a visual examination as to gonorhoea, et cetera. I heard the experienced prisoners talk about getting into the tanks soon. I didn't know what they meant but I was soon to learn. You are put into an elevator and on another floor, herded through a steel

door and into a steel cage affair with a side hall and cells designed for thirty-six prisoners. There were seventy already in the one I drew. You had to step over the packed mass lying on their bedrolls on the floor. All the doors except one were locked. The open one was for use as nature might call. The only office I could find was beside the latticed cage wall, where a light glared. During the age long night, as I lay there on the steel floor, listening to the weird cries of prisoners on other floors, male and female, a guard marched by at intervals turned his flashlight into the faces of the poor devils. The smell of the place was one I had never before experienced. The stench need not be described here.

With dawn came the clang of the cell doors as they heralded the day. Curses filled the prison air. Some one told us to roll up our beds. In a short itme we had to get in our cells and the doors clanged shut again. In the cell I had was a young fellow about to go to the honor farm. He was intelligent, well-educated. His crime, for which he was to do ten months at the honor farm was homosexuality. The other young fellow told me a weird tale about some kind of robbery and he figured to get one to two years. Another was a Mexican and doing time for marijuana smoking. His only hope and aim was to get on the weed again. I was told that there were 3600 prisoners packed in the tanks on two floors. One of the old timers said that when the Bakersfield earthquake shook the building, a night of horror ensued rarely experienced by human animals.

The next day my name was called and I was taken down and fingerprinted and photographed front and side. Soon thereafter I was taken to the Attorney room, but my attorney was not there. A woman from the bonding company was there. She told me they were making my bond. Back to the tank. Again I was taken to the Attorney room, and there Mr. Rose awaited me.

He told me of a telegram to the U.S. Commisioner which gave us the first light on the charge. The idea was so preposterous I could hardly believe my ears. A man named Flader had chaged that a man named GeBauer, out of Phoenix, Arizona had defrauded him out of $35,611.50 and this money had been transported over the state line and that I was his secret partner. It seems that over $5000 taken over a state line in a fraud charge automatically makes it a Federal offence. Since I had never had any kind of dealings whereby I could ever remotely be guilty of such a charge, I told Mr. Rose that something else must be back of the charge. He told me he had gotten one writ and now had to get another. Back I went again and the hours were leaden. The next day I was brought before the U.S. Commissioner and they handcuffed me as they marched me from the jail to the court house.

There the commissioner read the telegram, and at its close the message pictured me as a desparate character and asked that a bo of at least $15,000 be set. The Commissioner made it $5000 and set it for hearing in 45 days. After his pronouncement, he told me that two F.BI. men were there to talk to me, but that I did not have to answer any questions. I was so curious to see what would happen to what I might say, that I told the two F.B.I. boys to ask me anything they could think of. I said: "You may know more than I do and I'll learn what this is about." I can well understand the attitude of the experienced criminal. Experiece teaches him to absolutely nothing. A year later, I was to learn that what I said in Los Angeles off the record was in the hand s of the District Attorney here. I didn't care. It was the truth.

I then went before a Superior Court Judge, and the Judge, after hearing what Mr. Rose had to say, remarked: "Am I to under-

-stand, Mr. Rose, that if you can get a supporting affidavit from the complaining witness in Denver you will waive extradition if there is responsibility there?" "Exactly, Your Honor." So the Judge set the hearing down for 45 days as did the U.S. Judge and reduced his requested bond to $5000.

The bondsman was hovering over me in full force. According to him I could be out in an hour. It wasn't true. The laws delay. The insolence of office took hour after hour. They have to book you out the way they got you in. They turn you loose, you go pick up your valuables, papers and money.

The horror of those three days in the light of more days to come have passed.

As things turned out the telegram charging transportation of 35,000 odd dollars had to be doctored up a bid. In fact as the dates show the complaint of October ninth was not supported by an affidavit until over a month later. This affidavit is such a masterpiece of professional perjury that I reproduce it here in full. Any person who ever read Frank Scully's "Behind the Flying Saucers" and reads the personal paragraphs of my experience inaa criminal persecution will be struck with the fact that Flader, Cahn, Keating and that pretty pipe-smoking assistant he sent about the country drumming up trade on a junket to California to try and manufacture evidence against me, even that quartet had to quote Scully to get language for their complainant's affidavit.

The 45 days passed and up to the very day of the hearing not a word leaked as to the extradiditon papers with the supporting affidavit. The word was passed -- "Don't let Rose see this before the hearing."

Again before the U.S. Commissioner , he in his chambers revealed to Mr. Rose that not a word had come out of Denver and he was tempted to dismiss the whole matter for the farce

it apparently was. He decided to put it over 15 days and stated that he would dismiss the case unless something came into his hands to warrant a hearing.

Before the Superior Court, the atmosphere was different. The D.A. handed the Judge the extradidtion papers and the affidavit. All hell broke loose right there. There was a sheriff from Denver waiting to handcuff his prize. The fight got so hot that this officer was forced to admit that he had a telegram in his possession that the Federal matter was dismissed, but he hadn't bothered to take it to the U.S. Commissioner. The whole idea developed there and then to the effect that it being Friday afternoon, and with no opportunity for Mr. Rose to protect me with a writ until a hearing could be had on the contents of the phony affidavit it would be too late to save me from being thrown back into the clink. The sheriff from Denver wanted choice joicy reading in the Denver papers. He came over to me in the court and introduced himself, reminding me that he had met me at the Lakewood Country Club in Denver on some social occasion.

Sure enough the whole thing was stalled until almost four-thirty. Rose came out and told me they were not going to grant any time to permit him to act, and in a few minutes out came the troop and the Judge revoked my bond regardless of the fact that legally I was in custody under my Federal bond, and back into the clink I went.

This time I knew exactly where I stood and I felt honored to be kicked around by the purveyors of justice.

The same routine got me into a tank again and this time into a cell. There I had four cell mates, two convicts who it turned out had been in penitentaries most of the previous thirty years. In

a short ime they found out who I was, and I want to here record that these two men were human. They went out of their way to help me get the most out of my stay. When we were herded out to the showers, they showed me how to protect my few dollars and they gave me theirs to hold while they went under the showers. I watched their cotton prison garb and they mine when it came my turn.

Before we left the cell, they put everything in neat piles on the floor, cigarettes, sandwiches, etc., as the cells were to be searched. The guards knew these men. It made no difference. On our return, a vicious inhuman cyclone, guards they called them, and prison officials had turned that cell into a mass of upturned bedding, blankets and all the little things were strewn over the floor. Without a word, these old timers went to work and rearranged the place. I pitched in to help but they said, "Don't help, this isn't for you."

Every day these two men washed down the cell and kept it clean beyond description, and never a word of complaint. When I was called out Tuesday morning to my hearing, I gave them all the money I had left, about four dollars -- I had spent a dollar while there. They shook hands with me and with sincerity in their voices, bade me keep my chin up. They said, "You don't belong here, we know, because we've seen all kinds through the years."

When the Judge turned me over to the sheriff, the routine of release had to be handled and along about five o'clock I was ready to take off for Denver. I learned then that I was to go by automobile. The sheriff told me his wife was with him and that he had another prisone and had to pick up a third at Riverside. He told me that if I had been alone we would have ridden together, but that the guy he already

had was a dangerous character. So we were handcuffed and chained together. And then the law boistrously bade the Colorado sheriff goodby I took a look at the car. There were bags galore -- suits, dresses hatboxes and all the layout of a holiday, which was exactly what had been going on for over ten days at the expense of the State of Colorado.

The sheriff and I had a big discussion as to the route. A storm had swept Northern Arizona and he had been in the ditch on the way out. He then informed me that at some good place to eat we would stop and that I must order anything I wanted regardless of expense. This was generousity plus, Colorado was paying the bill.

At Riverside we were moved into the jail and there was what the sheriff said was the finest jail in America. The beds in the cells had sheets, clean and fresh, and the meals cooked to roder. To route one out in the early morning, sweet music over a broadcasting system swept through the prison walls.

Having convinced the sheriff that we should go by Phoenix, Tuscon and up to Albuquerque, we finally took off. Our third man was a timid soul, who hearing his wife was after him for back alimo he never owed, but he was handcuffed and chained to us. Crowded in the back seat amidst the staring of the tourists, we took off.

We rolled into Phoenix and checked into a dirty filthy jail and into the same kind of a tank. The boss of the tank was waiting to be tried for murder. He had been a missionary for years to the Navajo Indians. Late that night he cleaned up a place for me next to his bunk, and by careful prodding I got him to tell me his story. I never heard what happened to him, but he told me that he was innocent. A strange man -- a stranger story.

Our next stop was at a place south of Albuquerque, and that was something to remember. The sheriff was Mexican. The jail

warden was Mexican. The place was filthy. I sat up all night. There were only two prisoners. The jailor cooked me a special breakfast the next morning. It's funny how you find decent human beings in the strangest places. I slipped all of it except one egg and one slice of toast to one of the inmates and I'll never forget the expression of gratitude on that poor devil's face.

The next day we drove to Denver. I hadn't had a shave for exactly one week. The sheriff who is one of the five best-dressed sheriffs in America changed outfits every morning, but he wouldn't let me even get a shave. He wanted to drag me into Denver looking my worst and he succeeded. What he didn't know was that I was perfectly satisfied because I didn't propose to let anything ever happen to lessen my hatred of the most vicious unprincipled disgrace to the human race, my complaining witness.

We arrived at the Denver city jail about seven-thirty and the sheriff told the head guy that I had had a rough trip and to give me the special Grade A cell, so I could get some sleep.

About thirty minutes later, the sheriff came back and said the news men wanted to see me. Down I went and after the flashlights finished popping I was told that I had been expected in the afternoon and my bond was ready. I figured this was the bunk and that my bond couldn't be fixed until a hearing Monday before a judge so I said nothing.

Back to the cell and to bed. A searchlight was playing on me. An hour passed and they routed me out and down to the fingerprint room and the picture place.

About eleven-thirty, to bed again. And at midnight the damndest noise you ever heard broke the prison night air. It was a human scream and suddenly my door was rattled and the jailofs

called out: "Get out of there and don't even dress." I grabbed my clothes and at the door I looked on the most revolting sight. A tall black Negro, bleeding from head lacerations, with a broken arm and leg, naked as a jaybird in spring, was being dragged acros the floor, leaving a trail of blood to mark his trail. He was thrown in my star chamber.

I was thrown into a big tank and left to shift for myself. The sheriff was sleeping between his home sheets.

The yells of the broken wretch got worse and worse. The whole jail became a bedlam. It seems he had resisted arrest and in the elevator on the way to the top of the building where the jail was, he went into the elevator a man and came out on the top floor a broken shattered wreck. And not a soul had touched him. No one knew how he got that way, but two laws had dragged him out of the elevator.

About four o'clock they had to take him to the hospital and the place bedded down. In the early morning they gave me a ride in the Black Maria to the county jail. One of the head men there had caddied for me at Lakewood years before. He silently shook my hand and whispered: "We all know here you don't belong in this place no matter what they say." I thanked him. An hour later they called me and the guard said: "You must have influence. You are out before you are in." They drove me to the county clerk's office. There I signed my bond and met my son and a good friend, Carl Hahn, an attorney and my bondsman. I was free again. I didn't ask questions.

My son drove me home. I soaked an hour in a hot tub, shaved and went to bed. I had borne my own cross gladly for exactly eight days, in prisons by night and in chains by day. When I

have been vindicated by a proper tribunal, my turn will come. Shall I say, forgive them, for they know not what they do? To what low estate have some of our political people fallen? Is it the objective of the criminal division of our courts to give one charged with a felony a taste of prison life ere it can be decided by propoer court action whether he is guilty or innocent? Consider for a moment the mechanics of the proceedure by which I was thrown into prison twice within sixty days and then driven over a thousand miles chained and handcuffed with two other unfortunates, being taken to court to answer alimony derilections. No grand jury had a chance to consider the merits of the complaining witness's charge. In fact he made one charge to get me arrested and then over a month later made a wholly and completely different charge to support a request for extradition. The first charge was never again referred to in any manner in or out of court The Federal grand jury met and examined the complaint two days and refused to indict either myself or GeBauer.

The judge, when motions were presented whereby the complainant could be examined to determine the why of his complaint absolutely refused to grant the motion under the law. A person charged with a felony must receive a hearing before the magistrate signing the complaint swarn to by the witness. Not only was this not down, but when my attorneys appeared before the magistrate to force a hearing this Justice of the Peace at once dismissed the case, so my remedy in that court was gone, and my opportunity to learn the charges against me were lost.

Certainly, as President of my oil company I had had business transactions with the com lainant. They were made at the request of the complainant. To wit: First he wanted to purchase

an interest in an oil lease, after his engineer had examined it and after his two friends, oil men, had examined it and had purchased an interest in it. He sought to secure a farmount on my company's holdings in Wyoming where they had been continuously producing oil and gas for over fiteen years and in which both the Ohio Oil Company and the Standard Oil & Gas Company had interests. His obligation under the written terms was to deepen an abandoned producer at 5000 ft. to the next potential oil horizon at his cost and expense, and if he brought in and completed a producing well and paid every cost relative thereto he was to be assigned a greater interest therein. After he drilled in what was considered by competent oil men and oil scouts a two-thousand barrel well he then sought to produce an additional interest in the property and did so under properly drawn written contract. He then, due to his own incompetence, negligence and failure to have proper casing for his well, ruined the well he had drilled, shut down a second well being drilled under the second contract. He failed to pay his bills of about $40,000 and also defaulted in his contract purchase obligations to my company. Then three years later he was persuaded to claim he had been defrauded by a conspiracy between me and his own engineer.

After he had defaulted in his obligations to my company, he and his engineer sometime in 1950 formed their jointly-owned geophysical company and with the geophysical experiment housed in two field trucks went about the country selling the services of their survey methods of locating oil and gas. People to whom they sold their services testified that they were satisfied and one man produced irrefutable evidence that in 1953 he had made over two and a half million dollars as a result of his drilling operations on surveys made by the GeBauer-Flader company experiment. My company was defrauded. Its valuable property was ruined and sold on account of

lieus incurred by Flader -- and I was prosecuted and found guilty of a confidence game to defraud Flader. I doubt if in all the accounts of American Law Courts there has ever been perpertrated a greater fraud on a citizen than this. It was evident from the beginning of this legal farce that the stage was set for a theatrical railroading of two men. The state emerged with its case and proceeded to introduce the records of the transactions between my company and Flader in the summer and fall of 1949 more than three years prior to the commencement of this action. Here was a corporation and at no time prior to the trial had there ever been an intimation that by some device the dealings of that corporation with the state's complaining witness would be sakkled on to me as an individual. The evidence in no way directly or indirectly set forth that the company had defrauded Flader. Flader's sole claim on the witness stand was that he relied on what he had been told by GeBauer as to the merits of the two gadgets or devices they picked up at some radio shop out of war surplus equipment and that these two tuning devices caused him to spend his money under his contracts with the Newton Oil Company and he had not gotten back a penny. Further this lying so-called industrialist out of Hamburg, Germany, via a Russian Warship, claimed I had told him these two machines had great merit. That I or no one else on the defense side had ever seen these devices meant nothing to the jury. That the machine I first saw on July 16th, 1949 and on numerous occasions until it was torn down in December 1949 so that its parts could be installed in the field station wagon bought for his Flader-GeBauer geophysical setup had no effect whatever on the women and men selected to pass judgement on this case. That photographs of the first and only machine I ever saw were introduced and testified as being true photographs of the portable megnetic machine usedby GeBauer in California during August, September, and October, 1949

meant nothing.

There never was introduced by the State one word of testimony that any specific survey had been made by any machine for Flader at any time or any given property anywhere by which he was induced to spend his money. There is not a geophysical machine of any kind in use in the oil industry that in making a survey of property in relation to the possibility of said land being potential oil and gas property that a proper written report results thereupon and such reports, graphs, logs, or other data is a permanent record of the work done. The State had nothing of this kind to offer. For, example, Flader, the only witness relative to the devices the State could produce, never said: "I went with GeBauer or Newton or both to any place in Wyoming or California and on such an such a day witnessed a survey by GeBauer and the report to me by GeBauer was that at a certain depth, oil and gas could be drilled into and a well thereon would produce X barrels of oil or X thousand cubic feet of gas. These surveys were made with the two exhibits in this case." Why wasn't this done? For the simple reason that no where on this earth had either or both of these exhibits ever been used by GeBauer or any other living person to make any survey anywhere for anything. And further, as to Flader and his investment or expenditure of money under his contracts with the Newton Oil Company, he was never present at any survey made on any property of the Newton Oil Company prior to his contract with that company nor did he testify that he had been.

The jury, muddled and befuddled by the whole disorganized, unrelated conglommeration of a courtroom stacked with odds and ends of radio tuning devices and broken down parts of equipment dismantled from one of the geophysical company trucks gave up in disgust and

after weeks of adjournments and disjointed testimony by so-called experts who actually testified that they didn't know whether a magnetic machine such as was described by the defense witness GeBauer or Jacobsen or Steel described could locate oil and gas hearing horizons, but that they just didn't believe there was such a machine and they, on the final appeal of the aspiring D.A. went on to their jury room and said "Let's vote 'guilty' as the D.A. asks and go home." "Guilty" -- It was as easy at that. Not one second spent in trying to look into the record of the case. The testimony of witness after witness for the defense, from men of the highest calibre and standing mean absolutely nothing. They took the lies of the State's principal witness and the arguement of a designing district attorney who knew he had the most miserable liar in the State of Colorado as his chief witness and dared to swear the lives of two men, a business man and a scientist and stamp the searing brand of a felon's mark upon them, pending its erasure by a Supreme Court tribunal. They could renounce the stigma but the scar will never disappear.

It's about time I swing back along the long, long trail I've traveled and pick up the strays I've left behind. In any round-up there's bound to be some of the herd that's left behind. So we'll saddle up and let this pencil account bring in the stragglers.

Somewhere I've told you that early in my school days, reading came to be a mental passion. Somehow, althout I've never been militarily-minded the great soldiers and warriers of history had held a reading attration for me. Napoleon was no exception. I explored the libraries for books on the Little Corporal.

One day In Paris I went to his tomb and there leaned over the balustrade whilst the story of the man flashed across the screen of my mind.

I was awakened from my mental excercise by the arrival of a group of American tourists, some elderly. To my surprise they were headed by my old friend Dr. Felder, of the Brooklyn High School system, who for years herded tourist Americans about Europe.

I greeted the good Doctor and calling him to one side, as his clan wandered about the place. I said: "Doctor, in all your visists to this sacred spot, has anyone ever brought to your attention that famous prose poem about Napoleon written by that greatest of all American orators, Robert G. Ingersoll?" The doctor replied that no one had and further that he had never read it. I then told him that if he would like me to do so I would read it for his customers, if he would introduce me for the purpose. He gladly accepted my offer and in a few well-chosen words he announced that his friend and fellow American would read for the assembled company the famous soliloquy at the grave of Napoleon. Suddenly recalling that Ingersoll's masterpiece was in the past tense and as I was standing at the grave I should transpose it to the present, I did so, but I give it to you here as it was written by that master of languages, that great American of our past Civil War days::

> "I stood awhile ago at the grave of the Old Napoleon, a magnigicent tomb of gilt and gold fit almost for a dead Diety.
>
> "I leaned over the balustrade and gazed upon that sarcophagus of rare and priceless marble where rest at last the ashes of that restless man and I thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

"I saw him as he walked the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide

"I saw him quell the mobs in the streets of Paris whilst the avenues ran red with blood

"I saw him cross the bridge at Lode with the Tricolor in his hands

"I saw him in the Alps where he mingled the eagles of France with the eagles of the Crags

"I saw him on the sunny vine-clad slopes of Italy

"Then I saw him in Egypt beside the Pyramids as forty centuries looked down on his soldiers

"I saw him at Ulm, at Austerlitz, And then I saw him in Russia where the cavalry of the wild blasts and the infantry of the winter's snows swept his Regivus like winter's withered leaves, clutched at like a wild beast in defeat and disorder thrown back on Paris

"I saw him banished to Elbe. And then I saw him escape and retake an Empire by the force of his genius

"And next I saw him at that frightful field at Waterloo where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king.

"I saw him on that lonely Isle at St. Helena as he gazed out across a sad and solemn sea

"And I thought of all the widows and orphans he had made -- Of all the blood that had been shed for his glory. And then I remembered the only woman who ever loved him, pushed on his side by the cold hand of ambition.

"And I said -- I would have rather been a poor French peasant and lived in a hut in a wilderness with the grapes growing purple on the vines over my door with my children on my knee and my wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, and when I died have gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that Imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great, and so I would, yet ten thousand times."

The crowd stood in awed silence as I thundered the closing lines, and the echoes came back from the vaulted domes. They left, thinking that I was a part of their visit to the famous tomb. The good doctor whispered as he told me goodbye:-

"Be here next year. This is the tops of this town." I doubt any other person before or since ever recited those lines at this soldier's grave. And this reminds me of Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journey to the hone of Stephen Girard."

Gerard was America's first millionaire, and in Philadelphia you see evidence of his greatness. He was a sea captain and on one of his voyages, stopped at the Island of Martinique. He went ashore and had dinner with the trader there. In the afternoon he invited the trader and his niece, a young girl of 12, aboard for tea. No woman had ever been aboard the captain's ship. The sailors thought it odd.

After tea, the captain and his guest sat on the after deck -- the girl, tomboyish and excited, asked permission to climb the rigging. She did, and the good captain, though he only had one eye, watched her step by step as the breeze blew her dress about her already beautifully formed legs.

Who knows what Stephen thought. He was a bachelor. He later had a post card from her when he got back to Philadelphia. She sent it from Paris. He heard sometime afterwards that she had married a French army captain.

Time passed and one day Stephen Girard learned that this girl who had climbed the rigging of his ship was non other than Empress Josephine, wife of Napoleon Bonaparte.

When you've golfed the fairways of most of the great and the better golf courses of the world, you never tire of the memory of the rounds you've played, nor do you forget the stand out rounds of the masters. I had the good fortune during my eleven years of residence in New York to be acquainted with all the great golfers of that period. The victories I won all come back on any talk-fest occasion. At such a time some listening golfer always asked if I ever played the famed Pine Valley, considered by all experts as the toughest golf course in all the world.

Luckily I played it spring and fall year after year during the twenties and the measurable rounds would fill a volume. I must mention two of my playing pals of those days. One was a lawyer and the head of a big Linotype company, a member of Garden City Golf Club, the famous course that Walker Travis remodeled into an American version of a British course. Neal Becker was his name, a finer gentleman, no grander sportsman never lived. He played to about a seven metropolitan handicap and he loved playing the toughest courses he could find, as did another true lover of the game, Parrish Watson, a famous art dealer in New York, with a ten handicap. This pair, when they met you at the club house and throughout any round of play, observed the strictest manners of gentlemen. For example, even though we were the closest of friends, at golf each addressed the other at all times: "Mister Watson," "Mr. Becker". Never once in all my years of play with them ddd I hear my given name called on the course. There were times when they referred to me as "Old Man River", because I actually owned in the famous Yates Pool in Texas on the Pecos River what was written of as a "river of oil".

Tommy Armour, the Silver Scot, and by all odds the most lovable liar that ever filled an iron to a waiting flag was with us on dozens and dozens of these weekends at Pine Valley during those years. Tommy came to America in 1920 as an amateur from Edinburgh. He arrived with a bag of clubs minus a putter. He was the worst putter that ever came out of Scotland, even though his brother Sandy, was, in my book, one of the world's best. Tommy, the day before, he left his home town, took all seven of his putters and solemnly climbed the Firth of Forth Bridge. There, one by one he dropped them over the rail like bombs to a traget some two hundred feet below. He was the only Britisher to qualify in the American Amateur at the Engineer's Club on Long Island that year.

In September of Tommy's first trip to America he was twenty-four years old. This is noted because as he took on stature over here. He gloried in tales of golfers he had known right back to old Tom Morris, who won the Open long long before Tam ever saw the sun peep up out of the North Sea. Year after year and even before Tommy's hair turned to silver he let his brother professionals think him an aged sage and to do that he had to convince them he had lived forever. The stories that grew around him were legion. I ghosted his first story: "The Rise and Fall of British Golf". I did it on the boat coming fome from oneof our jaunts to golf in Britain.

I've read time and time again that Tommy was a graduate of the University of Edinburgh. I never saw a denial in print, but the facts are that Tommy's sisters and brother Sandy saved and saved so they could send their young kid brother to a little academy just beside Musselborough on the road to Guillane and North Borwick.

Willie Parks, the greatest of all British putters played at Musselborough. They bought Tommy his cap and red coat for school in the summer of 1914 while he was still 17 years on this earth. But fate changed their plans. He never went to school. He was a strapping lad, six feet two and weighing even then a hundred and ninety pounds. He played golf at the Braids every day, the famous public course of the city of Edinburgh where Sandy for years was unbeatable, having won there the Scottish Amateur several times. At that time Tommy wasn't a good enough golfer to pair with his brother in the Scottish foursome matches, after the war he won there with Sandy.

History records the incident that summer that sent the Legions of the Kaiser to the battlefields of Europe. Tommy and Crutchy, Robert Couckshank, his buddy, a wee Scot whose burr still clings to his tongue today, being told that the war would be over by Christmas, ran off to be soldiers for the King. Tommy came back four years later minus one eye and with a minute shrapnel nick out of his neck joint beside the Adam's apple.

In all the years I knew Tommy, I never heard him talk about the war but once and that was on a train ride one June day across Flander's Fields to Paris. On that ride he told me how he lost his eye. I'll tell it here so that once and for all I can scotch the yarns that I've heard in the locker rooms down through the years.

In a way, for several years, I kind of looked after Tommy in many ways. We were pals and played the courses of America and Europe together. I never knew a finer sportsman on any fairway. So when I tell the truth about Tommy I do it not to hurt, but because he would want it that way.

The only University Tommy ever attended was the University of Hard Knocks, and from there he holds a Master's Degree.

I never recall Tommy taking a shower after a round of golf. The legend grew that he had leg wounds he didn't want to display. Nonsense ! The golf clubs in Britain don't have showers and Tommy never heard of a shower after a round, until he came to America so he never got the habit. Bending the elbow was more to his liking and he was and is a complete post graduate of this pastime.

Looking out at the poppies in the fields, I said: "Tom , how did you lose that left eye?" He leaned back and this is his story.

"Soon after I joined up, I met an old soldier. He had known my father. He said 'Tommy, me lad, Never volunteer and always miss that first step when at the zero hour they send you over the top of the trench and you'll get back home.'

"I never forgot. And what's more, with my golf and the fact that my evenings for years had been around an English billiard table, it wasn't long before I was playing with the Colonel. Well, they had fooled me. The war wasn't over by Christmas. Soon after I was in, I got into a machine gun corps and as you can see by these hands, they were like toys in my fingers. I was so fascinated by their mechanism that I soon could disassemble and reassemble them faster than any soldier in the regiment.

"They made me an instructor and on the occasion of a parade and show for the King, I gave a demonstration before His Majesty and twenty-five thousand soldiers.

"I transferred to the Tank Corps and now comes the tale. I drove my tank and due to the sweat and dust and blood, I always took a big bunch of waste rags and before we started

out, dipped them in petrol and stuffed the soaking mass just beside me.

"In this battle my tank was knocked out and all my men except one were killed. The place was a bloody mess, so as we started to crawl out, I grabbed my petrol-soaked waste.

"Si, don't let any one ever tell you different, the first two years of that war, the German soldier was by all odds the greatest fighting man in any army anywhere. At the end it was different and this fact saved my life, and that petrol soaked waste saved my eyesight. Hardly did we hit the ground that a little runt of a Heinie about five foot six and wearing thick lensed glasses stuck his fun in our bellies and yelled "Surrender" in German. The sergeant and I threw up out hands. The Heinie was talking rapidly and I sensed he didn't know a word of English, so I said to Sarge, "Move Over", whereupon Heinie yelled "Nein, Nein!" but I saw he didnot know what I said.

"I always wore heavy guantlet gloves and luckily for me my buddy took a chance and moved, and the German half turned and with his gun tried to push him back to my side. I let fly and cought him on the side of his jaw. Down he went and in a flash I grabbed his ankles and swung him like a hammer thrower does, with a full swing. His head caught the side edge of the tank. His brains splattered and that was all. Just then a gas bomb exploded and down we went. I grabbed for the waste in my blouse front and began to fight to clean my eyes. They were on fire. I never saw my buddy, he was killed. I began to run all the while, wiping, wiping with that petrol-soaked waste. Somehow, somewhere, I fell into a trench and there my side found me, and

soon the ambulance had me in the base hospital. I lay there blind month after month. The war ended, and one day they took the bandages off both eyes. I can see from the side, but straight ahead there is a complete lack of vision in this left one. I had done a good job of cleaning that mustard gas out of my right eye. I read one day about that great American railroad man James J. Hill and how he could see better out of one eye than most people out of two, so I guess I'm lucky. Now, my laddie, that's all. I never want to talk about the war again."

It was a thing he could talk about, but never again down through the years did I ever hear him mention the war. I read just the other day a golf yarn written by Tommy's present ghost anent some yarn Tommy had told him about his teaching and this writer used a word Tommy hoy gtom mr in onr og my Negro stories, which he never tired of listening to. Tommy had one Scotch story. He told it to me time and again and it was years before it struck me as funny:

"A Scotsman took his girl out one Sunday for a ferry boat ride. He said to her. Come up to the front of the boat Maggie, and get the first of the fresh air."

Tommy's brother Sandy was a fine fiddler and played in an rochestra for years in Edinburgh. One of his sisters was an accomplished pianist. Tommy and I played an exhibition golf match at her husband's home club at Corcaster, England, and that evening, she sat at the piano and played for us the glorious music of the masters.

Tommy could talk about music but he couldn't play a note, but he was one of the all-time greats out on that golf course. He's now fifty eight and I saw him at my Lakeside Club three years ago, play out a glorious sixty-nine. He repeated the next day. The club

members saw him at the bar before and after each round, and not one of them could understand how he could find his way to the first tee. They've wondered that at Pinehurst for thirty-four years now. I made a few attempts to make him lay aside Mr. Barleycorn and had some success. But as he prospered and his MacGregor Club connection gave him a fixed income, and his Bocu Raton winter job hung on all these years, he stuck to the cup that cheers. For my money, though, he bettered the game he has made his life work, and we'll hardly look on his like again.

When I moved to New York, I had already acquired a reputation of sorts in amateur golf circles. In the previous five years I had won about thirty tournaments, including three state amateur championships. Soon thereafter, I joined the famed Lido Club on Long Island down beside the ocean. This course had literally been fashioned out of the lagoon down near Long Beach and it had cost two million dollars to pump the sand from the shore fringed area hereabouts to give foundation to the tees, the fairways, and the greens. It was rated as one of the three greatest golf courses in the world and its fourth hole was by all odds the most superb two shotter par four that ever graced a golf course on this globe.

Then there was Siwany up in Westchester, one of the most popular and pleasant courses to play I know of anywhere. A plaque was in the Grill-room with brass plates of the winners of the Club's annual championship, and contained names dating back about fifty years. Some of the great names in American amateur golf are there and during my time at that Club it had one of the largest rosters of low handicap golfers in the Metropolitan area. My name is on that plaque as Club champion three years in a row. My son's name is there next,

and I followed him again the next year. He, with George Von Eben as his caddy beat me in the semi-finals and then went on to win a well-diserved victory.

Soon after my club affiliations, I was at lunch one day at the Biltmore with Tommy Armour, Gardner White, a Long Island resident, came up and Tommy introduced us. He told me that he had heard of my golf and as Captain of the Long Island team he woul like me to play on it the following spring at the Metropolitan Team Meets in Morristown, New Jersey. I accepted and promised to be there.

While the matches of the competition were in progress and after my round I walked to the score board but Fate stopped me from looking at the scores of the players. A young woman who tipped the scales at almost a hundred pounds stood there with Kerr Pitrie, the New York Tribune golf writer. She had a note book in her hand, writing down scores. I spoke to Kerr and he introduced me to this pert, blue-eyed Irish colleen. That arrow hit me and seconds later I felt the twinge, but she turned and walked away.

Later that afternoon, a golfer I knew, Frank Hoyt, the treasurer of the Standard Oil Company of New York, offered me a ride back to New York and save me a train trip provided I didn't mind a young lady sports writer as a passenger.

Well, what do you know, that gal was the same one I had meet at the score board. She hardly spoke to me all the two hours into town. At the Lido the next week I caught up with her again as she was reporting a tournament there. She was a good friend of Tommy's and she endured my company for a drink, but all her conversation was for Tommy. I even tried some of my best jokes and they went as completely flat as the untouched beer.

A few days later, I asked Tommy to get her over to the Biltmore for lunch. It lasted three hours, but at the end I was sure that she deaf, dumb and blind to any charm I had to offer. I didnot give up and after several more fruitless sessions, I told Tommy: "That Irish number just doesn't like me, period." A few days later he asked her why the icy shoulder to his pal. She said, "I knew him from Staten Island and he's a wolf and I want no part of him. It took Tommy a good hour to convince her that I had never been on Staten Island, that I was an oil man, and was from Oklahoma and Texas.

Tommy never had a word to say about his efforts in my behalf, so I was about to try my hand at Sharkespearean efforts at a love play or something to balance my heart ache.

A few days later, at a Biltmore session with Tommy and this Irish heartbreaker, I was so taken aback by her new look and sudden interest in what I had to comment about nothing, I coul n't even eat lunch. Tom, with the true instincts or a Scottish gentleman saw his work bearing fruit, and suddenly had to go over to Pynchons to see how the stock market was going. He couldn't have bought and paid for the cheapest dog on the board at that period of his fabulous career.

Time stood still the balance of the day. We went somewhere. I took her to dinner, we went to the theatre, and then sometime that night we hailed a taxi and took off for her house somewhere beyond Flatbush in Brooklyn. I got her promise to meet me for luncheon the next day. Days later, I finally wormed out of her the story of the change of face.

A week later she brought her best girl friend to lunch and there

I met one of the world's lovliest women. Millard Meade, the playwright had sought to immortalize this Jewish maiden in a play called "Tiger Rose," which had a great run on Broadway.

The girls told me they had to go shopping. I asked to go along. Weeks had already passed and I had fogotten I had a Wall Street office, and in three midcontinental states an oil business, and holdings in Venezuela.

At Saks on Fifth Avenue, we entered from the 49th street side. The ladies' handbags were at our left. For no reason at all, I said, "Girls, let's look the purse department over. I feel like it's present day on Fifth Avenue." We began looking andsoon all kinds of numbers were on the counter. One, a hand-tocled leather bag, beautiful beyond words stood out. Pointing it out I said, "This would be my choice of everything in the place." Both girls agreed that it was lovely and then turned to look at other creations. I said to the saleswoman, "I'll take this one", and this young lady will wear it now." I handed over a hundred-dollar bill, which was the price, and turned to see standing there a young woman suddenly pale and faint.

Years later she told me that she had never fully recovered that day. In all of her life, five dollars had been her limit for handbags, and no man had ever even thought of making her a present of oen before.

After she left to join the angels, I went through her personal effects. I found there some fifty handbags that ranged upwards to seventy-five and a hundred dollars. Among them, eleven years old was this bag I had given her. It had just been remodeled and relined. It stood out among all the rest in her collection. Sentiment is

something from the heart. I still have that bag. The rest I gave away.

Yes, we were married. Came the day when we decided to do Britain, London, Paris and the British Open Golf Championship at Muirfield in Scotland. The shops in Edinburgh were to our amazement on a parity with London and Paris. We here used up our letter of credit and I had to call the Guarantee Trust in London to send more money.

One night at dinner I saw across the dining room a familiar face, but as names have always eluded me, I asked the waiter to find out the young man's name. He already knew it as the Flynns were well-known in Edinburgh. I had him call the young man to our table. He didnot recognize me after ten years. When I asked him if he had ever been to the Ringcrofters at East Aurora, New York, where his father on his son's eighteenth birthday had sent him to learn the secrets of fine printing. His face lighted up and he almost shouted my name. He and his girl friend joined our table and the evening ran far into the night. I had to promise that some Sunday I would forget golf and the three of us would go to the Highland country of Scotland to Phillip's mother's country house for High Tea.

We drove that Sunday to the Highlands. The poets have never found the right words for this most beautiful section of nature.

We arrived in plenty of time and stopped before a two-hundred year old house that had been modernized. Formerly the first floor had been the stables and they had retained the vaulted interior when they remodeled the place. The landscaping plus Nature herself made the place look like my idea of Paradise.

We were received upstairs and somehow when I met Phillip's mother, I was reminded of Queen Victoria, she was that gracious and queenly.

At four o'clock, a maid announced tea and we all trouped down-stairs and in a dining room with Demcantype originals, sat down to the surprise of our American lives.

Creamed tripe, boiled potatoes and English muffins. Did you ever eat tripe at any time let alone four o'clock in the afternoon in the Scottish Highlands? To help out the tragic situation I asked Mrs. Flynn if she could suggest any way that a hundred-pound Irish lassie could be induced to eat anything except late at night after her story for the paper had been written. Still no tea.

The meal over, back up the stairs we went and into a great living room before an open fire place with logs crackling as the blazed to warm the room. We all sat down on long divans that extended at right angles to the fireplace into the room and we were hardly settled when the maids wheeled in a large table with a complete tea service therein. A chair was brought up for our hostess and she served.

At what I thought was the proper moment I confided that I had always wondered what was meant by "High Tea". This was it. It was served upstairs after the service downstairs of the tripe and potatoes.

I somehow have wanted to leave out of this narrative any reference to money or wealth. I've never thought of it as a good one must have. That money is not only a measure of wealth, but a medium of exchange, I've taken for granted. My experience the past three years somehow convinces me that I should review as briefly as possible this phase of my life.

Making money, a secondary event, back through the years has run in cycles. I never gave a thought to losing it, nor have I ever given a moment's consideration as to taking a part of all I have made and completely taking it out of my business and have it stashed away for the rainy day. In the light of today I must admit that my course in this matter has not been sound.

My early years out of college saw me make and have in those days a goodly fortune. Somehow it slipped away and even thought I got the value received there was a dull period. Suddenly the touch came back and it rolled in. The oil wells paid off and at every turh there was more oil, more gas, more franchises, more refining, more marketing. Ten, Twenty, thirty million -- that's what the engineers and auditors said my business was worth. Somehow I had funny ideas. When the lightning struck in October 1929 my objective was to make any sacrifice to pay my company creditors. Self-preservation didn't seem to be the first law of Nature. A receivership didn't make sense. There I was wrong, because I couldn't have blindfolded myself and done worse than the smart Wall Street investment bankers. They wrecked the whole works in less than three years. Events proved I could have paid off in two years and had my business in the black again. But then I might not be telling my story now, so don't look back.

The odd twists that caused me to say to a greedy set out of

Boston, "I'll sell you the refining end of this business", that in the face of almsot heartbreaking barriers I had built in Denver, well, that was a boner -- to walk away from a natural surefire winner that grew in ten years into a twenty-million dollar plant.

I was an arthritic cripple in 1935 and as I made plans for the business that I built here in Denver I said to those around me. "Take care of me, for what I need to live as I usually live. I'll roam the Rocky Mountain empire and try to find oil for you. I'll live wherever I am, " so all my chips went into that program. I never drew a penny of salary or took a dollar out of the business to hide away as my very own. I didn't think my pattern of life would change but it did.

In 1949, the most fateful year of my life on this planet, I met a redhead out of Tennessee. Her forbears were the Jacksons and the Blairs. As a girl she summered with her grandmother at the "Hermitage", the ancestral home of fire-eating president Andrew Jackson, and now a national shrine. She was, and is by all odds one of the most talented women I've ever known. Her creative talent in the world of fashion designing amazes me. As a portrait painter and a worker in oils her landscapes are proof of great talent.

She was when I met her, as I've said on many occasions, the kindest most considerate woman I've ever known. But I came to learn that she could strike with a hand of fire. She bore up under the terrible ordeal of the troubles that struck me down in the fall of 1952, and even though she heeded the designing advice of shysters, she is in my book the one mother on this earth that I would pick for our boy who was born in the late summer of 1950. There was, there is

no finer grander woman that I have ever known, past or present. I write these words humbly and from my heart because I do not know what tomorrow holds for either of us.