

Dear Frank:

Brome's biography of Frank Harris.

I have just read "The Lies and Libels about a dead man." I think the publisher erred when he printed "Brome" as the name of the author. "Broom" is surely the name - and this one is an outhouse broom, because it ~~sweeps dung over someone who is dead~~ and therefore someone who can't defend himself.

Why do I say this? I'll write the ~~true~~ story of my meeting with Frank Harris, my visit to him at Nice, his trip to my home in N.Y., his stay there, so ~~that when you read the truth and compare it to the lies printed about "N" and Harris' relation with him in Brome's biography of Harris,~~ you will say as I did: If this author ~~writes as he does, expecting the reader to accept his lies as truth, and he doesn't even go to the trouble to check with "N" as to what he professes to write,~~ then he is a fool to expect the reader to believe any part of his story, especially if that reader (myself) knows the author is ~~lying from start to finish...in his account of the last trip of Harris to N.Y.~~

Between our wars

Now to my story: On a summer's day at the Rycroft Shop in East Aurora, N.Y., Felix Shay, then editor of Elbert Hubbard's "Fra" Magazine, asked me if I knew Frank Harris? I said "No". Felix gave me a copy of "The Man Shakespeare" and a letter of introduction to Harris.

On my way back to Richmond, Virginia, I stopped in N.Y., went down to the office of Pearson's magazine and waited in the reception room while Guido Bruno and Harris were in conference.

Bruno came out and I went in. I had heard the basso profundo voice in the inner office and wondered if the voice was Harris'. When I first looked at him he seemed a little guy for such a big voice.

I didn't give him the letter I had from Felix Shay. I said, "Mr. Harris, I've come to N.Y. to meet you because I've read your book, "The Man Shakespeare," and while I can put to memory some of ~~this~~ plays, I've never had ~~a real insight to the~~ any ~~man as to what made him tick.~~

Then that voice boomed out as he arose to grasp my outstretched hand. Just then a side door opened and some stranger asked, "Mr. Harris can you tell me where I can get

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a book containing the poems of Oscar Wilde?" Harris boomed out, "Wilde only wrote one poem worth the reading and there's no book of poems by Wilde." And that was that.

We sat down and when Harris learned I was from Texas, had once been a cowboy and then an oil man, we were soon in the midst of a talk-fest that lasted for two hours.

Harris suddenly said, "You must come to my place for dinner and meet my wife."

I agreed. He called and said we would be there at four o'clock.

I met Nellie and the three of us had dinner at home and after another two hours I bade Frank Harris and Nellie goodnight.

Soon after I got back to Richmond I wrote Frank, thanking him for having me to dinner. A correspondence began and after a few letters Harris wrote, "Let's dispense with formality. Call me Frank, and I'll call you Silas."

During the following year and a half I saw Frank two or three times. He told me his problems in re Pearson, and in time brought up his idea about a book that he proposed to write to be published after his death. Briefly, his idea was that the birth, the growth, the old age, the passing, the decadence and death of the mental creative processes, paralleled those of the sex phases of Homo sapiens. He said that he had studied the lives of many great writers and he was certain of his position, but he said, "No matter the kind of case I might make out as to Shakespeare, for example, the sex angle could only be hearsay or deduction, and no proof could be offered." He added, "You can only use yourself as a witness, and if I do that in my own case and let it be published during my life-time, I will be ruined beyond all hope of saving." I argued that if his case was to be set out as a serious study of the two processes, only he could defend himself against the critics of his work. Harris had a letter from Shaw as to how he should treat the subject, and it was almost identical with mine, but Frank refused to see it ~~as I did~~, and said "I can't take the chance."

When he went away to the Catskills and did the first "This Life and Loves" volume, he didn't even tell me about it.

Now "Broom" makes out that all Harris and Bruno did throughout the Pearson days was to write money-begging letters and concoct schemes to get money. Not once did Harris in any way ever even suggest to me that he needed money - to the point where he

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would like for me to help him.

In the winter of 1928, January, I think, my wife Nan O'Reilly and her secretary and friend, Rose Meyer, went to Europe. In Paris Nan cabled me for Frank's address in Nice, and an introduction to him. I sent it at once and they went down to Nice and spent several days there. Two or three lunches and meetings with Frank and Nellie and Nellie's sister were of the most pleasant nature.)

In May or June, 1927, I went to Britain with Tommy Armour to compete in the British Open. There were several weeks between the Open and the Amateur, Tommy had a brother in Aix Les Bains, and he and I went to the South of France. He stopped to visit his brother and I went on to Nice to see Frank, and later Tommy and I met back in Paris, and thence to Prestwick for the Amateur.

I called on Frank and renewed acquaintance with Nellie, and met her sister, Aggie O'Hara. On one occasion I took Frank for a ride, we went up to some place up in the mountain. We had lunch at a famous place there, and looking out over the Mediterranean Frank told me about his writing of his "Life and Loves." He broke down and wept as he told me that he discovered he could no longer do creative work, and that his love escapades failed to prove his case, and he was hooked with a failure, and that no matter how he tried, each volume was worse than the previous one. He said that when he read the first volume he suddenly realized that a man was trying to create a boy's understanding of sex, and it was not a boy talking, and that he re-wrote the whole first volume. I think critics agreed that his first volume more nearly approached his objective than the succeeding ones.

Frank told me in Nice he wanted to return to America for a lecture tour, proposed by somebody in Chicago, but he couldn't because he was barred on account of the circulation of his "Life and Loves." I told him I thought I could arrange his return, and then I proposed that if I got him to America, and his lecture tour was a success, I would advance \$10,000 for him to make a trip around the world. I said, "I would want you to write your impression of people and countries through the eyes of a man now in the evening of his life - a philosopher comparing the world as of then to it as of the time he went around the world as a young man." He seemed elated over the idea and talked for

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an hour on the subject. During my stay in Nice, which lasted two or three days, he never once approached the subject of money.

~~When I arranged through Joe Murphy, the real head of the F.B.I., then in Washington, for Harris to return to N.Y., they required that I be responsible for him and his conduct throughout his stay. And they said, "When he comes over, we want you to go down with the immigration authorities and take charge of him at quarantine."~~ I did just that, but did not let Frank know I was even going to meet him.

~~He came over in a ship named, "Albert Ballin." It seems strange to me that Nellie would have been sent to N.Y. to try to get him back to the States. How could I meet Nellie and her sister in Nice if she was in N.Y.?~~ (Page 205) ~~of Brome's book~~

~~A complete lie, the last two paragraphs on Page 205, ~~of Brome's biography~~~~

I sent Harris only \$500 for expense funds - but I paid for their steamship passage.

~~I went down to meet him. This was in December '28. I had been in Nice the previous June. Broom says, "Harris made plans to leave for N.Y. as soon as possible.~~
Bunk.

~~Page 206 Broom's stretcher gag and the whole story is fiction and untruth.~~
The immigration people told me that Mr. & Mrs. Harris were to have the freedom of the Port, on instructions from Washington.

~~I had Frank paged on board. When I had boarded the ship he and Nellie were not in their stateroom. When I found them near the Immigration Desk, both Frank and Nellie were overcome with relief. Frank told me there that he was afraid he was going to be arrested - and he took out of his pocket what he said was a cyanide potassium vial, although he didn't expose it.~~

~~I then told them that they had been accorded the courtesy of the Port of N.Y. The immigration people cleared them both then and there, and said to me, "You now have these two good people in your charge."~~

Nan and Rose were at the gangway as we came off the ship. We picked up the Harris bags and gave instructions for their trunk to be delivered to our house on Park Avenue, then we drove home.

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At once we noticed Frank was in bad shape. I had my short-wave therapy man and masseur come to the house at once, and each day he treated Frank for an hour.

It was a week before we let any one see him. A few of his "Life & Love" booksellers walked up and down the street outside our door. If I remember correctly, we let Tobin see Frank only once -- and that for a few minutes.)

Our problem was to see if we could get ~~Frank in shape~~ ^{Franz Wellesch} to appear in public.

This took a month.

But the Chicago lecture people were myths. There wasn't anyone out there that came forward, so the American lecture business faded out.

The "many heartfelt confessions" in next 2 or 3 weeks (Page 207) are completely false. Page 209 - "Walking streets of N.Y." completely false. When ~~he~~ went anywhere it was in Nan's 16-cylinder Cadillac with her chauffeur to drive him and someone was with him.

One day he wanted a haircut. I at once called my barber in the turkish bath at the Biltmore and told him to cut Frank's hair and I would pay him. He did so, when he finished he told Frank there was no charge, whereupon Frank fished out of his pocket a \$5.00 bill and said, "This is for you, my man." My barber returned it to me and I gave Frank hell about it.

After a month ~~he~~ was so improved that ~~he~~ was trying to pinch the bottom of the maid who took him his breakfast. We decided to try to show the authorities at Washington that Frank was a philosopher and was looking at life from the viewpoint of a philosopher and was harmless. So I went down and cooked up the lecture at the Congressional Club on Shakespeare.

Frank was as ~~excited~~ as a child. We beat into him that he must not talk on sex or politics; only Shakespeare.

Came Sunday, and his arrival in Washington with Nellie, Nan and Rose. We housed him in the President's suite and there he met the Comptroller General and his wife; the head of the Secret Service, Joe Murphy, and a lot of other ranking officials.

~~About persons VIPs~~ 700 people greeted him. I introduced him, quoting Oscar Wilde, who had said, "Frank must have lived in Shakespeare's time, for no man could know as much about him otherwise."

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Frank arose and said, "I was told not to talk about sex or politics - only Shakespeare. There's not much to tell about him except his relation with Mary Fitton." Half a dozen words about Mary Fitton - and he sat down.

The crowd was as still as death. I leaned over to Jim Meakin, a book-dealer, and said, "Quick, ask him a question."

In 5 minutes of questions, Frank forgot his mad and was off and running. He thrilled the crowd for about 1-1/2 hours and then we marched down the long cloistered aisle with the crowd cheering him.

Half--way, he pinched the bottom of the 3rd lady of the land, Mrs. McCarl, wife of Comptroller General. She was walking beside Frank.

Frank met many important people at dinner at our house, and was supremely happy. But we couldn't have him there forever and he forgot completely any idea of an American lecture tour and a trip around the world, ~~so after about 2-1/2 months~~ ^{After ten weeks he began pining} we put him aboard ship for his return hom to Nice.

Nellie wrote constantly to Nan. Arthur Ross came to our house time and again. ⁶
~~Nellie~~ ^{Arthur} after Frank's death, was constantly getting money from Nan. She even brought over on one occasion the nude by Whistler, got \$1000 from Nan, and wanted Nan to sell it for \$4000. It was stolen off the wall in Nan's apartment the day she died.

So you see, Frank, ~~Broom~~ ^{is a liar} and if he lies about one facet of Frank Harris' life, I figure to look askance at the rest of his yarn. He even besmirches your relation with Harris and doubts your ghosting the Shaw work.

So be it.

Yours,

/s/ Si Newton

French Riviera, his house, so

Dear Frank -

Jan 30th 1954

Thanks for your good letter. Am I correct in figuring you made a copy even that you wrote in long hand? If so you mailed the copy and kept the original -

I forgot to say I think, I mailed a copy of the motion to Sharon, along with the Past story. If you care to read it borrow her copy - The street comment since the story broke can be summed up as follows, Well what happened you got a break in the press at last, now maybe the public will see what a prejudiced Judge you had" This from publicans and sinners and about a dozen lawyer friends -

As time gets along, more and more people say you just didn't have the right trial lawyers - I talked to Rose several times during the year, but was deluded into thinking that Geo Smith's program would be concluded and I'd have the money to bring Rose here - As I see it now that was the real reason he backed the job, and if said he'd blame him - Had he been here, hell, would have been to pay, unless he figured "let the Judge alone and crucify Hader" - That was all we needed - and our attorneys were just not vicious cross examiners, and didn't know oil or geophysics - We second thought there are two high priced men here who could have torn Hader to bits, but

At our deal we do understand to get back
what we. As the first payment was 8000 ft of stone
it did not do the same 8000 ft of stone
we were paid off with 6000 ft of stone
the more & further it is to the Bay of Bonifacio
that we are to go -
but the last 2000 ft of stone
will be a Scattered - Scattered - Scattered
Scattered - Scattered - Scattered
with a Scattered - Scattered - Scattered
thus Scattered - Scattered - Scattered
and all the Scattered - Scattered - Scattered
that we are to get back
will be Scattered - Scattered - Scattered
and all the Scattered - Scattered - Scattered
that we are to get back
will be Scattered - Scattered - Scattered
and all the Scattered - Scattered - Scattered
that we are to get back
will be Scattered - Scattered - Scattered

the heights - I shall not forget, I promise
you. And as to Mr. Cahill, in my time and
way I shall make that vicious lot of scum
suffer beyond anything the "Statutes" know
about. And I mean mental & physical -

I do not know, if there are publishers who
have the foresight to realize the story you have
to tell is tops beyond and above the call of
duty, as they say about the heroes - I do not
believe your pen can be stilled on this
subject - I want you to have all the facts,
and if necessary I'll provide all the money
no matter how much - because I know, that
I have the means and the knowledge and the
ability to look another fortune in the face
before 1954 is history - Once, I've started all
the lifetime of training and experience will
go into this one - I want real security for
Howard and Sharon, no matter what she does.
and as for myself, well I've never turned
my face to the wall -

Somehow, somehow, I would like to see
you back to health so that you can make
that run down the streak of the years ahead
like the real "man of war" you really are -

So my best to you and yours
across the miles — Ever Sir

Tuesday night-

Dear Frank,

First, I want all of you to know that I appreciate deeply your thanks and your prayers. Especially Alice and all that she has done - It seems however that the forces of Evil won the first round here and in a convincing fashion -

The program that confronts us now consists of two things - Jan 28th the first battle for a new trial based on the following primary grounds - GeBauer suffered a Basal Skull Fracture on arrival in Denver a few days before the trial - The Airport Hear service a airport to hotel wrecked a car and passengers were injured - among them GeBauer - Mellum immediately filed motion for continuance - States Drs did some half way X-ray work and reported a couple of Aspirins were all the man needed. So Judge denied motion - Case started, and day by day GeBauer got worse - He collapsed, with ruptured Ulcers and his Doctor reported to court. Judge asked if Dr that patient was faking. Dr snelled up and said 3 blood transfusions, and in semi unconscious patient was hardly a fake deal - Court sent specialist and his Dr filed written report & read same - Ruptured Ulcers and Malignant Growth - Patient in such condition unable to determine when he could return to court - Case started again, Patient in stand 30 to 40 minutes, began incoherent testimony Franklin statements unrelated to case - They took him quickly out of sight of jury - Man collapsed and chest spasms - Looked like dead man - In Judges chambers artificial respiration brought him out, and Dr got there - He slipped off

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Then tried to tell Judge that he wanted to go on with trial regardless - and then his own attorney came up with waiver of constitutional rights for him to sign so case could go on with him absent - my atty yelled bloody murder Judge overruled and let case go on, so the little dab of worthless testimony ruined. Defendants were 100% and I had to suffer - If that scoundrel Beria in Russia had it easy He knew he was a "gooner", but they promised me a fair trial - now, I may be wrong but I screamed at atty all PM - that a new trial must be had, and if denied our argument appealed to Supreme Court this state. It's a such this judge won't grant any - things I say this should be fought out to the bitter end, before any appeals are taken to higher court.

The show is over as to this trial - I had no money - the DA made great capital out of deversons testimony, and as I did not have you or Koehler here, I was lost on that angle - Bob Hearer the man who first took me to Gladys in June 1949, ran out like a rat and couldn't remember the year so we could not put him on the stand - and that hurt - every friend I have is calling him a SLAB but that doesn't help two. As you know now I talked to Gene, re getting the loan of that film to show here privately some friends here say Palmer Day of the Past is

so greedy that if he saw his film - He wanted have
the Past sponsor a lecture, on the grounds that they
are always for fair play regardless and this man [with]
knows more about Saneers than any one - To tell
with the Doodlebug case, this mans story is news
all over again - Well if Gene gets the film here
we shall see and quick - I would like to give
at least 10 lectures during Jan, It would help
me get on my feet so I can fight this some-
It will be 60 days before the 2 ~~old~~ deals due
startled can start to yell into money for medical
then 30 more days to get 10 or 15 grand out
of the deal - I cant wait that long, I'm starvin
right now - I havent had but \$10.00 in two
weeks -

The Jerry was in the box 45 days - They had
exhibits and records that they could not check
in two or three days - They went to dinner at
six P.M. and in 2 hours decided the whole case -
They remembered the Dr's raving and said that's
enough for us -

Somewhere, I'm not downcast or blue - only mad
and everyone knows it - including the attys -
I'm talking to you later tonight as Sylvia
said you would be in around 9 o'clock tonight
Am at the bottom now - I wonder sometimes
if I'm right bright - I tried to do good and be
helpful thru the years - At times like this I wonder
but I cant change my ways now yours Siff,
over over

The kid from Princeton came and I asked him if he was another Kahan. He said no - He said he never saw Kahan - He wanted to know about little men - I told him to ask people who had seen them - Don't ask me - I am wondering what the

hell your superpower can write about - He's not repetitive and I told him that anything we had to contribute would only be Scully - He said Pentagon showed him lots of stuff new that Kahan had not seen - do what

Dear Frank -

Wednesday Night-

Since talking to you last weekend I've worked practically on the copy for the four lectures - they shaped up so well that I liked them myself - I figured to open with your introduction, given the inside story of the events that led to the talk here, and the Menzel blowdown, and the putting of the Airforce refutation dagger in his mercenary heart and then a full review of the Denver talk itself - I figured to do the second talk along the Traffic Club Oakland line, and then with the third talk go into the subject of Magnetic propulsion, and show how all the erstwhile critics have one by one swung into line, and then point out that there are so many weaknesses in the present thinking on magnetic flight, that I give in the 4th lecture a complete picture of magnetic propulsion, and in that I give the analysis of the Saucer that flew into the Vortex atop Mulholland Drive last summer - all this work kept me from collapsing in the retained here over this criminal fraud of a Judge A. D. a lying complainant and an indifferent jury -

Very frankly your talk tonight has left me limp and I've sat alone and gazed at

^ the blank wall for an hour trying to collect my wits. They are really scattered now -

I know that you with that great Irish heart was all out for me to tell the story - Had it been possible to get the wild movie print, I'm certain after talking to some clear heads here that I could have put over a show here and packed auditorium to the rafters - For some reason, Gene couldn't get the print. I don't know whether he has the proper wire with Uels or not - Its my hunch that the prints are not buried at all and that even Vail could get to them -

As the matter stands here our plan was to sell one of the papers, but without the print I can't do it - because of my present position in this trial - The public here have no respect whatever for the Posts proda attitude Every body worth while in this town knows Hader - a notorious crook of 30 years standing To simply propose a talk to bring Saneers up to date would hardly go here - And I have to handle this as a benefit because there are 2 judgments against me of small amounts and there might be an attempt to tie up the gate if they thought it would go to me - So we would have to hit it so the net receipts

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would be to a clarity =
In my suggestion to you, I did not have
in mind a mystery - I simply felt that it
would be a good box office move to have
you be the head of the show, and put on
a double feature as it were - There could be
one or two ways - You could start out on
the subject, and then say to the audience that
you have a guest in the audience, and that
you would like to have the audience gain
with you in inviting this man to give
a complete review of other famous lecture
at U. of D., and if you had any idea of rock
throwing, simply say that, you believe you
are talking to an audience of serious thinking
Americans seeking truth and knowledge, and
no matter what they may have heard - only
the first round has been fought in a battle
that may make history in America when
judgment is finally passed, and you before
to tell the world what went on behind the
scenes of the most dastardly frame up in all
history - I tell you this in my judgement
it will bring them back, and if some heckler
throws any kind of a rock I know the answer.
I have one more idea that might work - Get
Leased of PW - and see what he thinks about having
the talks at the Lakeside Club - I do not know if
they ever have things for pay or not - but I have
many many friends there, and they are sure

It
would be for it, if it's not against the club
rules to have a pay show =

I'm terribly sorry your health is in such
a bad shape - I'm in a law suit - the same
person I was before it started - My problem
is money - that is my plight just now, I'm
working with several of my art friends
here, and have their fullest cooperation, but
there's no way to have cash coming in on
my present work under sixty days. so in
the interim I have to scratch - and it means
I have to borrow -

I have the terrible problem of my family -
Sharon and Howard - Regardless of the tragic
error Sharon made - she is still my responsibility
and our child must not suffer for some
mistake of his parents - I say to you without
apology - I love Sharon very much - and she
has qualities far beyond the women I've known
in this world; otherwise that boy wouldn't be
the lad he is = You can all second guess - It never
once occurred to me when we married that I
couldn't work just as well out of L.A. but I
should have brought her directly here - and
worked from here as I have for 17 years -
But that's behind us - Of course I want to see my
family - and that goes for Sharon Howard and Poo -
Sharon of course feels that this cancer business
is the seed of all our tragedy - and she is

certain Hobauer is evil beyond words - Just now he is mentally incompetent. He is absolutely unreliable - and yet he is possessed of knowledge about magnetics but as so far beyond the rest of the minds versed in this subject its funny. He had connections with the Government that are hard to ferret out even now. One thing is certain, he had a knowledge about cancers and their operation that little by little is officially coming him to the proper perspective. Several of us here have talked at great length about the matter because you must remember Jackson was present at almost every talk we ever had - He was with me at Phoenix several times and saw many things I said. He still won't say the man lied. One thing was certainly in this case. He was stupid. He had a busted skull - and was so nuts he didn't know enough to stop the trial. He did things and said things no sane person would have ever done. Not one single thing did he finish in the case as to his relations with Flader - One thing we all knew and that was that the 2 devices on which the case was set up didn't belong there - Nobody except Flader ever saw them and he bought them in a ten cent store - This was a manufactured frame up and our stupid attorneys didn't know

thought about the subject to like the deal -
and I was tied to it regardless - Don't forget
these attys - had one object, get their clients
free, but don't forget this is just another
case and they are not going to retire from
law practice and whatsmore they'll win
the appeal - That's their attitude and their
thinking -

I hope this hasn't bored you, I'm wide
awake - even tho I'm so lit down at the
moment I can't even hope to stand up

I had banked on your great following -
I'm not interested in some Miller kid - and
as far Heene - his hearts right but I don't think
he knows the public mind - I thought you
were on H. each week or was I wrong in
that thought -

well any way we shall see - the 75⁰⁰ to get
to L.A. doesn't worry me at this end of time
going to work when I get there, 99% of 5000
people who could come to hear & talk never
heard of this shootin scrape here - and what
if they have -

Anyway, I'm still a fighter
and - my heart goes out to you for your
effort. Personally I think you and you
alone could make the whole thing a 100%
success -

Yours Si -

New Trial Sought In 'Doodlebug' Case

Arguments to grant a new trial for Silas M. Newton and Leo A. GeBauer, convicted "doodlebug" swindlers, got under way Monday in Denver district court.

Newton, Denver oil promoter, and GeBauer, Denver and Phoenix radio parts dealer, were found guilty early this year of bilking Herman A. Flader, Denver industrialist, out of \$250,000 by selling him part interest in three machines, alleged to be able to locate underground oil, and oil leases owned by the defendants.

Following their conviction for confidence game and conspiracy to commit confidence game, their

attorneys filed a motion for a new trial claiming 72 points of error during the nearly two-month long trial.

Defense arguments were not expected to conclude until Monday afternoon. Their arguments will be answered by District Attorney Bert M. Keating.

Both Newton and GeBauer face a possible jail sentence of up to 30 years on the two counts.

Defense attorneys Isaac and Gerald Mellman have indicated that if the motion for a new trial is denied by the trial judge they will petition the state supreme court to review the case.

MAJOR POINTS

Major points of error stressed by defense attorneys during Monday's arguments were:

- 1—Admissibility of certain evidence during the trial.
- 2—Changing of the information after the trial was under way.
- 3—That the statute of limitations had expired before the information was filed.
- 4—The court's failure to allow the defense to introduce certain evidence.
- 5—That the court erred in the 28 instructions given to the jury.

wirephoto)

Convicted Pair Phoenix? Get Probation

DENVER (AP) — A former Phoenix business man, convicted in a swindle involving an oil divining device, was placed on probation here yesterday.

Leo A. GeBauer, 51, who operated a radio parts establishment in the Arizona city, was directed along with Silas M. Newton, who was also granted probation, to pay back \$79,452 they had received from Herman A. Flader.

They were also directed to pay \$2,734 in court costs.

Flader, a Denver industrialist, had charged the pair with losing \$250,000 of his money in investments involving the oil finding apparatus.

They were convicted last Dec. 29 of conspiracy and confidence game, and could have been sentenced to serve up to 30 years in prison. But District Judge Frank E. Hickey offered the probation "in the public interest."

GeBauer was reported in poor health. Judge Hickey said both men had expressed willingness to "right their wrongs and cease their wrongdoings in the future."

Judge Grants Probation To GeBauer

DENVER, June 15 (AP)—District Judge Frank E. Hickey has granted probation to two men convicted in the doodlebug oil device swindling of a Denver man, saying he was taking the action "in the public interest."

Judge Hickey ruled yesterday that Leo A. GeBauer of Phoenix and Silas M. Newton of Denver must pay \$79,452 to Herman A. Flader, victim of the swindle, and \$2,734 in court costs.

GeBAUER, former operator of a radio parts business, at 1915 E. Washington, maintains a home at 739 E. McKinley.

The two men were convicted last Dec. 29 of conspiracy and confidence game. Flader testified they used a doodlebug apparatus, of wires and dials which they claimed could discover oil-bearing lands.

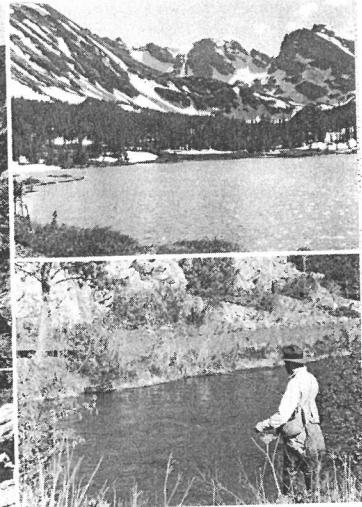
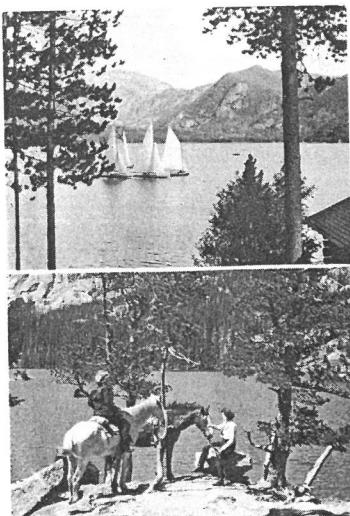
The Denver man claimed he had lost \$250,000 in investments with Newton and GeBauer.

THE PHOENIX man, who is 51, was reported in poor health. He was in a wheel chair at some sessions of his trial. Newton, 66, is a Denver oil promoter and once won the Colorado Amateur Golf championship.

Both men could have been sentenced to a maximum of 30 years' imprisonment, a member of the district attorney's staff said.

Judge Hickey said both have expressed willingness "to right their wrongs of the past and to cease their wrongdoings in the future."

He ordered Newton and GeBauer to pay 15 per cent of their income in the coming year toward restitution, 20 per cent the following year, and 25 per cent thereafter.



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

Dear Frank

Thur PM

Heres first favorable press
of any kind -

The Judge evidently was made
for he called Dr. & wife attys to
come to chambers, an unprecedented
thing and said give as hell,
where can we have this hearing
and argument. Dr. said I havent
even been to motions - they
went in camera. Judge wanted it
next week - no dice - Finally
March 22nd was fixed and
hounds continued my bondsmen
look fat over the I havent
paid him - must settle with
him Friday or else.



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

So it goes - fair busy and I
hope making some headway

Saw Skip & his wife a moment
last night. He looks better
than I ever saw him - His skin
100% clear -

To long -
Yours

Be

The Calm stuff was horrible
beyond words. I hope you have
the whole series Sunday - then Friday

Newton

Jan 27/53

I got copies today of the Chauvel
Crap — in the same mail with your
letter. I suppose they figure with the
jury verdict anything they want to
say about any of us is privileged,
and to a degree I suppose it is.
I don't know what a reversal would
do to their reasoning. Nothing I suspect,
since no libel action was started since
Aug 1952.

Please, Sir, get prints of certain
frames of that Saucer negative. Just have
any camera man shoot them off the print
while you are present. I'll pay for
them.

Incidentally, where is all your
stuff — especially the tape recordings you
were collecting since 1951?

Sharon + Howard were up for
lunch two days ago. They look fine.

FLYING SAUCER BUNCO

"Voice of the People"

How a Fantastic Fraud Was Exposed

This is the story of how two of the Nation's slickest bunco men were finally brought to justice.

In January of 1951 Chronicle Reporter J. P. Cahn was assigned to find out what was behind the fantastic story of the little men who supposedly flew from Venus to Earth in flying saucers traveling faster than the speed of light.

Last month, after three years, that assignment was completed. ~~How~~ >

In Denver, Colorado, a district court jury found Silas Mason Newton and Leo GeBauer, the men who dreamed up the little men from Venus story, guilty of engineering a fantastic oil swindle. The little men and their flying saucers were part of the window trimming. ~~Not in Court. Only few~~

It is also worth noting that some of the Nation's top law enforcement agencies, the FBI included, have been snuffing the trial of Silas Newton and Leo GeBauer (alias Arnold L. J. GeBauer, alias Harry Grebauer) for years. None of them, however, ever managed to bring Newton to trial and GeBauer's most serious brush with the law was a suspended sentence on a technical violation of the Federal Housing Act. Yet between them Newton and GeBauer have buncoed the American public out of several million dollars; their thoughtfully loose accounting methods make it impossible to calculate the exact amount.

In publishing the story of how Newton and GeBauer were finally brought to trial, it is necessary to deal firmly with the hoax about the little men and the flying saucers. This does not mean, however, that The Chronicle or Mr. Cahn necessarily think all flying saucer stories are hoaxes.

By J. P. CAHN

A FLYING SAUCER that didn't exist finally grounded Silas Newton and Leo GeBauer, a pair of the highest flying con men ever to turn up on the wrong side of a court decision.

It happened like this.

On Sept. 8, 1950, Henry Holt and Co. published a book by



SILAS NEWTON
Ice boxes to Eskimos

Frank Scully titled, "Behind the Flying Saucers."

I bought a copy along with some 30,000 other Americans. It turned out to be badly written. It is also heavily padded with reprints of newspaper stories and pseudo-scientific theories to bring it up to standard book length.

MYSTERY OF DR. GEE

The meat of the Scully book is that he was in touch with a top-notch scientist who had examined three flying saucers grounded in the southwest portion of the United States. According to Scully, this man feared the U. S. Government would crack down on him for telling the top secret story of the saucer landings. Scully, therefore, referred to him only as Dr. Gee.

Scully freely admitted, however, that the man who introduced him to Dr. Gee was Silas Mason Newton, the doctor's employer and president of the Newton Oil Co. of Denver, Colo.

According to Scully, Newton, himself one of the world's great authorities on petroleum, had set up his private wizard, Dr. Gee, in the kind of laboratory most research men only dream about. Newton could apparently afford it, for at one point in his book Scully hints at his financial

On the Trail of a Swindle

The Flying Saucer Bunco Exposed

strength by describing him as "a man who never made more than \$25,000,000 or lost more than \$20,000,000."

TRIP FROM VENUS

As Scully wrote it, Dr. Gee had studied the grounded saucers and thought they had flown from Venus to Earth traveling faster than the speed of light.

Scully said Dr. Gee had been the head of a billion-dollar military research program developing magnetic instruments used to detect submarines. Despite his wizardry the doctor had received only a miserable \$7200 a year for his efforts while in the Government's service.

To better his income, he became a research scientist for oilman Newton. Between the two of them, according to Scully, they were supposed to have developed an instrument that made finding oil easier than locating an anvil in your watch pocket.

ENTER THE SAUCERS

The way Dr. Gee got in on the flying saucers was simple. Although he was no longer in the Government's employ when the saucers supposedly landed, Air Force officers, dashing to the site of the first grounded saucer in the wilds of New Mexico, called him in for consultation.

As a reward for rooting around inside the saucers, Dr. Gee was given some souvenirs from outer space. They included two metal disks said to be made of a metal unknown to the Earth.

Newton, Scully wrote, while he had never seen a flying saucer, had lectured on the subject at the University of Denver in March of 1950. The way Scully reported the event, Newton, using the alias of Scientist X, had really given the professors at the university something to think about—so much, in fact, that they lacquered over Newton's blackboard illustrations to preserve them.

If by some 1000 to one chance
Continued on Page 11, Col. 1

Continued from Page 1

Scully's story was true and I could get the rest of it exclusively, it would be just a little bit better than being the only reporter on hand when Columbus discovered America.

If the whole thing were a hoax, how was a reputable author like Scully taken in? Who was Silas Newton and his mysterious Dr. Gee?

The starting point was clear enough.

I began in February of 1951 by interviewing Scully in his Hollywood home.

It was a waste of time. Scully wouldn't tell me anything that wasn't in his book. He did, however, offer to introduce me to Silas Newton.

After half a dozen broken appointments, I finally met Newton one evening at Scully's.

THE MAN ARRIVES

When Silas Newton walked into Frank Scully's living room Newton seemed surrounded by his own private nimbus of importance, activity and money, lots of money. He was the picture of the successful oil man right out of the pages of Fortune Magazine.

His face was tanned and deeply creased about the eyes, no doubt from squinting at the dials of his magnetic instruments in the glare of the desert sun.

His sport clothes were the kind of togs you see in a shop that has a solid red door, a gold coat of arms instead of a sign and nothing in the window but a leather humidor and a \$750 briar pipe.

"TOP SECRET WORK"

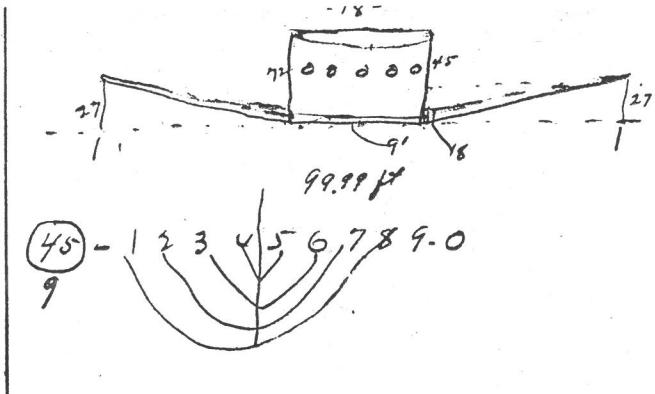
Although I didn't learn anything from Newton that evening, it developed that he would soon be in San Francisco doing some "top secret work for the big brass," as he liked to put it. Newton thought he might be able to squeeze me in between conferences "with the military." We made a tentative appointment, and Newton left—in a Cadillac, of course.

We met next in San Francisco's dignified, old Palace Hotel. Newton was perfectly at home. Adolph Steinhoff, world-famous captain of the Palace's Garden Court, addressed Newton by name; and several of the waiters smiled and nodded at him as we sat down to dinner.

SAUCERS AND OIL

Newton talked saucers, pausing only now and then to mention casually how he had discovered Colorado's great Rangeley oil field or how the Newton Oil Company's various drilling crews were progressing in the Majave desert. The snapper did not come until the table had been cleared and we had our coffee.

Making sure that none of the other diners was watching, Newton fished out a soiled knotted handkerchief. After an impressive build-up while he fumbled with the knots, he murmured confidentially, "You ever see anything like this?"



"FLYING SAUCER"—Silas Newton made this sketch of the alleged top secret discovery. Figures indicate dimensions in feet. The numbered candelabra below is Newton's explanation of the "system of nines"; all the linked pairs of figures add up to nine. This was a significant key to the saucers, Newton said.

Out of the handkerchief tumbled two aluminum colored metal disks about the size of five-cent pieces—the disks of unknown metal from the flying saucers.

Newton scooped them off the table and then let me examine them one at a time.

The disks, except for tiny surface scratches, were unmarked. They were so light that if you held one of them in the palm of your hand, you had to look to be sure it was there.

While I examined the disks, Newton, never taking his eyes off his treasures, talked about Dr. Gee and his miraculous inventions.

Newton is the kind of talker who could sell a calliope to an undertaker.

ANALYSIS DECLINED

Every time I brought up the subject of having the disks of unknown metal analyzed by an impartial laboratory, Newton would gruffly explain that the disks had undergone 150 tests in his own laboratories and he didn't see any reason for testing them further. Then he would dart off on another subject.

It was pretty obvious that Newton was trying to sell something. The big question was what.

The chances that there was any truth in his flying saucer story were slimmer than ever. But in order to prove it, one way or the other, I had to get one of those disks of unknown metal into a laboratory and find out just how unknown it really was. At the moment, the prospects didn't look very good.

OFF FOR WASHINGTON

According to Newton he was off in the morning for some conferences with "the big brass in Washington." That meant I'd have some time before I got another chance to get my hands on those disks of unknown metal.

I decided my best move was to go over to Newton's home town, Denver. I wanted to talk to someone who had heard his parently he had been asked to saucer lecture at Denver Uni-

look at the offices of the Newton Oil Company.

My first stop in Denver was the Denver Post. Going through the clippings in the Post library, I soon found that Newton's Scientist X lecture at Denver University was anything but the high level, scientific event Scully had described.

Instead it was an exercise for a basic science class designed by Instructor Francis Broman to help his students evaluate a speaker.

INSTRUCTOR UNHAPPY

Instructor Broman, whose stunt had backfired, was thoroughly disenchanted with Si Newton. The publicity that followed the Scientist X talk had set the university's academic teeth on edge. Broman, an otherwise calm individual, was still jittery about the subject of saucers when I turned up to interview him nearly two years after the Newton lecture.

The first thing he did was hand me a prepared statement, a copy of his introduction of Scientist X. I noted it clearly stated the purpose of the lecture.

Scully's book made no mention of the introduction.

Newton, even when it looked as if the lecture might cost Broman his position at the university, never publicly admitted his lecture was just a class exercise.

Broman couldn't understand it.

WHO AND WHY?

Neither could I, but I had a hunch. If Newton was trying to give a fake flying saucer story stature, a university lecture would be just the ticket, provided it could be rigged to look like a real academic event. But who was Newton trying to fool and why?

I asked Broman if I might see the lacquered-over blackboards on which, Scully wrote, Newton's illustrations were preserved.

Broman laughed weakly. Ap-

to someone who had heard his parently he had been asked to

show the blackboard before.

ous to preserve (those drawings)," he said. "They were just a couple of circles labeled 'Earth' and 'Venus,' a crude sketch of what the saucers were supposed to have looked like and a diagram showing how combinations of digits can be added up to total nine which had something to do with the measurements of the saucers."

NEWTON OIL CO.

I had heard all that before. It was straight out of Scully's book which I was beginning to realize was straight out of Newton's Scientist X speech.

My next stop was the Newton Oil Co.'s headquarters in the Equitable Building. It turned out to be a couple of offices connected by a waiting room. When I arrived a man who said he was the secretary of the company was passing the time of day with the receptionist. There wasn't another soul in sight. The set up looked a little skimpy for the nerve center of the far flung petroleum enterprise that Newton had described.

STANDARD OFFICE

To check out his claim that he had rediscovered Colorado's mighty Rangely oil field, I stopped in at the offices of the California Co., a subsidiary of Standard Oil of California. It was quite a contrast. The whole Newton Oil Co. would have fitted into the men's room.

Richard D. White, the exploration superintendent for the California Co., rolled down the Rangely map for me. It was quite true that Newton did have a few Rangely leases, but the field had been rediscovered, if you can call finding additional oil sands rediscovery, in 1902, not by Silas Newton but by Standard Oil of California.

A SUGGESTION

As I was leaving White had a suggestion. "If you really want to get an idea of how Newton operates, get hold of some back issues of a magazine called 'Petroleum Review.' You'll find some articles in there by Newton himself that will give you a pretty good line on him."

On my way out of town to the airport I asked Thor Severen, a reporter at the Denver Post, if he'd try to hunt up some Petroleum Reviews and mail them to me.

I made one more call from the airport. At one point in our conversations Newton had casually mentioned that he also owned the Oriental Refining Co. located in Denver. I had driven by the plant, just to make sure it really existed, but I didn't have time to stop.



LEO GEBAUER
The "wizard scientist"

about on the plane back to San Francisco.

The closer I got to home the surer I was that the only way I could ever check out the Newton flying saucer story was to get my hands on one of those disks of unknown metal and have it analyzed.

By the time the plane touched down at the San Francisco airport I had a plan. I knew it wasn't going to be easy, but I didn't know it was going to be as tough as it turned out to be.

(Continued Tomorrow)

THE GREAT FLYING SAUCER BUNCO

The Big Switch —

And How It Worked

By J. P. CAHN

GETTING hold of one of Si Newton's disks of unknown metal turned out to be about as easy as getting a passkey to Fort Knox.

What I had in mind was a device known in not so polite society as "The Switch." In order to work it I had to first make a reasonable facsimile of one of Newton's disks—from memory. Then I would have to persuade Newton to haul out his disks again and, while he wasn't looking, substitute my counterfeit for one of his original disks.

The Lucky Break

Right at the start I had a lucky break. One of my fellow reporters is a very capable machinist. I knew where I was going to get my counterfeit disk made.

That was the end of the lucky breaks, for a while. Newton's disks were about as big as a nickel and incredibly light. But when it got right down to making the counterfeit, I couldn't quite remember if the disks were thicker than a nickel or thinner.

We wound up by making an assortment of disks of various sizes and in different metals, including one made of monel that was thicker than the rest and weighed about five times as much.

When we were through our collection looked pretty fair, but the disks were too shiny. I began carrying them around in my pocket to age them. The only trouble with that was that I jingled as if I had just pried open a jukebox.

He's a Pro Magician

Second Installment
S.F. Chronicle

PANORAMA

CCEC
Monday, Jan. 18, 1954
San Francisco Chronicle

The Pro Magician

While we were making the counterfeits, Newton was whisking in and out of San Francisco working on some kind of deal, as he said, "for the big brass."

I stayed clear of him as much as I could until the counterfeit disks were ready.

Actually, I never intended working the switch myself. It involved palming the disks and I had tried it a couple of times. I was clumsy as a bear. To do the job I lined up an old friend of mine, Hal McIntyre, a reformed professional magician.

When we were all set, we loaded McIntyre with the counterfeits and set off for an appointment with Newton.

Only Newton wouldn't produce.

McIntyre had been introduced to him as an admirer of Scully's book and a great believer in the little-men-from-Venus story who had a saucer story to report. *Fraud!*

That was probably a mistake.

Two minutes after we sat down together, Newton was hurtling through the cosmos. There was no getting him back to earth, or to the disks of unknown metal.

The first attempt at Operation Switch was a total failure.

The next day, Newton announced that he was off for Washington for more "top secret conferences with the military." This time I decided to check on him and wired a Chronicle connection in Washington to keep an eye

Story of a Hoax

This is the story of how two of the Nation's slickest bunco men were finally brought to justice.

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Denver Post Photo
Leo A. GeBauer, in wheelchair, and Silas Newton, second from right, with Defense Attorneys Isaac Mellman, left, and Theodore Epstein

Y
on the airport and see if Newton showed up.

He did. And he had appointments with some well-situated Government men. It was enough to make you wonder if maybe the little men from Venus hadn't arrived in their flying saucers after all.

While Newton was in Washington, I kept checking. A


query was sent to the FBI to see if Newton had a record. Then I started dredging through old newspaper files.

The Newspaper Record

Here's what I found:

On July 9, 1931, the New York Times ran a story about one Silas M. Newton, a "reputedly wealthy oil man and golfer," who was arrested by New York police and charged with grand larceny following the complaint of a New Jersey real estate man who claimed Newton sold him a valise full of worthless utilities stocks for \$25,000.

While that case was pending, according to the files, Newton was hauled into court again.

The San Francisco Chronicle for Jan. 15, 1932, carried a story stating that Ed Hughes, a sports cartoonist for the Brooklyn Eagle, complained to the New York State Bureau of Securities that his onetime friend, Silas M. Newton, had euchred him out of

\$28,000 in a fast securities shuffle.

Other New York Times clippings showed that in 1934, at Oneida, New York, and again in 1935 in Elmira, New York, Newton had two more run-ins with the law, both arrests resulting from charges concerning false stock statements.

FBI File

By this time I had received a reply to my query to the FBI. Their file No. 835861 verified the newspaper reports.

One significant factor ran through all Newton's brushes with the law. His record did not show a single conviction. In fact, he had never even been brought to trial. In every instance, the charges against him just melted away.

Newton was either one of the world's most persecuted innocent men or he was a past master at getting off the hook.

While I was mulling that one over, I found out that Newton made frequent telephone calls to one Leo GeBauer in Phoenix, Arizona. While he was no superscientist, GeBauer, I found, was an extremely competent radio technician operating a radio parts house in Phoenix.

Newton had been extremely secretive about Dr. Gee, the wonder scientist who had been called in by the Government to inspect the flying saucers. The names GeBauer and Gee certainly had a family resemblance. I was wondering if it might not be a good idea to go down to Phoenix when Newton popped back up in San Francisco.

This time there was a new trend in the conversation.

8

Newton's scientific associates, presumably Dr. Gee and his colleagues, were beginning to be upset by the thought that Frank Scully's book had made several thousand dollars out of the story they had told.

The way they put it, according to Newton, these men would be very happy to have The Chronicle tell the complete story of the saucers to the world but they kept asking him, "What is there in it for us?"

The Big Upset

I told Newton The Chronicle would be happy to pay for the story if it were true. All he had to do was give us something we could verify—say those disks of unknown metal.

Newton refused to let them out of his possession.

The best I could do was to persuade him to let us see them again.

One look at those disks, Newton felt, was proof enough the saucers had landed.

This time I agreed.

McIntyre, the magician, was alerted again, and I loaded the disks into my pockets to give them a final shot of aging.

Then Newton upset the whole thing.

In the middle of what I thought was just another conference to arrange the details, Newton hauled the old handkerchief out of his pocket, spilled the disks on the desk and murmured casually, "I suppose you wanted to see these again."

It was a bad moment.

It had come too soon. Worse, one look at Newton's disks and I realized our copies were pretty shabby.

However, I had them with me.

Operation Switch

I slid my right hand into my pocket and got hold of the thickest of our fake disks. It was the one made of monel. From the heft of it in my pocket I knew it was way too heavy, but it was the only one that was nearly thick enough.

I'm not very good at that sort of thing. My hands still sweat just thinking about it.

"Let me see one of those disks again, Mr. Newton," I croaked.

I took Newton's disk and pretended to heft it in my right hand where I had the counterfeit palmed.

The big secret of the switch, McIntyre had told me, was to never look at your hand while you were switching.

The hardest thing I've ever done was keeping my eyes from flicking down at that heavy, heavy monel counterfeit as I slid it into my left hand and passed it back to Newton.

He didn't notice a thing. He just plunked that counterfeit down in the handkerchief along with the other disks and went right on talking about a cigar-shaped saucer that was photographed over Africa or something.

When he finished whatever it was he was talking about, he folded up the handkerchief, stuck it in his pocket and hustled off.

Five minutes later I was on my way to the Stanford Research Institute at Menlo Park, California, one of the country's top independent commercial laboratories.

If anyone could tell me what that disk of unknown metal was made of, SRI could do the job.

(Continued Tomorrow)

9) 3rd Installation Jan 19/54 S.F. Chronicle

THE GREAT FLYING SAUCER BUNCO

THIS IS THE THIRD PART of the story of how Silas Newton and Leo GeBauer, a pair of bunco men, were tripped up by Chronicle Reporter J. P. Cahn, assigned to check into Frank Scully's best seller, "Behind the Flying Saucers," the original story of the little men from Venus.

Newton, the man who told Scully the flying saucer story, showed Reporter Cahn a pair of disks, supposedly of unknown metal. Newton said the disks were taken from a grounded saucer by a mysterious super scientist identified only as Dr. Gee, an ex-Government wizard now in the laboratories of the Newton Oil Co. develop-



By J. P. CAHN

THE SCIENTISTS at Stanford Research Institute are a methodical lot.

They gave Newton's disk of unknown metal the full treatment; gravimetric, microscopic, and spectrochemical analysis.

As it turned out, it was a shame to have gone to all that trouble. The disk wasn't made of anything that couldn't be analyzed by a 12-year-old with a \$4 Chem-Craft set.

The unknown metal that Dr. Gee had supposedly taken from a flying saucer, the same disk that had refused to melt in Dr. Gee's laboratory at 10,000 degrees, melted quite nicely at Stanford Research Institute at just 657 degrees, Fahrenheit.

It was made of aluminum, 99.5 per cent pure, a quality known commercially as Grade 2S and used in the manufacture of nothing more cosmic than pots and pans.

Build-Up for Bunco

The SRI analysis plus what I had found out about Newton's past brushes with the law made it a good bet that the little men in the flying saucers story was the build-up for some kind of bunco.

But how was it going to pay off? Who was going to get the valise full of worthless stock certificates this time? Was Leo GeBauer, the man I had located in Phoenix, Dr. Gee, or was Dr. Gee made of the same star dust as the little men from Venus?