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HENRY STEEGER
PRESIDENT

July 7, 1953

Dr. LeMoyne Snyder
705 American State Bank Bldg.
Lansing 68, Michigan

Dear Dr. Snyder:

Enclosed herewith is your copy of the
October Court of Last Resort depart-
ment for your files.

Sincerely yours,

Nancy Deane

Secretary to Mr. Steeger

nd
encl.

THE COURT OF LAST RESORT

by

Erle Stanley Gardner

THE PRISON RIOT THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN

As I am writing this I am camped on a beautiful plateau not too far from the Nevada State line. I am living in a house trailer, and my office staff is with me, occupying six house trailers.

When I am at my ranch in Temecula there are so many business deals, so many interruptions, so much nerve strain, that at times when I am up against a deadline that simply must be met it becomes necessary for me to "hide out".

I'm an old house trailer fan from way back. I like the convenience of house trailers, the ability to move when I want to. I like to have all of the comforts of home with few of the responsibilities. That's trailer life today.

House trailers are more roomy than most people realize. They're so efficiently arranged one has a luxuriously comfortable bed, ample locker space, clothes closets capable of holding a complete wardrobe, an office equipped with dictating and transcribing machines, heating and cooking stoves, electricity, running water, and all the conveniences, and yet has little or no housework

or drudgery.

I wrote my friend, Art Bernard, Warden of the Nevada State Penitentiary at Carson City, telling him where I was and offering to barbecue him a steak in case he could get away for a weekend.

Last week Art Bernard and his wife, Naomi, dropped in for a visit.

You readers should get acquainted with Art Bernard because he has ideas about penology that make sense.

Bernard is a two-fisted fighter, a mining man, prospector, cattleman, and a regular outdoor man. He radiates that efficient self-reliance which characterizes the men who spend much of their lives out in the open places where they have themselves and their ingenuity to rely on and nothing else.

"All I want," Bernard told me, "is for people to tell me what they want done with prisoners. I'll find some way of doing it.

"If they want them punished I'll try and punish them. If they want them reformed I'll try and reform them. If they want them confined I'll try and confine them.

"The only thing is that people must realize that they can't eat their cake and have it too.

"If you want a man rehabilitated you can't concentrate on punishing him. You've got to concentrate on rehabilitation.

"If I had a free hand I believe I could put in a rehabilitation program that would produce results with all except the most hardened offenders. It wouldn't cost the taxpayers a cent. I'd make the whole program self-supporting. But I'd have to have some

field in which I could manufacture a product. -- I could build roads. I could operate a gravel crusher. I could construct state buildings.

"When you punish a man in prison and then release that man, hoping he will be assimilated by society, you have to take certain things into consideration. When a human being is punished he becomes resentful.

"Our orthodox criminal program is a peculiar combination of punishment, restraint and half-hearted attempts at rehabilitation. These forces are all in conflict with each other. They generate internal friction. They impair efficiency.

"A man commits a crime. Does society want to punish him or does it want to reform him?

"At present society's idea is that these men should be isolated, not from each other but from society, that they should be confined, that they should be deprived of women as a punishment.

"What is the net result?

"Society takes all of these men who are weak, who are depraved, who are vicious, and puts them all together within the narrow confines of a walled building. They are given no really constructive work. They are given no opportunity to earn money. They are not deprived of sex but only of women. Those who are not homosexual perverts are exposed to forces that tend to make them such.

"After so long a period these men are again released upon society.

"The weak have become vicious, the vicious have become case-hardened. All of them have been exposed to influences of perversion, to degenerative processes in this scheme of punishment."

Bernard's ideas are highly constructive and could be productive of great good. He runs his prison on a basis of square-shooting honesty and two-fisted fighting ability.

Every so often under previous administrations the prisoners had rioted. They had smashed the dishes. They had smashed the tables, broken up the benches, set fire to anything that would burn, smashed all of the state property they could get their hands on, and then had been subdued into a period of sullen punishment, following which they gradually went back to resume the humdrum of prison life.

Bernard had a tip that there was to be a riot one night. This time they were not only going to smash tables and dishes but were planning to take the big cooking range to pieces and throw the wreckage out of the window into the warden's front yard.

His officers told him not to worry about it, that the main thing was to keep out of the way until the wave of breaking, smashing hysteria had subsided, to take precautions that the inmates couldn't grab a guard, or perhaps the warden himself, as hostage.

Bernard had his own ideas on the subject.

Unarmed, unescorted, he walked into the dining hall just as the riot was scheduled to commence.

"I want to tell you men something," he said. "You are put here because you violated laws. You aren't here because you want to be here, and you aren't here because I want to have you here. You're here because society put you here.

"You don't like the grub. You don't like the confinement. You don't like the life. I don't blame you. I wouldn't like it if I were in your place.

"I understand you're getting ready to riot. You want to smash the dishes. You want to break up the tables. You want to stage a protest by destroying all of the taxpayers' property you can get your hands on. You think that will make the taxpayers sorry. You should know from past experience that it won't, but you fellows don't learn much from past experience.

"Now, then, I'm going to tell you something. The taxpayers have furnished these tables for you to put dishes on, and dishes for you to eat food in. If you want to smash them up it's all right by me. I just want you to understand one thing -- if you smash up the dishes and if you break up these tables and benches we'll have the floors left. It's a concrete floor. You can't smash that up.

"After you've smashed up the benches and tables and burned them, after you've thrown the range out of the window, after you've broken up the dishes, we'll clean up the mess. We'll scrub the floor and get it just as clean as we can make it, and if you fellows don't want to eat off the dishes you can eat off the floor.

"We'll put your food in piles on the floor, or we'll put it on the dishes -- whichever you want. Right now you have the dishes. There's the floor. If you want to smash the dishes, go ahead. No one's going to starve to death. The food will be there. But under my administration I'm not going to ask the taxpayers to buy dishes that you don't want. If you don't want those dishes smash them up. Go right ahead. It's up to you."

And with that Art Bernard turned and stalked out of the dining room.

For a moment there was shocked, incredulous silence, and then

someone started to applaud.

That was the kind of talk these men understood and the logic of the situation was inescapable. The whole dining room roared into an ovation.

That was that side of the picture. But the other side was the way Bernard started improving the grub. He hired a professional dietician. He ceased to give the men what he called "garbage." He started a rigorously supervised program of food purchase so that the state's dollars went farther, but at the same time the grub was improved.

One of the reasons that I would like to have you readers get acquainted at this time with Art Bernard is that Emma Jo Johnson is in his institution.

Emma Jo Johnson was convicted of second-degree murder. We made a preliminary investigation of that case. There are some things about it that are most peculiar.

Emma Jo had been living at a sort of motor court. She changed her address. She had reason to believe that her former landlady was withholding mail. She went down to see about it.

There is probably no question but what she went down in a belligerent, truculent mood. In justice to her it is to be remembered there was a pile of mail there addressed to her which her former landlady had refused to deliver.

There was a fracas. No one seems to know definitely who started it. Some people say Emma Jo started it. Some people say the other woman did. Emma Jo says the other woman lunged at her and grabbed her by the throat. Undoubtedly there was some hair-

pulling on both sides.

In the middle of the fracas the older woman suddenly slumped to the floor.

Had Emma Jo struck her?

Or was her collapse due to a cerebral hemorrhage spontaneously induced by the rise of blood pressure in weakened arteries?

Months ago Emma Jo Johnson appealed to your Court of Last Resort. She has been patiently waiting ever since.

Right at the moment I have been too completely snowed under with work to make a personal trip of investigation, but I am asking Sam Hicks, my ranch manager, to leave tomorrow to go to the State Penitentiary at Carson City and interview Emma Jo Johnson.

Erle Stanley Gardner

A WOMAN WAITS

by Sam Hicks

I feel as though I know all of you readers of Argosy by this time and it seems to me that I know you well enough to be on a visiting status with you.

I've been out on quite a few trips with Harry Steeger and Erle Gardner and I have been fortunate enough to be among those present on a few of these Court of Last Resort cases. I've seen and read a great many of your letters in the past few years and I've kept close tabs on the magazine for so long I'm beginning to feel like a member of the family.

By occupation I'm a cowpuncher, not a writer. I used to be a hunter and an outfitter up in Wyoming and I've always been

a lot handier at tracking an elk or roping a steer than at running a typewriter.

However, it was up to me to go up and have a talk with Emma Jo Johnson, and it was sure a wonderful experience. I rather doubt that I can get that experience down on paper so you folks can see it but anyhow it's worth taking a setting at.

During the time I've worked for Erle Gardner I've been around a few prisons. It's sure surprising how much they differ. Ordinarily a person doesn't think there is much difference in prisons because they are all institutions surrounded by walls, with guards on the outside and inmates and bars on the inside. But somehow every prison has its own individuality.

This Nevada prison is certainly in a class by itself. For one thing they never have to worry about losing any of their customers by the ever popular method of gophering out through a tunnel -- this entire prison is built on solid rock.

I don't know enough about geology to begin to tell you in scientific terms how that rock was formed, but from all appearances it was a prehistoric lake bed that settled down into a sandstone. It was soft like mud before it solidified, and now there is the darndest collection of tracks in that solid rock you ever saw in your life.

I always liked to consider myself as kind of a tracker and I sure got a kick out of following these tracks that are a couple of million years old. They are probably the coldest tracks I ever followed, but I imagine there are a few dudes I've guided on hunting trips who would like to argue that point with me.

There is a set of elephant tracks there that are just as plain as they make in Africa, a few horse tracks, and lots of bird tracks all sizes and shapes. There is another track right among these that looks a lot like a man's track. It's so big it kind of startles you, and your imagination wants you to believe that it was made by some prehistoric giant who came sauntering down through the soft mud of that ancient lake bed. Actually though, I think these tracks were made by a bear because they closely resemble a grizzly's track made in four or five inches of new snow. Also, on close inspection, I thought I could see an overlap to the tracks like the hind foot had been plastered down on top of the front foot track, indicating that it was an animal that walked on all fours. Then too, the tracks were staggered so much that I doubt if they could have been made by a two-legged giant. Ordinarily a man's tracks tend to travel in a pretty straight line unless, of course, he's got used to traveling on a pair of extra wide snowshoes.

Anyhow, regardless of what made these petrified tracks on the smooth rock floor of the prison yard, they were sure an interesting sidelight. I got almost as excited over them as I do when I see a fresh grizzly bear track up in Wyoming.

In case you're ever around Carson City there is a conducted tour of this part of the prison yard every day at 2:00 P.M., except Sunday.

I was very much impressed by the individuality of the Nevada State Penitentiary. It's what I would call a one-man prison. By this I mean it strikes me much the same as a one-man horse. Now when someone refers to a one-man horse they don't necessarily mean

that there is only one man in the world who can get on that particular horse and ride him. What is generally meant by that term is that one certain man can handle the horse smoothly and can get more work out of him without causing a lot of commotion than anybody else can. To me, that is the way Art Bernard runs the prison. I believe he could call every one of the prisoners by name. When he's out walking around the yard he instantly recognizes every man he sees and can chat easily with any of them about whatever it is they happen to be doing at that particular time. He knows men and he understands how to run a prison, and he puts that knowledge into effect where it does the most good for all concerned.

But you folks want to know more about Emma Jo, and that's the main thing I want to tell you about.

I had never seen a woman in prison before, and seeing Emma Jo came as kind of a shock. She's young and attractive, and serving time during that portion of her life when the years can really count against her. You see a woman sitting there in prison, with youth and good looks trickling through her fingers and running down the prison drainpipe, and it's anything but pleasant. It sure gives a person something to think about.

Of course, if she deserves to be in there, that's a different story. But if she really shouldn't be in prison and didn't commit a crime in the first place in order to wind up there, then it makes you want to get busy and do something instead of just thinking about it.

I didn't have much time to spend with Emma Jo but she gave me a firsthand account of her story. We'll have to check up on that story before we can pass it on to you folks.

However, Emma Jo told me that when she walked into this place to get her mail she was pretty mad. Not unreasonably angry but just fairly unhappy. She'd been expecting some pretty important mail and had dropped by the place four or five times to see if any of it had arrived. Each time she was told there wasn't any mail there for her. Then someone who was staying at this same rooming house told her there was a whole stack of mail for her that had been piling up ever since Emma Jo moved out.

Well, you can't blame Emma Jo for being out of sorts over this kind of a deal. Mail, whether it's important or not, means a lot to all of us.

Anyhow, according to Emma Jo, when she went in this place the landlady charged out of another room, and she was on the fight. She grabbed Emma Jo by the throat.

I asked her if she could show me just how she was grabbed, so she had one of the other women take hold of her neck the same way she said the landlady had. I had a camera along, with a flashgun on it, and I took her picture because there was something about Emma Jo's expression that I thought you folks might like to see.

In that picture you can probably see the same thing that I could. Sort of a terrified expression, but also a look which indicates to me that Emma Jo isn't the type of girl who intends to let anybody walk on her.

Emma Jo says she fought back all right. She grabbed a couple of handfuls of the other woman's hair.

We'll be looking into this case a lot more as soon as we can get things shaped up so we can make a trip over to Las Vegas.

In the meantime, Emma Jo is running a little store in the prison. I took a picture of her there in the store. She's a good-looking girl, and there is just something about her character that is different from anything you would expect to find in a woman in prison. She sure is taking it on the chin. Like I said before, if she's really guilty of something, then it's all right for her to be there, I guess. But if she isn't guilty, then she certainly ought to be out of there.

Emma Jo first wrote to the Court of Last Resort about a year ago. Marsh Houts went to Las Vegas and made a preliminary investigation. He looked through the court records and they seemed to be pretty much in order. However, there were a couple of questions Erle Gardner wanted me to find out about so that's the reason I went to Carson City to have a talk with her.

I don't know how things are going to come out in this case, but right now what answers we have look as though Emma Jo was innocent.

Anyhow, we'll keep you posted on whatever we can find out about this case.

LEFTY FOWLER GETS A BREAK

This Court of Last Resort you readers have started is rapidly on the way toward being accepted as a national institution.

In the Lefty Fowler case there has been an exceedingly important development.

You will remember that we were asked to address the Bar Association of Oklahoma, telling them about the Court of Last Resort. At the conclusion of that talk many members of the Bar

stated that as lawyers they were interested in the cause of justice and they were going to follow our work with great interest.

So it was really no great surprise to learn that the State Bar of Oklahoma had been watching developments in this Lefty Fowler case and to receive a letter signed by three of the most prominent attorneys in Oklahoma.

The letter reads:

June 2, 1953

Argosy Magazine
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, New York

Gentlemen:

As you have previously and generously indicated in your columns, the attorneys of Oklahoma are intensely interested in the cause of justice. Even those of us whose practice has been exclusively of a civil nature, are convinced that we must interest ourselves in criminal law and particularly criminal procedure. This we must do, if the courts are to function properly in the great area of law enforcement which involves not only the punishment of the guilty but the protection of the innocent.

At our state wide bar meeting in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in December 1952, Erle Stanley Gardner addressed the Oklahoma Bar Association on the Court of Last Resort and the work you were doing. A great majority of the lawyers in attendance, individually assured him of their interest in this great cause and of their desire to work with him.

This was not an empty assurance, lightly given.

We have studied your current and back issues concerning the

case of Lefty Fowler and while the rules of our Bar Association prevent our Association as such and officially from representing any particular individual, there is, of course, no reason why individual members of the Bar cannot so act.

We have therefore constituted ourselves a committee to investigate the Fowler case and if we conclude justice dictates and Fowler desires it, we will appear before the pardon and parole board of Oklahoma in order to see that Fowler's claims of innocence are properly presented for consideration by our able and conscientious parole board.

We understand Fowler has neither an attorney nor funds to employ one. Therefore, we will, of course, appear gratuitously and consider it a privilege to make this contribution to the cause of justice.

Very sincerely,

Hicks Epton
Floyd Rheam
O.A. Brewer

This is in keeping with the action of bar associations elsewhere throughout the nation. It is a splendid tribute to the judicial processes of this country.

Lawyers are probably the most misunderstood of all the professional men. Too few people realize what the lawyers of this country are actually doing.

Too few people know anything at all about the bar associations, those organizations of lawyers who meet to discuss problems of justice, problems that affect your liberties and my liberties.

I have attended a lot of bar association meetings during the past year or two since we have started this Court of Last Resort, and I am filled with admiration for the lawyers of this country. There are some individual black sheep who unfortunately get all the notoriety and have a devastating effect upon the public relations of the lawyers as a whole.

The trouble is that the truly representative lawyers are too much in the background. Their code of ethics doesn't permit them to advertise. They go about their work quietly, honestly and conscientiously.

Let's look, for instance, at these three lawyers who are starting an investigation of the Lefty Fowler case simply because of the interest of the organized bar in the cause of justice.

Hicks Epton is President of the Oklahoma State Bar Association. Not only is he an outstanding attorney, representing some of the most prominent people in the state, but he finds time to engage in local civic activities. He is a past-president of the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Oklahoma Baptist University, and was member of a committee for the purpose of preparing model rules of criminal procedure.

Moreover, Epton has his feet on the ground. He knows the ways of the common man. He worked his way through college doing dish washing and odd jobs.

Floyd L. Rheam also worked his way through college.

One of the most interesting anecdotes I know of Floyd Rheam, showing his general makeup, is that in his student days the job

which supported him was firing a coal furnace. Even in those days he was always looking for a more efficient way of doing things and soon devised a scheme that would enable his employer to get along without him and save that expense.

It is characteristic of Rheam that he promptly reported this scheme to his employer, who was impressed by it, who put in the suggested improvement and thereby put Rheam out of a job. However, the employer was so impressed with Rheam's loyalty and honesty that plenty of other jobs were promptly supplied.

During one of the most critical periods in the history of Tulsa, Floyd Rheam was drafted to take over the job of police commissioner. He is a member of the executive council of the Oklahoma State Bar Association, and a delegate to the American Bar Association.

O. A. Brewer, the third attorney who has volunteered, is one of the most vigorous, aggressive attorneys in the State. He is on the executive committee of the Oklahoma State Bar Association, and for six years was district attorney of Choctaw County. He has had extensive experience both in the prosecution and defense of persons accused of crime.

All of these men are able to pick and choose their clients. They are in the highest income brackets, and their names are known not only throughout Oklahoma but in legal circles throughout the country because of their activities in the American Bar Association.

For any private individual to retain all of these three attorneys would involve an all but astronomical financial outlay. Only a few very wealthy men would be able to get such an aggregation

of attorneys to look into their cases.

Yet here is Lefty Fowler, without a penny to his name, having these three lawyers volunteer their help entirely at their own expense and without any compensation.

We hope that you readers will take notice of what the organized bar in the country is doing, and we know that you will.

You readers who comprise this Court of Last Resort, and who are supporting it, have started an enormously important movement and the lawyers are taking it up.

Let's watch for future developments. I think that that which is going to happen will renew your faith in this country and in its judicial institutions, in the earnestness and integrity of the organized bar.

I think it's going to make you proud of the country of which you are a citizen.

Copies: CLR members

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
Rancho del Paisano
Temecula, California

August 20th, 1953

Mr. Marshall Houts
Attorney at Law
475 South 90 East Avenue
Tulsa 15, Oklahoma

Dear Marsh:

Thanks a lot for your report on the progress being made in the Fowler case, and your discussion of my comments about publicity.

Apparently you folks have given this matter a lot of consideration and are familiar with the local situation, which, after all, is determinative.

As you know, I am more concerned with the importance of the work we are doing in getting bar associations interested in the cause of justice than in the fate of any individual. It is, I think, more important to get bar associations really interested in this work than to accomplish almost any other result. I am quite sure the members of the Oklahoma Bar feel the same way, and I think we should keep that objective foremost in our minds.

There is, of course, no conflict between this objective and that of representing Lefty Fowler because the biggest step forward in the Fowler case to date has been the interest of the organized bar.

Tuesday, Sam Hicks and I were in Las Vegas, Nevada, and had quite an active day. We had an interview with Dr. Demman, which was recorded on a tape recorder, and in which Dr. Demman admitted that while the injuries he found on the body of Jane Jones could well have been caused by violence and could have resulted from a blow, the injuries on the interior of the skull, that is, the brain clot, etc., could have been the result of natural causes; that the wound on the head could have been caused by a fall, and the fall could have been caused by the hemorrhage. -- In other words, while he testified that the conditions he found were conditions which could have been the

result of a blow, it was certainly possible, and perhaps equally possible, that they were the result of other causes.

He also stated that in his opinion it was possible that Mrs. Jones could have had a hemorrhage some hours earlier in the day and could have walked around until the excitement incident to the altercation with Emma Jo caused complications and an increase in the hemorrhage.

After interviewing Dr. Demman we had a recorded interview with Dr. T. V. Nendick, a physiotherapist, duly licensed to practice as such.

Dr. Nendick was, of course, very anxious to keep from putting himself in the position of having given treatments or making a diagnosis that would be beyond the activity for which he is licensed. However, he stated that he had treated Jane Jones from time to time; that he had known her over a period of years; that he refused to treat her for a while because she was unco-operative, because she was abusive, aggressive and generally disagreeable.

A few days before her death he saw her showing evidence of distress and offered to treat her again provided she would be more co-operative.

On the day of her death she came in to his office. The time was probably about three hours prior to the altercation with Emma Jo. She told him that she had "blacked out" the day before, had fallen over backwards and had remained unconscious for quite some period of time, probably about three hours; that he had known she blacked out on other occasions and had seen her fall twice.

On the occasion of her last visit to Dr. Nendick, while she was in a steam bath, she again apparently "blacked out", that her eyes became glassy, her mouth twitching; that Dr. Nendick hurriedly applied emergency measures, shaking her and finally getting her so she was once more fully conscious; that she had no recollection of the fact that he had shaken her, and had apparently, to that extent, been completely unconscious.

This, in connection with the testimony of Dr. Demman, would indicate that there was very probably at least the start of a cerebral hemorrhage prior to the time of the altercation; that the hemorrhage therefore could well have been due to increased blood pressure due to rage, or any other emotional disturbance.

Mr. Marshall Houts

-3-

August 20th, 1953

I would like very much to have Dr. LeMoyne Snyder appraise this angle of the case before taking a definite position on it, but I think it stands to reason that we now have a very material fact.

I had gathered from your record that you felt the companionship between Jack Wengert and Emma Jo was one of the casual, sexual arrangements, and that Wengert had not been as wrapped up in Emma Jo as she seemed to think. I interviewed Wengert and found that he is apparently very anxious to marry Emma Jo on her release. On coming back I checked over the records in which you made your report and find that I may have misinterpreted your position because of the way you mentioned that there was nothing particularly unusual about the arrangement of Emma Jo moving in with him.

If you received a different impression from Wengert I would like to know it.

I was working on this case while we were at the Paradise camp, and there is a possibility that some of my files are up there. I am under the impression that you sent me, and sent to all members of the Court of Last Resort, copies of the transcript of the testimony of Dr. Demman and Dr. George. I can't find it presently available, and wish you would send me your copy so I can have the girls copy it here. (Our records show that we sent you all of our files in the case when you went to Las Vegas, but it is my impression that you sent out copies of the transcript after your visit to Las Vegas.)

I am hoping very much indeed that this thing works out all right in Oklahoma. I don't think there is any question but what it will be one of the biggest boosts that could be given the organized bar of that state, and if it works out all right it will pave the way for a lot of favorable public relations work.

Lots of the best all around,

Yours,

ESG:lm

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS, INC.

205 EAST 42ND STREET

NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

HENRY STEEGER
PRESIDENT

September 17, 1953

Dr. LeMoyne Snyder
705 American State Bank Bldg.
Lansing 68, Michigan

Dear Dr. Snyder:

Enclosed herewith is your copy of the
December 1953 Court of Last Resort de-
partment for your files.

Sincerely,

Nancy Deane

Secretary

nd
encl.

THE COURT OF LAST RESORT

by

Erle Stanley Gardner

The Case of Emma Jo.
The Case of Lefty Fowler.

THE EMMA JO CASE.

This is the story of a city that never sleeps. It is the story of a girl who can't sleep. It is the story of Las Vegas, Nevada, the jackpot city.

Much has been written about Las Vegas -- some good, some bad, some that is true, much that is false.

If you're going to fully understand the story of Emma Jo you will have to understand something of Las Vegas; and the trouble with trying to understand Las Vegas is that it is so complicated, and is growing so fast, words can't seem to catch up with the subject.

Places that were merely high-class motels a few years ago have now grown into sumptuous hotel resorts, with lawns, swimming pools, roulette wheels, dice tables, bingo, faro, wheels of fortune, sun decks, bars, crystal chandeliers and an atmosphere of quiet luxury.

Places that a few years ago were little more than lunch counters for transient tourists, erected conveniently near the high-class motels, have joined with the expanding motels, blossomed into restaurants with the finest, highest-paid chefs, the most exotic of foods, and now pay Hollywood and Broadway stars

as much as fifty thousand dollars a week to appear on floor shows.

And this growth, of course, is not an isolated phenomenon in itself. It has brought with it all sorts of attendant problems, including an enormous influx of transient population. It is now "smart" to stay in Las Vegas, and planes are crowded with incoming tourists of the class that has plenty of money to spend and is anxious to find a place to spend it to advantage. All of this background has resulted in all sorts of sharpshooters and confidence men coming in to ply their various trades. Muscle men and racketeers, who are plenty tough and who know their way around, drop into Las Vegas "on vacation" while they are looking for opportunities to "take over".

All of these things have added enormously to the police problems, without, unfortunately, adding correspondingly to police personnel and income.

This, in turn, has given rise to a type of private investigator that isn't very far removed from the Hollywood concept of a private detective.

For a long time those who were familiar with the private detective in real life would snort and carp at the wild-eyed concept of private detective that appeared on the Hollywood screen during the vogue when Hollywood was featuring private detectives.

Now, in real life, Las Vegas has produced a type of private detective who really and truly has to know his way around, who has to be fully capable of dealing with the problems that beset his clients, and his clients are the wealthy proprietors of these fabulously expanding establishments, who are trying to protect themselves against a gouge and against muscle-men gangsters on the

one hand, and protect their patrons against sharpers, slickers, crooked tipsters and blackmailers on the other.

You mix all of these things together and Las Vegas becomes a story writer's paradise.

It is more than that. It is a smart, sophisticated city of gambling, entertainment and action. There are some of the most beautiful women in the world, some of the best floor shows one can find anywhere in the country, some of the most shapely, tanned, well-exposed bodies I have seen anywhere outside of Honolulu.

And the underlying keynote of the city is action. Everybody wants action. No one is there to settle down and retire. The people who are there are there for action. They want things to happen. They're making things happen, and things certainly do happen.

That gives you a thumbnail, somewhat inadequate sketch of Las Vegas, Nevada. Real estate values have, of course, reacted accordingly.

Fifteen years ago a friend of mine acquired four acres of land on the highway outside of Las Vegas. He paid seventy-five dollars an acre. A short time later he sold for a hundred and fifty dollars an acre, doubling his money. Today a syndicate is negotiating for that same property. The price is quoted as fifty thousand dollars cash, PLUS one percent of the gross of all money taken in on the property.

You can't call this simply a boom. The word boom is utterly inadequate. It's a bomb, not a boom; and if you want to see life in an explosive state, if you want to be where there's so much

action it leaves you dizzy, if you want to see the well-browned bodies of beautiful women who want to live in terms of action but are bored with the conventional approach, if you have daring, originality, are quickly and readily adjustable and can watch things go by at a mile-a-minute clip without having to hold on to your hat, by all means go to Las Vegas, Nevada.

And if you should get in trouble in Las Vegas, any sort of trouble, by all means go to G. E. (Bud) Bodell at the Nevada Detective Service. Put yourself in his hands and he'll get you out of your trouble. -- There are probably others who are just as good but we happen to know Bud Bodell because of the Emma Jo case, and I don't think you'll find anyone anywhere who has quite as colorful a background as Bodell. And when the going gets tough, as it quite frequently does in the life of a Las Vegas investigator, Bud won't get frightened. He won't even bat an eyelash. He'll take it in his stride, and his stride has lots of thrust.

That's all there is time to tell you at the moment about Las Vegas.

That and, of course, the Nevada background of six-weeks' residence in order to secure divorce.

That means many, many women come to Las Vegas to establish a six-weeks' residence. They're lonely women who are recovering from a bust-up in their domestic lives. Their plans simply call for six weeks of quiet residence in Las Vegas, a Nevada divorce, and then just waiting, looking for an opportunity to pick up the tangled threads of their lives and again try to make something out of them.

Put women of that type in Las Vegas and something happens. They are quite apt to be swept off their feet by the whirl and the bustle, and once they become infected with the Las Vegas spirit they're apt to do quite a bit of whirling and bustling themselves. -- You don't stay lonely, quiet and isolated in Las Vegas. A woman may take out her knitting on a railroad train. Some of them even knit on airplanes, but you don't find anyone knitting on the front seat of a roller-coaster.

I didn't see anyone knitting in Las Vegas.

Emma Jo was a young woman who came from a good family in the Midwest. She isn't beautiful. She isn't ugly. She has a very fine, slender-waisted figure, with lots of curves in the right places. She is easy on the eyes. You wouldn't pick her as a movie star but you'd be pretty apt to give her a second look anywhere.

The outstanding feature of her face is a pair of laughing eyes, eyes that have honest, friendly laughter in them -- even now.

Emma Jo had married and the marriage hadn't panned out. She had lived in Honolulu, and while in Honolulu had become acquainted with a man who lived in Las Vegas and whose mother (by adoption) ran a small hotel which catered quite largely to women who were establishing six-weeks' residences in Nevada preliminary to getting divorces.

So it was only natural that Emma Jo, surveying the charred ruins of a burned-out marriage, should decide to go to Las Vegas, Nevada, and should become a tenant at this hotel.

But women don't long remain lonely, isolated or detached in Las Vegas. Emma Jo met Jack, and when she met Jack something clicked.

She had thought that the unsuccessful first marriage had finished her forever with the idea of love at first sight, but when Emma Jo met Jack she felt an instantaneous electric spark, and Jack felt the same way about Emma Jo.

In order to understand what follows it is necessary to keep in mind the background of Las Vegas.

Emma Jo was, for certain reasons which have no place here, dissatisfied with the little hotel where she had a room. She was looking for a place to which to move, but those places aren't too easily found in a boom city like Las Vegas, and, in the meantime, the whirl and the glitter, the rapidity of action, the swift tempo of life that is the background of Las Vegas, had got into Emma Jo's blood.

Jack proposed marriage and was accepted. Just as soon as Emma Jo's divorce was out of the way they were to be married.

And so, against the background of Las Vegas life, it was not surprising that Emma Jo and Jack decided they'd throw conventions to the wind and that Emma Jo would move in with Jack while she waited out the short remaining period necessary to get her divorce.

But Emma Jo's lawyer advised very strongly against any official change of address. Those things are sometimes hard to explain to a skeptical judge who is carefully inquiring into the evidence concerning residence to find out whether there has been any fraud practiced on the court.

In fact, it is an open secret that there are places in Las Vegas where a person can live for four or five days and have a

witness appear with a register showing that the four or five-days' residence was actually a six-weeks' residence -- resulting in a whirlwind type of divorce that is fully in keeping with the whirlwind pace of life in Las Vegas.

So Emma Jo's mail continued to go to the old address.

The woman who ran the place, Jane Jones, was something of a character. She was no longer young. She was irascible. She was not in good health. She had arterial sclerosis, and it is quite probable that Emma Jo's moving out had left some rather bitter feelings on both sides.

But Emma Jo's mail continued to be sent to Jane Jones' hotel.

Emma Jo's mail was important to her. She was keeping in touch with her parents and friends. She was receiving some money in the mail, and she felt she had reason to believe all of her mail was not being forwarded.

She rang up Jane two or three times, explaining that she felt there must be mail there for her, and, according to Emma Jo, was assured that there was no mail.

Then came the afternoon when Emma Jo met one of the women who was staying at the little hotel, and who had been staying there when Emma Jo was there. According to Emma Jo, the woman said, "Why don't you ever come around and get your mail? Gosh, there's a big pile of it there waiting for you."

That did it.

Emma Jo hunted up Jack. She was feeling pretty blue. They had a few drinks together. They were joined by another couple. There were a few more drinks, and Emma Jo decided she was going

down to get her mail and that was all there was to it.

She rang up Jane Jones and told her she was coming down and she wanted her mail.

What happened after that is in sharp conflict.

According to one version, Emma Jo, accompanied by her friends, went down to get her mail. Jane Jones, irascible, belligerent, grabbed her and started to throw her out. There was a hair-pulling match, in the midst of which Jane Jones suddenly sank to the floor.

The other version is that Emma Jo went in and said, "I am going to kill you. I have a gun in my purse," and that thereupon Jane Jones got up and walked toward Emma Jo and Emma Jo grabbed her.

The jury accepted that second version.

It is a version that was authenticated by some witnesses, but there are, of course, things about it that simply don't make sense. In the first place, Emma Jo had gone down there for her mail. That was the dominant thought in her mind. If she had had an opportunity to say anything after she entered the place and before being grabbed by Jane Jones, she would certainly have said, "I've come for my mail." She wouldn't have said, "I'm going to kill you. I have a gun in my purse." She didn't have any gun in her purse, and why she should have said anything like that is a question that was never answered. Witnesses said that she said it and that was that.

Moreover, if Emma Jo had said, "I have a gun in my purse, and I'm going to kill you," it's highly unlikely that Jane Jones would have got up and walked toward Emma Jo, which is what the witnesses for the prosecution say happened.

If you tell a person you have a gun in your purse and are going to kill her, she may run, she may sit still, she may try to telephone the police, she may try to reach for some weapon of her own, but it is hardly possible that she would get up and walk toward you.

And if she does get up and walk toward you when you have just told her that you have a gun and are going to kill her, it is hardly conceivable that she is moving toward you simply to discuss the weather or ask you what you think about the international situation.

Anyhow, there was a hair-pulling match, and Jane Jones sank back to the floor.

Some of the witnesses say that Emma Jo picked up a wooden-handled can opener, the kind that has a thumb screw and which rotates around the edge of the can to open it; that she repeatedly hit Jane Jones on the head with this can opener. Other witnesses say that Emma Jo's friends, who had accompanied her, also struck Jane Jones.

Someone called the police.

Jane Jones was taken away in an ambulance. She had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. She was taken to the hospital. She made good progress for a day or two, then her progress wasn't so good and she died approximately two weeks after being received at the hospital.

Now comes the significant part. The police didn't make any arrests at the time. They went away. Then they returned and took the various parties down to the police station, and there a charge

was places against Emma Jo and Jack (of all things) of living together while unmarried, a violation of the Las Vegas Rooming House Ordinance.

It is quite apparent that in the minds of the police at that time there had been no deadly assault. There had been some sort of a brawl, a disturbing of the peace, and the police, in their own minds at least, couldn't determine who was responsible. They felt that they had been annoyed, that there had been a brawl, and that someone should be fined, and rather than try to unscramble the conflicting stories, they picked on a semi-obsolete ordinance in a sudden burst of purity which is entirely foreign to the liberal background of Las Vegas. In fact, one would say from even a casual observation that if that ordinance were strictly enforced Las Vegas might open up another source of income that would rival the money received from gambling -- if it didn't frighten away all of the tourists.

Anyhow, Emma Jo and Jack, having been branded as living together in violation of an ordinance, paid their fines and got out. They could hardly continue to live in Las Vegas in violation of the ordinance. They weren't going to separate, and, under the circumstances, they decided that Emma Jo's divorce had better wait until she could return and establish another period of residence. A judge was hardly apt to give a woman a divorce who had been arrested and fined for violation of the Las Vegas Rooming House Ordinance.

So Jack and Emma Jo went to Los Angeles.

Then Jane Jones died, and then, rather belatedly, the police placed murder charges against Emma Jo. She was convicted of second-degree murder and was sent to Nevada's State Penitentiary at Carson

City.

Jack was completely devastated. He returned to Las Vegas, secured a job, and settled down to wait.

"But "ten years to life" is a long time to wait.

Emma Jo, in the women's wing of the prison at Carson City, settled down to wait. And hers was a long period of waiting. It is hard for a woman to see beauty, youth and life slipping through her fingers while she goes about the drab tasks allotted to a prisoner in a state prison. It is doubly hard when she is in love and can't get the man in the case out of her thoughts.

So Jack saved up money and went to Bud Bodell.

Bud Bodell started an investigation.

Emma Jo appealed to the Court of Last Resort.

Some ten days ago, Sam Hicks and I went over to Las Vegas to look into the situation. We talked with Jack, and Jack referred us to Bud Bodell. Bud Bodell opened his files to us. He showed us what he had. -- And he had uncovered some very interesting information.

There's one distinctive thing about Las Vegas in the summertime -- that's heat.

It's a dry heat. You don't have any great amount of humidity and therefore it's easier to take than heat along the Eastern seaboard, but, on the other hand, the thermometer cuts capers that would make a New Yorker fall over with sunstroke just to look at it. A hundred degrees in the shade is only the starting point for Las Vegas in the summer.

At that it was relatively cool the two days Sam and I were

over there -- only a hundred and seven degrees. -- Of course, the buildings are all air-conditioned. You only notice the heat when you are out on the street dashing around -- and it's the heat of pure unadulterated sunshine. That's where you get those beautifully browned bodies. Just a few days in Las Vegas will give you a rich sun tan that would take weeks to acquire elsewhere. It's like being popped into an electric toaster. Only a few minutes and you're popped out again, brown as a berry.

But the three hundred odd miles between my ranch and Las Vegas cross a particularly vicious stretch of desert, a desert that stretches along the south approach to Death Valley, a desert where temperatures up to a hundred and twenty in the shade are rather usual, a desert where the highway gets so hot you can't possibly put your hand on the tires of an automobile after it has been driven a few miles, even when you're driving at night.

So Sam and I took the luxurious Union Pacific Streamliner "The City of Los Angeles". We slept in air-conditioned comfort. We arrived in Las Vegas. We noticed occasionally that it was hot when we were out on the street, but for the most part we were in air-conditioned buildings, and the fact that the thermometer was at a hundred and seven degrees was only a minor statistic.

We caught an early morning train back to San Bernardino, drove down to the ranch, and started correlating our information.

The telephone rang.

Bud Bodell had a new lead.

We sighed wearily, packed up our cameras, chartered an airplane, and the next morning were pacing up and down on the edge of a rural airport waiting for it to get light enough to take off.

We skimmed up over the high mountains, looked down on Big Bear and the resort country, then flew across the desert where, even at seven thousand feet, the heat turned the interior of the light airplane into a Turkish bath. But we were in Las Vegas before eight o'clock in the morning. We did a grueling day's work and were back at the ranch before it got dark. Six hundred miles of airplane travel, eight hours of investigative work.

Bud Bodell had uncovered a witness who hinted at sinister developments back of Emma Jo's conviction. We're going to have to check the facts before we can be sure about them, and even then we can't publish them until we have tied up certain things. Otherwise we'll be tipping our hand in such a way that we won't be able to get a true picture of the facts.

However, one thing we can state.

On that first trip we took a tape recorder and we secured two tape-recorded interviews establishing certain facts.

After I got back to the ranch I wrote a long letter to Dr. R. B. H. Gradwohl in St. Louis.

(Dr. LeMoyne Snyder is at the moment in Europe and unavailable.)

Then Emma Jo got a break. No sooner had I written this letter, in fact, after it had been dictated and signed and was on its way to the post office, the telephone rang. Dr. Gradwohl was on the other end of the line. He was in Santa Monica.

I asked him if he would come down to the ranch and listen to some tape recordings and give us the benefit of his medical opinion.

Dr. Gradwohl is one of the outstanding figures in the field of legal medicine. He has been in criminal pathological work for some

forty years. It is due to his efforts that the American Academy of Forensic Sciences was founded. He was its first president. He heads the police laboratory in St. Louis. He is, of course, an exceedingly busy man, but he is interested in the cause of justice. He knows the work that your Court of Last Resort is doing, and he cheerfully took time out to drive down to the ranch so that he could listen to an hour or so of our tape recordings.

Then Dr. Gradwohl reached startling conclusions and gave us a tape-recorded interview.

Here again we're going to have to wait a little while before disclosing all of the facts because it would be unwise at the present moment to tip our hand.

Suffice it to say that Dr. Gradwohl, who is an outstanding, authoritative figure, is firmly convinced that even on the testimony given by the witnesses for the prosecution, and without even considering the points raised by the defense, Emma Jo is innocent.

THE CASE OF LEFTY FOWLER

Developments in the Lefty Fowler case have assumed some of the aspects of a three-ring circus.

We previously mentioned that the Oklahoma State Bar had taken an interest in the work that you readers were doing with the Court of Last Resort. The State Bar, as such, felt it couldn't enter into any individual case, but we were assured "off the record" that whenever there was any case in which you readers were interested in the State of Oklahoma there would be available some of the best attorneys in the State to see that the person involved had a "square deal."

So in this Lefty Fowler case, three attorneys came forward and volunteered their services. Hicks Epton, the current president of the State Bar Association of Oklahoma; Floyd Rheam, an outstanding, influential attorney; and O. A. Brewer, considered one of the most resourceful and adroit trial attorneys in the State.

No ordinary person could secure the combined services of these three men unless that person happened to be exceedingly affluent and was willing to spend a very good-sized chunk of money.

Lefty Fowler, who is absolutely penniless, a forgotten man in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary at McAlester, commands the services of these three men without one cent of outlay, simply because the lawyers of the State of Oklahoma are determined that justice is going to be done.

As I have frequently said, there are two classes of people who have poor public relations -- mothers-in-law and attorneys-at-law. Cartoonists delight in lampooning them, and they become the butt of all sorts of jokes and gags.

Mothers-in-law become grandmas after a few years, and grandmas have excellent public relations -- they act as baby-sitters.

Attorneys-at-law are apt to remain behind the cartoonist's eight-ball.

Far too few people realize the work that is being carried on by the organized bar associations of this country; work that is thankless, demanding, and at times expensive; work that is directed solely toward seeing that you and I get better justice, that our Constitutional and legislative rights remain unimpaired.

A whole book could be written about these unpulbicized activities of the bar associations, their various committees which unselfishly devote time to supervising the over-all picture of law-making and

law enforcement.

However, that book, if written, would sell only to lawyers. The average reader isn't interested. His rights are the ones that are affected but the subject is dry and therefore uninteresting.

Hence the reason for the lawyers having poor public relations. The public simply doesn't know of the work they do, and isn't interested in finding out.

But Argosy readers can at least take heart from the fact that these three outstanding attorneys have started the ball rolling in Oklahoma on behalf of Lefty Fowler simply because you readers, and the force of public opinion that you represent, have brought the case of Lefty Fowler to public attention.

Your own full-time investigator, Marshall Houts, who is also a member of the Oklahoma Bar, is down there working on the Fowler case.

Now here are some rather interesting developments.

A masterly, complete petition was filed with the Oklahoma State Pardon and Parole Board, setting forth all of the various facts in the case.

Quite naturally the newspapers seized upon this as a major piece of news within the State of Oklahoma. Reporters were sent out to interview the various parties.

As was to have been expected, the persons who were instrumental in the arrest and conviction of Lefty Fowler insisted that this was a tempest in a teapot, that Fowler was a liar, that his confession was freely and voluntarily obtained, that Fowler was guilty of murder.

But the reporters asked questions, and the reporters demanded answers to certain specific questions.

The answers to those questions substantiated certain things that we had strongly suspected to be facts, things that Fowler had

insisted all along were facts.

Fowler was arrested on a charge of drunkenness. An officer of the State police was incarcerated on a trumped-up charge and permitted to take a flask of whisky into the jail with him. He was incarcerated as a cellmate of Lefty Fowler. He was in a position to ply Fowler with whisky and then propose to him that a "lawyer" would pay his fine and get him out if Fowler would drive a certain car to a certain destination.

Another State officer posed as a lawyer.

Think that over for a moment, folks. It's a crime in most states for any unauthorized person to pose as a lawyer. It's certainly a dangerous practice when a member of a law enforcement agency enters a prison and talks with a man who is incarcerated, and poses as a lawyer.

But that's what happened in this case. The fake lawyer paid Fowler's fine and Fowler was taken out so he could drive the car which had been planted.

That car, it is now established, was a car with out-of-state license plates that was the property of a relative of a person in the prosecutor's office. That car was to be driven over a certain specified route, with the understanding that at a certain place on that route a State trooper was to arrest Fowler on a charge of driving a stolen car.

Why?

Why all the cloak and dagger stuff? Why all the gumshoe tactics?

Fowler says that when he was stopped by this State trooper, and the other man, whom he considered a fellow prisoner but who was actually an undercover detective, yelled "Run", and jumped out and ran.

Fowler didn't run. He stayed to face the charge of driving a stolen car.

What would have happened if he had run?

Probably nothing. But in the back of Fowler's mind was the feeling that this elaborate plant had some sinister purpose which he couldn't understand. When he began to think it over in jail he says that the thought was in his own mind that if he had run he would have been shot.

That, of course, as we see it, is absurd, but from Fowler's standpoint it wasn't absurd.

Was that merely an accidental state of mind, or was it perhaps part of an elaborate psychological third-degree?

There was some reason for it.

The reason has not as yet been explained.

There are other things which had been brought out as a result of this petition having been filed and the newspaper investigation.

It is now quite definitely established that the ring which was subsequently given to Helen Beavers' mother by the authorities as her daughter's ring, the ring which was identified by witnesses as having been on the finger of Helen Beavers the very night of the murder, was identified by another witness as having been in the possession of a person, whom we will refer to as Suspect X, prior to the time Helen Beavers' body was discovered.

Your investigator, Paul Kelly, who, you will remember, is one of the ex-FBI men, a member of Henry Franklin's committee, who had volunteered to help the Court of Last Resort in any of its cases, uncovered the mysterious witness whom we have referred to for her

own protection only as Miss Duncan Oklahoma, a woman who is very much in fear of her life at the present time, and who later, when interviewed by Marshall Houts, said she was an eyewitness to the murder of Helen Beavers. She named Suspect X as having been present at the time and having at least participated in that murder.

Now then, some of the persons who were connected with Fowler's case sneeringly seek to deprecate the work which has been done by your investigators by saying that we have uncovered nothing that they didn't know all along.

That's a damning indictment.

They knew these facts.

But the jury that tried the case didn't know them. The attorney for Lefty Fowler didn't know them, and Lefty Fowler didn't know them.

How many people think that a jury would have convicted Lefty Fowler of murder if it had known that the authorities at that very moment had in their possession the ring that Helen Beavers had been wearing on the night of her murder and which ring had been taken from another suspect who had, in turn, been identified by an eyewitness as having participated in the murder?

These were things which, under the circumstances, only the authorities could have known at that time. If Fowler had known them, if that evidence had been brought out before the jury, Fowler's case would have been tossed out of court without the jurors ever having to leave the box.

And why did the authorities suddenly liberate this Suspect X and concentrate on Lefty Fowler?

They have told inquiring newspaper reporters that it was because Lefty Fowler had "quit his job".

Now let's get some sense to this thing.

Lefty Fowler has taken a searching lie detector test. Alex Gregory says that in his opinion Fowler has no guilty knowledge of the murder of Helen Beavers.

Some of the persons who were instrumental in Fowler's conviction have made sneeringly deprecatory remarks about the Court of Last Resort, and in particular about the fact that the Oklahoma Bar Association, which is seeking to get at the bottom of this thing, has been "sold a bill of goods".

Here's a proposition, gentlemen.

How about all of you taking a lie detector test? How about answering questions concerning the background of the Fowler investigation, the Fowler arrest, the Fowler trial, the Fowler conviction, and the entire background?

Those lie detector tests will be taken under conditions arranged by the International Society for the Detection of Deception, and by persons selected by that society.

It's quite easy to make charges about persons having been "sold a bill of goods". It's quite easy to make sneering remarks.

We're not interested in vilification. We're interested in facts.

It is not my purpose to charge that there was anything sinister in what happened in the Fowler case. I think it was a case of official zeal having gone so widely astray that it overstepped the mark. It is my firm belief that if anyone was "sold a bill of goods" some clever individual managed to talk the authorities into dropping the case against Suspect X and concentrating on Lefty Fowler.

I'd like very much to find out who that person was. I'd like

to find out what sales arguments were used. I'd like to find out who was really sold a bill of goods in this case.

Why not have the persons who are responsible for dropping this suspect, with all of the evidence that existed against him, and concentrating on Fowler simply because he had "quit his job", take a lie detector test?

How about it, gentlemen?

I think that the dignity of justice in the State of Oklahoma demands that something be done in this case.

I don't think we can cover the situation any better than to quote in part from an editorial comment in the Tulsa Tribune:

"We trust the pardon and parole board will devote a special meeting, as Chairman Tom Phillips suggested yesterday, to the 'Lefty' Fowler case. There seem to be several places to take hold of this subject, now that it has been reopened for a second time by Argosy Magazine's Court of Last Resort and three prominent Oklahoma lawyers, including the president of the state bar association.

"Fowler is a former Duncan policeman who confessed five years ago to the murder of a woman employed there as a waitress. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. He has since maintained he was beaten and confessed to save further torture. Erle Stanley Gardner, the author and Court of Last Resort conductor, believes him and apparently has convinced the lawyers who are co-operating with him in the appeal for a pardon.

"This would stand as a clash of opinions between Gardner and the others and the prosecutor, judge and jury at the trial if it were not for the presence of a number of other alleged facts.

"A fourth point can stand a lot of amplification, though the elementary facts are admitted readily by those who should know best about them. Fowler was subjected to a story-book detective experience while in jail in Waurika. A pseudo drunk was put in the cell with him by state crime bureau operators. A pseudo lawyer gained their release and then a highway patrolman stopped them between Waurika and Chickasha and charged them with car theft. Their car hadn't been stolen, but was loaned the operatives for the drama.

"This, we want to hear more about. If the object was to arrest Fowler so he couldn't leave the state upon his release from his short jail sentence for drunkenness, why wasn't he arrested on a new warrant while he was in the Waurika jail?"

That editorial contains a lot of meat.

How about a lie detector test for those who are calling Lefty Fowler an unmitigated liar?

How about a lie detector test to inquire into the investigative background in his case?

The line forms on the left, gentlemen.

Let's find out who was "sold a bill of goods", and by whom.

Erle Stanley Gardner