RAILROADING A CITIZEN

Diabolic Perjury Branded Innocent As White Slaver

SUPERNATURAL POWERS, HYPNOTISM, MESMERISM, MYSTICISM, ASTRAL PROJECTION, FLYING THROUGH SPACE, OTHERWISE SALEM WITCHCRAFT, VILELY ADDUCED IN PORTLAND OREGON FEDERAL COURT, TO CONVICT A REPUTABLE AMERICAN.

A STARTLING NARRATIVE, OF STIRRING HUMAN INTEREST, FEARLESSLY EXPOSING FLAGRANT INJUSTICE IN AMERICA

BY ITS VICTIM

WHO FRAMED ME?

Medical Trust ?
Ku Klux Klan ?
Roman Catholics ?
Negroes ?
Henry Ford ?
British Government ?
Department Of Justice ? Binshah

WANT TO KNOW TRUTH? READ

IN TWO VOLUMES
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME 1

Copyright 1926 U. S. America, By Spectro-Chrome Institute, Malaga, New Jersey

All Rights Reserved

Digitized by Google

1 No subject

Digitized by Google

My angelic, soulful, noble MOTHER!

Who bred me, nursed me, trained me,
Suffered untold unhappiness for me? Thou!

The purest word in human speech is—MOTHER;

Had I the tongues of all the Worlds,
The fluency of all the languages therein,
Trillion lives to enunciate the sonorous phrases,
The praises of my darling MOTHER
Could not be sung enough even to begin!

Had my MOTHER been alive,
Sadness in life would have never been mine.

The blows of the World in younger days
Fell on me for want of guidance.

I was robbed and ruined,
Rendered helpless, made restless;
Wandering and rambling, stumbling, groping
I have to go undeviating, the rugged path,
Until the chosen goal is reached.

O MOTHER, thou wert the light of my eyes!
The joy of my heart, my sweetest remembrance
Of the blessed land of my incarnation —
The home of the BENIGN MASTERS:
May thy radiant soul rest in Heaven—IN PEACE!!!

Binshah

Digitized by Google

Title B

RAILROADING A CITIZEN

PESTANJI FRAMJI GHADIALI

(Formerly of Thornhill & Company)

WATCHMAKER

LATE CONTRACTOR TO THE BRITISH POSTMASTER GENERAL

BOMBAY PRESIDENCY, INDIA

(Firm Established in Bombay, India, 1869)

MY MOST BELOVED REVERED FATHER

At thy feet on Earth I ever bowed,
At thy feet in Heaven I yet perform
My daily obeisance—my dear Genitor
As at the feet of the Almighty's Throne;
For, through thee I attained this birth
Achieved what I did in this incarnation,
Received Physical Life through thy self,
My most beloved revered father!

Binshah

Digitized by Google

RAILROADING A CITIZEN

Diabolic Perjury Branded Innocent As White Slaver

SUPERNATURAL POWERS, HYPNOTISM, MESMERISM, MYSTICISM, ASTRAL PROJECTION, FLYING THROUGH SPACE, OTHERWISE SALEM WITCHCRAFT, VILELY ADDUCED IN PORTLAND OREGON FEDERAL COURT, TO CONVICT A REPUTABLE AMERICAN.

A STARTLING NARRATIVE, OF STIRRING HUMAN INTEREST, FEARLESSLY EXPOSING FLAGRANT INJUSTICE IN AMERICA

BY ITS VICTIM

COLONEL DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, M. D., M. E., D. C., Ph. D., LL. D.

METAPHYSICIAN AND PSYCHOLOGIST

EX-COMMANDER, NEW YORK POLICE RESERVE AIR SERVICE.

PRESIDENT, SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE, &c.

Printed and Published By
Spectro-Chrome Institute
Central Office And Research Laboratory
Malaga, New Jersey

IN TWO VOLUMES
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME 1

Copyright 1926 U. S. America, By Spectro-Chrome Institute, Malaga, New Jersey

All Rights Reserved

Digitized by Google

DINSHAH'S PLATFORM AS ADOPTED BY HIM SINCE 1891

The Boundless Vibratory Ocean of Thought is Essentially Universal and All-pervading; it is the Individualized Monopoly of NO Person, and is the Common Heritage of Humanity's Evolution: thus, what a Development of Unrevealed Ages has given unto Me in the Form of Knowledge in My Present Incarnation is No Distinctive Acquisition of Mine for My Sole Use, Benefit or Elevation, but is All for Thee and Is Thine Without Condition, Without Obligation, Without Expectation. I Fear No One; Only God Above and Conscience Below, and From Them I have Nothing to Fear.

* * *

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
297978A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1927 L

DEDICATION

To The 110,000,000 Americans Who Take Pride In Being Of
The Land Of Liberty And Who Honor The Names Of
George Washington & Abraham Lincoln,
This Narrative Of American Injustice Is Dedicated By Its Victim.

* * *

CHALLENGE

DOWNED, BUT NOT OUT,
TRAMPLED, BUT NOT SILENCED,
ASKING FOR NO MERCY,
CRAVING FOR NO PARDON,
MAINTAINING MY RIGHTS,
I DEMAND REDRESS.

Dinshah

Digitized by Google

REASON FOR WRITING

That an innocent respectable American Citizen
Be arrested by a drunk Officer
Of the Department of Justice
Forcing into his bedroom at 3 A. M.
Without a warrant,
Be imprisoned without a charge
In a noisome cell with a murderer,
Be for days without arraignment,
Kept incommunicado,
Denied a lawyer,
Be subsequently indicted on a charge
Without preliminary hearing or investigation,
Eventually tried in an American Federal Court,
Three thousand five hundred miles
From home witnesses and scenes of accusation,
Be convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary
By diabolic perjury and legal quibbles,
On charges wholly foreign to the Indictment
And then be denied new trial,

REPRESENT CONDITIONS

So intolerable, tyrannical and in opposition to

OUR GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION AND HUMAN BIRTHRIGHTS,

That their relentless exposure becomes positively a matter
Of Public Interest For Public Good.

With that view in mind, this publication of an unprecedented nature needs no extenuation, every part of it being true and supported by records and documents in my possession or otherwise.

During the trial, I was portrayed by the Government lawyers as a miscreant, an adventurer, an irresponsible faker; in my defense, therefore, I am justified in giving also an authentic account of my versatile, unblemished career as a scientific researcher.

It was also contended that because I kept my records in order, I was a "self-server" covering misdeeds! The illustrations will prove how minutely I preserved records in my life, without any special reference and they may be multiplied by the hundreds!

In justice to George Olson and John J. Beckman, my learned attorneys in the case, I declare this publication as being without their knowledge or sanction. I acknowledge the full responsibility.

I place my case before the citizens of America with the sincere hope and in the belief that not only will justice be done to me, but, effective measures will be taken to make it impossible in the future for any bureaucratic oligarchy

Railroading A Citizen.

Sinshah

Malaga, New Jersey,
United States Of America,
May 27, 1926
Thursday, Luna Bright 15
Chronos:—Magenta 49 White

Digitized by Google

FROM WRITER TO READER

READ THIS

Should you want to combine your pleasure with rest,
Should you wish to know what is going around,
Should you desire to be enlightened by convincing Truth,
Plain, open, unvarnished, frank and ungarnished—READ THIS.

Should you yearn for reform, for good, for knowledge,
Should you believe in the rule of upholding the right,
Should you feel inclination to discard the lie,
By expression of impartial and balanced opinion—READ THIS.

Should you like to deliver a fellow a square deal,
Should you hanker for honesty, loyalty, faith,
Should you love in your heart the down-trodden human,
Who lives for the World in sacrifice of self—READ THIS.

Read this, O Friend of uprightness and justice,
Read this, to open your eyes to the facts,
There is Siberia in America, worse even than that,
Bureaucracy, autocracy, oppression, tyranny,
Lawlessness utter, inhuman galore,
Mockery of Law, of fairness, of truth;
Individuality kicked into dust,
Rolled as a football by swell-headed tingods;
Crushed are the hopes of the law-abiding one,
Innocence choked by the adepts in tricks;
Intricate ways of some machinators,
Malicious, designing, in multiple sins,
Throwing calumnious tentacles out,
Squeezed the throat of the well-meaning man.

Read this, O Brother of mine, read this,
Read this, O Sister of mine, read this,
Read this and know what is happening here,
And feel what the victim of perjury feels.

A guiltless entity is "run down to earth,"
Perjurious persons walk freely in smile,
Upholders of Law, disgracing their oath,
Cudgeled the head of the patient accused;
All this happened in America dear,
Happened in daylight and under the eyes
Of an impartial United States Government Court,
In Portland, Oregon, a permanent blot:—READ THIS.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

Volume 1

PART 1

MY LIFE IN INDIA

Chapter		Page
1	My First Contact With America	1
2	High School At 8	1
3	Burnt Grandma's Room And Forehead	2
4	Demonstrator In Chemisty And Physics At 11	3
5	Enraged Father Imprisoned Son	3
6	Scientific Lecturer At 14	5
7	Pledged To The Service Of Humanity	5
8	Starvation On The Himalaya	6
9	Became A Vegetarian	8
10	Enlisted In Merchant Marine	8
11	Dust Transmuted To Rice	10
12	Mechanical And Electrical Engineer	11
13	Fulfillment Of An Inspiration	11
14	Became Medical Practitioner	12
15	How Does The Pill Know Where To Go?	12
16	Saved A Life By Treatment With Colors	13
17	Quick Transitions	14
18	Sued For Criminal Libel	15
19	Sentenced For Libel	16
20	Demonstrated Psychic Phenomena	17
21	Became Newspaper Proprietor	18
22	To England For Selling Patents	19

PART 2

MY LIFE IN THE OCCIDENT

Chapter		Page
23	Cremated One Son Himself	21
24	Wonderful Inventions—No Money	21
25	Cremated Another Son Himself	22
26	Canadian Commissioner Declined Admission	23
27	In Glorious America Again	24
28	Secures A Job	25
29	Prudential Insurance Company	26
30	Became Factory Manager	27
31	Deserted By Wife	27
32	Built New Laboratory	28
33	Became General Manager	30
34	26 Below Zero And No Heat	31
35	Cremated Third Son Himself	33
36	Became American Citizen	33
37	Governor Of Police Aviation School	34
38	Commander Police Reserve Air Service	34

Digitized by Google

PART 3

FIGHTING DOGMATIC AUTOCRACY

Chapter		Page
39	Spectro-Chrome Therapy Born	36
40	Moved To Philadelphia	37
41	Flying Boat Pilot	37
42	Married Irene Grace	38
43	Defamed By American Medical Association	39
44	Work Twenty One Hours A Day	42
45	The Main Magnet	43
46	Defamed By Henry Ford's Newspaper	43
47	Voluntarily Reduced Income	45
48	Harriet Darce Paid Nothing	46
49	Mary S. Hayes And Geraldine McCann	47
50	Beginning Of Deceit	50
51	Sheriff Harold Leap Investigated	51
52	Agent Rollin D. Clark Investigated	52
53	Mysterious Visitors	54
54	Conspiracy Of Mary Hayes	56
55	The Fatal Vacation	59
56	Accused Of Running Harem	60
57	The Sham Hosiery Peddler	61
58	The Decoy Letter	62
59	The Peculiar Odor	64
60	Birth Of Cyrus	64
61	Speeches Of Harry And Geraldine	65
62	The Plot Thickens	66
63	Negress Fired First Gun	68
64	Geraldine's Love Letters To Harry	69
65	Statement Of Geraldine McCann	71
66	Harry Threatens Revenge	74
67	Itisometer Perfected	75
68	Arduous Intensive Task	76
69	Henry Ford Never Investigated	77
70	Geraldine As Story Teller	78
71	Trap Laid By Mary Hayes	79
72	The Dark Shadow	83
73	Sponging On Somebody	87
74	Fools Rush Where Angels Refuse	93
75	The Whitewash Coming Off	95
76	Geraldne Vanishes	97
77	The Drunken Stranger	99
78	Pistol Combat With A Drunk	100
79	U. S. Department Of Injustice	101
80	Dinshah A Federal Prisoner	102
81	Hell On Earth	103
82	Fingerprinted And Photographed	104
83	Branded As White Slaver	105
84	The Kangaroo Court	107
85	Indicted By Grand Jury	109
86	Harry Divulges The Truth	115
87	The Negro Squawks Again	117
88	Working In The Dark	119
89	My Greatest Error	120

Digitized by Google

PART 4

FORCES OF EVIL ACTIVE

Chapter		Page
90	Bone Crusher Started	122
91	Government's Preliminary Onslaught	123
92	Defense Opens Volley	124
93	Geraldine Committed Malicious Perjury	126
	(Full Text Of Testimony Of Geraldine McCann In Section Of Part 4 In Volume 2)	
94	Howard K. Selby Saw Open Door	128
95	Nye S. Williams Hanged Curtains	128
96	Fred G. Meacham Sold Room	128
97	Harriet Darce Told Lies	128
98	Mary Hayes The Arch Plotter	130
99	Hoodoo Harry Heard	131
100	Lenora Houston Talked Nonsense	135
101	Doctor Of Medicine Posed As Expert	136
102	Negro Vanished	137

PART 5

COMBATING THE FORCES OF EVIL

Chapter		Page
103	Defense Opened With Irene Grace Dinshah	139
104	Mary A. Coffman Refutes Afterbirth	140
105	Charles Loeding Punctures Gellert	141
106	Louise Palmer Weber Testifies To Conspiracy	142
107	Gertrude Carley Wisenor Heard Geraldine	143
108	W. Caven E. Wright Exposes Mary Hayes	144
109	Evan G. Houseman Falsifies Girl	146
110	Amy May Brown Corroborates	146
111	Geraldine Appealed To Detective For Help	147
112	Kashmira Dinshah Slashes Geraldine's Story	148
113	Government Choked Oregon District Attorney	149
114	Gertrude Lord Gates Belies Geraldine	150
115	The Accused On The Stand	151
116	Rebuttal Jokers	180
117	Defendant's Memorandum Brief	183
118	Analysis Of Brief Contentions	184
119	Directed Verdict Motion Denied	185
120	Grafter Bowed Out	187
121	Stearns Threw Filthy Invectives	187
122	Beckman Fulminated	189
123	Neuner Talked More Malodor	191
124	Instructions Requested By Defendant	192
125	Charge Of The Court	193
126	Twelve Good And Lawful Men Spoke	201
127	Voodoo Negro In Wood Pile	203
128	Motion For New Trial	205
129	Dinshah Addresses Court	206
130	What Newspapers Said	208
131	Legal Jugglery	212

END OF VOLUME 1

Digitized by Google

Volume 2

SECTION OF PART 4

Page

FULL TEXT OF TESTIMONY OF GERALDINE McCANN 401

PART 6

EXPOSURE OF THE PERJURY

Affidavits 601

Chapter Page

132 What Ails Geraldine? 643

PART 7

MY APPEAL TO AMERICA FOR JUSTICE

Chapter Page

133 One Sided Persecution 645

134 Conflicting Counsel 647

135 Who Are These Parsees? 648

136 What The Holy Bible Says 651

137 What We Do Not Do 653

138 Why Was It? 654

139 Since When Has It Been? 656

140 White Slave Traffic Act 658

141 Listen To The Venerable Chief Justice 661

142 Jury Trial A Ridiculous Humbug 663

143 The Klan, A Katholic And A Koon 664

144 Journalistic Investigation 648

146 As They Saw It 674

146 Who Framed Me? 676

147 Open Letter To American Citizens 679

148 Open Letter To The President Of The United States of America 680

149 Open Letter To The Attorney General Of The United States of America 681

150 Open Letter To The Trial Judge 682

151 Open Letter To Henry Ford 683

152 Open Letter To The Medical Trust 684

153 Spectro-Chrome Therapy 685

SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE 687

WHO FRAMED ME?

Medical Trust ?
Ku Klux Klan ?
Roman Catholics ?
Negroes ?
Henry Ford ?
British Government ?
Department Of Justice ?

Sinclair

WANT TO KNOW TRUTH? READ

END OF VOLUME 2

Digitized by Google

EXHIBITS

The following Exhibits were introduced by the Plaintiff:

Exhibit	Page
A—Dinshah's Smith & Wesson Revolver	146
B—Sudra Garment	443
C—Letter, Gerry to My Dear Mickey, December 18, 1924	589
D—Letter, Harry Saunders to My Dear Friend	646
E—Letter, Dinshah to Harry Saunders, August 31, 1925	645
F—Letter, Dinshah to Harry Saunders, October 8, 1925	646

The following Exhibits were introduced by the Defendant:

Exhibit	Page
1—Employment Contract, June 12, 1924	455
2—Employment Contract, June 17, 1924	458
3—Permission, by Mary S. Hayes, June 23, 1924	464
4—Telegram, Mary S. Hayes to Defendant, July 16, 1924	468
5—Telegram, Geraldine to Mary S. Hayes, July 17, 1924	468
6—Letter, Aunt Mary to Dearest Geraldine, July 13, 1924	470
6A—Envelope, of Letter 6	470
7—Letter, W. Caven E. Wright to Defendant, August 7, 1924	56
8—Letter, Geraldine to W. Caven E. Wright, August 18, 1924	478
9—Letter, Geraldine to Mary S. Hayes, August 18, 1924	480
10—Letter, Dinshah to My Dear Geraldine, August 21, 1924	57
11—Letter, Geraldine to Sophia Shaughnessy, August 29, 1924	485
12—Letter, "Dear H—"	69-523
13—Letter, "Will tell you if you hold me too tightly"	70-527
14—Photogram, Relative Position of Spectro-Chrome Buildings	409 A
15—Photogram, Bedroom of Geraldine and Kashmira	457 A
16—Statement of Geraldine, January 6, 1924	71-541
17—Article of Geraldine, in Spectro-Chrome, April, 1925	78
18—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Flying Field	416 A
19—Letter, Geraldine to Sophia Shaughnessy, April 16, 1925	87-559
20—Letter, Mary S. Hayes to Defendant, March 31, 1925	79
21—Letter, Mary Hayes to Geraldine, March 31, 1925	80-563
22—Letter, Geraldine to Dear Irene, Kashmira and Cyrus, April 28, 1925	95-572
23—Letter, Gerry to My Dear Mickey, December 18, 1924	589
24—Checkbook of Geraldine McCann	592
25—Check, Spectro-Chrome Institute to Mary S. Hayes, June 16, 1924	131
26—Letter, Defendant to Mary S. Hayes, April 6, 1925	81
27—Letter, Geraldine to Mary S. Hayes, April 6, 1925	82
28—Letter, W. Caven E. Wright to Defendant, September 15, 1924	60
29—Check, Defendant to Geraldine, June 11, 1924	153
30—Photogram, Side View of Spectro-Chrome Institute	417 A
31—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Library	424 A
32—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute Kitchen	472 A
33—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, President's Office	425 A
34—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Secretarial Room	432 A
35—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Spectroscopy and Design Room	433 A
36—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Physics Room	440 A
37—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Defendant's Bedroom	449 A
38—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Central Office Building	456 A
39—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Recreation Room	473 A
40—Letter, "Show" to "Dear Geraldine," September 22, 1924	159
40A—Envelope of Letter 40	159
41—Letter, "Show" to "Dear Geraldine," December 30, 1924	89

Digitized by Google

LIST OF PLATES AND ENGRAVINGS
VOLUME 1

Number		Page
1	Mother	Title A
2	My Most Beloved Revered Father	Title I
3	Humble Servant Of Suffering Humanity	1 A
4	Horoscope Of Dinshah	1 I
5	Pledged To The Service Of Humanity	8 A
6	Dinshah's Music Teacher	9 A
7	S. S. Shannon	16 A
8	Engineer In Charge	17 A
9	Princess Viroqua	24 A
10	On First Visit To The United States	25 A
11	How The Libel Suits Began	32 A
12	In The Law Courts Of India	33 A
13	The Birth Of Spectro-Chrome	40 A
14	The Artist Who Sketched	40 A
15	Dinshah's Prayer	40 A
16	The Burnt Front	41 A
17	The Burnt Back	41 A
18	After Three Months	48 A
19	After Eighteen Months (Front Areas)	48 A
20	After Eighteen Months (Back Areas)	49 A
21	At Play After Recovery	49 A
22	His Highness Nehalsing	56 A
23	The Diamonds Of Pure British Justice	57 A
24	Alcohol-free Wines Co.	64 A
25	The Parsee Zoroastrian Family	65 A
26	The Hopeful Immigrants In America	72 A
27	Enjoying Their Arrival In Glorious America	73 A
28	Training In Self Defense	80 A
29	Revolutionary Motion Picture Projector	80 A
30	Happy In Their Love	81 A
31	The Vegetarian Family	81 A
32	Birthplace Of Spectro-Chrome Therapy	88 A
33	Governess Charlotte With The Children	88 A
34	Under Their Father's Care	89 A
35	Their Musical Education	89 A
36	Instruction In Mechanics And Optics	96 A
37	The Inventor At Work	96 A
38	Commissioned As Captain	97 A
39	As Governor Of N. Y. P. Aviation School	104 A
40	Inauguration Of The First Police Air Mail	105 A
41	New York Police Reserve Air Service	112 A
42	Posed As Representative Of Henry Ford	113 A
43	The Smile That Got The Goat	120 A
44	Irene Grace Dinshah, S. C. T.	121 A
45	Harry Saunders	128 A
46	Geraldine McCann	128 A
47	Mary S. Hayes	128 A
48	Harriet M. Darce	128 A
49	Kashmira Dinshah (At 14 Months)	129 A
50	Kashmira Dinshah (At 17 Years)	129 A
51	Boofy—Her Cantaloupe-Eating Cat	129 A
52	North Atlantic Metal Corporation	213
53	Alcohol - Free Wine	214
54	Automobile Fault Finder	214

Digitized by Google

55	Ready For Reception Of The NC4 Transatlantic Fliers	401	A
56	Flying A Seaplane	401	B
57	2401 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.	408	A
58	Spectro-Chrome Institute Estate	409	A
59	Flying Field	416	A
60	Engine House, Light Tower, Recreation Building	417	A
61	Library	424	A
62	Office Of The President	425	A
63	Secretarial Room	432	A
64	Spectroscopy And Design Room	433	A
65	Physics Room	440	A
66	Caloric Room	441	A
67	Sunny Lecture Room	448	A
68	Where Dinshah Sleeps	449	A
69	Central Office And Research Laboratory	456	A
70	Bedroom Of Kashmira And Geraldine	457	A
71	Bedroom Of Irene Grace Dinshah	464	A
72	Bedroom Of Cyrus Dinshah	465	A
73	Culinary Room	472	A
74	Recreation Room	473	A
75	Composing Room	480	A
76	Printing Plant	481	A
77	Telephone Superintendent	632	A
78	Two Poses Of Cyrus Dinshah	632	A
79	Ekka Carriage	633	A
80	The Gang Of Perjurors	640	A
81	Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali	641	A
82	Coming Events	644	
83	On The Lecture Platform	648	A
84	Discovery Of Two New Solar Elements	649	A
85	The Marvelous Telescope Of Truth	656	A
86	Angel Of Innocence And Veracity	657	A
87	Exerting Dominant Willpower	664	A
88	The Despot Of The 30 Acre Harem	664	A
89	Projection Of Astral Body Through Space	665	A
90	Automotive Equipment Of Spectro-Chrome Institute	672	A
91	In Silent Meditation On The Glory Of God	673	A
92	Traveling Teaching Equipment	680	A
93	Itisometer	681	A
94	Explaining The Bouquets Thrown	686	A

WHO FRAMED ME?

Digitized by Google

PERUSAL INDEX

To facilitate quick reference, this publication is divided into Two Volumes in Seven Parts.

The Serial Number of the pages is changed between certain parts and sections, to leave elucidation space for the Second Edition.

PART 1 —VOLUME 1 Page to Page

My Life In India 1 20

PART 2 —VOLUME 1

My Life In The Occident 21 35

PART 3 —VOLUME 1

Fighting Dogmatic Autocracy 36 121

PART 4 —VOLUME 1

Forces Of Evil Active 122 138

PART 4 —VOLUME 2

Forces Of Evil Active (continued)

(Testimony Of Geraldine McCann 401 592

PART 5 —VOLUME 1

Combating Forces Of Evil 139 216

PART 6 —VOLUME 2

Exposure Of The Perjury 601 644

PART 7 —VOLUME 2

My Appeal To America For Justice 645 687

WANT TO KNOW TRUTH? READ

Digitized by Google

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

SYNOPSIS OF THE NARRATIVE

Dinshah P. Ghadiali, born of Parsee Zoroastrian parents, November 28, 1873, was known in India as a medical doctor and scientific researcher.

His dream of life was realized when he became an American citizen on June 15, 1917. He passed through severe hardships.

In 1920 he originated Spectro-Chrome Therapy, a novel system of tonation of disorders, without drugs, manipulation or surgery and suffered much opposition and persecution.

In June, 1924, from his Portland, Oregon Class, he took into the employment of his Spectro-Chrome Institute a girl, Geraldine McCann, and brought her, in company of his wife and daughter, to his Central Office and Research Laboratory, at Malaga, N. J.

Soon after. Mary S. Hayes, an aunt of the girl, spread foul scandals that he had a 30-acre harem where her niece was imprisoned and horribly mistreated. Official investigation revealed otherwise and that the girl was free, happy and contented and refused to return.

Some months later, Geraldine McCann was found carrying on clandestine, amorous correspondence with Dinshah's negro chauffeur, Harry Saunders. He was discharged, but the girl apologized and was retained.

In April, 1925, Mary S. Hayes requested Dinshah to bring the girl with him on his next tour. He did so. The girl was kidnapped on the morning of May 1, 1925, from the Portland Hotel. Four days later, Dinshah was arrested without a warrant, after a pistol combat with a drunken officer, in the Hotel Gowman, Seattle, Washington.

He was imprisoned and for days kept incommunicado; then, he was taken by the Department of Justice to Portland, Oregon and indicted on a charge of White Slavery without preliminary hearing.

At the trial the girl testified falsely to Dinshah's commission of the most terrible crimes, not specified in the indictment; she involved his wife and daughter as accomplices. The negro, aunt and others joined in the perjury. Being 3,500 miles from his home and witnesses, Dinshah's avenues of defense were closed and the Government furthermore charged him with supernatural powers and unnatural practices.

The helpless defendant was convicted and sentenced to 5 years in the penitentiary and $5,000 fine, after the most spectacular court scenes.

In Volume 1, is given a short account of the eventful career of the man and full particulars of this extraordinary case.

In Volume 2 is given the complete text of the girl's testimony, full exposure of the wicked perjury and comments of great interest, by Dinshah.

It includes his Appeal to America for Justice.

Digitized by Google

THE LIE NAILED ON THE HEAD

QUESTION—Whence Did Geraldine McCann Learn About Zoroastrian Induction?

ANSWER—Ceremony Published In Spectro-Chrome Of Indigo 1923.

DEPOSITION

I, IRENE GRACE DINSHAH, being duly affirmed, do solemnly depose:

1- That I was born of White American parents, at 43 William Street, City of Orange, County of Essex, State of New Jersey, United States of America, Thursday, December 1, 1904 and was not confirmed in any religion or faith.

2- That I became acquainted with DINSHAH PESHOTAN GHADIALI in the Spring of 1921, through the humanitarian work he was doing and thereafter through my constant association with him in his SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE, was highly impressed with the purity and excellence of the Sacred Doctrines of ZARATHUSHTRA, whose tenets he followed in daily life.

3- That on Wednesday, March 14, 1923, I married him in the City and County of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, in conformity with the Laws of the State.

4- That having studied under him the principles of the Zoroastrian Religion, I of my own free will and accord requested him to induct me into that faith.

5- That having gone through the ceremony this day, I announce myself a Zoroastrian, a follower of the LORD ZARATHUSHTRA.

I, KASHMIRA DINSHAH, being duly affirmed, do solemnly depose:

1- That I was born of White Parsee Zoroastrian parents, in the Electro-Medical Hall, Maccai Bridge, City of Surat, Presidency of Bombay, India, Wednesday, November 9, 1904, left my birthplace Friday, January 8, 1909, for England and came to the City, County and State of New York, United States of America, Tuesday, October 17, 1911.

2- That my father DINSHAH PESHOTAN GHADIALI all through my life trained me in the Zoroastrian Doctrines, but, for obvious reasons, I was not inducted, until owing to my growing age, he performed the ceremony this day.

3- That I announce myself a Zoroastrian, a follower of the LORD ZARATHUSHTRA.

I, DINSHAH PESHOTAN GHADIALI, being duly affirmed, do solemnly depose:

1- That I was born of White Parsee Zoroastrian parents, at 92 Parsee Bazaar Street, City and Presidency of Bombay, India, Friday, November 28, 1873.

2- That in my boyhood, I was duly admitted into the Zoroastrian Faith in my birthplace and have strictly followed in the same path.

3- That I left India for England, Friday, January 8, 1909, domiciled in the United States of America, Wednesday, August 9, 1911 and was naturalized as a Citizen of the United States of America, Friday, June 15, 1917, in the City of Hackensack, County of Bergen, State of New Jersey.

4- That in accordance with my firm belief and teaching that conscience alone is the justification for admission into a faith, this morning, Thursday, November 15, 1923, at our residence in 2401 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, I performed the SACRED NAVJOTE CEREMONY (observing every detail, except in the use of the Pomegranate for the customary Nerang) in conformity with the dictates of the Holy Zend Avesta and invested my wife IRENE GRACE DINSHAH and daughter KASHMIRA DINSHAH with the SUDREH and KUSHTI the potential Occult Emblems of the Religion of the GLORIOUS LORD ZARATHUSHTRA, the Prophet of Ancient Iran, initiating them into the faith of my revered ancestors.

Irene Grace Dinshah - Kashmira Dinshah - Dinshah Peshotan Ghadiali

SEAL OF:-
GRIFFITH R. REES
Notary Public
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
November 15, 1923

Before Me:-
Griffith R. Rees
Notary Public
My commission expires April 25, 1924

Digitized by Google

PRICE

The price of RAILROADING A CITIZEN is FIVE DOLLARS for the two volumes.

However, a set will be sent "complimentary" to those who will help in furthering the cause of justice.

Digitized by Google

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF OREGON

Writing in TRAVEL, Volume XLV11, Number 2, June 1926, Agnes C. Laut says at page 30, "when 'the 50-40-or fight' presidential campaign was in full hue and cry, and a brother of Aberdeen was sent out in a Royal Squadron to survey the situation, he reported that "all Oregon was not worth a damn."

How much has the situation changed?

AWAKE!

Oregon! Thou State of Lumber,

Rich in rocks, proved land of cumber;

Entered on the map for roses,

Gave me thorns in endless poses;

Oregon! Thou State of Slumber,

Needst thou lashing by the number!

AWAKE!

———***———

WASHINGTON, D. C.!

WHO RULES?

OUR OFFICERS OR WE?

TYRANTS WERE OVERTHROWN IN 1776;
WEED OUT THE TINGODS OF 1926.

START NOW

FROM ABOVE DOWN!!!

———***———

Digitized by Google

COLONEL DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, M. D., M. E., D. C., PH. D., LL. D.
Metaphysician and Psychologist.

Humble Servant of Suffering Humanity

DINSHAH

Originator of Spectro-Chrome Therapy

Inventor of the Itisometer

President

Spectro-Chrome Institute

AND

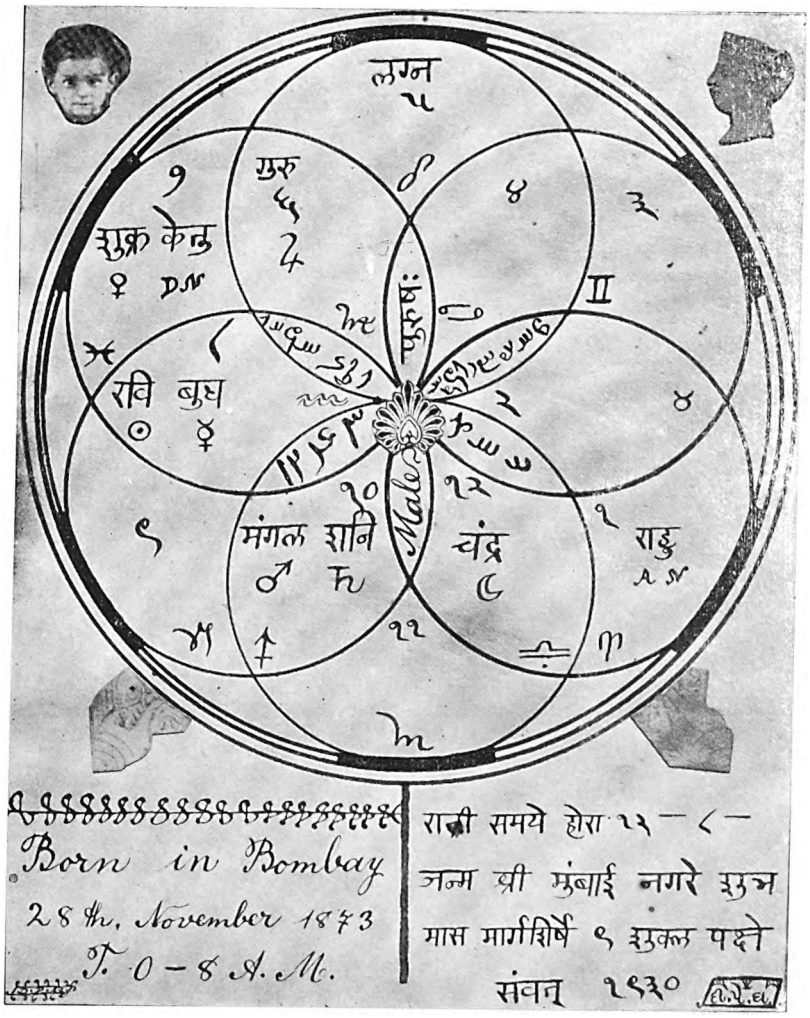
American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists

***

I GAVE MY ALL TO AMERICA.
AMERICA GAVE ME?
FIVE YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY,
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FINE.

Digitized by Google Dinshah

HOROSCOPE OF DINSHAH
ACCORDING TO INDIAN ASTROLOGY



CAST IN BOMBAY, INDIA.

Digitized by Google

Railroading A Citizen

PART 1

MY LIFE IN INDIA

CHAPTER 1

My First Contact With America

At 8 minutes past midnight of November 28, 1873, at 92 Parsee Bazar Street, Fort, Bombay, British East India (a house then about two hundred years old), my mother Sunabai, launched me on my worldly existence. I was named Dinshah, meaning "The King of Duty." My father was Pestanji, a respected watchmaker (Ghadiali means watchmaker), whose deep knowledge of his craft was a matter of wonderment. He was appointed a contractor for the clocks used by the British Postmaster General's Department, which had thousands of American clocks and paid sometimes nearly the price of a new one to have an old one repaired. Both parents were of Parsee descent, followers of the Lord Zoroaster.

At the age of 2½, I was sent to Bhulia Mehta's primary school where I stayed till 8, learning the Gujarati language (the one common to the Parsees of Western India) and elementary arithmetic. During the evenings, I was taken to my father's store in 15 Forbes Street, where I would spend the time exploring the insides of American clocks. My knowledge of clock-making in those days was such that each time I opened out a clock I found in replacing the wheels that the maker had put into it more machinery than necessary! It is needless to say my father had carved me for a watchmaker and I was headed in that direction from early infancy. The American clocks gave me American thoughts as Ansonia, Conn., New Haven, Conn., Waterbury, Conn., and as none there knew what Conn. was I started to look out for myself.

My thirst for America began.

CHAPTER 2

High School at 8

It led me into boyish mischief. When papa came home one night, he heard from mama a story of exuberant energy that had exhausted into her kitchen and both resolved that I should be placed under stricter discipline. The next day, on 18 8, 1881, I was made to join the Proprietary High School, owned by Hormusji Jehangir, a Parsee scholar of high reputation and profound knowledge of English. I was placed there in the fourth Gujarati class and started in the English alphabet. Every six months, I was examined and promoted two classes at a time and in March 1884, at a prize distribution before 2,000 people, at the age of 11, I was awarded prizes for proficiency in English, Persian and Religion, The Honorable Justice Bailey of the Bombay High Court presiding.

Since admission to High School, I joined the Cowasji Dinshah Library which was in the school building. It led me to read the scientific magazines of New York. I read about the telephone of Alexander Graham Bell, the phonograph and electric lamp of Thomas A. Edison and a desire budded to go to the country where such intellectual giants were and be-

Digitized by Google

come their disciple. The electrical wizardry fired my imagination and the chemical formulas in the "Answers to Inquiries" columns goaded me to experimental research.

CHAPTER 3

Burnt Grandma's Room and Forehead

As long as the fire stayed in my imagination, all stayed smooth, but, such a happy condition did not last long. Money given for candy and biscuits, toys and trumpets, began slowly to be converted into chemicals like Phosphorus, Sodium, Potassium Chlorate, Sublimed Sulphur, Nitric Acid, Sulphuric Acid and within a few years, before my father could realize what was occurring, the spare bureaus of the house were utilized as pigeonholes for batteries, bulbs and beakers. Professor Fowne's Chemistry had commenced to change a respectable quiet Parsee Zoroastrian's home into a place that looked more like an ancient alchemist's cave than a modern laboratory. My imagination certainly was fired by chemistry and electricity.

The experimental work was not long harmless. From a study of the British Pharmacopoeia with its pills, potions and poisons and the administrations of the results of my concoctions to members of the family, I extended my fired imagination to the preparation of Oxygen, Hydrogen, Chlorine, Carbon Dioxide, Nitro-Glycerin, Nitrogen Chloride and fireworks of various colors. Had my father at this time, guided my manipulations, matters would have been otherwise, but, his watchmaking intelligence failed to read the "marks on the wall" and he frowned at my scientific development. I do not blame him. Phosphorus and Sodium in a boy's hands are rather dangerous.

Religious study became a passion with me. Being a respecter of fire as the highest visible emblem of the Deity, as every orthodox Zoroastrian firmly believes it to be, my father inculcated the doctrine into me and I followed it with reverence. However, religious study showed me that there were different classes of fire and each had a specific function to perform in the evolution of the Universe. We Zoroastrians are called Sun Worshippers and Fire Worshippers, but we are such only to the point of having a regard for Light as the visible representative of the Omnipotent Cosmic Energy pervading space. We worship neither the Sun nor the Fire; we regard both just from the above stand and are worshippers only of the Great Master from Whom all power cometh in the World.

I thank my father most cordially for instilling in me such respect for **Light,** because, its culmination came in my origination of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, the latest revelation in the Healing Art, the Tonation of Disorders by Attuned Color Waves, thirty-nine years later in the United States—the system that brought the present trouble on my innocent head.

One day (I was about 9 then) our family Mobed (Zoroastrian Priest) had offered certain prayers in honor of my deceased paternal grandmother and left the fire burning in my maternal grandmother's room. I was seized with a burning desire to say prayers also and grasping the opportunity, I lifted the sandalwood and inserted it into a cleft near a window, pouring cocoanut oil on it for good measure. It surely

Digitized by Google

blazed and a minute later, my grandmother's bed caught fire. I kept on with my loud prayers to the Lord of Light until the attention of neighbors was drawn to the conflagration and my mother rushed to the rescue. Fire worship cost me my skin and my grandmother a bedstead. Naturally the landlord wanted such a mischiefmonger out—we moved—we had to move several times. Grandmother had headaches at new moon and full moon periods. The moon made her cranky and the violent aches every fortnight soured her existence. I had read in an American weekly newspaper that an ointment of Menthol, Chloral, Cocain and Vaselin was a sure cure of headaches and I compounded it for the good of my beloved grandmother. One evening as the moon came in the proper position, I plastered her forehead with a liberal quantity of the ointment and bandaged it tightly. The next morning, the bandage was removed; the headache was gone and so was the skin of her forehead. No wonder she loved me since then like poison ivy. My father did not like such personal experiments and threw all my chemicals into the city drain. I had not even paid for them. It took me eight years to square that account with the drug stores.

CHAPTER 4

Demonstrator in Chemistry and Physics at 11

In such discouraging environment, I quietly started rebuilding the loss. Chemistry, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, hypnotism, mesmerism, medicine, engineering, sound, watchmaking, anything I could lay my hands on, I devoured like a ravenous entity. By the time I reached the First Class, approaching to within a year of the Bombay University Matriculation Examination and the final grade in the high school, I had learnt in private so much of experimental science that I would not pay attention to the class teachings of Professor Dadabhai Khurshedji Kateli, our worthy instructor in chemistry. He was also the Professor of Mathematics in the Wilson College and was a very learned man and a conscientious instructor. His attention was drawn to my inattention and as he lived opposite my parental residence, he called me in private to admonish me. A few weeks prior, he had a terrific explosion with Oxygen gas when he barely escaped with his life. The copper manganese retort blew through the ceiling and its top fell into the street. In his talk he alluded to the dangers of my experiments after he was told why I was apparently inattentive in the Chemistry Class. He spoke of the twenty minutes he needed to extract Oxygen from Manganese Dioxide and I requested him to allow me to help him in the work. After some hesitation, he wanted proofs and I ran home, fetched my glass retort and produced Oxygen within five minutes. It clinched the issue and for fully five years after that I accompanied him to every school and college, where he taught and demonstrated chemical experiments, as his assistant. By 14, through his recommendation and kind encouragement, I attained the unique positon of being a demonstrator in Chemistry and Physics, in seven institutions of learning in Bombay. My scientific career was slowly shaping; I had the free run of the laboratories of all those schools and colleges and I used the opportunity to advantage.

CHAPTER 5

Enraged Father Imprisoned Son

Digitized by Google

As my public life was growing, my private life was shrinking. My father, noted my popularity among the students which was making me leave his trade; he did not relish the idea of my wandering around with explosives. Scientific research was not much recognized at that time in India and his vision could not reach the horizon of the United States of America which formed the constant daydream of my life. I wanted to go there, to be one of the citizens. Father heard me speak about America and said it was like planning to carry coals to Newcastle or like taking a needle to a needle factory. I would retort that only a Newcastle merchant could appreciate good coal and that the point of a needle could be better gound in a needle factory.

One night, with the permission of my mother I made a huge flare with magnesium ribbon, which glaring outside a crowd rushed in to extinguish what it took for a fire. I laughed, mother fretted, grandmother complained and when father heard of the incident, he tore down all my apparati and wires and for the second time destroyed my chemical laboratory. I implored, entreated, wept, all was to no purpose. Finally in a moment of boyish temper I locked the whole family in the front room and ran out of the house coatless.

I slept on the park benches and wandered the city for days hungry. To while away time, I visited the astronomical observatory of the Government, in Colaba, where Nanabhai Ardeshir Moos, Professor of Physics in the Elphinstone College was in charge. That fired my imagination further for astronomy.

Tired of aimless wandering, I sought employment of the drug stores; who would employ a mere boy? They could not believe a boy could have competence. At last I sneaked at dawn into the home of Professor Kateli. His wife pitied me and fed me; the professor communicated with my parent, who went to the Police and had a warrant of arrest issued. At 3 in the afternoon as I was demonstrating to a class, two officers came in. I ran, tried to jump out of the third floor onto a telephone pole to escape, but, Mrs. Kateli pulled away and I was marched off to the hoosegow.

I was arraigned before the Police Superintendent McDermott. I answered him politely in fluent English. His amazement knew no bounds. He had been made to understand the warrant was for sending an incorrigible to the reformatory. He had pictured a tough rascal; instead he saw a frail harmless-looking boy who pleaded for liberty and talked in the precise language of law as if he knew the provisions of the Indian Penal Code. Some time prior, in an old book shop I had purchased a copy for 4 cents. It came in handy. It saved me from going to jail at the hands of an irate father, who was afraid I would blow up his house. The good officer ordered me released and told the father to take the son home.

After much persuasion, I returned home, but I had no rest or comfort. The oppressive inharmonious uncongeniality left a rift in the family life. I tried hard to prevail upon my people to let me alone, but, their friends advised them to keep watch on my proclivities. My chemical experiments displeased the father who believed them as sacrilege to the Lord of Fire, my researches in psychism displeased my mother who believed them to be magic. I was performing daily experiments in mesmerism

Digitized by Google

and hypnotism by having a batch of students of the Proprietary High School come to my residence and submit to various tests, which my mother resented. It made her home into a "menagerie" as some of the students were turned into monkeys and chewed onions for nuts, others were put into grotesque postures, still others performed what to an outsider would appear antics; there was no end to my fun then, but there was no end to my misery when three and a half decades later that same knowledge of the higher in humanity made me look like a medieval sorcerer before a jury in Portland, Oregon. India may be ignorant—America has nothing on it in this.

CHAPTER 6

Scientific Lecturer At 17

Being thrown into the streets by the parents and taken back became to me an unpleasant repetition. A friend introduced me to the Dnyan Prasarak Mandali (Society for the Spread of Knowledge) whose President was a renowned scholar Mr. Khurshedji Rustamji Kama. He felt diffident in introducing to an academical audience an unknown boy of 17, but, after a rehearsal and favorable report thereon, I was allowed to appear on their platform and on Tuesday, February 10, 1891, I made my first bow to 700 people at the Framji Cowasji Institute in a 90 minute lecture on the Electric light, its production, practicability and cheapness.

My introduction by the chairman was a tense moment for the learned assembly and more so for the chairman, but, as experiment after experiment was successfully demonstrated, the attitude of curiosity and coldness changed to expressive enthusiasm and repeated applause greeted my ears. It was a memorable day. For six years, during the hours of 10 P. M. and 5 A. M., in the silence of the night when the family was in bed, unknown to all, I had studied for this occasion and earned the Society's honorarium of $50 for the lecture. Hope was expressed that I might some day be the "Parsee Edison." It came in time. My clothes were in bad shape. Having burnt holes in them frequently through the use of Sulphuric Acid in charging batteries, my parents declined to replaced them. In the first public lecture, I had not even decent trousers to grace my presentation. It was a day I dreaded. As a solution, I wore two trousers so the holes in one would be covered by the cloth of the other. The camouflage worked and I felt relieved. Friends of the family now pestered dear father to send me to England for education, but, the stern parent was inflexible. To his religious orthodox mind the Occident was a land of disbelievers.

CHAPTER 7

Pledged To The Service Of Humanity

A son of the landlord of the house where I was born, Dinshah Phirozshah Sethna was an intimate, kind friend of mine, I spend two hours with him each evening. Soon after my successful public appearance, he drew my attention to a newspaper article which spoke about some members of a society called the Theosophical, communicating with some Masters on the Himalaya mountains. I hooted the idea saying there must be a telephone wire, but, I could not rest calmly that night. The research spirit goaded me to investigate. The next day, I went to the Society's

Digitized by Google

room and met the Secretary Munchershah Shroff. He was a serious looking bearded man and informed me that human communication was possible by occult means without telephone wires and if I studied, I would know. Study was my candy! I pocketed all the leaflets he could give and hastened home. I literally ate them that night and as a result on October 26, 1891, was admitted as a Fellow of Theosophical Society, taking the life pledge of serving humanity and being a brother to all, without distinction of race, sex, caste, creed or color. Barely had the initiation been completed when I underwent an internal change.

I joined the Indian Temperance Association and left off the use of alcoholics; I was born in a meat-eating family and was still a meat-eater, but my attitude toward such food began to alter. Further fights at home were frequent on that score and I felt the time was getting ripe to sever family ties. They had no attraction for me; my mind was set on learning more about the Yoga Shastra or Inner Communion. Where could I get in touch with the Blessed Ones who knew the sacred zealously-guarded science? There were teachers galore, but, they suited me not; I was looking for the **Great Inner Guides Whose Touch** Openeth **The Door To The Living Light.** The path had already opened before me, but, the sacrifices to make and the penalties for failure were appallingly heavy. An error at that time would be fatal to success; my quarrelsome family life was not conducive either to meditation or peace of mind so necessary for human service. I resolved on leaving Bombay.

Fischer and Co., were electrical contractors. I liked Mr. Fischer. He had encouraged my electrical proclivities. Went to see him. He asked me if I was versed in steam engines, dynamos, storage batteries and telephony. Could I erect an electric light plant or build a telephone exchange? I told him of the two electric light installations I had made, one in the Napier Hotel in Poona, another in Jehangir Hormusji Modi's home in Mahim; I told him I could do anything in the electrical and mechanical line. Would I go to Rajputana, Central India? Would I be willing to endure the hardships of a mountain journey? Would I stay in the snow on the Himalaya mountain and build an electric light plant? He might as well have asked a horse would he eat oats! I said yes to all without hesitation. He appointed me to work for His Highness Nehal Singh, Maharaj Rana Sahib of Dholpur at a salary of One Hundred Rupees per month. The next night I bowed at the feet of my beloved parents and with a full heart and weeping eyes I left their kind protection. I set out for Kalka, the last railroad station at the foot of the Abode of Snow, the Himalaya Mountain.

CHAPTER 8

Starvation On The Himalaya

I had to reach Chail 80 miles up the mountain. There was no railroad but only a horsewagon trail. In two days I reached Simla by a one horse ramshackle ekka, 60 miles up and about 8,000 feet above sea level. Thence, I rode a horse to Chail 20 miles and was lodged by the Maharana's contractor A. Tellery in a one room log cabin.

I took my duties promptly. Three miles out was an electric light station of the Maharaja of Patiala in a ravine. The cables led to the

Digitized by Google

palace away upon the top of the mountain. The engine was run up to one A. M. and the rest of the night the lights were switched onto the storage batteries. Through sheer negligence of the native electrician, the dynamo was damaged and the battery plates were being used as door mats. Chail belonged to Patiala State, but, the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur, his cousin, occupied it as the guest of the Maharaja of Patiala during Summer. I was an employee of the Maharaj Rana of Dholpur.

It was during my sojourn here that I went through much training in the Higher Sciences and witnessed many singular phenomena, which I refrain from describing in this volume.

In accordance with instructions received from the Maharaj Rana Sahib in person, I prepared a report of the facts. Tellery the contractor wanted me to report otherwise that the dynamo was destroyed by lightning. I refused. I said I would not belie the salt I ate. He threatened me with punishment. I declined falsehood. The next morning, the butler did not appear. The hill where I lived was deserted. None to help, none to feed, none to give me water. The water was coming from the valley of Negali, five miles below. The game of starving me to subjection had commenced.

I wrote the complete report and a petition for help to the Maharaj Rana and went to the palace to present. He was out on a hunting tour and none knew when he would return. I came back 3 miles to my solitary one room loghouse.

Three days of starvation and burning thirst passed. My strength was ebbing. There was no relief in sight—no knowledge when any relief would come—no saying from what source it would arrive.

83 hours of torture! My father's warning words resounded in my consciousness. He had said, "If you go out in the World against our wishes, a time will come when you will starve for a handful of rice and then will be sorry for your disobedience." That time had actually arrived. I had disobeyed him certainly in not becoming a watchmaker, but, otherwise my life was blameless. Did I deserve his curse? If not, surely I must get help. From where? Had I not read "Call thou upon me in the day of trouble and I shall come to thee?" Here was the day and here was the trouble. He will come. But, where am I to find Him? And did not God create man in His Own image, in the image of God created He him? Then I must find Him within my own consciousness.

The eighty-fourth hour approached. I was nearing a condition of physical prostration. Slowly my dormant powers of introvision awakened and tottering as on the verge of dissolution, an invocation of the Divine Masters issued from my lips:

"O father. O my mother, O dear ones, why did I not mind your counsel! O Maharaj; is this the reward of my laborious services? Is this how you took care of this loyal employee who since three days is left to die in this jungle? Is this the fruit of serving at the risk of life? Almighty God, is this the reward of Truth? O Powers On High, save me! Ye Invisible Helpers of Suffering Humanity, rescue me! O Lords of Compassion of the Himalaya, save the youth who wants to serve you!

Digitized by Google

Show him the way! I fear not death, but, for the sake of the work I have to do later, point the way to the saving of my life; or shall I leave this plane so believing that in this evil world Truth does not succeed, in it the Grand Masters of Divine Wisdom do not exist?"

A well-known voice rang in my ears, "No, no, why art thou afraid? The Jewel In The Lotus is Truth!" I sprang from the bed as though electrified. I felt the strength of revivification and looking out discerned on the hill a man with a lantern. He beckoned me to the palace, where I reached at 11:30 P. M. There from the Captain of the palace I received a purse of One Hundred Rupees as prize from the Maharana and an order to proceed to Dholpur as his telephone superintendent. I thanked him and turned for my guide. He had vanished.

Faith in the Omnipresent, Strength in the Truth, Confidence in the Higher Self, before them all obstructions fall. I went to Bombay and returned to Rajputana to resume my career in Dholpur.

CHAPTER 9

Became A Vegetarian

By faithful attention to duties I won the confidence of the Maharaj Rana Sahib. He was a masterly polo player and had won numerous cups. He was every inch a sport and was beloved of the British Government. In his service. I changed my dress and wore the uniform of an officer of the State. He was a generous prince and was the pride of his people.

Simultaneously on my arrival, came a young jeweler of Lahore Punjab, by name Divan-Chand Khunna. He detested my meat-eating habits and urged me to leave them. I went on a daily hunt and would throw the carcases at his door; we were neighbors and I thought I would just annoy him. He prevailed upon me to study the subject of diet and took me under his tutelage for three months. He taught me cookery. He fed me; he spent money on me to convert me and finally I took the pledge of permanently abstaining from all flesh when he told me how efficacious the vegetarian diet was for meditation and a clear mentality. It was not a fancy or fad; it was the result of ardent study and practical experience that finally made me the strict vegetarian I am now.

It was here that I began to study systematically Hindustani music. I had been on the stage of Bombay frequently as an amateur actor, during the years of 14 to 17, taking both male and female parts. It was a way I had of absenting from the domestic unhappiness and having a good ear, I quickly learned to sing Hindustani, Marathi and Gujarati songs.

CHAPTER 10

Enlisted In Merchant Marine

Since the age of 12, I was attracted to Dhunbai the eldest daughter of the landlord of the house where I was born. She had helped to smooth many of my family disturbances, so the friendly obligation developed into a sort of—well, say love. It was a kid love at that, but it was sincere and I worshipped the ground she walked on. In all seven years, up to my

Digitized by Google

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI

PLEDGED TO THE SERVICE OF HUMANITY

BOMBAY, INDIA, OCTOBER 26, 1891.

* * *

PHOTOGRAM, SURAT, INDIA, 1904.

Digitized by Google

DINSHAH'S MUSIC TEACHER

USTAD SHEIKH ISMATULLAH SHEIKH VAZIR

DHOLPUR, RAJPUTANA, INDIA, 1893

Digitized by Google

residence in Dholpur, I had never broached the subject of marriage because her father was very rich and I was obscure. It was a one-sided affair. I loved her and she did not know it. India is not like America; there, love-making has more of the adoration and reverence to the mother element in womankind.

I had completed my work in Dholpur State and from the drudgery of running around erecting poles and copper lines, I had settled down to a study of insect and animal life with the microscope. I had stoppec hunting and slaughter and was looking to God as a visible reality would be. I learnt sword fencing and arts of self-defense; I was a gymnast from early childhood, thanks to my father who let me do everything but swim. His theory was that one should not go into liquid water without first knowing how to swim and I failed to grasp the principles of swimming on solid land.

Months passed and one day as I had written to my mother to ask for the hand of Dhunbai, I received her letter saying the girl was already married. Mother also wrote, "You engaged yourself in your own mind and married too in your dreams; you ought to have consulted." Consult whom? Where was the mutual confidence between the parents and the child? Where was the molding of the child's intelligence to communicate secrets? Where was the character-building process? Here was a dream of 7 years of true devotion shattered. It was a dream—it was a "mental marriage" truly, but, it was a true feeling that when discontinued left its burning mark on the man's life.

My heart was broken. Seven years of an unrequited affection gone to—not waste though, it taught me a lesson in the working of the human emotional vehicle, the vehicle known to students of theosophy as the Astral Body.

I went to the palace of the Maharana and offered my resignation. He refused to accept it and wanted me to stay. Finally, he let me depart and I returned to Bombay. I had collected about 600 Rupees ($200) by then. I wanted to visit America in time for the Chicago Exposition. Six Hundred Rupees were not near enough. An idea struck me. I would work my passage. I went to the docks, gave a few Rupees to a boatswain to get me enlisted on a boat and on the 19th of September 1893, I enlisted as a Paniwala (engine oilman) on the S. S. Shannon of the Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Company carrying the British mails to Europe.

Till then I was a Zoroastrian by faith, but, through unguided precocity had been drifting toward materialism. Theosophy awakened inwardly the thirst for more knowledge of the destiny of life and launched me into research for the higher development of the latent forces in man. Chemistry, medicine, physics, engineering, for a while became subservient to this investigation. Slowly had the materialistic views crystallized into a greater respect for the Almighty Powers; the inner eye had begun to grope in the dark.

One night, as I retired after reading of a German scientist Baron Karl von Reichenbach's researches in Odic Force, I went to sleep. At about 2 A. M. I woke. The cocoanut oil lamp on my table had gone over

Digitized by Google

five feet away into a niche in the wall. I put it down and began to read. A few minutes later, I again fell asleep. At about 3 A. M. my eyes reopened and the same condition had repeated. It was a pecular situation. I brought down the lamp and commenced to follow the point where I had left the book. My eyes soon closed. At 3:45 A. M. I woke; the book was on the ground and the lamp was in the niche. I leaned over to get the volume. near which a small black animal was scratching. Barely had I touched the book when a brilliant aurora spread before me, my consciousness changed from the Physical Plane and I became clairaudient and clairvoyant. What I heard and saw may not perhaps interest the reader; at least, I may presume so. It however, started me into a life which I have since continued without change—selfless service to humanity at all sacrifices.

I left India for England on the 23rd. That trip was the first of seventeen.

CHAPTER 11

Dust Transmuted To Rice

My duties were severe. I was the assistant to the electrical engineer and had to look after the electrical plant from ten at night to nine next morning. No interval for refreshment or rest. The engine room temperature ran to 115° F., the boiler room only 155° F. The sailors and helping crew were supplied rations of rice, dried fish and butter. I would not receive the rations, but, paid the chief engineer's messboy to give me scraps of cooked vegetable food. In the Suez Canal, my watch which was heavy enough was extended further from 4 in the afternoon to 9 the next morning. At Brindisi, Italy, we discharged the mails and came leisurely through the Mediterranean Sea to London, England. London was too cloudy for my sunny temperament. There I applied for a release. To my consternation I found that under shipping laws I could only be discharged in the port of starting or after serving a year. They had transferred me to the Coromandel, a steamer leaving for Australia. Disappointment facing, I applied to the Shipping Agent and pleaded my case. The considerate Englishman retransferred me to the Shannon which returned to Bombay.

There I left the boat with a Certificate of Discharge on December 3, 1893. Dadabhai Naoroji the first Parsee (or Indian) Member of the Parliament landed with us and received an ovation from about 250,000 people, the like of which the country did not witness before. I took that as a lucky omen and said to myself, "Dinshah, some day you might return and receive such a greeting too; look what Dadabhai got! Why not you?"

I landed and walked a few streets. Passing my alma mater, the Proprietary High School, I turned around. A venerable sadhu (ascetic) was facing me. He signalled; I stopped. He raised his hands and said, "Boy you just arrived from a long voyage; on the nineteenth of this month you will be called to service; are you looking for a work that would support you or are you anxious for experience?" I bowed and said, "I am looking for a channel of expression, whereby I may serve the world better tomorrow than I can today." He said, "Your wish is granted. You have so much money in your pocket; I need some; give me." He had

Digitized by Google

told the exact amount to the penny. I gave him what he wanted when he asked me to pick some dust from the street. I stepped aside and picked it, keeping the fist closed. He said, "That is your present—now open your fist and see into your future." He had not touched me or come near me. I opened the fist—the dust was transmuted into rice. I looked up: the sadhu was gone taking my umbrella with him. Rice was a sign of eventual prosperity.

I came home and bowed at the feet of my darling mother. I told her of the phenomenon. She gave it a thought but said nothing. On the 19th as predicted, I received a telegram from Mr. Fischer asking me to see him on urgent business.

I received appointment as Electrical engineer in charge of the palace of His Highness Rajindra Singh the Maharaja of Patiala at 300 Rupees per month. A part of the destiny was fulfilling.

CHAPTER 12

Mechanical And Electrical Engineer

The Maharaja of Patiala was the head of the Sikh nation. He was only about my age and was as much a sportsman as his cousin Nehal Singh of Dholpur. I never met him personally, though I was close to him. He had a fondness for the electric light and had his tennis court even brilliantly lighted with it to enable him to play at night.

I worked for him for four months and resigned to become Chief Engineer of the Umballa Flour Mills. A few months later, I went back to electrical engineering and was consultant for the Sun, Berar, Southern India and other cotton spinning and weaving mills.

But all this was leading me away from the pet goal, though it added to experience. My mind was on the United States of America; I was slowly gathering the means to attain the end.

1895 commenced. I had attained my majority, so bade a final good-bye to my parents and established a separate domicile where I could be free to work as I pleased. An offer of marriage to his daughter came from the landlord of my new home, but, I declined it with thanks. I had not seen the girl, but, I was informed she was beautiful. She was the same girl I married in Bombay 7 years later—she was the same girl I divorced for desertion, in New Jersey 26 years later.

CHAPTER 13

Fulfillment Of An Inspiration

I could not then think of settling in marriage. January 11, 1896 saw me on my way to America. I arrived in 6 below zero, in New York on February 16th. Soon I started to lecture on Ultra-gaseous State of Matter, Radiant Energy, Zoroastrianism and Ultra-magnetism, Wireless Telegraphy, X-Rays and the like. I was 22, but on my program had more than 66 scientific subjects. The public and the press received me kindly, but, when I spoke about X-rays that went through wood, they pointed at my head! With its glorious advancement, even America was not ready for my mission. They disbelieved me. Through the kindness of Dr. George

Digitized by Google

F. Kunz of Tiffany and Company, I was introduced to Thomas A. Edison; what a thrill went through me as I sat for 3½ hours with that great soul in his laboratory in West Orange, N. J. on Monday, March 30, 1896. There is only one Edison; I shook hands with him; one of my dreams was realized.

I was introduced to Nicola Tesla, Michael I. Pupin and other inventors. These intellectual geniuses helped me get the best impressions about America. I was adopted as a son by Princess Viroqua of the Mohawk Indians, whose brother Dr. Oronhyatekha was the founder of the International Order of Foresters. I had already joined the International Order of Good Templars, the Independent Order of Rechabites, the Royal Army Temperance Association and many other organizations, but, I had other matters in mind. All greeted me and lionized me as the first Parsee Zoroastrian scientist speaking in America, but, I was looking ahead.

America was **not then** ready for me and my work of life. Is she ready **now**? She seems ready to put me away for five years—who knows, permanently? No, not if there is any Truth in America—I have my faith in America and the American people.

CHAPTER 14

Became Medical Practitioner

I returned to India in April and forthwith established medical practice as an electro-therapeutist in Bombay. India has no medical trust like America and different forms of the healing art flourisl without legal interference. India has in that respect more real personal liberty than here and the doctors of different kinds there do not kill with medicines any more or any quicker than the licensed ones of America.

I was privately practising long before this, but, had not the time or inclination to take to it as a career. Somehow, my electrical and medical knowledge went side by side and now I applied it to advantage. My American visit gave me insight further into medical electricity and I took to it with zest. From the first I made success though remedying disorders by electricity without drugs was a novelty. I had no competition and the field was all mine. In my father's house, I had all the opportunities of testing out my healing theories as the family was large and had many friends. From the first study of chemistry at 8, I unknowingly glided into medicine and my friend and adviser Prof. D. R. Kateli being also connected with the Grant Medical College my studies went on without disturbance.

I feel ashamed to admit that I had started with most horrible vivisection. I shared with others the belief that was the only way and having none to guide, followed it systematically. Not an animal I could lay my hands on was safe and I thought I was learning by the dissections. I know better now.

CHAPTER 15

How Does The Pill Know Where To Go?

Watching the effects of pills, potions and poisons on family and friends, in medical doses for the socalled relief of their dis-eases, a thought crystallized eventually. How does the pill know where to go? It was

Digitized by Google

a poser, but, an idea worth following. Chemistry was not enough; it led me into Spectroscopy. There was something worth looking into there. I did look. I had been ridiculing the inconsistencies of medical "science" which changed its principles every few years and where each doctor had his pet theories which the other fellow would later discard. I saw in medicine no rhyme, no rhythm, no mathematical accuracy, no logic, no science, no precision. Its diagnosis over 50 per cent wrong; the entire system full of guesswork, dangerous to the welfare of the sufferer; the fabric of the science all built on the material frame of bones, blood and muscles, without reference to the spark of God animating it. I thus became interested in finding something better, safer, more reliable and precise than medicine.

In my public lectures, I frequently showed my diffidence in medicine. Once when I hammered in my oration, an old physician patted me on the back saying I was a wonderful young man and the like but finally ended with a cutting remark, "Don't be silly and talk like a fool; have you anything better?" I took the kind advice and kept my mouth closed about medicine for 25 years, when, having perfected Spectro-Chrome Therapy in Hillsdale, N. J. I opened my oral lock, much to the chagrin and consternation of the American Medical Trust.

CHAPTER 16

Saved A Life By Treatment With Colors

Jerbanoo Framji Jussavala was the niece of a theosophical brother and in 1897 suffered from dysentery. She had perhaps 100 motions a day, painful, bloody, full of mucous and coming only in drops at a time. She telegraphed me to come and save her. I was 600 miles away in Berar, but, rushed to her rescue. She was a sweet good woman and I regarded her highly. On arrival, I found her under the care of the physician of the Viceroy and Governor General of India; he was a learned Parsee Zoroastrian gentleman, of mature age. He had prescribed a mixture of Precipitated Chalk, Opium, Bismuth Subnitrate and Chloroform; six doses to be taken in a day; also a bottle of Brandy to be used at the patient's discretion "to keep her heart going." That poor heart was certainly going—I could barely feel the pulse.

I told her plainly that unless this "treatment" stopped I would not care to handle the case. I could not get the last word with her—who could with any woman? She continued her "treatment" until two days later when moribund, she again appealed to me "to do something" and promised to follow my instructions.

At once I threw out the Brandy bottle and the drug mixture. I had studied the Principles of Light and Color written in 1878 by Dr. Edwin D. Babbitt of America and this was my opportunity to practise it. She was dying—as good as dead; I could not kill her any more. I rigged a kerosene oil contraption with colored glasses and used colored glass bottles. The treatment started. Within 24 hours, the motions were reduced to 10 a day; within 48 hours, they came down to 2; the third day she was out of bed! I washed my hands of the British Pharmacopoeia; drugs were useless; here was my experience, my proof. My mind whirled with the intoxication of using the higher forces of the World for the alleviation of

Digitized by Google

the ailments of humanity. Electricity was all right, but unmanageable and freaky, because, of the anastomoses of the nerves in the body; I could not put it only where I wanted. It would spread; besides, there was the same element in it of human errors in judgment. The system I had to seek must be fool-proof, automatic, harmless, always efficacious for good; it must be simple, inexpensive and 100 per cent scientific; it must work not only on the physical but it must work also on that in man which is beyond the physical and which makes man the image of God he is expected to be.

How far I succeeded in this dreamy idea of the last century, the following chapters will show.

CHAPTER 17

Quick Transitions

I continued my medical practice, studies and travel. In 1899, I erected the first electric motion picture plant at the Bombay Theatre and acted also as its Stage Manager. A year later, in Ajmer, Rajputana I inaugurated the Electro-medical Hall for treating disorders by colors, electricity and other drugless methods. A year later, I established a similar institution in Surat, Western India and for 8 years enjoyed a wide general medical practice, treating also bubonic plague and the so-called incurable ailments.

In 1903, I became the trustee of the Deshi Mitra Printing Press, whose former owner was an intimate friend. Meanwhile, a number of well-to-do Parsee Zoroastrians who had been appointed trustees of the local medical fund by the community clashed about the rates for attending child birth cases. Dr. Jamasji was allowed 16 cents to attend an obstetric case, but the trustees wanted to reduce the payment to less. The venerable doctor was also getting 4 cents for six doses of medicine in a phial with cork, label and consultation thrown in for good measure. This seemed to those seven trustees extravagant; they must reduce it. The doctor raised the sky about it, the patients howled and the poor felt trampled. The trustees were approached; they would not yield; they had the money of the community, they were rich, they had pull everywhere. None dared interfere. One of the community, a carpenter Rustamji Manekji Retivala, having heard about me (the only man, in a town of 130,000 people, who had visited America), brought me a petition signed by 37 persons imploring assistance and advice. I sized the situation and told him that if the community would elect me as its President to conduct a public meeting, I would see they had relief. They followed my suggestions and I was elected to head the meeting by a unanimous vote.

I conducted that meeting and requested the seven trustees to yield or resign for the good of all. They would not; they protested and stormed—they threatened to go to law. I showed the door politely and with only a single dissenting vote overthrew the whole Board of Trustees and appointed a new one. I declined to be appointed in any capacity because of my strict secular neutrality. A month later, I published the report of the meeting verbatim in a brochure entitled Rout of Obstinacy and Triumph of Union and distributed loads of them free; furthermore, I published the full report in the Deshi Mitra. This was more than the seven

Digitized by Google

"Kings of Autocracy" had catered for; they had laughed at my youth and unbearded features: I had told them that if the beard were the measure of wisdom, a goat would be a better trustee! They sued for criminal libel; I was hailed before the subdivisional court and released on personal bail of fifty Rupees.

CHAPTER 18

Sued For Criminal Libel

The magistrate was a fairminded Englishman, A. D. Brown. The opposition brought two lawyers against me; I appeared without a lawyer. I had studied well the Law of Slander and Libel by Odgers and the provisions of the Indian Penal Code and was sure the Law was in my favor. The magistrate heard the prosecution and my cross examination of the witnesses and threw the case out without asking for the statement of the defense. It was ruled I was well within my rights.

They filed an appeal. The preliminary hearing came before A. T. Morrison, the District Magistrate. He ruled similarly, but, found some obscure ambiguity in my poem against the trustees where the bad were supposed to be children of the Devil and to go into a place where there is always plenty of sulphur and no winter. So to find out whether I had meant those deposed trustees should go to hell, the case was sent for retrial in the court of another subdivisional magistrate Sorabshah Hormusji, a Parsee Zoroastrian. . . . . .

On this new trial, the case formed a round of rib-splitting laughters and each time I kept publishing the proceedings verbatim in the Deshi Mitra (Native's Friend) with comments thereon. This made matters worse for the seven. They fumed but without avail. The community was against them and none can stand public derision. Finally, they compounded the matter when I wrote that I would be sorry if they were defamed.

Then spread the news that I had apologized and surrendered—that I was awed by their influence. In less than two months, I published the case verbatim, with poetic effusions, comments on the evidence and incorporated also the original alleged libellous brochure. The wrath of the wealthly gentlemen knew no bounds, but, they were helpless. They got a competitive medical doctor in the suburb and he published a handbill in which allusion was made of an engineer and insurance agent who was a doctor with an American degree and swindled. I was the only one on whom the cap fitted. I did not like the idea of America being connected with swindling; I warned him; he persisted; I sued him for criminal libel and the case went before Kirpashanker Bhugwan Vyas, a Hindu subdivisional magistrate. The defendant brought two big guns of lawyers; I prosecuted the case myself and after spending 3 months for 23 hearings, the case was decided in my favor.

The defense wanted to prove me a swindler because I claimed I could remedy optic nerve trouble and facial paralysis by eletricity and could relieve so-called incurable disorders. X-rays and occultism came in for their due share of ridicule, but I routed the whole defense by producing in the Court sufferers whom I had helped after being thrown out by the hospitals and the cross examination brought out from the mouths of

Digitized by Google

the opposition medical witnesses such answers proving their ignorance that the magistrate wrote a judgment of 17 pages in my favor and sentenced the defending doctor to seven days' imprisonment or 10 Rupees fine. I had pleaded for mercy saying I did not care to have him punished as long as my reputation was vindicated. He paid the fine and appealed but lost it. The Bombay High Court upheld the conviction.

CHAPTER 19

Sentenced For Libel

In 1902, a friend of my patient whom I had saved from death by dysentery, Jerbanoo, came to spend a vacation with her. Her name was Manek (Ruby). I saw her. In 1894, in Mad ras an astrologer had sketched what kind of wife I would have. There was the girl and she was the one I had declined in 1895 without seeing her. I fell in love with her. She certainly was a beautiful personality. On November 22, I married her without any dowry. For my nation it was a novelty, but, I was born at heart an American. I just married her.

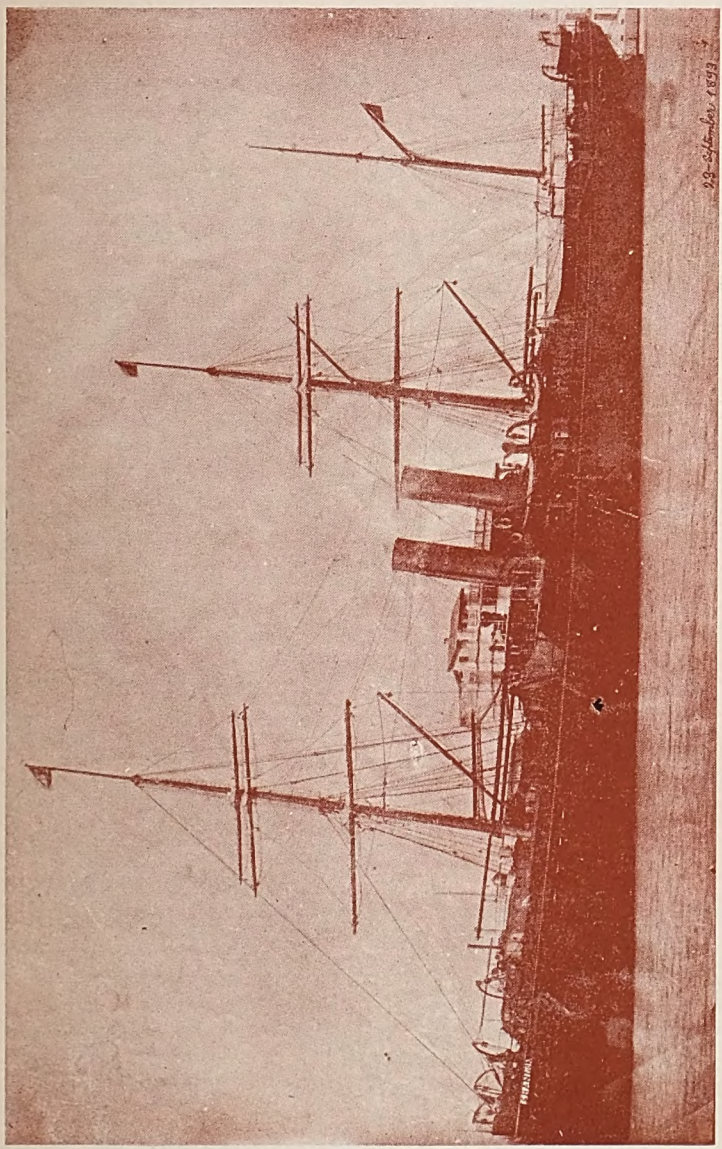
By her in 1903 I had one son Minocheher (Holy Face) and in 1904 a daughter Kashmira (of the Vale of Kashmir). I gave Manek the total abstinence pledge against meat-eating and alcohol; she shared my views of non-slaughter and mercy. She became my constant pal and we planned a glorious life ahead.

Two years later, a local newspaper owner sued the Deshi Mitra and me for criminal libel because of the publication of an article in the Deshi Mitra calling him "soft" and the like. As usual, I pleaded my own case. Magistrate Sorabshah Hormusji, the same judiciary before whom I was on trial in the previous case, heard me. He appeared displeased. My star witness on whose information I had printed the article perjured and backed out saying he did not give me the story. I was helpless; I had failed to take his information in writing. I had relied too much on human veracity and on friendship. I was sentenced to 7 days imprisonment or 40 Rupees fine. I implored the magistrate to give me a higher sentence to get the right of full appeal, He refused. I went into the District Court for a revision of the case. The learned judge Dayaram Gidumal patiently heard me, but, the paraphrase of "soft" into "imbecile" which the lower court had made stuck there. I could not make him understand the difference between the two. He did not much know the Gujarati language in which the original article was printed. I lost the appeal.

Nothing daunted, I drafted an appeal to the Bombay High Court for revision. It was heard by Justice N. G. Chandavarker a Hindu and Justice Heaton an Englishman, both highly honored men of erudition. I presented it in a crowded court with all possible vigor and clearness, until that fatal "soft" came. Chandavarker paraphrased it also as "imbecile" and held it reflected on the sex of the complainant. I protested that "soft" meant what it was—just soft or "not hard." He stuck to "imbecile" or "effeminate" and wanted me to explain how I determined otherwise. Knowing what was in store for me. I played my last card. I said, "My Lord, wax may be soft but it cannot be called imbecile." I won the applause of the crowd but lost the appeal. Such was justice in India; what American justice was I learnt later.

Digitized by Google

Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Company



S. S. SHANNON—DINSHAH SERVED ON IT SEPTEMBER 1893

Digitized by Google

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI
ENGINEER IN CHARGE
UMBALLA FLOUR MILLS
PUNJAB — INDIA
APRIL 1894

Digitized by Google

The newspaper man who had me punished died soon after; the magistrate who fined me lost his only son by suicide; the man whose perjury brought me disgrace lost his only son; the complainant in my former libel case died of consumption; one after another five of those 7 trustees who had ruined me went to answer the Court of the Almighty Creator Whose Lash When It Falls Resoundeth Not. Is there justice on Earth? There is but it comes from channels different from the ordinary and there is such a thing as Retributive Justice. No cause can be generated without producing an effect, no reaction without an action. I am a firm believer in the Voice of the Lord: He speaketh!

Those deposed trustees went on appeal. To reverse my findings and action, in the Bombay High Court took in all 14 years and that was because of a flaw left by the community lawyers in a document and not through fault on my part. I was found to have acted within rights. Meanwhile, the doctor who was getting the 16 cents for a child birth case also passed away; the poor sick people were the only ones who lost by the fight.

CHAPTER 20

Demonstrated Psychic Phenomena

My wife Manek, since our marriage developed fondness for psychical studies. My brother Framroze, nine years younger than I, was then living with me, temporarily, because of some dissension with parents. He too joined her in the studies. Examination of their faculties showed me that they could develop easily into direct psychics and in partial disregard of the instructions of the Blessed Great Masters of the White Lodge whose humble disciple I was, I trained them into psychic vision.

They were quick in grasping the procedure and technique, Framroze going too fast to suit the principles. He looked and dressed like me and could be easily mistaken for me at a few feet, but our temperaments differed to the utmost. With them, I gave many demonstrations in public before government officials and scientific audiences, to prove the truth of Psychic Vision. I demonstrated how any human being could perform so-called "miracles" by rigorous training of the higher forces latent in man. Some of my psychical entertainments were presided over by the head of the Parsee Zoroastrian community, Sir Jamshedji Jijibhai, Baronet, who took interest in my public activities with paternal kindness. His Highness Sayajirao, the present Maharaja Gaikwad of Baroda, the most enlightened of Indian rulers, wired me to visit his State and demonstrate my Psychical Phenomena before his suite and a medical committee. I appeared before him and an entire evening was set apart for the demonstration in full light in Lukshmi Vilas Palace, on April 3, 1903.

Before the brilliant august assembly, I showed phenomena of voluntary cardiac control, catalapsy, transference of sight to the navel, reading with the hand or foot, blindfolded bicycling on the road and other experiments not known to the average person. The Maharaja gave his gold watch with the lid closed and twirled the knob to change the time without anybody's knowledge. In a moment the correct time was read through the transference of eyesight to the hand and through the cover. The Maharani sent a strange Sanskrit volume. Its contents were similarly

Digitized by Google

divulged. The critical audience was satisfied, except one Sirdar (Military chief) and a medical doctor who maintained their ground of incredulity by saying that the only way to prove definitely Psychic Vision was to gouge out the eyes. I respectfully had to decline the suggested test, but, the pleased Maharaja gave me a prize of Two Hundred Fifty Rupees.

A few months later, the psychic activities in my family became so frequent and startling that I had to keep a sharp look-out to avoid unpleasant physical consequences. All kinds of most unexpected manifestations began to surround all. My brother meanwhile, against my instructions, endeavored to produce interplanetary clairvoyance without my customary presence and guidance; knowing the dangers besetting such procedure and his unpreparedness for it I terminated our relations. We separated.

Knowledge given to the unprepared is unwise; wealth given to the reckless is dangerous; psychic powers gifted to the worldly do not conduce to welfare.

The Benign Masters were right when they posted on the initiation door the sign:—KEEP OFF. I regret my youthful vision of life could not then realize THEY KNEW.

I might here state that all these and other matters referred to in previous chapters form parts of a life of long and laborious scientific research and most of these have been printed and recorded in different publications. Anyone coming into our family life gets information about these easily through usual discussions and there is no secret about it. Yet, I have never used this knowledge for any worldly purpose—the rules of the higher sciences absolutely forbid it. Selfish use of such knowledge would tend to total annihilation.

CHAPTER 21

Became Newspaper Proprietor

The Deshi Mitra now refused my writings. I relinquished my trust and in 1905 established my own printing plant and weekly newspaper called "Apakshapata" or the Impartial. It was an absolutely clean, fearless and totally graftless newspaper. It has been my strict rule never to accept any gift , gratuity or present and it is enforced even on my employees. I maintain that a person in public life must be absolutely graftless—I call gifts nothing but grafts; they impose a peculiar sense of obligation and tie the tongue or pen of an individual.

Apakshapata commenced by exposing the humbugs in politics and the oppressive insolence of the petty officials of the British Government. I had made dozens of trips through India and experienced the repugnant snobbery of the nation that rules India. I had nothing against the good English people, but, many of the youthful civilian and other officials sent to rule a conglomeration of nations like those of India were repugnant to me because of their utter disregard for common principles of humanity. They treated the natives like dogs and once in a while gross injustice would so glare that I commenced a campaign against such tyranny.

My satires under the title of the "Golden Whip" always drew the at-

Digitized by Google

tention of the authorities. That whip was nothing but plain truth, unvarnished truth, to bring injustice to the notice of the higher authorities, but, the lower ones did not look upon my newspaper in that light. To them it was an unpleasant spectre. It did good to some extent and got justice to the poor where none would have come otherwise.

CHAPTER 22

To England For Selling Patents

In 1906, a second son Khushcheher (Pleasant Face) was born. The lawsuit had financially ruined me and though I rose in the estimation of the public as an intrepid speaker and writer, the mice in my house were leaving one by one. Debts were piling—public service exacted its toll of expenses and income was on the down grade.

In 1907, I read of the loss of numerous lives through falling trolley wires, carrying electrical currents of high tension. Hindu friends aggrieved at this approached me to use my brains for inventing means to avoid it. I did it. I perfected an induction cutout and filed the patents. The more I looked at my invention, the more I realized its value for saving life. I took into partnership a millionaire Hindu jeweler and left on a short voyage to London, England, to exploit the invention on borrowed money.

I was referred to Sir C. Robinson Chief Engineer of London Tramways. He passed my request for investigation to a subordinate. My money was passing out and I wired my partner. He sent me enough to buy a return ticket. I went back to India without the final answer. An engineer experienced in patents had valued my invention at 250,000 pounds sterling. I transferred that information to my wealthy partner. He wanted to be sure of sharing in my good fortune. An agreement was duly signed and leaving my printing plant, newspaper and effects in the charge of a manager, I left Surat for Colombo Ceylon, my wife and children, a son of my wife's sister and three friends accompanying. It was thus a caravan of nine and I looked like an Indian Chief going with his retinue.

I had to go via Bombay to the South. En route, I visited my parents to receive their blessing. They had no liking for me; that I knew, but, I could not leave my native land to become a millionaire and forget my genitors who brought me on the Physical Plane. Mother dear received me cordially. She was the joy of my heart and the light of my eye. She had ever a soft spot for me in her good heart and would have helped me more in my childhood were it not for her powerlessness at the stern discipline of my beloved father. And he too was good. I adored him for his honesty and integrity; I was proud of him though I failed to make him see my way. To me he was my father, the representative to me on earth of the Great Father in Heaven. His wishes were not met only in the choice of my career, but, otherwise I would have laid my life at his service.

He was a great chess player. Before commencing a game he would warn his opponent of the pawn he would checkmate with and leave the King and Queen untouched. In fact our first fights had started at the game of chess. I might win and he would argue and the retort under our

Digitized by Google

code of etiquette was unpalatable and considered insolence. We exact implicit obedience to orders from our children there.

My father was at play when I went up to his floor. My wife and children were following. I made the customary filial obeisance by bowing to the ground and touching his feet. He cast a glance of anger and stood up calling for a knife. I endeavored to placate him, but, it excited him more. He thought I came to "lord" it over him. My love and sense of duty appeared to him as joke. He rushed, I ran. He chased. I collected my family in a hurry and departed amidst his curses? Am I still paying the penalty of those younger days of disobedience to parents? I may be wrong in my assumption—but, words have a mighty potency when projected into space by a competent mind. I was innocent, yet, it would seem a father's curse followed my path.

Is it still following? He died 5 years ago by jumping out of a window in a heart-broken condition since my mother's death 4 years previous.

May their souls be happy on the higher planes! I pray for them yet.

Digitized by Google

Railroading A Citizen
PART 2

MY LIFE IN THE OCCIDENT

CHAPTER 23

Cremated One Son Himself

From Colombo, Ceylon, we steamed to Marseilles, France. Thence we visited Zurich, Switzerland. I had been through Europe, but, my friends had not. In Switzerland I took the agency of the Gesselschaft zu Herstellung Alkoholfreie Weine, a firm making fruit juices into Alcohol-free wines. I thought it a great temperance movement for England and India and became the sole representative.

Manek was in the family way. Never having walked on snow, she slipped in Geneva and hurt her back. We hastened to London, England where on March 3, 1909, our third son Roshancheher was born. He never opened his eyes, did not take to his mother's breast and all attempts to feed him failed. Eleven days later the baby died. The coroner (a barrister) refused to permit the cremation and an inquest was held. The English physician maintained his autopsy revealed the baby died of starvation. From his utterance, inference was drawn that I had starved the baby. I was astounded at the audacity of that medical man and put him under cross examination. He had stated the brain was anemic and the stomach of the baby was empty. I questioned him about the time necessary to digest milk in a newborn baby's stomach. He hesitated, tried to patch and tripped. The jury unanimously rendered a verdict in my favor and the coroner completely exonerated me.

I removed the baby and arranged with the authorities of the Cremation Society to permit me to give it the final rites according to my faith. Mr. Noble the Secretary knew about my religion. According to it, defiling the sacred elements of earth, water, air and fire was forbidden. Being against burial therefore, I chose cremation and delivered Roshancheher (Illumined Face) with my own hands to the protection of Fire—the Lord of Life—in the crematorium at Golders Green.

Life is but a transition, for it is eternal; a life is but a link in the chain of eternity; it is death which makes it possible to evolve the soul; there is no death; all is Life.

CHAPTER 24

Wonderful Inventions—No Money

The report was made to Sir Clifton Robinson of the London Tramways that my Induction Cut-Out was a great and valuable invention, but, it would cost a million dollars to install the system and perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand a year to maintain it in good order. They were then killing about three men a year by high tension wires, so it paid them better to compensate the poor widows than save lives by my safety

Digitized by Google

devices. I had overlooked the business side of life. My idealistic temperament received a jolt—my pocket received a bigger one. The partner was informed of it; he raved at the loss of his investment. I invented an Antiforgery Electric Pen and was awarded a bronze medal at the Model Engineer's Exhibition. The pen made forgery impossible. I received a number of commendations. The Scientific American, World's Work, Tit-Bits, Model Engineer and a host of magazines praised my cerebrum to the sky, but nobody would use it. Fifteen pounds for an electric pen were too much for the conservative British. Many lawyers then used candles there. The Lord Mayor of London honored my stall with a visit; more newspaper articles—but no cash; I was not familiar with the marketing processes and the art of advertising. Inventors are geniuses; that is all they are. They are children of Nature and most of the time they feed on air. They are fed hot air by their exploiters who shear their fleece.

Inventors are boobs anyhow; they toil for the World and get kicks in return. The World would be nothing without them, yet, they are the poorest paid of the workers in the World. Out of all my inventions, 32 in number, I got not a dollar as return; the satisfaction of having worked for the World was ample.

One after another, I invented them. Most of them I patented. It cost thousands. From where did the money come? I borrowed and borrowed from new partners. It was like robbing Peter and not paying Paul. I invented an automatic wireless electric brake working on short waves to prevent collisions at sea and on land, an electric milking machine, a motor-driven razor; I opened a store for selling Alcohol-free wines to convert the British into a non-alcoholic nation; I established agencies in India and elsewhere; I could not make the people drink them. There was no kick in the fruit juices. I designed an electric Peace Gun to disable an army at a distance without loss of life. I offered the invention to the British War Office; Lord Kitchener rejected it. It did not kill.

Expenses were mounting. In the early part of 1911, I was unable to pay even the house rent. I was appointed Honorary Deputy Grand Chief Templar of the Grand Lodge of England, I. O. G. T. became Fellow of the Templar Institute and was a delegate to the Twelfth International Congress on Alcoholism and the First International Prohibition Confederation. I was commissioned a Speaker of the Anti-Socialist Union of Great Britain; I was in demand in Christian churches to speak on the Gems In The Bible. Sir William Crookes, the Secretary of the Royal Institution invited me to address a meeting. Honors, more honors, honors from all quarters poured in—it meant more work and more expense, but no cash.

There was execution on my property. I scraped a few Pounds together and arranging for a stay of 30 days, departed for India to get further financial assistance.

CHAPTER 25

Cremated Another Son Himself

I had no money for a cabin passage and no time to wait for a suitable steamer. I went to Thos. Cook & Son and secured passage on the

Digitized by Google

deck of an Italian steamer leaving from Trieste. I crossed the English Channel to Paris and via Switzerland and Austria reached Italy a few hours prior to the steamboat's departure. My luggage however had not crossed the German border and I was left stranded. I steamed away with the clothes I had on, on the open deck, without shelter or provisions. I had only about 7 pounds in my pocket. For 27 days on that freighter, I had nothing to eat except salad made of oil, salt, pepper, vinegar and cabbage leaves. It reminded me of Dr. William Osler's food for diabetic patients. I had to sleep on the bare deck, perform natural functions over the railing and go without bathing or washing. Once I requested the Chef to give me something to eat. He gave me more—salad! It was nothing but a round of misery, but, I stuck faithfully to vegetarian principles.

On the 27th day we sighted Bombay. I immediately went to a wealthy friend Sir Vasanji Trikamji and laid my case before him. He was kind and promised help. Then I went to Surat, arranged my business and three days after my arrival cabled money to London to save the roof on my family's head.

I promptly left by the same steamer on February 16, 1911. Arriving in Aden, Arabia, I delivered a lecture on a religious subject to a good audience. A few minutes prior to the commencement of the discourse, a vision appeared before me that one of my family was dying. I finished my duties and steamed away. On arrival in London, England, my Secretary informed me that the day before the sheriff had taken away my office furniture for arrears in rent and my eldest son Minocheher was dying of tuberculosis.

I rushed to the rescue. After paying the debt, I had very little left to put in business. The son died and I was without money to cremate him. I went to Henry O. Cole, the good manager of the London City and Midland Bank for a loan of 8 pounds ($40). He could not give it without tangible security. I deposited in the bank vault my invention models and received the money. That would pay for the cremation, but, how about taking a dead boy of 8 twelve miles out to the crematorium? I had no money to hire an undertaker or a wagon. I recited over him the final prayers at home, tied the body to a sheet of zinc as coffin slung it on a galvanized iron pipe and with the assistance of a Parsee Zoroastrian friend (a boarder) I conveyed him to the distant crematorium.

Mr. Noble having granted the permission, I cremated the body myself. I had now only two children left and the business was out of shape. I called a meeting of the company's creditors, placed everything openly before them, took the corporation debts on my head and filed for it a petition in voluntary bankruptcy.

CHAPTER 26

Canadian Commissioner Declined Admission

My mind was unsettled, my heart was grieved. The British were still consuming liquor at the annual rate of about $1,500,000,000 of American currency and I had all the ciphers left for me without the integers. Something had to be done. I went to the Lord High Commissioner of Canada.

Digitized by Google

I had heard and read much of that beautiful country. I would go there and getting the customary Government grant of 160 acres would establish a laboratory to carry out my inventions and humanitarian plans. The very idea enthused me to the nth degree and my blood ran warmly once more.

The dignified gentleman received me politely and respectfully. He was sure a doctor like me was just desirable for immigration, but, there was only one obstacle—that of my birth. My mother made the error of landing me first in India so I could not be now received in Canada; I was not eligible for the grant or immigration. The Canadians would not have me. I pleaded that I would work hard to gain approbation, but, he said I did not know the peculiarities of the Canadian farmer. I said I would begin to know him soon after landing, but, he said the Hindus were hated by the Canadians because of their differences. I flashed back that I was not a Hindu and though born in India was as white a man as any in skin and character. He regretted immensely that Canada would lose a good immigrant, but, he was powerless. To think that a born British subject like me could not settle in any British colony like Canada, Australia or South Africa made me more than ever sorry at the British injustice to the people of India. My mind turned to America. America was the only land of liberty, righteousness and virtue; the land of exemplary honesty, sterling integrity, Solomonic justice, human honor, prosperity, hundred per cent truthfulness, above all, the milk of human kindness, the land of the body-free, soul-free, mind-free, care-free braves where George Washington had laid down the laws of near-Godly universal brotherhood, where Abraham Lincoln established law without distinction of race sex, caste, creed or color. I must go to that dear America and good-bye to the British. The British would not have me so let America receive me. I went home and talked with my wife. She thought it was a good idea; the trifle we did not think of was the way to go to America. Of course I could sell my inventions there easily and have plenty of money to promote my ideas of service to humanity, but, how to start for it was a Chinese puzzle.

CHAPTER 27

In Glorious America Again

I visited a money lender, D. P. Morgan. He had done business with me at reasonable rates and knew my integral principles. I pledged with him my 500 pound furniture as security for a loan of 100 pounds. The interest for the three months was to be only 40 pounds and that was taken in advance. My goal was America at all costs. I signed the chattel mortgage papers, received the 60 pounds and thanked him cordially for his kindness and indulgence. I secured a steerage berth on the White Star steamer Oceanic, kept about $75 in my pocket and left the balance to provide for my family in England.

I arrived in New York August 9, 1911, and passed the regular Ellis Island formalities. They gave me courteous treatment. The lot of the immigrant was different then; today, I could not enter, because there was no 3 per cent quota available to apportion in case of my nationality

Digitized by Google

PRINCESS VIROQUA

"I was adopted as a son by Princess Viroqua of the Mohawk Indians, whose brother Dr. Oronhyatekha was the founder of the International Order of Foresters".

NEW YORK, N. Y., MARCH 1896

Digitized by Google

Photogram By Bloomingdale Bros. New York, N. Y.
ON FIRST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES

Digitized by Google

and perhaps the Asiatic exclusion applying to the Japanese might be twisted to fit a Parsee Zoroastrian of India also.

And yet I belong to the same Aryan race and the same Caucasian blood as the English and the German.

CHAPTER 28

Secures A Job

$75 do not last in New York until one could dispose of his patents. I therefore was anxious to get into some work to prevent financial depletion. I wrote to the friends I knew in 1896, of my arrival. They came back marked Unknown. New York changes by the time one reaches from Battery to Harlem and back. I wrote to my adopted mother Princess Viroqua of the Mohawks. She was in Toronto, Canada. Canada! Could I see her? She was sick; she died some time later.

The evening of my arrival, I picked up a morning newspaper in a restaurant and learnt of the strike of trolley drivers in Coney Island. I went to Brooklyn at 3 A. M. to become a driver. The superintendent took one look at me and put me out. I walked to City Hall and rested on a bench. I read of automobile chauffeurs getting $25 a week. That would be good. Inquiry informed me that I must have a license. I must learn at an automobile school. One school promised to teach in 2 weeks; that was the quickest. I had $65 left. I went to the manager of the establishment. The prospect looked rosy to me. I had never driven an automobile, but, being an engineer I could learn it with ease. $12 was the instruction fee and $6 more for special driving lessons. I paid the $18. I was to begin in a week.

Meanwhile, I read that the New York Railways needed some conductors for surface cars. I went to seek employment, but, the desk clerk insulted me, called me a damned Turk and had me out. I went home and wrote a letter of complaint to the Receiver of the Company.

I joined that College of Engineering Science and Automobile Instruction at 485 Park Avenue, as Dr. Dinshah. It was a class of 44 students. I sat away at the back without coat and with my velvet skull cap on, but the "boys" minded not. The next day the Chief Instructor had a quarrel with the Principal and they had it out before the class. The Chief was discharged and I saw my opportunity. I wrote an application to the Principal and offered my services. He was unconvinced. I showed him my credentials. He was surprised; he saw his opportunity. I wanted a position, he needed a professor. The Chief Instructor's chair was worth $30 per week; but, of course I was not worth anything like that because I was a foreigner. It looked true; he could not use me, because he said "the boys" would not stand for a man like me. I told him I was very sorry my mother had wished it on me and could he please stretch a point in my favor. He said he could and would I start at $10 per week? I accepted the offer and the next day to the great surprise of the students I made my first bow to Americans as a teacher.

As I went to my furnished home, my $4 a week room, I got a letter from the Receiver of the trolley company regretting the impoliteness and

Digitized by Google

asking for an interview. I promptly went to him; he had me identify the man to whom he showed my credentials. The man was ashamed, apologized and I entreated the Receiver not to dismiss him. The Receiver offered me a position with the Power House, which I thankfully declined. I had an object in being with the auto business. I needed autos to test my invention of the Automobile Fault Finder, an apparatus that could locate all faults in automobile, submarine and airplane engines without calculation. The invention germ was again working in my blood. The Automobile College thus suited me even at the $10 per week.

CHAPTER 29

Prudential Insurance Company

The 44 students listened to my first discourse with attention for 2 hours. I had to deliver 3 orations daily of 2 hours each and I was in my element on the platform. My assistant was getting $25 per week, but I cared more for the honor. One week later, the students would receive instruction from no other. My popularity was assured, but at the same $10

I sent each week $5 punctually to Manek, for the family; $4 went for my room rent; I washed my own clothes and walked to my duties 3 times a day, each trip being of 2 miles; the $1 left over served me to buy some milk and fruit; thus I made the $10 reach me for the whole week. My beloved America, thus I started with thee and I am not yet very far from that pace. "Service to humanity" has a deeper meaning than the words.

Manek wrote me of her lonesomeness. I spoke to the principal Rene H. Conty to take a half interest in my Automobile Fault Finder (whose patent was pending) for $500. He agreed and gave me the $500, $400 in cash and $100 in old furniture. I cabled all the $400 to Manek and requested her to pay off the mortgage, sell off the house furnishings and go to India with the children. She preferred to be with me; she was so loving and devoted; she said she could not live without me. She came on the American S. S. St. Paul in second cabin with an English maid servant—and I was drawing $10 per week to support all! However, I secured a $5 raise.

We lived opposite the Rockefeller Institute. The English maid servant left without my knowledge; I could not secure further raise and the principal would not push my invention. His garage had no steam. In cranking cars in zero weather, I developed an abscess in the armpit. I attended to my duties even with 103° fever. At last, I was laden in bed. I suffered two nights in agony. At midnight, I had the abscess opened. The day after I was on my duties again, but the principal was enraged at my "negligence." He paid me sick compensation by docking $5 off my salary. When I respectfully remonstrated he increased the compensation by firing me. Furthermore, he declined to fulfill his agreement.

I advertised in the New York Herald. It certainly was an advertisement to draw attention and it did draw. A man wrote me he was looking for a man just like me; it was to kill fleas on his monkey's back. Another offered me a position which needed high engineering skill; he manufactured left-handed monkey wrenches. A third had a scientific position in his laboratory for filling diamond gas in buckets. Some one showed the ad-

Digitized by Google

vertisement to William H. Alves, Superintendent of Number 12 Division of the Prudential Insurance Company of America. He was tickled at the tone of the advertisement and did not believe one man could have so many qualifications. He wrote me. I went, showed him my credentials and landed a position as his Secretary. We became intimate friends. Then Conty's instructor left and he thought of my humble self. At the suggestion of my employer, I returned to the College of &c. at $25 per week, but each Saturday morning I was invited to address the sales staff of some division of the Prudential, in psychology, for which I was paid at $1 per minute. That great company treated me handsomely.

CHAPTER 30

Became Factory Manager

A few days later, I was reconciled with Conty and a corporation, Automobile Fault Finder and Anti-Forgery Electric Pen Company, was chartered. I got outside capital interested and built a manufacturing plant. I was to receive One Hundred Dollars per week as Vice-President and General Manager, but I took only $20, leaving the rest for the company to expand. I went out for machinery and got all on personal responsibility and credit. We had 14 employees. I trained them in cabinet-making, glass blowing and the like and made several models. Number One Fault Finder was sold to John Wanamaker's garage. Others we could not market. There was not much money left to advertise. The directors placed the corporation in voluntary bankruptcy and I was frozen out—the usual fool inventor's lot. My patents went with the company to the receiver.

Through the kindness of Harold Elgar the receiver I was introduced to the Federal District Judge Learned Hand. He gave me considerate advice and heard me patiently. I succeeded in vacating the petition for adjudication in bankruptcy, but, as there was no money in sight, I let the case go for decision in regard to the ownership of my patents, before Judge George Holt. There I lost. My patent assignments were all sold under the public hammer. The highest bid was $3. I bid $5 and got them back. The plant was auctioned; the creditors lost.

But a greater tragedy had already occurred.

CHAPTER 31

Deserted By Wife

December 1912 saw that crash on my head. Meanwhile I had a wife and 2 children to support on an ever-flat purse. Manek wanted to go away to India. I as a corporate officer was bound to stay for the sake of the creditors who had trusted me. While the case was pending, I was visited by a Hindu doctor of Bombay. He said he was a vegetarian and was looking for a vegetarian home in New York but could not find one. I offered him the hospitality of my house. He paid me $1 per day for a separate heated room, hot bath and three square meals a day with a few other trifles thrown in. To his Hindu mind trained in the expenses of India where a housemaid gets $2 per month **without** board and an agricultural laborer has to support a family on 10 cents a day, this $1 per day was indeed an extravagance.

Digitized by Google

I advertised and got employment as a stenographer with the Southern Nut and Fruit Company selling pecan orchards in Georgia. I started at $12 a week and soon by showing faithfulness rose to $15 as Assistant Manager. I left home at 6 and returned near midnight. My soul was in the business and furthermore in planning to retrieve my lost patents. The Hindu was thus in my family's company more than I and he filled my good wife's ears with false reports about my large income and miserliness. That woman with the untrained ideas of Indian expenses, figured that I must be spending money otherwise or else $15 (45 Rupees) per week should run silver-plated autos and buy gold-soled shoes. Her father writing from India, also was constantly calling her there. She carried on some secret correspondence. I found that Hindu doctor too not behaving with decorum. I put him out one night with the help of the Police. Four days after that as I returned home at 6, the children came running to me, "O father, mamma went away and we are hungry."

I had sensed the oncoming of this calamity long ago from her cold treatment of the children. She left me, with two babies of 6 and 8 on my hands. Manek, the sharer of my joys never of my sorrows, deserted me on June 26, 1913, taking all her belongings, at a time when I needed her sympathetic company more than ever. I never heard from her; she returned to her parents in Nasik, India. I was down but not out.

May God bless her wherever she may be! She was the mother of my darling babies. May she find the happiness she sought elsewhere!

CHAPTER 32

Built New Laboratory

I had arranged to purchase a small six room house in Hillsdale, New Jersey, a month prior to Manek's disappearance. A German-American farmer was leaving for a visit to Europe and I met him at the right psychological moment. I agreed to buy the property for $3,000, down cash $30 and $25 each month. Even the down cash I had to borrow from my employer by two weeks' salary in advance, but, I looked only at the advantages of a country life for the family—and now I had the house to keep and no wife to keep it. What would I do? I trusted the Almighty to show the way.

I drew the dear children to my breast and we wept in memory of that beloved mother. I was left utterly helpless, but, I had my duty toward the children. 10,000 miles from my land of birth, I was stranded penniless with enormous responsibilities and I determined to fulfill them. I ran out, bought bags of biscuits, peanuts and fruits and ate with them. Then we started the packing. Four days later, I called a moving van and sent off the goods.

The next day, my employer went to see the British Consul who denied any knowledge of my wife though I had positive information to the contrary. I went with the children early to Hillsdale, N. J., by train and waited for the arrival of the truck. It did not come. I spread newspapers on the bare floor and rested the children for the night. Those darlings were so contented! I sat on the porch step all night in vigil. The truck came not. We were hungry and thirsty. There was no water, gas or

Digitized by Google

electricity. A handpump was out of order. Some few inches of water were in the tank, but in it were dead hornets and birds had spoilt it. We had only one tumbler. We finally ate a piece of chocolate we had and pushing aside the dirt, drank the water. At 6 A. M. I left the children in the solitary place, in the protection of Him Who Watches Over The Innocent and departed for New York.

I returned with some dry eatables at 7:30 P. M. Khushdeher had accidently broken the only tumbler and he and Kashmira were very thirsty. We scooped water with newspapers and feasted on what I brought. Even in those days of distress, the children were accustomed to say grace before their prayers, "God bless our mother wherever she may be!"

The truck arrived. It had a broken axle in crossing the Palisades and in overturning had smashed my mirrors and my Sitar (musical instrument). They believe ill luck follows a broken mirror for 7 years—may be or not, mine is still chasing—it seems like a continuous motion picture.

The children commenced to straighten things, but how much could they do? I had very little time. At the insistent persuasion of my employer, I advertised for a housekeeper and he selected for me a widow of 35 who had a daughter of 12. He said a motherly woman like her was better for my children. He, the President was paying me $60 per month; the housekeeper was to receive a salary of $30 per month and board for self and daughter; I had to pay $25 for rent; out of the sum of $15 left, I was expected to feed five mouths and maintain other home expenses. It was a great indirect compliment to India's economical ways of living.

Within a fortnight, my children appeared unhappy and annoyed. I was told a story of how the housekeeper bought food with my money and fed it only to her daughter leaving my children to shift on air and water. On being asked she called me a "dirty Irish loafer." I resented that insult to the good brave Irish nation and put her and her daughter and belongings out.

I profited by that experience, but, my employer insisted that my children must receive attention. I again advertised and this time a Polish born girl applied. The children liked her ways. She spoke no English and I had to learn Polish to talk. She stayed about 3 months when her cousin took her away for marriage. Some others came and gave similar experience. I expected work from them—they expected to use me as a mat. To have an American housekeeper needs a bulging pocket; I had no bulge. I was sinking in debt.

But this developed the latent qualities of my children. They learnt patience, contentment, family love, truthfulness and domestic work. After a few months of fruitless struggle, we kept house ourselves. Then we were reported to the Board of Education. I was neglecting my children, they said. I must send them to school. I refused to have them vaccinated and the visitors were amazed at the training the children had received in private from me. Since then they let me alone. I thank them for their good sense. The town people all became our friends.

I commenced to put in experimental apparati. I was raised to $20 per week. I used my credit well and installed an engine, dynamo, radio

Digitized by Google

telegraph, compressors, pumps, lathe, drill, cutter, condensers and a host of scientific apparati for research. It became a showplace of the town and people from many states visited it. Thousands of dollars were represented and spent there. How did I do it? A good name has more power than a million in cash. I had retained it unblemished.

CHAPTER 33

Became General Manager

I had left the Southern Nut and Fruit Company after a year and the Automobile Fault Finder was being manufactured by me under contract. It was styled Dinshah Engine Tester. I took an assistant to help me. I incorporated Dr. Dinshah P. Ghadiali Inventions Corporation. One after another I made inventions; none would finance them. They wanted 51 for self and 49 for me and that 49 was to be on paper. Wall Street paper is good for the wall; that was my motto, the result of bitter experience. I wanted and needed cash and that was not forthcoming. I had an invention of talking motion pictures that talked by electricity without a phonograph and without flicker, shutter, sprockets or failure. They wanted the control and I refused. The machine was made but never marketed. Dinshah Photokinephone Corporation remained on paper. This was in 1914. I was beginning to think I was seeing daylight: the Anglo-German War started. The British killed my German Patents, the Germans killed my British Patents; my distributing company was presided by a Frenchman; from being a manufacturer, I was again put into the street with manufactured instruments and no salemen.

I entered the service of Independent Electrical Supply Company of 59 Warren Street, New York, as General Manager and Efficiency Engineer at $25 per week. Harry H. Kabat was the President. He conceived an affection for me and treated me like a brother. I really loved the man; he was so kind and good to me. Three months later, in 1915, I was dismissed for difference of opinion. I left with much regret. I had known his lawyer H. Louis Jacobson and went to see him. He thought he could place me if I could sell metals. I said I could sell snow ploughs in Abyssinia, sifted sand in Sahara and refrigerators in Iceland. I became Vice-President and General Manager of North Atlantic Metal Corporation at $30 a week, Senator Henry W. Pollock, President.

My children were not neglected. They had no other company but the machinery and a cantaloupe-eating cat. Khushcheher developed mechanical tendencies, Kashmira a fondness for poetry and music. Each morning I was up around 3. I would light the waterheater and prepare the breakfast; then having bathed and fed the children, I would leave some lunch for them and leave for New York on the 6:28 train. I would return home at 7:45 P. M. Then I would cook the dinner, feed them, take their lessons, give further tuition and put them to bed by 10. Then I would study or experiment until about midnight. This grind of close to 21 hours of solid work continued for about 3 years until the two learnt to cook the vegetarian meals, sew their clothes and take care of themselves and the house. They were my treasures.

I had filed a suit for divorce from Manek. I had my first citizenship declaration on July 10, 1913 soon after her desertion and had decided to be-

Digitized by Google

:ome an American citizen. The New York Court would not grant me a divorce because desertion was not a ground there and because I was a resident of New Jersey. The New Jersey Court held that the offense took place in New York and as she never came to Hillsdale, New Jersey had no jurisdiction. Under the unfair laws of dower rights the deserting woman still was entitled to my property and I had no recourse.

CHAPTER 34

26 Below Zero And No Heat

My position with the North Atlantic Metal Corporation was in reality that of an Export Manager. My knowledge of 16 languages came into use. It gave me advantages over others. When the British blockaded the seas, they had all American metal concerns sign that no tin should be exported anywhere without British permit. I refused to sign the Tin Agreement, maintaining my rights as the General Manager of an American Corporation, working under a neutral flag. We were not at war with Europe and we would do as we pleased to sell our goods to any nation paying us—British blockade notwithstanding. Our goods to neutral nations must go unobstructed.

The British knew me well. I was then a British subject and they had my full pedigree. My Indian Passport was officially recorded at the British Consulate in New York on September 26, 1911, No. 9-28 by John J. Broderick, Acting Consul General as follows:

No. 13 of 1909

Form of Certificate of Identity.

1. Name of applicant.	Dinshah
2. Father's name and caste.	Pestonji Ghadiali Parsi Zoroastrian
3. Residence.	Electro Medical Hall, Surat.
4. Age of applicant.	35 years
5. Nationality of applicant.	British Subject by birth.
6. Social and pecuniary status.	(applicant's own). Medical practitioner and Medical Electrician, Psychologist & hypnotist, Proprietor "Apakshpat Printing Press," Public lecturer, author, etc.
7. Date of probable departure of applicant from India.	8th January, 1909
8. Object of applicant's visit to England (Europe).	Patenting & manufacturing his Electrical inventions, lecturing on scientific & metaphysical subjects, studying for the bar.

Surat Castle,
5th January 1909.

A. Bonus
Collector & District Magistrate,
Surat.

SEAL

NRB

Digitized by Google

The Consul called me. He was courteous. I was a British subject and would I not help my Government? I said I intended to be an American citizen. True, but that did not change my loyalty to the British, he said. I told him I had nothing against the British Government or the British people, but that I did not recognize their right to interfere with American neutral commerce; America was not at war. He hinted seizing our metals; I hinted about applying to Washington, D. C., and having him arrested for unjust political interference with neutral trade. A German Consul was sentenced on the Pacific Coast 15 years for such meddling.

In a year, I had many unpleasant, unsought clashes with the British about seizing our metals on the High Seas and once I had to cable the Minister of Blockade. Each time I had success in releasing my metals, but, it embittered them against me. Unfortunately, our authorities in Washington, D. C., were rather lenient, otherwise, the British would never have dared to tie America with the Tin Agreement; it was a downright absurdity to control us from England.

I could not get a raise enough to meet my expenses, so I left for a position with the Union Smelting and Refining Company. They paid me $45 a week. Khushcheher and Kashmira hearing of this cried for joy. "O father, just think; 45 paper dollars each week!" At last Dame Fortune was smiling—alas! she only jested .

In 2 weeks, I made my presence in the office felt. I was working most enthusiastically to prove my merit. On the fourteenth day, the Vice-President suddenly notified me that I would be paid two weeks extra salary, but, my services were no longer required. It was an unexpected severe blow. Reason? Well, he did not know, he did not care to speak. They had a big shrapnel contract with an ally of England—Russia; on the close of the War I found that the British had used their pressure with the Company to throw me in the streets.

All the while I was endeavoring to struggle along to retrieve my lost steps. The inventions had laid me flat on the back. Meagre food, less heat in Winter, want of sleep, insufficient clothes had told on my constitution; but I had toiled on toward my goal. To become an American, to work for humanity, to benefit the World was my one aim. I had built my own apparati, designed and constructed my own machines, ground my own prisms, even blown my own vacuum tubes to save expenses, but, thousands were sunk in the research work and nothing to show for them. Some of the machines I had bought on installment plan were lost by replevin through non-payment of the final few dollars. It was not an enviable situation. Once when it went to 26 below zero in the Winter, the pipes burst, the gas froze, I had no money for repairs, none for coal. It was an awful experience for a tropical man, perhaps for any man, but, there was the glorious goal. I much reach it, it was worth it.

As if it was not enough, the next terrific blizzard of snow knocked down my 20 feet high motion picture screen, arc lamps, wireless aerial, etc.; everything one morning was a total wreckage.

Yet those two sweet natured children grumbled not. They prayed as ever each mealtime, "Praise be to the Almighty for this bountiful meal; God bless our mother wherever she may be!"

God bless her!

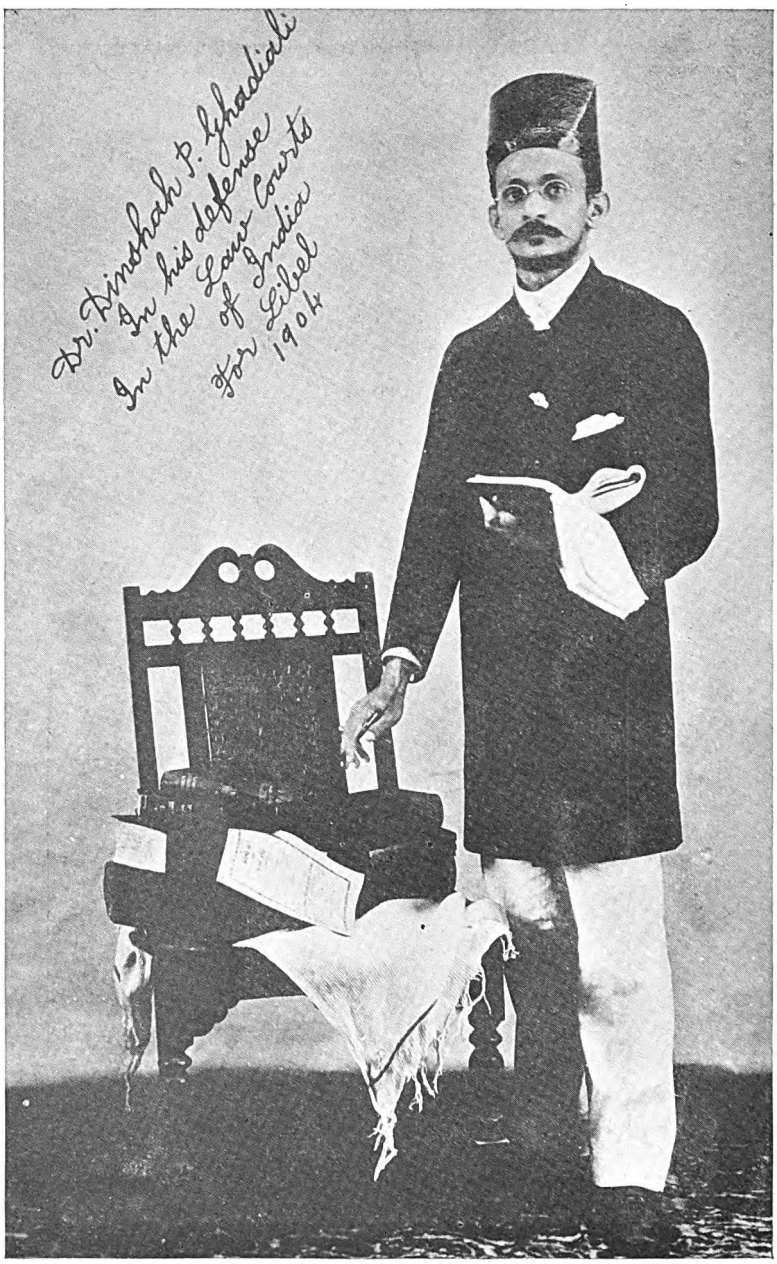
Digitized by Google

HOW THE LIBEL SUITS BEGAN—SURAT, INDIA, 1904

"One of the community, a carpenter Rustamji Manekji Retivala, having heard about me, (the only man, in a town of 130,000 people, who had visited America) brought me a petition signed by 37 persons imploring assistance and advice"

(NOTE THE SUDRA GARMENT, EXHIBIT B, UNDER THE BABY'S RIGHT HAND.)

Digitized by Google



DEFENDING THE RIGHTS OF THE POOR
COST HIM HIS PRACTICE AMONG THE RICH

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 35

Cremated Third Son Himself

Harry H. Kabat of the Independent Electrical Supply Company called me back and appointed me General Manager and Secretary at $50 per week. I put in the same long hours at my desk working steadily from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. without going to lunch. He certainly appreciated my labors and was very kind to me.

Soon after resuming this position, one morning as I came in, a telephone came from Hillsdale that Khushchcher was burnt by an explosion in my laboratory and the doctor in attendance was sending him to the Hackensack Hospital. I reached the hospital hours later. He had been given two injections of morphine "to relieve pain" presumably and was wrapped in a woolen blanket. He was in a coma when I arrived. I took certain measures of my own and succeeded in partially bringing him to consciousness. That handsome boy was severely burnt; he had poured gasoline on burning garbage under the belief it was dry; his fingers and other parts had gone off with the explosion; Kashmira too was burnt, but, was saved. The moment he came out of the coma, his first thoughts were of his dear sister; he told me to go to her first. The principles of self-sacrifice were well-grafted in his mind of 11. A few minutes later he died in my arms, the victim of an enforced motherless unprotected home; I paid another penalty for refusing to leave America.

I called an undertaker and motored him to Hillsdale, where I administered the last rites in strict accordance with the sacred faith of the Zoroastrians after an all night's prayerful vigil. I took the dead body to the North Bergen Crematorium and with the superintendent's permission, I introduced the pine box in the incandescent air and incinerated my last son.

From the dust thou comest, to the dust thou returnest! The family was breaking up and I was to undergo more vicissitudes.

CHAPTER 36

Became American Citizen

I had applied for my final citizenship. I appeared in Court in my Parsee costume. The ushers threw me out. They wanted me to bare my head. I declined as against my religion and the Constitution of the United States had guaranteed me protection. I returned presently with Charles J. McCarthy, a lawyer. However, lawyers cannot plead in Naturalization Courts. The considerate Judge Seufert therefore allowed me to appear with a skull cap, which was fair. The Government objected saying a Hindu could not be naturalized. I objected saying I was not a Hindu. The Honorable Court said perhaps I was a Mohammedan. I replied I was not a Mohammedan because Mohammedans were polygamists and I was not. Who then was I? That was a horse of different color. I was a Zoroastrian, a Parsee of Bombay and who the ding-ding were they? I explained I was an Aryan, pure blooded white man, whose Caucasian race descended from those ancient kings of Persia so well mentioned in the Holy Bible—Cyrus, Darius, Artaxerxes. True, that might be, but, there was no precedent. I replied I was there to set one. I was sent back to make an

Digitized by Google

affidavit showing my genealogy. I obeyed the order and ten months later, on June 15, 1917 I was admitted by the same Court as a citizen of the United States of America. The greatest dream of my life was thus fulfilled—it was worth the sacrifice.

Charles J. McCarthy ably conducted my divorce suit. It was heard by a referee, Cornelius Doremus, and notice was served in India, on Manek by the Court's order through publication and registered letter. She was informed. The referee decided the case proved on the evidence of Kashmira and citizens who knew Manek in New York, but recommended that no divorce should be granted, because, I had not lived in New Jersey 4 years at the time of filing the suit, meaning 2 for desertion and 2 for residence. I was 3 months short. An appeal was filed before Chancellor Walker, but, suddenly lawyer McCarthy was drafted in War and I had to wait.

CHAPTER 37

Governor Of Police Aviation School

There was to be a parade of loyal foreign born citizens. Mayor John F. Hylan was preparing for it. I wrote for admission. The request was referred to the Police Department for investigation and Inspector John F. Dwyer asked me to call. I went. He wanted me to join as a Reserve Police Surgeon. I told him I was a business man and not practising. He wanted me to join the Police Reserve and commissioned me with the rank of Captain on the staff of the Honorable Rodman Wanamaker. My application was favorably passed upon and I received a letter from Pageant-Parade Secretary Milton Wright to join the said parade of July 4, 1918. They placed me and Kashmira in front and I had the unique honor of heading 75,000 foreign-born citizens all loyal to the flag. I carried the banner AMERICA ALWAYS. The parade lasted 11 hours.

The New York policemen did not have sickness, so I had nothing to do. I disliked being a desk captain. Kashmira had a girl companion, I was drawing $4,000 a year as Vice-President and debts were reducing and the nights were mine. Could I not serve the department actively? The worthy inspector placed me in charge of a night detail for looking after bootleggers. Three months later, he put me on the Board of Governors of the Police Aviation School. A few weeks after, the Board of 13 Governors was discontinued and the control was placed in the hands of one man. I became the Governor with the rank of Captain.

CHAPTER 38

Commander Police Reserve Air Service

I decided to shoulder the full responsibility and give my best to this patriotic duty. The idea originated with the Honorable Rodman Wanamaker, Special Deputy Police Commissioner. He was a great aviation enthusiast and was one of the pioneers in the science of flying. He believed in preparedness. If the Germans came, the City of New York and its harbor would be undefended. He wanted a force of war veterans and trained men to take care of this situation and I undertook to do so.

Through his generosity my officers and men were supplied with free snappy uniforms. His recommendation to the Sinking Fund Commission

Digitized by Google

got us a five floor building to house the mechinery. The Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation allowed the free use of their flying machines. The Government loaned two hydroplanes. It was a big task the making of a Police Reserve Air Service and much jealousy was demonstrated even by some of my own staff officers who petitioned the Commissioner to have as the Commander not an Indian born man but an American. The magnanimous-minded and just Rodman Wanamaker told them I **was** an American and I asked for their resignation. I was promoted to the rank of Major.

The taking of the first Police Air Mail to Philadelphia and some other then spectacular flights earned for me the good opinion of my superior officers. They showed their kind appreciation of my labors by pushing me before the public. When Commander Read returned ofter the first Atlantic flight my air squadron was ordered to receive him and similarly when General John J. Pershing returned after the War, I was placed at the gangway of the Police boat to give him the first salutation on American soil.

The great New York Police was certainly good to me. I received the Liberty Medal at the hand of the Mayor. I gave nearly two years of my life without pay, but, the honors they conferred on me I counted as the highest a man could receive from them—those New York Policemen certainly formed the finest and the bravest of the people's guardians.

And for whatever I accomplished in that direction, the credit is all due to the Honorable Rodman Wanamaker, his Staff Colonel W. C. Wood and Inspector John F. Dwyer. Their influence, their affability and equitable dealing encouraged me in my efforts. After the war was over, I retired with the rank of Colonel; the organization is still alive.

And while I was faithfully serving New York, some kind woman in my home town hearing my powerful electric condensers crashing and spitting lightning in the air of my laboratory, reported to the authorities that I was wirelessing the Kaiser in Berlin. The U. S. Navy officers raided my Hillsdale place nine times and once while I was in New York, the agents of the Department of Justice arrested me and locked me in 13 Park Avenue, for investigation. They did this without a warrant. They found nothing on me or in my laboratory, but, they dismantled my radio apparati and took away the goods, without authority. I complained to the Secretary of the Navy Newton Baker and he promised investigation. Two years after that the Naval Department returned me some "junk" parts as compensation.

Is America resorting to Russian methods?

Digitized by Google

Railroading A Citizen

PART 3

FIGHTING DOGMATIC AUTOCRACY

CHAPTER 39

Spectro-Chrome Therapy Born

After nearly two years of faithful service in the Independent Electrical Supply Company, I went into business for myself as the Business Psychological Bureau and as Dinshah Commercial Company. The War having ended, I took to exporting metals again with the Union Smelting and Refining Company and they paid me $13,000 for the year and expenses. They treated me very well. The Czar was out and the War barriers were gone. I kept my connection with them till the end of 1919. They were my good friends and well-wishers.

1920 began. That automatic healing system idea had been slowly crystallizing. Some time it was dormant, some time active. I gave a series of 24 lectures under the title of "Universal Mirror." It had the most interesting physical, psychical and spiritual subjects and one was "Spectro-Chrome Therapy." It made its first bow to the public on April 26, 1920 and created quite a sensation. The first class in Spectro-Chrome Therapy began on December 7th the same year. Spectro-Chrome Institute was then unincorporated.

At that time I was a Vice-President of the Allied Medical Associations of America, a body of independent progressive Medical Doctors who were fighting the autocracy and fanatic dogmatism of the American Medical Association and its ramifications which formed the Medical Trust. I have the utmost repugnance for oppression, intolerance and autonomous injustice. It was these in India that made me bitter toward the officialdom there. America to me was the land of genuine human liberty, the cradle of future higher races. To see the monstrous power exercised by the Medical Doctors here and feel the powerlessness of the great American nation as a baby under its supreme domination stirred me into an aggressive activity I had never felt before. I learnt the inside operations of that monstrous Trust. Their inattention to real progress seemed appalling. I was also a Vice-President of the National Association of Drugless Practitioners and a Member of American Association of Orificial Surgeons. In each I was elected for my "scientific attainments," many thanks to them for their high compliments, but, the way the Medical Trust treated us reminded me of the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

The birth of Spectro-Chrome Therapy also saw that of All Cults Medical Association of which I was President. However it could not function properly because of inharmony between practitioners of different systems. I resolved to profit by the experience and avoid the rocks in my system.

I minutely studied the attitude of the Medical Doctors toward other systems of healing. Their I-have-all-you-have-nothing arrogance appalled

Digitized by Google

me; their ignorance of the simplest laws governing even the physical universe and life staggered me. Was I in enlightened America or ignorant Samojedeland? The more I mixed with them the more I was puzzled—astonished. It was simply unbelievable. I began my fight against that hierarchy of self-styled Aristotles and resolved at all costs to awaken public sentiment in favor of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, my origination of Attuned Color Waves for the alleviation of the sufferings of the ailing World.

CHAPTER 40

Moved To Philadelphia

During the conduct of my first class in Spectro-Chrome Therapy in New York I hired an apartment to be near my work. The Hillsdale Laboratory was shut up for the season. I had also opened at 24 E. 42nd Street a Dinshah Occult Centre. New York was my headquarters. That Centre was packed to the limit each session, men and women clamoring to hear my metaphysical and psychological discourses. But, that wretched BUT! At the end of the year I found I lost several thousand dollars by teaching without pay. The annual fee of $6 was not paid by more than 150 out of 2,000 followers. At this juncture, a Philadelphia woman heard my lecture about the Causal Plane and invited me to her home town. I was there once only by air, so I accepted the kind request and one Sunday visited the City of Brotherly Love.

I spoke before a crowd on general matters. My open criticisms appeared to displease the people. I was not there—or anywhere—to please; my duty was to teach and soft tongues make no dents. I was not discouraged. I spoke several times at the Woman's Benefit Building; once on Spectro-Chrome Therapy. A quiet and dignified woman attracted my attention. Who could she be? At the close of the discourse she came toward me and said she would be glad if I would teach that system. I was willing but could I get half a dozen learners? Six were right there. I was pleased. They would soon hear from me. And who was that kind friend who wanted me to give the course? She was no other than Kate W. Baldwin, M. D., F. A. C. S., Senior Surgeon of the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia, my noble friend and true well-wisher, the devoted champion of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and First Vice-President of American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists.

I rented a newly repaired house at 1602 Summer Street and closing my New York apartment moved all my belongings to Philadelphia. I sold my Hillsdale property and left the town amidst mutual regret. I was there 8 years. The people had given me the most affectionate treatment. Those good people I can never forget, especially Judge Theodore I. Haubner and his charming wife, who lived opposite to us.

CHAPTER 41

Flying Boat Pilot

My Philadelphia Class enrolled 75 students. The fee from the beginning of the work was $100 for the course of 24 discourses, but, I trained a large number for a nominal $1 each. It helped to advertise the work, but did not pay. The $1 students would be negligent in attendance and atten-

Digitized by Google

tion. What did not come out of the pocket did not touch the heart. That custom I dropped two years later; it proved a wise move.

Atlantic City, N. J. saw my third class. It dragged on thrice a week for 2 months, so I used the daytime flying a Curtiss Seagull at the inlet.

Captain A. Livingston Allan the instructor, an experienced war veteran, hesitated to enroll me; a man of 47 was not good for aviation, especially for water flying. It was more hazardous to alight on water than on land. He did not find me so backward after all. I graduated and received my diploma as Flying Boat Pilot on September 14, 1921. I had studied in England the science of Flight in 1909 and steadily followed its development.

In the fall of 1921 I opened a class in Baltimore, Maryland. The Maryland Academy of Sciences, founded in 1797, invited me on its platform to speak about Spectro-Chrome Therapy and was so pleased with its clear-cut presentation that it conferred on me Life Membership with the rank of Academician. Americans are great in honoring and appreciation of effort.

January 19, 1922 saw the incorporation in New Jersey of Spectro-Chrome Institute. The medical boards had heard of my activities and had commenced the expected reaction of unjustified interference. My only safety was in the slow but sure creation of an organization of such unimpeachable honesty, integrity and capability in my special line of healing, as would stand the inevitable onslaught of the Medical Octopus. I had a glimmering knowledge of what I would have to go through before gaining public and scientific recognition, but I was ready to go through it for the sake of my graduates and they were increasing. Washington, D. C. was the fifth class.

One after another, girls of various types and temperaments came to work for Spectro-Chrome Institute and our household. It was difficult to retain any long, because of our vegetarian diet, hard business life and aloofness from social tanglements. Our life was one of devoted unselfish human service and our clocks were always showing day-time. Our night-work extended into the next morning and it was very difficult to find co-workers. The girls expected us to treat them like "ladies." We bluntly told them there were no "ladies" in the United States of America: only workers and women. We would treat them with consideration and kindness, also courtesy, but, our work must be done punctually and our rules must not be transgressed. They wanted their social frivolities and gaiety—our life was tied to the desk and platform day and night and our gaiety was bound with the Medical Doctors.

CHAPTER 42

Married Irene Grace

Charles J. McCarthy had returned from the War. He resumed my appeal and won the divorce. They say it is like eating cocoanut candy to get a divorce in America. Perhaps so, I chewed steel shells to get it though the law was in my favor. It took me nearly 8 years to get free from a woman who left me in poverty with 2 children to mind. American

Digitized by Google

divorce laws are inconsistent with the laws of common sense. 48 States and 48 laws! Is this a UNITED States of America or disunited? Where is that Union I had hoped to see? Maybe I may see it in the future.

When I came to Philadelphia, I told a lawyer I wanted to read the Statutes of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania as a good and law-abiding citizen. I wanted to obey them to the letter and to grace my citizenship thereby. He put up his glasses had a good stare at me and nodded his head presumably at what he believed my audacity. My thick head could not understand the meaning of his gaze—there were then 39,000 laws on the books of that State!

While in Atlantic City, my class was visited by one of my Philadelphia Graduates, Pauline Durner. She brought with her a niece, Irene Grace. Irene later took the Course on Spectro-Chrome Therapy and joined my activities. She was my daughter's companion and my personal secretary during 18 months; when I went to Chicago, Illinois for a class, she was left in charge of my new home and Central Office at 2401 N. Broad Street. She studied stenography in my absence and displayed such remarkable faithfulness and loyalty to duties, such truthfulness and zeal, such extraordinary aptitude for any line of work she was given and without ostentation sank so quietly into the intensive public work I was doing, that I could not long remain unsusceptible to the great Karmic link that was forging in the chain of my incarnation. In the Spectro-Chrome of June 1922, she drew the sketch of the Birth of Spectro-Chrome and her simplicity in dress, non-following of the foolish fashions, avoidance in totality of paints, powders, fluffs, frills and frumpery so dear to the average flapper were so to my liking that I soon began to consider her qualifications as a wife. She put in my work the same long strenuous hours and finally owing to her love for Kashmira I was so drawn to her virtues that with the permission of aunt Pauline, I married her in Philadelphia, Magistrate Dennis F. Fitzgerald officiating. That civil marriage of March 14, 1923 was unique in its simplicity. There was no ceremonial farce, no fuss, no false "obey" and "bestow" promises, no useless expense, no foolish paraphernalia. Not a gift was exchanged, not even the usual gold ring, which I look upon as the sign of subordination of the bride. We were joined not only in the material, but, in true companionship, eternal friendship and cordial affection engendered by mutual respect and admiration for one another. All day we spent in making out the Income Tax reports. There was no tomfoolery of honeymooning; our honey was service to mankind and the mooning was the study of the higher in humans. Irene certainly was a conscientious worker and proved a devoted good wife and loving mother.

CHAPTER 43

Defamed By American Medical Association

I had predicted in my first New York Class that within 3 years Spectro-Chrome Therapy would be known from Coast to Coast. After my marriage, I started to travel over the United States. I instructed classes in Hartford Conn., Providence R. I., Boston Mass., Detroit Mich, Cleveland O., Indianapolis Ind., besides numerous repeat classes in New York N. Y. and Philadelphia, Pa. Thus, I had traversed well the East by automobiles and resolved on opening the Pacific Coast. On December 8, 1923, I placed

Digitized by Google

my foot in San Francisco Cal. fulfilling my prediction to the day. Thence I went to Los Angeles Cal. and conducted another Class; it had 39 students. The trip was successful, but, the transportation of my apparati cost $800, railway fare of self, wife and daughter absorbed $1,000, the hotels took about $2,500, porters, taxis, took $200, newspaper advertising ate $1,500 circulars stationery telegraph and postage cut in for $500; two months of labor and overhead expenses uncompensated. Well, I have no reason to complain; I secured some faithful followers of the system, in California.

As I returned from the Yosemite, I saw the need of expansion and making suitable provisions for the future of the work. I had installed a printing plant in the basement of my four floor building which I had purchased for $30,000, but the business had outgrown the premises. I cast my eyes around for suitable buildings, but, nothing met my view.

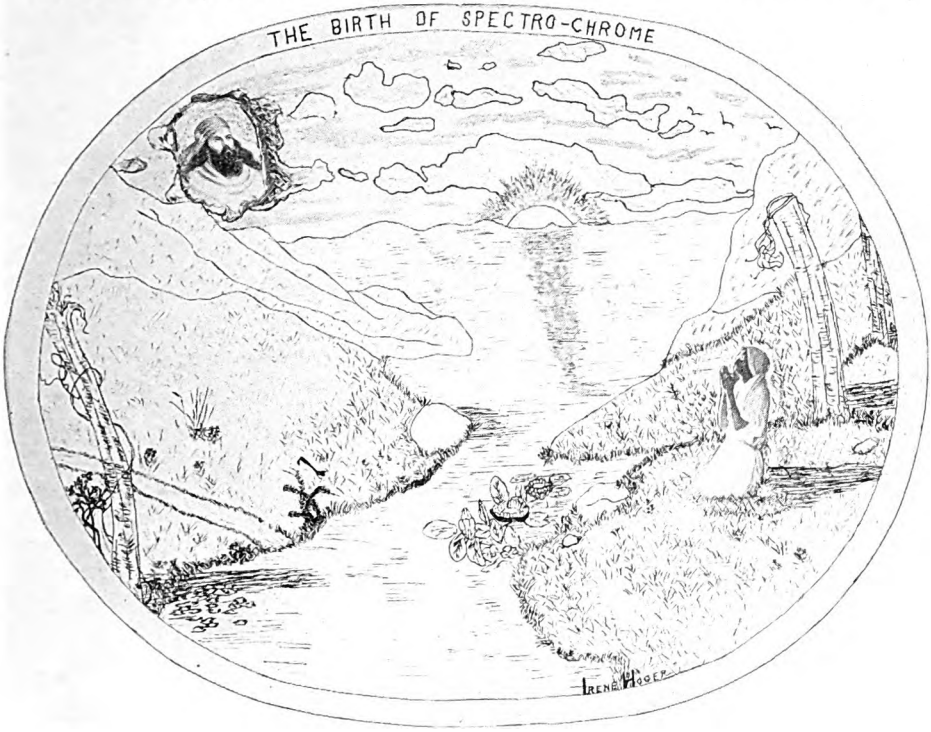
Besides my printer, I had taken another man into my service. He was a negro, Harry Saunders, a married man of 42, with several children. He was a carwasher in the garage next to my residence where I housed my automobiles and applied for a position as personal assistant. I had known him as an inveterate smoker so I hesitated to take him, because, it is a strict rule of my Institute that a smoker shall not be taken into its permanent employ. My research laboratory has dangerous as well as costly materials—some absolutely unreplaceable—and each person must sign off smoking for life to work with me. Besides, it is a strict rule that any person working as traveling assistant must also observe our rules of hygiene and diet and avoid eating meat, fish or eggs, otherwise I refuse to let him (or her) live or travel with me or my family.

Being shown these and other rules apparently very severe, but, all necessary for the success of my scientific enterprise and essential for the consistency of my teachings of human welfare, Harry said, "Boss, if you can follow such principles, can't I?" That appealed to me. I asked his employer. He gave permission to take Harry from his garage and I received in the bosom of my family this man who a year later proved an unworthy fellow that bit the hand that fed him. His own records printed herein will prove his character. I took him and commenced his training as my traveling assistant for the next Pacific Coast tour of four months.

On January 26, 1924, the Journal of the American Medical Association launched a defamatory article against me and my system and without any investigation also wrote disparagingly about the work of my learned and esteemed friend Surgeon Kate W. Baldwin. With the exclusive use of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, Dr. Baldwin had saved the life of a girl of 9 whose front and back skin was nearly all burnt off by fire and who ordinarily would have died. That girl's life was saved only by the great skill of Surgeon Baldwin and her confident use of Spectro-Chrome. In 18 months, a complete new skin (a real honest-to-goodness skin) was actually grown out of her own vital forces by using Attuned Color Waves (my origination) and the A. M. A. Journal ridiculed her work mercilessly. It was too much of me to expect. To ridicule me was one matter, but, to ridicule such a sincere and competent pioneer of my science which could produce results so unparalleled was unworthy of professionals. I could not sit quiet and gulp it like a moral coward. So I promptly sent the following challenge:—

Digitized by Google

LORD ZOROASTER RISING SUN DINSHAH



Invocation Of The Grand Architect Of The Universe And The Benign Masters Of Wisdom

IRENE GRACE DINSHAH
The Artist Who Sketched
The Birth of Spectro-Chrome.

DINSHAH'S PRAYER

Offered at Bombay, India.
Tuesday, February 10th, 1891

O Ahuramazda! Grant me Thy powers!! Grant me that which was in me but was suppressed!!! Grant me the tongue that resounds the world, the eye that enfeebles the wicked, the nose that scents the truth, the ear that hears the ant, the touch that feels the ether, the intuition that knows the Norns, the health that helps the needy, the wealth that wields the worldly; all so that during life I exist selfless and at passage to the Higher Planes leave behind a lighted trail to be followed by the Searcher for the Beyond.

A fructification of this prayer is THE BIRTH OF SPECTRO-CHROME

Digitized by Google

THE BURNT FRONT

GRACE SHIRLOW

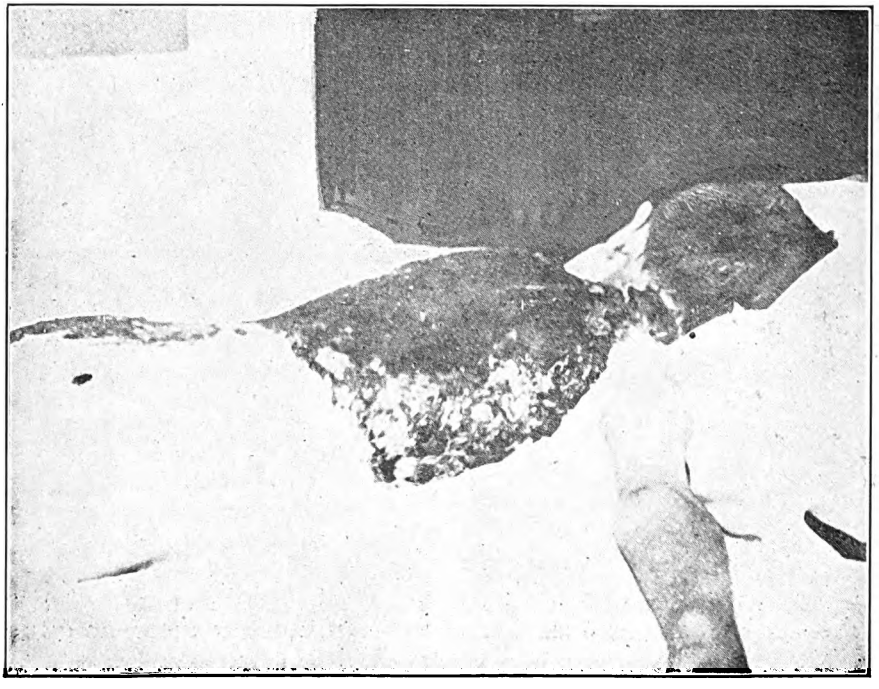
This girl was frightfully burnt by fire.

Note Front and Back burnt areas.

Surgeon Kate W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, Pa. an accomplished Spectro-Chrome Therapist saved her life and in a few months built new skin exclusively by Spectro-Chrome Therapy, without using Drugs or Surgery.

The American Medical Association not liking this, started its defamatory attacks.

THE BURNT BACK



Digitized by Google

February 4, 1924,
18-05.

The Editor:
Journal of
American Medical Association,
535 North Dearborn Street,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Sir:

On returning from my tour in California, my attention was drawn to an article published in your issue of January 26, 1924, under the heading "SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY," attacking me personally as well as defaming my work and my SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE.

My scientific and professional standing are so well known and recognized internationally during thirty-three years of a fearless and independent platform career that they need no vindication or justification; however, it appears that you never had the opportunity of investigating first hand what SPECTRO-CHROME is and what it does.

As an humble servant of suffering humanity and in justice to yourself and the therapy you represent, I have the honor to invite you to appoint a committee of any Seven (7) of your representatives and send them to take my complete course on SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY with experiments and demonstrations at Hotel Manx, San Francisco California, where my next class opens on Monday, the 24th of March 1924, at 7 P. M.

I hereby agree to pay all first class traveling and hotel expenses of your said Seven (7) representatives and also to present the course absolutely unconditionally.

Furthermore, although I am known as a caustic speaker in denouncing the "Empiricism of Medical Science", I hereby pledge you my word of honor that not a word tending to derogate, discredit, disrespect, disrepute or dishonor your representatives, their profession or their therapy will be uttered by me during the entire investigation and that they will be treated as my worthy and honored guests.

The above invitation stands good for two weeks from your receipt of this and your acceptance is requested within that period to enable me to remit in advance the stipulated expenses to your bankers and make other necessary arrangements.

Yours sincerely,

DINSHAH,
President.

DPG/IGD
By Registered Mail,
with receipt requested.

Digitized by Google

That challenge was unanswered. It stands as a record to the disgrace of the Medical Trust which would refuse to act for humanity. I needed not their support; I asked only for investigation, for fair play, for sportsmanlike fight for the right so the public might benefit. That was their first step to encompass my ruin. That was only the beginning of more insidious work later against me and my Graduates.

The power of the Truth in Spectro-Chrome Therapy was making itself felt.

CHAPTER 44

Work Twenty One Hours A Day

A large class was again forming in Los Angeles, Cal. They were clamoring for me to come and I was gathering my complicated experimental paraphernalia. We needed more helpers. Our routine of business now called for helpers and more helpers, but, to get the proper workers was difficult.

On the tour, this was our daily routine for the 2 weeks of training of each Class:—

7 to 8 A. M.—Arise, bathe, and dress.
8 to 9 A. M.—Prayers to the Grand Architect.
9 to 10 A. M.—Vegetarian breakfast. (We take no lunch.)
10 to 11 A. M.—Read Central Office Mail.
11 to 1 P. M.—Business correspondence.
1 to 3 P. M.—Arrange experiments in classroom.
3 to 5 P. M.—Interview visitors and students.
5 to 6 P. M.—Vegetarian dinner.
6 to 7 P. M.—Get ready for the evening.
7 to 11 P. M.—Two discourses in succession.
11 to 12 P. M.—Side-conversation and discussion.
12 to 1 A. M.—Check secretarial accounts of the day.
1 to 4 A. M.—Study and read newspapers.
4 to 7 A. M.—Rest.

To maintain such a strenuous routine for two weeks at a time, then pack away to the next State, open a roomful of delicate scientific apparati, arrange it, advertise, gather the audience, formulate a new class and start all over again in continuous succession for several classes was a circus-like affair that would tell on the constitution of persons of any but the most regular habits and correct mode of life. The least trouble with anyone's health of body or mind would involve me in serious predicament, because, our work was of such a specialized nature that a substitute was unthinkable. Thus was it that my helpers were under contract to follow my methods implicitly or leave and the leaving meant training another—an expenditure of my energy and time I could ill afford. The routine was the same for my wife and daughter and Harry was supposed to follow a similar routine except that he retired soon after 11 as the Class dispersed. He had more rest—the employer was working for the World, the employee for his personal gain and he had less to do and did less.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 45

The Main Magnet

When I advertised for a traveling secretarial assistant, so many women applied for such a position and so readily fell in line with the strict provisions of my employment contract that the family was puzzled. On the face, the contract was sufficient to repel any but the truly sincere, yet, here were dozens of applicants who were looking for "just such a position"—why they would work 25 hours a day if necessary; would I please take them and train them?

The Philadelphia building having proved too small for our needs, I had entered into an agreement to buy a larger property for the expansion in Malaga, New Jersey. Settlement was to be made on July 3, 1924. Among the applicants was a former school teacher of a village near Malaga, so we interviewed her. For her character, we also interviewed her mother and sister. They all appeared good and respectable, so we showed the contract to the applicant and informed the rest of the strict rules of the Institute. The applicant signed it and pledged her faithfulness. I told her to come a day prior to our tour. She came and was given a room near the family. A few hours later, I found two letters written by her to persons unknown to us and giving minute details of my unpublished private movements of the whole tour, also speaking of me disparagingly. I asked for explanations; she wept copiously, apologized and asked forgiveness for violation of faith and contract. My wife and daughter interceded; I dropped the matter.

We left on our first leg of the Pacific Coast Tour via Chicago, Ill. The new assistant, Irene and Kashmira were in the Pullman drawing room, Harry and I took the adjoining compartment. As we left Kansas for Colorado, we gathered from her inadvertent remarks the real motive of her signing with us—she was aiming at Hollywood—she would have left us flat in California!

The ingratitude stung me; I kept quiet for the night, but the next morning, after breakfast I told her that I intended to send her back from Alburquerque New Mexico. She wept, entreated and then began to sing loudly what might fit the Bowery of New York. At Alburquerque, N. M., the train stopped 30 minutes. I bought her a return ticket, insurance, a sleeping berth and gave her $10 in cash besides the salary; she refused to get out; I told Harry to put her baggage out—then she moved. Harry had already begun to cultivate her acquaintance; he seemed very miscible.

CHAPTER 46

Defamed By Henry Ford's Newspaper

Passing through Arizona the next day, the conductor came asking if I would permit the station agent of Albuquerque N. M. to cash the ticket I bought for that woman. She wanted to stay there and wished for the cash. I knew her next move. She would take the cash and follow us for Hollywood. Her good mother had told me to take good care of her; I had fully done my duty and I refused to be a sucker. I wired the agent that the money was mine and should not be refunded to her, but, she must return with it to her people. She was obliged. Later when her

Digitized by Google

people visited us in Malaga, N. J., we told them the whole story. Her elder sister then wanted to join us, but, I had no position for her.

In Los Angeles California, a Graduate handed me a copy of the Dearborn Independent of March 15, 1924, in which Henry Ford's editor had defamed me most unjustly. It was a three page illustrated article and was filled with nothing but downright untruths, given over the signature of one Robert Morgan. Later information was that the writer was formerly with a Cleveland Ohio newspaper. Having a high regard for the owner Henry Ford and believing he would surely do me justice, I wired him:

March 16, 1924

Henry Ford
Dearborn, Michigan

My attention was drawn to your article in the Dearborn Independent of March fifteenth, on colored glass, written by Robert Morgan, calling me Jew of India, Semitic, imputing dishonesty and trickery, insinuating imposture, fraud and the like. I am an Aryan by blood and devoted loyal American citizen of international scientific standing. Your article is untrue, misleading, maliciously defamatory and highly libellous to my character and work. It is positively damaging and detrimental to my Spectro-Chrome Institute, which is no moneymaking scheme as you emphasize, but, is an incorporated organization authorized for its original line of therapy in fifteen prominent states and enjoying everywhere spotless reputation for unselfish service to humanity. No Robert Morgan interviewed me or investigated my system. Your report indicates purposed misrepresentations and ignorance of facts; however, before taking action, I present you opportunity for independent unconditional first hand investigation. My next complete course on Spectro-Chrome Therapy, with experiments and demonstrations, begins March twentyfourth, at Hotel Manx, San Francisco, California. I request you to send your duly accredited representative, at my expense to make impartial investigation and prove your good faith, fair play and sense of public justice. Please wire your decision promptly.

Dinshah P. Ghadiali, President,
Spectro-Chrome Institute.

As usual with men of the high social position of Henry Ford, a secretary E. G. Liebold wired me in San Francisco, Cal. that investigation corroborated their article, but, full opportunity would be given me to prove otherwise. Meanwhile, the Hartford Courant of Connecticut had mixed my name as being on the staff of a Naturopathic College and printed about me on the front page with its scandal; however, the learned editor printed my telegraphic defense on the editorial page in small type and I forgot that unpleasant incident.

It was in San Francisco, Cal. that as an assistant in the Class Harry Saunders received his tuition of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, free. When I employ a person, I make it a point to train, educate and raise the mentality of such person; I can not tolerate boobs around me. When Harry came, he certainly was illiterate, but, as the actual practice of Spectro-

Digitized by Google

Chrome Therapy did not need either collegiates or savants, he had a right to know what the bliss he was working at so as to arrange the apparati intelligently. I did not mind his faulty grammar; my Spectro-Chrome could heal the ailments of sufferers, no matter what language the healer talked.

In April my next Course opened in Los Angeles, Cal. with 46 students. A man by name Graves came to see my credentials in the name of Henry Ford; I asked to see his. He brought the next day a typed copy of some telegram from E. G. Liebold; I wanted to see the original which he made me believe he received from Henry Ford. He called Liebold a "poor fish" and spoke many derogatory things. I resented such attitude, declined to listen to his incoherent nonsense and wired the whole transaction to Henry Ford. I had an impression Henry Ford was an honorable gentleman and would never endeavor to ruin an innocent man; I still cling to the same opinion, although he has not recognized even my existence and did untold harm to my reputation. Will he give me justice yet? I have faith in his honor.

At this juncture, a woman answered an advertisement for an assistant. She was approaching 30, had served in the War, was an expert stenographer, had no special encumbrances and was a religious Roman Catholic. She was looking for a traveling position where her abilities could be appreciated. My family liked her and she appeared worthy and I had no objection about religion, as, being a theosophist I respected all. Would she conform to the rules of the Institute? Why certainly; did she not go through military discipline? It sounded too good to be true. The usual contract was shown and she signed it without hesitation. She was to join the week of our departure. We told her that morning that she should leave all paints, powders, rouges and similar artificialities at home prior to joining us, as, she would be with my daughter and we would not have anything like that on our premises. It was all according to the agreement and there could be no misunderstanding. She comprehended thoroughly all the service requirements.

She came. I finished my discourse of the evening near midnight and just as we were ready to retire, Kashmira came rushing into my room complaining that the new assistant had placed in her room all the forbidden odorous paraphernalia and would I request her to get rid of them? I did better. I paid the full week's wages and got rid of her. I would not care to have my daughter imposed upon by an unprincipled violator. Next day, I got refund on her steamer ticket.

CHAPTER 47

Voluntarily Reduced Income

About three days prior to my departure for Seattle, Wash., at 8:30 P. M. a telephone came from the City Jail Warden that on the complaint of the California State Medical Board, one of my Graduates was arrested. This man was a Canadian Medical Doctor before, but was successfully practising Spectro-Chrome Therapy in Los Angeles. He was a man of 86. I bailed him out and he promised to fight the case through. I gave $500 retainer to a lawyer recommended by the Class and told him to arrange to have me as a witness when the case would be called. I loaned

Digitized by Google

a Spectro-Chrome Equipment to the defendant in that case and set him in business again. The Medical Board was not going to run the World. We would fight over our human rights.

We packed our apparati and went to Seattle, Wash. by the Admiral Line S. S. Emma Alexander. There, I found the existence of a drugless crowd of healers who had obtained foothold against the Medical Trust; but, the head of that school came to me and threatened to have all my Graduates in jail if I would not let him run my show and admit all my Graduates through his gateway. I tried to talk politely, but, the man was so insolent, I had to show him the door. He swore revenge in abusive language; he was very spiteful and surely meant no good.

It was at this time a woman electro-therapist started me thinking from another angle. She wanted to take my Course, but, was too busy to attend and why should she attend when she could buy an Equipment for $150 from me and practise from my instruction book? Her office was in the same building as some of my prospective students. This woke me to a new situation that had been slowly crystallizing. It appeared to me unfair to my Graduates and more unfair to the public that looked to my healing science for good. I was combating the Medical Trust, Seattle Wash. showed me I would have also to combat the Drugless Trust (for that too exists) and here was the non-Graduate practitioner situation which might use my apparati without experience. My aims for public service appeared to be in danger. As the Class opened, I placed the matter before the 46 students and they unanimously signed an agreement that if I stopped selling equipments to outsiders, they pledged absolute faithfulness and would use only genuine Attuned Color Wave Slides, all Slides being permanently Institute property. This was the first and original Integrity Policy.

Its introduction cost Spectro-Chrome Institute an approximate loss of revenue to the extent of $25,000 per year and dealt my pocket a death blow. However, as the public had to be protected from the fraudulent imitators among whom were some of my own Graduates, I was glad to sacrifice that and anything else to prevent deceit. The sick people did not know the difference between ordinary colored glass and genuine Slides for Attuned Color Waves and they would take years to be educated. So I saw the necessity and bowed to the financial loss willingly. But, I had yet to learn some American business tactics; I had yet to learn that a signed paper had not much power; I had learnt about paper peace treaties, but, I had yet to learn about the control of dishonesty by paper Integrity Policies.

CHAPTER 48

Harriet Darce Paid Nothing

My next course was scheduled for Portland, Oregon. After that I was urged to give one in Salt Lake City, Utah, but, Irene was in the family way and I could not think of further draining her energy needed for the future citizen. She was doing her best as the Secretary of the Institute with Kashmira's help, but, to take care of all the exacting duties, was well nigh impossible for them or any two girls. We needed some one to alternate in the duties and to participate in the responsibilities, but,

Digitized by Google

notwithstanding our efforts had not found one who could match the two in devotion to the Cause of Humanity and who would faithfully carry out the requirements of the Employment Contract.

My public discourses and receptions were given at the Portland Hotel. The meetings were well attended. I requested every newspaper to send an accredited representative to take my Course free and without obligation. The only object was to demonstrate the genuine character of my system to overcome the adverse publicity given by Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent. My life was in the open and I cared not who investigated. Here is the full list of those who responded:—

Investigator	Representative
Oregon Daily Journal	Ernest Barton, B.Sc., M. D.
Masonic Analyst	C. W. Lowe, Opt.D.
Western American (Ku Klux Klan Organ)	Robert Lee Stephens
Producers Call	Louise Palmer Weber
Portland News	Elizabeth Kate Stephens
Peninsula Herald	Editor, E. L. Merritt
Spectator	Clifford Darce
Oregon Voter	Jolliette E. Chisholm
Scribe	Harriet Mabel Darce

I hesitated to accept some of these representatives. Western American was a Ku Klux Klan newspaper and I had not requested that organ to investigate my work; but Mrs. Stephens brought her son and wanted him to take my work and this appeared a pleasant way out of paying me the $100 for the Course. I told Robert Lee Stephens point blank that I had a negro assistant and as the K. K. K. had antipathy against the negro race I was afraid of a clash in my Class. Stephens told me that he did not belong to the Klan, but, was only working for the newspaper and that my idea about the Klan was not correct. As I was broad-minded, I accepted his explanation and admitted him.

Clifford Darce of the Spectator was accepted like others and his wife Harriet Mabel Darce applied for entrance. She was told to bring the accredited representation of a newspaper and she said she would. On the commencement day, she came saying the Editor of the Scribe (a Jewish newspaper) was willing to have her represent that organ and she would have brought the credentials, but, the gentleman was out of town. She promised positively to bring it before the completion of the Course and I admitted her without payment. She never presented her credentials and later developments will prove how she sponged on my generosity under that pretense.

CHAPTER 49

Mary S. Hayes And Geraldine McCann

One evening, before closing my public reception, having given the audience a slight insight into the troubles I went through in perfecting my system, I happened to mention, "but thank the Almighty the work is now satisfactorily progressing and I am now on easy street." It was those words that started some minds thinking how "to get me"—and they

Digitized by Google

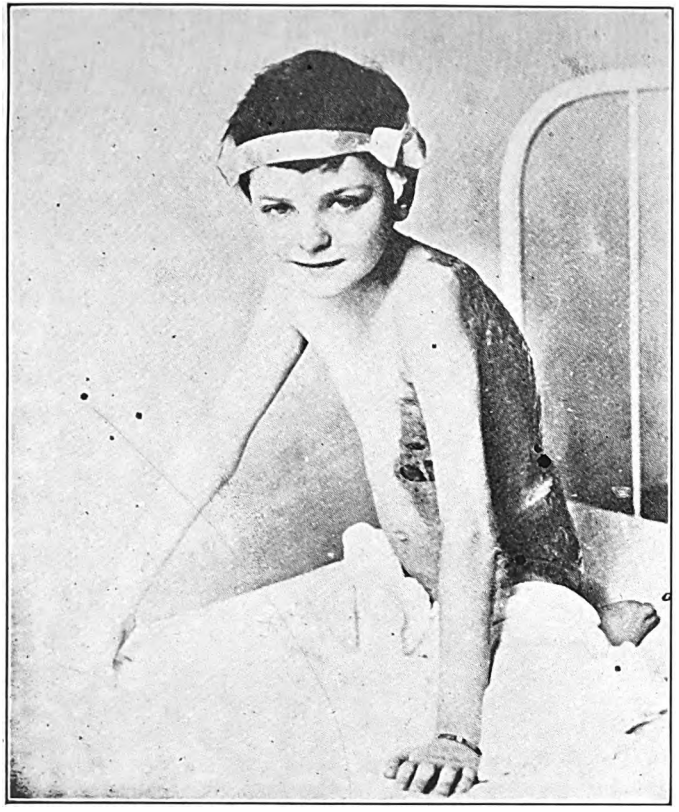
"got me" into the trouble in which I am now involved, but, "Evil to one who evil thinks."

A girl, giving her name as Geraldine McCann, asked me whether my system of healing could benefit mental disorders. I asked her how she was interested. She said her mother was insane and would Spectro-Chrome benefit her? I said it depended upon various causes, but, if anything could be useful, assuredly Spectro-Chrome could accomplish much in certain types of insanity. I told her to take the work and treat her mother herself. She said it must be wonderful to be in a work like that, but, that the teaching part appealed to her more than the treatment. The idea of that girl becoming a teacher of Spectro-Chrome Therapy appeared too far-fetched, yet, I did not deride it and told her to talk over the matter with her people. She called her aunt Mary S. Hayes and introduced me. Mrs. Hayes, among other things told me that she was a theosophist and a deep student of the occult and was a spiritualist also. That declaration naturally established a common ground for conversation and she urged Geraldine McCann to take the work, saying she intended to take it herself. In conversation she said she was dissatisfied with the worldly life she was leading and expressed her wish to go with me as an assistant. Being a married woman, living with her husband, I naturally thought she was just saying that as a compliment and did not pay much attention to it. She also wanted to take her niece with her. I told her that taking the niece with us, should the girl agree to the rules, was a different matter, but, as regards taking the aunt it could only be considered if the man would also take the duties with her. I needed helpers; I had offered a similar position to W. Caven E. Wright of Sherman, Clay & Co., but he declined thankfully because of his family ties. I could use a man and a woman like Mr. and Mrs. Hayes in our work; I had made a similar offer before to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peebles Sudall of Tuolumne, Cal., but we could not come to terms; those rules were perhaps too severe to follow.

Geraldine McCann came one evening and said she really would like to accompany us; she was finishing her business course in short hand and would be looking for a position soon; she was going to take the course with her Aunt Mary and would like to become an assistant. I had no copy of the regular employment contract so Irene drew up one from memory containing the major points and the girl was content to follow it. She did not see anything objectionable in it. We all explained the reasons for each clause: why the supervision over the mail? Because of my bad experience with less trustworthy people and my fights with the Medical Trust. Why the cap? Because of the effects of high power electrical oscillations, chemical vapors, sunlight and the like on the head; we lived in a laboratory atmosphere. Why the vegetarian diet? Because of practising what I preached: mercy, healthfulness and concistency of principles. Why no gifts or presents? Because of our absolute graftlessness to maintain strict integrity. There was nothing kept back. She was further told to come during the day and see us working; that would give her an opportunity of judging whether our work would be acceptable; every facility was given before she would make up her mind.

The aunt and niece joined the Class together paying $75 each, according to the joint family fees. Mrs. Hayes wanted later to bring her husband

Digitized by Google



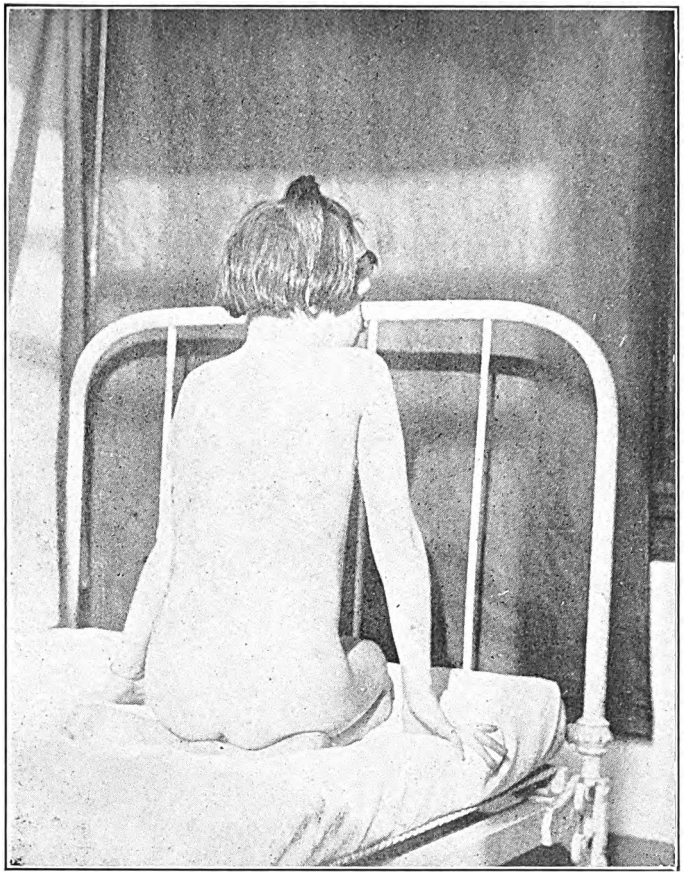
AFTER THREE MONTHS

AFTER EIGHTEEN MONTHS

NEW SKIN GROWING--GRACE SHIRLOW--FRONT AREAS REBUILT

WONDERFUL RESULT PRODUCED EXCLUSIVELY BY SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY WITHOUT DRUGS OR SURGERY

Digitized by Google



AFTER EIGHTEEN MONTHS

AT PLAY AFTER RECOVERY

UNIFORM NEW SKIN—GRACE SHIRLOW—BUILT BY SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY

This Result Could Never Have Been Produced By Medicine Or Surgery. Yet The Medical Trust Defamed Me. **WHY?**

Digitized by Google

because the Course appealed to her. I told her he could not get a diploma unless he took the missed discourses. He joined a week later on those terms. Meanwhile the girl had signed the contract at $15 per week, with all expenses paid, which was good for any beginner. She then confided to us that she was worried about her mother's money which she had put to her own use to get business training. She was paid back $75 tuition fee for Spectro-Chrome Course and $60 more for her business training, by a check for $135, according to the Institute methods. She was taking the work as a permanent career and it was necessary for her peace of mind. We had no suspicion of anything.

The Course finished, I told the girl to be ready for departure on the 24th of June. She came and stayed with my family on the night of the 21st when I went to Seattle, Wash., for a day to organize the Graduates there. I returned the next day. The afternoon of the 23d. Mary S. Hayes came in. She was very agitated. She had a telephone call from the Postal Telegraph Company for Geraldine and wanted her to get the message.

She went with Mrs. Hayes and received the telegram, which read as follows:—

POSTAL TELEGRAPH—COMMERCIAL CABLES
TELEGRAM

Received at Main Office — Delivery No. 220
126 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.
97 ZMC 12-58P 10 RUSH

Wal 7086

CALGARY ALTA JUNE 23 1924 — Da 113 P
MISS GERALDINE McCANN — WILL BE CALLED FOR
1016 EAST SEVENTH STREET PORTLAND ORE

PLEASE WIRE COLLECT IMMEDIATELY NAME AND ADDRESS OF PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER

C P McQUEEN

Telephoned at 2 54 P
To Same
By BM

They returned and showed me the message. I asked what it was all about and who McQueen was. He was a friend of the McCann family and Geraldine had sent him letters telling about her going. I told her to send him all our literature; she said he had everything. Why this telegram then? Don't know why. I did not like this beginning. My inner consciousness warned me that she had not given the man full information. I turned around and said, "Does this man control you in any way?" "Not in the least; I am my own mistress," said Miss McCann. "Well, how could it be? You are not yet 21." "But, Colonel Dinshah, I am with my aunt Mary." "Is she your guardian?" "Yes, certainly." I again looked at the telegram; there was something behind the scene; I declined to take the girl. Mrs. Hayes and Miss McCann pleaded earnestly saying there was nothing wrong; everything was just right; Mr. McQueen's inquiry was only casual.

Digitized by Google

aunt was worried and she had asked which aunt. He did not know, but, Geraldine had said it must be aunt Mary, because, her other aunt Sophia Shaughnessy did not even know where the niece was gone. The good Sheriff had told Miss McCann to write to the aunt. I had not suspected that Miss McCann had not informed her other aunt, as, before leaving, she had told us that all her relatives knew where she was going and what career she was undertaking. This chasing of me by Mrs. Hayes surprised me, because, she was left in charge of hundreds of dollars' worth of the Institute's property for sale to my Portland Graduates. I could not understand her motives and Miss McCann pretended ignorance when asked. However, having nothing definite to think of, the family did not give the incident a second thought.

CHAPTER 52

Agent Rollin D. Clark Investigated

Following on the heels of the worthy Sheriff and his assistant, another event occcurred. One morning, as I went to the Post Office for my mail, a young man accosted me; "Are you Colonel Dinshah?" "Yes sir, whom have I the pleasure of addressing?" "Just the man I wanted to see." "You wish to see me? I live right up there; please come to my laboratory." He said he had his own machine. On arrival, he identified himself as a Special Agent of the U. S. Department of Justice; he had orders to find out all about Geraldine McCann. I said I would call her and he might ask for himself. She came and I called my wife and daughter too. Rollin D. Clark asked her whether she was satisfied and the like. Following on the investigation of the Sheriff, this Governmental inquiry nettled me and I placed into the hands of the Agent $200 in cash from my safe with the remark, "Mr. Clark, I have had nothing but trouble since this girl came and I know the laws well; this kind of business will someday bring trouble on my head for nothing. Here is the girl, take her with you." At this Geraldine said It was not fair to punish her for the doings of her relatives, that she was satisfied and content to stay and did not wish to go back.

This appeal to my sense of fair play, won; Agent R. D. Clark rose to go saying he would make the necessary report. In going out, I said to him that the girl came to be my traveling Secretary and I was to go soon to Detroit; would it bring trouble on me to take her? He laughed at the idea and said that I should not be afraid to take her. I requested him to give me that in writing, which, of course he could not do. He went leaving on my mind a good impression of his character. He looked and behaved like a gentleman. I liked him.

Till then, Miss McCann had been wearing ordinary female clothes, but they were none too elegant. For chemises, she was reported to be wearing them made of Olympia Flour sacks. This, when noticed by my family, touched their kind heart; they could not tolerate her moving around in such wear and furnished her with proper materials. At her own request, they bought for her knickerbockers until proper serge suits might be tailored. Miss McCann liked the smart, comfortable and business-like blue serge suits of coat and breeches worn all the year around by my wife and daughter and pursuaded them to have her similarly outfitted. They did so with pleasure and were happy in the thought that their chum and companion was so well taking to the busy life of the Institute.

Digitized by Google

The tailor's wife wrote the following:

Philadelphia, July 17, 1924

Dear Sir

Colonel Dinshah:

Would you please ask Miss McCann to call for a fitting to her earliest convenience. I would greatly appreciate if Miss McCann would let me know when I shall expect her, so that I am at home to fit the 'nickers.

I remain yours respectfully,
(Signed) Mrs. R. J. Gland.

1517 W. York St.
Phila., Pa.

Kashmira asked me to take the girl for the fitting. I drove her out and back, spending a whole of my day; but, it was reckoned by me to account "training new secretary—overhead expenses."

A week later another letter came:

Philadelphia, July 24, 1924.

Dear Sir. Colonel Dinshah

Just a few words to let you know that we have one suit and one hat finished you can please send for it at any of your convenience have please Miss McCann tried on and let me know how it fits. So, that we can make the other hat and suit accordingly de same.

I remain yours
respectfully

(Signed) Mrs. R. J. Gland

1517 W. York St., Phila.

Another day to the same account and Miss McCann came back to Malaga, full-fledged like a naval officer in dress uniform. Her face was beaming with joy and she said, "Now I can go with you to Detroit as your secretary; look at me! I look just like the two others. Don't I?"

I looked at her; I gave her a nod of approval—but, taking her on a tour was far from my mind. The Sheriff and R. D. Clark were in my mind and what about Mrs. Mary S. Hayes? She had wired me that she withdrew the permission and wanted the girl back! Agent clark came right after that and a day later a letter came to Miss McCann from her "aunt Mary" that she was glad "Danie" was happy! What in the name of good sense was that woman on the Pacific Coast doing or thinking? I placed all these matters before the family and the girl and she wired her aunt her decision that although I offered her the fare back she refused to leave her position. Again she played on my "fair play" and she won.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 53

Mysterious Visitors

It was known to all my Graduates that I was going to Detroit Michigan to protest against the libel of Ford's paper. Miss McCann was daily drumming in my ears about allowing her to accompany me. I told her she would need some more experience in the Central Office before she could be capable of acting as Secretary. Irene being the Secretary of the Spectro-Chrome Institute, I placed Miss McCann under her tuition to get experience in the ramifications of the various duties attached to the position; Miss McCann was authorized to sign communications as assistant Secretary and the idea of being in the lime light pleased her exceedingly; she appeared thirsty for eulogium and that was encouraging.

On August 4, 1924, I left for Detroit by automobile via Cleveland, Ohio. My truck, driven by Harry Saunders, was following 100 yards behind, laden with my valuable experimental apparati. On the Allegheny Mountains, Harry gave me the creeps. Having damaged the brake bands in endeavoring to keep pace with my fast machine on the down grade, near Everett he bumped into my car from behind. For a moment I felt as if New Jersey would never see me back, but, nothing serious happened and after needed repairs we arrived in Detroit, Michigan, on the third day.

I had reserved the Adams Room in Hotel Tuller for my demonstrations. Unexpectedly, Surgeon Kate W. Baldwin, S.C.T. arrived there also. That noble friend, knowing what a struggle I had before me, came to help me address the public meetings in favor of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and brought with her Grace Shirlow, the burnt girl whose life she had saved, as a living monumental challenge to the opponents and revilers. The stage was well set. I was there with all experimental paraphernalia to prove to Henry Ford and the World that I was not a "crook jew of India" as his newspaper had insinuated, but, a straight scientific researcher. The arrival of Dr. Baldwin so suddenly on the scene was a great help in my efforts.

I advertised in all the daily newspapers and invited the editor of the Dearborn Independent, Henry Ford and all others who had tried to belittle my work. The Wayne County Medical Society also had published downright lies about me and my system. They had passed a resolution that any Medical Doctor, a member of their society, who practised Spectro-Chrome Therapy, could not stay as a member because they had investigated it and it was not scientific. That was an arrant lie, because no investigation was ever made and all my challenges remain to this day unanswered. One of my Detroit Graduates, an honorable and reputable Doctor of Medicine, Wallace F. MacNaughton, was compelled to resign under threat of expulsion because he practised Spectro-Chrome Therapy successfully. The medical oligarchy issued threats and annoyed him so much, he resigned from the Wayne County Medical Society.

I was there in the lion's den ready for first hand reply and fight to the finish.

The day I was to deliver my first public oration, two men and a woman came at 9:30 A. M. into the room next to my lecture room and

Digitized by Google

asked me what I was doing there. I invited them into the lecture room and courteously informed them of my work. One of them thereupon said to me that I could not be allowed to take the money of his State by teaching, that I had no license. I told him he had nerve to speak that way. He said he was from the Board of Health—he was Major Roehl and that I could not treat anybody there. This aroused me more and I told him bluntly that the Board of Health did not control my educational lectures, that I did not treat anyone, that I had a charter in Michigan State and I did not care to listen to dictation because I was violating no law. At this the other introduced himself as a Detective Police Lieutenant and tried to bulldoze me some more. I told him I was once a Police Reserve Colonel myself and knew my rights. He asked where my Secretary Miss McCann was. That sounded strange to me. What had this Health Board to do with the Police and McCann? The mix-up was a mystery. The Lieutenant told me the District Attorney wanted to see me. I said I had no business with the District Attorney and if he wanted me he might come himself; I was busy with my coming work and had no time to waste. They then talked about Dr. Baldwin. I told them who she was; they appeared incredulous. I took them through my rooms and bowed them out.

In the afternoon, a tall stout man came to see me. I asked him his name; he would not give it. He had come for some investigation about some matter and the like. Conversation brought about my allusion of Henry Ford. He knew about it, told me to go slowly. He was ready to investigate. He met Dr. Baldwin, saw the burnt girl, said he was an M.D. and was interested. He gave me covertly to understand that he represented Henry Ford, that Ford had heard of me, was prepared to do justice, wanted information in full. I declined all offers except that he should take my full Course free and judge for himself. He declined to sign his enrollment blank and other papers. I would not take him otherwise; he finally yielded on the promise that even in a Court I should not divulge his entity. I promised, did not divulge this in the Court even when my neck was in the noose: **I never belied a promise.** I am now placing it before the public only because that man did not ring true in his representations. He did **not** represent Henry Ford.

He took the whole Course, signed the testimonial; told me on the last day on the boat that Henry Ford told him that (Sunday) morning he would publish an article of 3,000 words if I sent it, and so on, congratulated me on the beauty of my work and patted me on the back saying, "you might be over-enthused, but, you are beyond doubt honest." Then he quietly opened his lapel—there was the badge of the Department of Justice—that man who came as representative of Henry Ford was an officer of that department—he sent his examination paper, got my Diploma Number 709.

His name he gave as Glen R. Young, M. D.

Who is he? Did Henry Ford send him? No? Then, has any officer a right to pose as representing Henry Ford? Will that famous manufacturer please investigate and give me justice?

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 54

Conspiracy Of Mary Hayes

Just as my Detroit Class was forming came a letter from W. Caven E. Wright, (one of my Portland·Oregon Graduates) through my Central Office:

(From the Court Record)

August 7, 1924.

"Dear Dinshah:

I have just returned from my vacation which I spent with my folks in Vancouver B. C. We made the trip by automobile and had bad luck almost from the beginning of the holiday.

* * * * * * * *

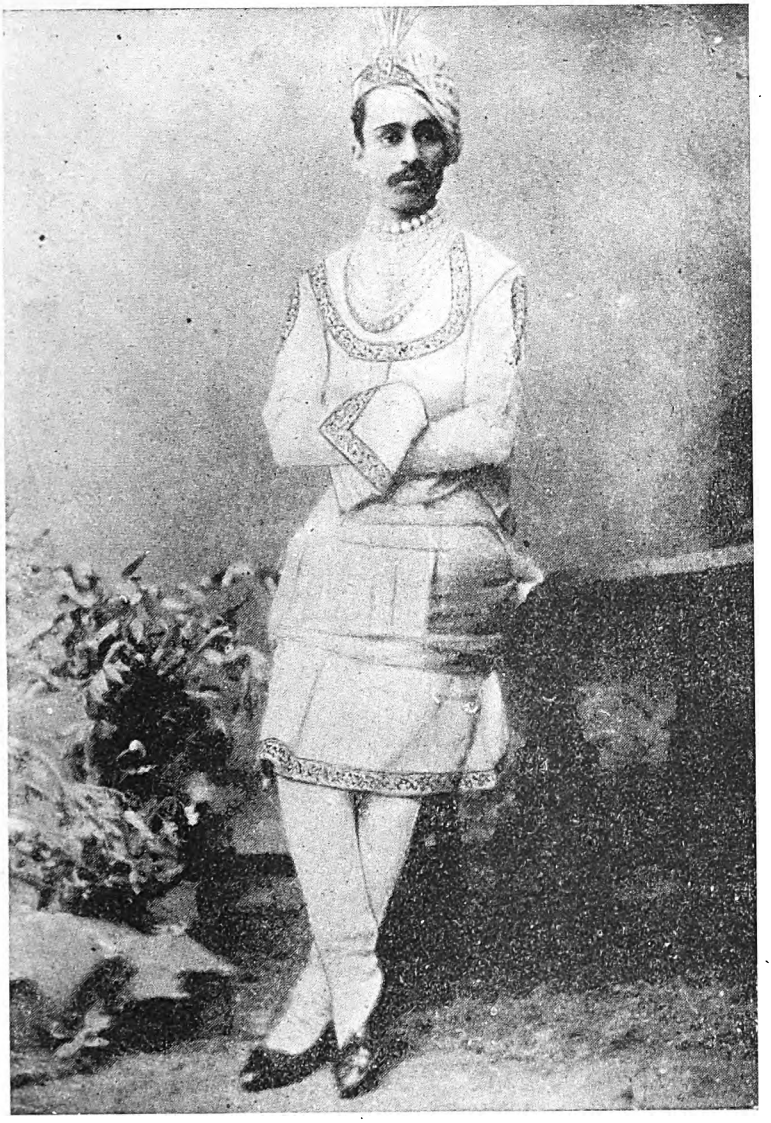
On my return home last week I was very happy and encouraged to learn that some very fine results had been obtained by those engaged in the work here. On the other hand however, I was much disappointed to find a lot of gossip and unfaithfulness on the part of some of my classmates. This condition is causing considerable disturbance and unpleasantness and must be discontinued immediately or an uncalculable amount of damage is going to result. I feel it my duty to inform you of what is going on Colonel and the following is a report of the findings in the hurried investigation I have made.

Mrs. Hayes is stirring up a lot of feeling and some sympathy among the class here circulating stories and making charges against you in connection with taking her niece away as your private secretary. I have this first hand as she came to see me and painted a most horrible picture of what she says is going on. I will not go into detail here, but will be glad to inform you if you wish of exactly what was said during that interview. I upheld you in every way and refused to take any stock in what she had to say, except to warn her against any further insult or insinuation. She told me she had about $140.00 of yours in her possession from the sale of bulbs and supplies which she has been handling for you, which she refuses to remit until you send her Niece back to her.

* * * * * * * *

I had a long talk with Dr. Sherman yesterday. He tells me that Dr. Hampton and Mr. Darsey are co-operating and are in partnership with a Dr. Bruce here in the manufacture of fake slides and machines, and that it is their avowed intention to teach a new system of treatment of diseases by color waves which in their language is an improvement on Spectro-Chrome Therapy. I do not wish to alarm or worry you unnecessarily but thought you should know this. No doubt you have met this condition before, and are amply prepared to combat it if necessary. I understand that Dr. Hampton gave Mrs. Hayes one of these slides which she (Mrs. Hayes) used in her Spectro-Chrome machine, and then broadcasting the report that it was better than your slide. I am surprised that this rotten trickery is going on amoung any members of the class which I attended and hope that something can be done to put them out of business. I do not

Digitized by Google



HIS HIGHNESS NEHALSING

MAHARAJ RANA SAHIB OF DHOLPUR, INDIA

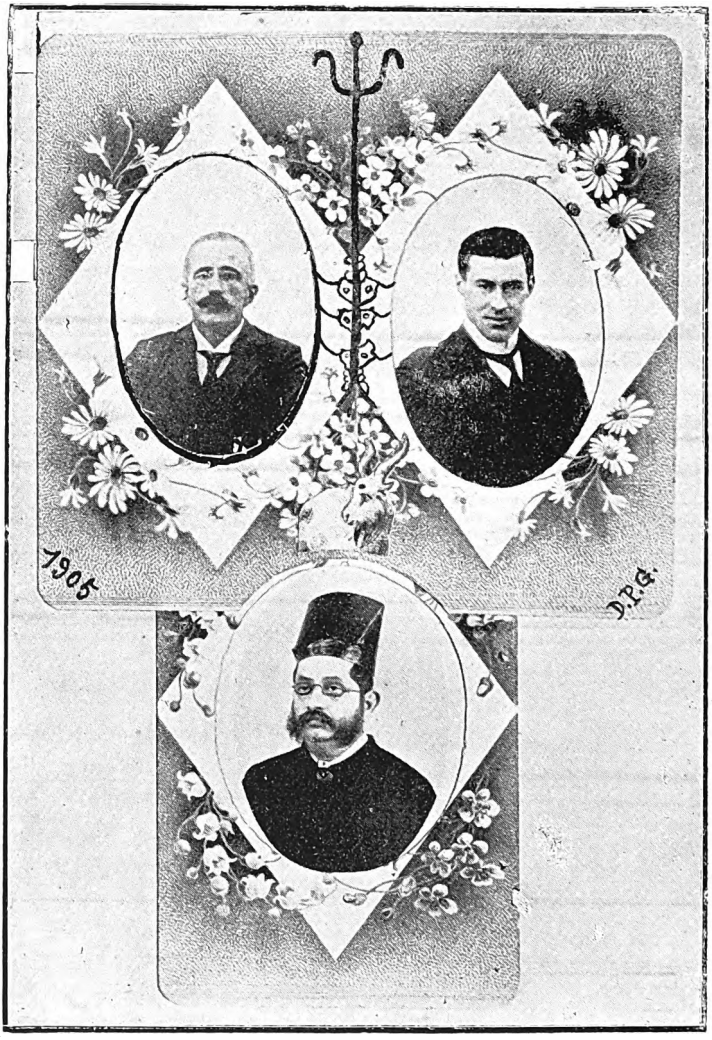
Born May 1864 Died July 1902

"By faithful attention to duties I won the confidence of the Maharaj Rana Sahib. He was a masterly polo player and had won numerous cups. He was every inch a sport and was beloved of the British Government. In his service, I changed my dress and wore the uniform of an officer of the State. He was a generous prince and was the pride of his people." (Page 8)

Digitized by Google

RAILROADING A CITIZEN

The Three Magistrates Who Tried Dinshah For Libel In Surat India And The Goat That Got The Goat Of The Grandiose Guys



THE DIAMONDS OF PURE BRITISH JUSTICE

W. T. Morrison — District Magistrate

A. D. Brown — Subdivisional Magistrate

Sorabshah Hormusji — First Class Magistrate

Digitized by Google

think that diplomas should be issued to Dr. Hampton, Mr. Darsey or Mrs. Hayes. Please let me also suggest that the diplomas be sent as soon as possible—give us some assistance if you deem it advisable in getting organized as soon we can to fight this menace and protect our interests and Spectro-Chrome Therapy in the State of Oregon.

* * * * * * * *

Please let me know if I can help you by giving more detail information concerning Mrs. Hayes which I will immediately forward. Kindly excuse the irregularities in this letter as I have written it rather hurriedly on a little portable machine."

The letter naturally confirmed my prior suspicions of the honesty of Mary Hayes. She was pursuing me relentlessly for some ulterior motive and perhaps others were with her.

I answered Caven Wright as follows:

August 21, 1924.

"My Dear Friend:

* * * * * * * *

I regret much to read your comments about faithless students, but, those who passed have their diplomas already mailed and unless they openly violate their integrity agreement and prove unworthy I can not in all justice take action, even though they may scandalize me mercilessly.

Should you have proofs of violation send them to me and I shall give them my careful consideration.

Your complaint about Mrs. Mary Hayes, saying that she would not give up corporate money collected from sales of the bulbs is serious, as under the law she would be creating misappropriation; will you promptly write me the **full details** of her talks to you and her doings so I can act intelligently; without full information, I can not fairly act. You need not be squeamish to write anything to me, because I have some documents to send you which will corroborate your views and confidence.

DPG/DD Yours spectro-chromically

(Signed) Dinshah—"

I sent the letter of Caven Wright to my family and asked them to show it to Miss McCann and have her write to her aunt some final decision to stop these scandals. She sent her decision to me and I approved of it as business-like and dignified (exhibit 9) and wrote her to mail it to Mrs. Hayes. (The letter, exhibit 10, written by me to Miss McCann at the time was as follows, but, was rejected by the Court).

Detroit, Michigan,

August 21, 1924.

16-34

My Dear Geraldine:

I return the letter for mailing to your aunt Mrs. Mary Hayes, from Malaga, N. J.

Digitized by Google

I am glad that you made your own decision, for, Goodness knows I did not bring you away against your or their wish and that I do not keep you yet by any suggestion, inducement or pursuasion.

Mrs. Mary Hayes has proved treacherous and fraudulent, but, remember there is a retributive justice and that if she means to dig my grave spitefully and meanly, she will answer the Higher Powers.

For the sake of giving you happiness and the career you craved, I am more and more hounded; today, the detective Police Lieutenant came inquiring about you and I am certain that your aunt is endeavoring to get me imprisoned for spiriting you away!!! What a shame!

Under other circumstances, one would sent you away to Oregon by compulsion by discharging you from the Institute; but, I am **not** a villain or dishonest or non-conscientious person, to punish you for the badness of your relatives. As long as you are good, truthful and sincere, you will find me standing with you and helping you on to further success.

I am working under the most terrific strain; one might break down under the pressure of the enormous opposition that I am pushing against; but, I have faith in you three; my Irene and Kashmira will I am certain pass through anything to assist you; I shall do the same, because, I believe your accomplishments and bravery and force of character will work for you a wonderful successful career.

My wishes are, may you fructify in your efforts and may you be happier in the place where you are, so you may forget the unhappy days you spent with your own people.

DPG/DD Your well-wisher

(Signed) Dinshah

Such were the troublesome days in Detroit. I gave the public lectures, trained a Class and to the satisfaction of my Graduates cleared my reputation.

It was in Detroit that when these investigations occurred in the presence of Harry that he said to me, "Holy smokes! What are this Mary Hayes doing? To get you in White Slavery? Um Umph! After kissing us good-bye?" I promptly snapped, "Kissed whom?" He said, "Why Colonel, on the last day Mrs. Hayes put her arms around me and kissed me on the cheek!" A thunderbolt at my feet could not have given me a bigger shock. The demure and stately aunt of Miss McCann to kiss a negro! And then the same woman to endeavor to trap me as a White Slaver? There was something brewing in the air and I was on my guard, because, this same Harry had confided me on tour that though he had served 12 months in Moyamensing prison in Philadelphia for stealing an automobile it was kind of me to treat him like a brother. Was I not a reformer and a brother of humanity? That stupid leniency cost me my reputation, when that same saved Harry, by his lies, brought me into disgrace.

As the boat was ready to leave for Buffalo even Glen R. Young asked for Harry! He was a good assistant he said—perhaps he too wanted to plant Harry as a spy on me!

Where is human gratefulness?

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 55

The Fatal Vacation

We came back to Malaga. I was ready to be busy for further work, but, it was not fair to tie those growing girls to my strenuous time schedule. My darling Kashmira had suffered enough with me during the earlier days and it was right that she should have some leisure for accomplishments. My time was all taken; my joy in life was my one goal—service to mankind. I therefore purchased an automobile for the girls to drive so they might go independently. Kashmira and Geraldine chose a touring Chevrolet in Vineland, N. J., and on the day after my arrival, September 10, 1924, it was delivered. The next day, we went to Wildwood, N. J. for a casual drive. There on the boardwalk, we stepped to a refreshment stand where a smiling woman was in attendance. She was the owner of that pretty place and with her husband received lodgers in her apartment house. As I bought the ice cream cones she remarked how it would be to take a vacation in Wildwood. I referred her to the girls, as I had taken no vacation in years. They were introduced. Her husband Charles J. Kinsell showed the girls the apartments. Miss McCann took quite a leading part. Mrs. Eleanor Kinsell seemed to like the girls and requested all to rent her place and enjoy a real vacation. I rented the top floor and on Saturday the 13th of September 1924, I drove them down in the afternoon. Their vacation started—my misfortune started.

Wildwood, N. J. being 65 miles from Malaga, I had to drive twice daily to attend to my duties. Each morning I would rise at 4 and be out by 5:30 to be at my desk at 9 when Harry would join from Philadelphia. The new car took 3½ hours each way. 7 hours of daily driving and 7 hours at the desk, arriving in Wildwood by 7:30, then taking the girls out to learn how to drive the auto left me not much rest—leave aside any action. I was however glad to do it to make them independent of my "coat buttons." If they would be licensed, they could enjoy their young life as they pleased and leave me to my reseach. They deserved that consideration.

On Saturday, September 20, 1924, we returned. The girls had been to many ocean baths, motion picture shows and hikes. They radiated happiness which shed its reflection on me also. The Monday next, Harry was dismissed for telling me "bunk." He wrote me an apology:

Phila. 9/30/24

Colonel Dinshah,

Dear Sir:

In writing this letter I am asking your forgiveness for my errors carellessness Neglectfulness am most all for telling you a unnessary Lies and to make a long story short I am going to make good for my faults and obey all rules and try to gain your confidence again will close craving your forgiveness.

(Signed) Harry Saunders

2330 N. Fawn St., Phila.

Digitized by Google

The family pleaded to give the man "another chance" and—well! was I not a brother of humanity? I gave him another chance (to ruin me). I took him back.

That "vacation," that Wildwood, that man taken back proved my eventual undoing.

Philosophy in actual life does not pay; business and humanity are not on the same plane.

CHAPTER 56

Accused Of Running Harem

Barely had we returned, when W. Caven E. Wright sent a letter dated September 15, 1924, from Portland, Oregon. (This is Exhibit 28 rejected by the Court).

"Dear Dinshah:

* * * * * * * *

Now about Mrs. Hayes.—

I heard wild rumors to the effect that Mrs. Hayes was doing a lot of talking about you, and decided I would get it first hand from her so I phoned and asked her to come into my office and see me—which she did.

She started in by saying that you were running a Harem, and that you had schemed to get her niece to go away with you under the pretext of her acting as your private secretary. She produced a letter and post-card which she claimed you had forged Geraldine McCann's name to—also said she had sent you a ticket for Geraldine's transportation home and a wire demanding her return which you ignored. She also made the statement that you lied when you said the two ladies you had here with you were your wife and daughter. Positively asserted that she had proof that they were your prisoners and part of your Harem. She explained how she had gone to the Federal authorities here and complained and arranged for a detective to attend your class in Detroit and watch your movements. Also that she had written to Henry Ford asking for his support and assistance in "bringing you to justice." It was her intention to go to Detroit herself if she could finance the trip—which I believe she carried.—Claimed to have reason to believe that you were an imposter and a man of the lowest type of the underworld.—snaring innocent girls into your "Harem" and holding them as prisoners on a 30 acre farm at Malaga out of hearing and reach of every one. She said she was sure you abused them fearfully sexually and also that you resorted to bringing them under your power by hypnotic means and satisfying your devilish desires in a most horrid un-natural way.

This is in substance what transpired here in my office Colonel. Of course, I upheld you in every way and resented her talk very strongly. I think the woman is unbalanced mentally and is to be pitied—never-the-less a dangerous character and I am glad to inform you of what she is doing in the hope that it will assist you in putting a stop to this rotten scandal.

Please let me know if I can be of further service to you in any way, and believe me to be

Digitized by Google

Your sincere friend

(Signed) W. Caven E. Wright"

Connecting the incidents of Mary S. Hayes kissing the negro Harry, the lunacy of Miss McCann's mother and another aunt, with the horrible scandal stirred by Mary Hayes about me, it did not take me long to arrive at the conclusion that such a woman must be mentally unhinged through some pelvic disorder. This is practically in accordance with Psychoanalysis. I had no resentment at her, as, I took her for an unbalanced person and pitied her.

All this information was conveyed by Miss McCann to my family. She said she had no use for aunt Mary; she wanted to have nothing to do with her and was sorry she was the cause of so much trouble to me.

Meanwhile, letters were being exchanged between Geraldine and her relatives constantly—letters of several pages at a time, talking of nothing but the scandals of other people, many of which even the girl disliked, saying, "I wish they would let me alone; why do they bother me with such things? I don't care." We had said to her that the solution was in her hands. She wrote to her other aunt Sophia Shaughnessy even early on August 29, 1924, "Because of the troubles and scandals caused by Aunt Mary I do not wish to trouble with affairs in Portland." (Exhibit 11) At that time I was 800 miles away in Detroit! And yet I have been accused of compelling her! (Read her testimony).

CHAPTER 57

The Sham Hosiery Peddler

The girls were now licensed drivers. The day I came from Camden, N. J., September 29, 1924, with Miss McCann and Kashmira after passing their examination, we saw a coarsely-dressed woman seated on the porchsteps of my laboratory. This was unusual. No strangers or loiterers were allowed on the premises and here was this strange woman enjoying the breezes. She said she was a hosiery saleswoman and when I told her no silk stockings were of use to us, she persisted in her suggestions and wanted to know more about Spectro-Chrome. I admitted her into my office and at her request showed her the inside of the building. She was one of the bigger nose-pokers I met in my life. She wanted to know all about every detail of my premises and when I accompanied her outside, she even had the impudence to ask to be shown into the bedrooms of the residence building. A request of so personal a character coming from anyone would be considered insolent, but, coming from a "peddler" as she had represented herself, it was astounding, to say the least. Had she not appeared respectable I too would have resented such cheek, but, I merely said that building had nothing but a kitchen and dining room and three small bedrooms—just suitable for the family. She then started to ask a hundred different utterly irrelevant questions about who made purchases and why should I be consulted for hosiery and the like. I told her I did not have anything to do with the hosiery purchase, but, we always wore wool stockings. I left her on the road.

Coming in, we found a letter for Miss McCann from Portland, Ore. Her Aunt Sophia Shaughnessy wrote her. (Exhibit 40.) As she read it

Digitized by Google

signs of impatience spread on her face and she gave it to us. The reference to "blood money" angered all. What were those "aunts" trying? How did they get such filthy ideas in their mind? It placed us all in a truly precarious position; we would be in trouble someday through that girl's relatives, but, the girl said she was sorry herself for such foolish letters of her people and we had to be "fair." Why punish the innocent?

Prior to this her grandfather had written to her and her friends and cousins and younger brothers and sisters and and and—there seemed no end; a fine way for one aiming at a career. She answered some, ignored others, but, she was free as a bird in the air, without any shackle, domination or surveillance.

Had there been any watch on her, what happened would never have happened; that girl with her queer ways would have been compelled to leave. But—I am a brother of humanity!

CHAPTER 58

The Decoy Letter

On October 7, 1924, late in the afternoon, a telephone came from Bertha Richman the Post-Mistress that there was a Registered Special Delivery letter to be handed personally to Miss McCann. Would she come for it? Certainly. She drove down with Kashmira. The two girls liked to drive independently and each one took a turn at the wheel. They were proud of their license and used every pretext to drive their car out. Sundays they would go long distances for hours and enjoyed the outdoor sport and picnic.

At the post office, Geraldine received the letter and while signing for it, suddenly that "hosiery peddler" woman appeared on the scene. She insisted that Miss McCann had to inspect some special "woolen" stockings and when Geraldine said she was well supplied, the woman—Lenora Houston, her name was—urged they were special for her. Finally, as both the girls went in, the woman pulled out a pair of stockings and told Kashmira that she wanted to speak to Miss McCann alone. Such an absurd request from a stranger appeared odd, but, Kashmira left the room when Geraldine herself requested it. The two talked in private about half an hour. Coming home, my attention was drawn to Lenora Houston's conversation, which was similar to that of R. D. Clark. She informed Miss McCann she came from the Department of Justice and would help her if anything was wrong. The girl had emphatically said that she was happy and did not want to go back. That letter contained this:—

FRANK L. GARBARINO

Expert Investigator

(Licensed and Bonded)

Philadelphia, Pa.

October 6, 1924.

Miss Geraldine McCann,
c/o Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
Malaga, N. J.

Digitized by Google

Dear Madam:

I am in receipt of certain information which I have reason to believe would be of interest to you and will appreciate it if you will let me know when it will be convenient for me to call on you, or if you are coming to Philadelphia in the near future how I can make an appointment to see you here.

You can address me at Room 127 Hotel Hanover, this City, or if you are in Philadelphia telephone me at Locust 4300, and I will make an appointment to meet you wherever you desire.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Frank L. Garbarino

Hotel Hanover,
12th & Arch Sts.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

It did not take me long to hinge the circumstances together. R. D. Clark, Lenora Houston, Frank L. Garbarino. It was one gang of Market Street, Philadelphia—I told all right away the entire business was nothing but the Department of Justice in action. Yet, what had a clear conscience to fear?

Miss McCann consulted me for the answer. I said, "Do you know the man?" "Of course not." "Well, would you give an appointment to a stranger?" "Of course not." "Well then use your common sense and reply; I have had enough trouble since you came and perhaps this is some more." The real trouble was yet to brew. She replied that writer as follows:—

MALAGA, NEW JERSEY,
October 7, 1924.
17-35.

Mr. Frank L. Garbarino,,
Hotel Hanover,
Room 127,
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

Sir:

I received your communication of October 6,, 1924, and I wish to state that I do not care to make appointments with strangers.

Should you have information that would be of interest to me you may write me.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Geraldine McCann.

I was training that girl in pure business methods to avoid pitfalls. I was certainly **directing** her, but **never** compelling, dictating or dominating. During her entire stay, that girl was left to choose her own and to steer her own ship of life. We did not hear from Garbarino again.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 59

The Peculiar Odor

When Miss McCann came from Portland, her face was pimpled and her health was not what we might call 100 per cent. Her stomach was not in good order and many other visible symptoms I remarked which to a casual observer might not be noticeable.

With the bashfulness of a maiden, she concealed from me certain facts about her condition which a few weeks later automatically manifested. On the trip to New York in July 1924, when she accompanied me to see that grand metropolis, I had to stop several times on the wayside to afford her opportunity of retirement. As an originator of a new healing science, I could not be blamed for asking her what her trouble was and whether I could help her to gain health. She frankly told me about her bladder trouble and I advised her to use Spectro-Chrome as soon as our laboratory was arranged.

Returning on September 9, 1924, from Detroit, the comparatively high laundry bills drew my attention. The family's attention had been attracted by the yellow spots on the girl's underwear and she had been asked to explain; furthermore, there was a peculiar unmistakable fetid odor which she herself admitted made her self-conscious. To an untrained person, there would be nothing to indicate as being out of the ordinary, but, to me it showed the clear necessity of treatment, if she were to mix with my students. She could be of no service in an exacting work, if she were not healthy. It was a duty on my part. For over 8 years in the City of Surat, India, I had specialized in gynecological disorders and the girl's condition could not be hidden from me; besides, she was an inmate in the family residence. Kashmira and she slept in one room and I was bound to relieve the girl if for nobody's sake for my daughter's sake. That odor was even to me sickening, but, according to etiquette, I refrained from alluding to it to save wounding her feelings.

Miss McCann had told my wife about having been examined by several Medical Doctors for the bladder trouble, but, they did not succeed in removing it. Even in the Class, she had to go out many times. She had been suffering since childhood. When to that was added the yellow discharge, it made her very sensitive; finally, she appealed to me for examination and relief. I consented and made a digital examination; taking her to be a virtuous girl, I had no reason to suspect any specific disturbance and told her to resort to more cleanly habits and use Spectro-Chrome as directed.

Yet every good I did to her she used later as a weapon against me.

CHAPTER 60

Birth of Cyrus

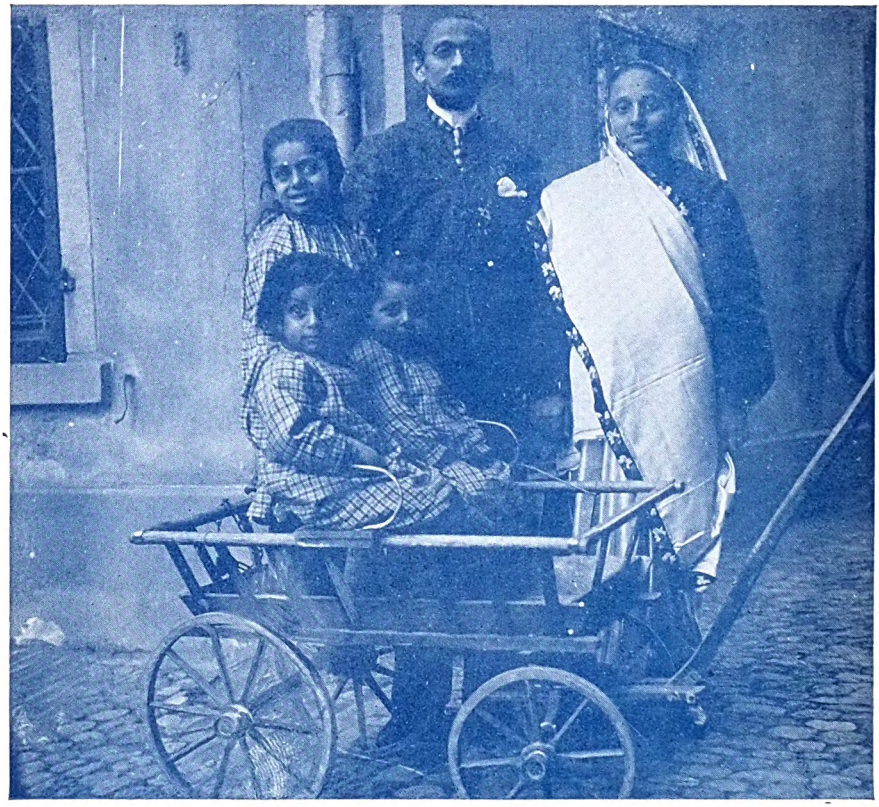
In October 1924, another assistant entered our life. It was a woman from Oakland, Cal., Louise Igoe Meyer, one of my Pacific Coast Graduates. She was a nurse and would be helpful to us, during the parturition of Irene. I had informed her that our living accommodation was extremely limited and it would be better if she lived outside. However, she said that by living in she could be of greater help; so the small room where eventually the baby's crib was to be, was given to her.

Digitized by Google

"In Switzerland I took the agency of the Gesselschaft zur Herstellung Alkoholfreier Weine, a firm making fruit juices into Alcohol-free wines. I thought it a great temperance movement for England and India and became the sole representative " (Page 21)

Digitized by Google

DINSHAH —— MANEK



MINOCHEHER

KHUSHCHEHER ——KASHMIRA

THE PARSEE ZOROASTRIAN FAMILY

IN CHISWICK, LONDON, ENGLAND

1909

Digitized by Google

The day after her arrival, Wilmington Delaware Class started to form. I commuted daily by automobile, 35 miles each way, the girls taking turns alternately. Harry would go each night at 9 to his home in Philadelphia and I would return to Malaga with the attending Secretary at about 1:30 A. M.

On October 25, 1924, at 3:55 P. M., Saturday, Irene was delivered of a son—Cyrus. Two days later, owing to some difference in opinion about the care of the baby, Miss Meyer resigned and went away to Philadelphia. Since then, except a short postal we did not hear from her. She was very intimate with the family and Miss McCann, who all regarded and treated her like an elder sister. We were sorry to lose her. She came on the same contract as Miss McCann and had she stayed, we felt sure would have been very helpful.

Her departure however, brought out some of the good qualifications of Miss McCann which had hitherto been hidden. She promptly shouldered the baby's responsibility and soon became attached to it like a mother. Her attentions to the baby after the first day's directions, were faultless, except that when Cyrus was two months old she gave him a piece of hard candy to suck! She did some queer things at times and I just attributed that to heredity, but, cautioned the family to be watchful.

CHAPTER 61

Speeches of Harry and Geraldine

Wilmington, Delaware Class was followed on November 28, 1924, by the Fourth Annual Convention of American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists, at Hotel Lorraine in Philadelphia, Pa. It was my fifty first birthday and the Convention was very successful. Harry Saunders and Geraldine McCann were present and addressed the Convention. The following is from the minutes which were recorded and duly accepted as correct:—

"Geraldine McCann, S. C. T., spoke about the manner in which the nine newspaper representatives of Portland, Oregon took the course and testified to the excellence of the work. She further stated that she enjoyed thoroughly her work as Assistant Secretary in the Spectro-Chrome Institute which she took as her career."

"Harry Saunders, S.C.T., in charge of the Automobile Equipment of Spectro-Chrome Institute spoke about the troubles entailed in the work of teaching a new class in a different State each month when on the road. The students had no idea of the labors involved and that it was necessary to work 18 to 21 hours a day when the class duties demanded it. He requested the Graduates to be patient saying the President was doing all he could to satisfy every one and that whenever he said he would do a thing the President certainly did it. He gave credit of being able to put in long hours, to the vegetarian diet he was following. He never felt better in his life than when he stopped smoking and urged all to follow similar principles."

On the final day, the 30th of November 1924, the Convention adjourned to visit the Research Laboratory. Here is more from the official report:—

Digitized by Google

"Then, the visitors proceeded to the Central Office and Research Laboratory, housed in the main building with a seventy feet frontage on an elevation facing the State Road leading to Atlantic City, N. J. There, they were welcomed by Irene Grace Dinshah, Kashmira Dinshah and Geraldine McCann, who showed them all over the premises. The absence of rugs, carpets and curtains, the cleanliness and business-like simplicity characterizing the whole lay-out impressed the friends favorably, many of whom gave expression to their feelings in complimentary words. Dinshah escorted them from basement to roof. From the Reception Room they went through the Secretarial Office, the President's Office, the Bulb Room, the Slide Room, the Static Machine Room, the High Tension Electricity Room, the Experimental Research Room, the Projection Room, the Stock Room —they went into Dinshah's Bed Room also. That Bed Room— a bare floor with one ordinary bed, one folding chair and one plain dresser with a small writing table (worth in all less than fifty dollars) was all that the President of Spectro-Chrome Institute had specially reserved for his personal needs! And yet his inconsiderate revilers were printing broadcast that he was making money from his students and pocketing it!

It is in that primitive-looking room that the thinking, designing, planning, constructing and organizing of the vast network whose beneficial influence is now permeating the United States of America, is being woven— it is here that in the lonely quiet of the night the man at the helm of the Healthship Spectro-Chrome works long after the World has retired to rest. There is nobody around him at that time to disturb his thoughts —even his family residing in a separate building one hundred feet away, the only connection then between the man and the World being a telephone at his bedside."

CHAPTER 62

The Plot Thickens

Geraldine was anxious about the welfare of her mother. Since her arrival in Malaga, the girl spoke often about her and asked my advice how she could best use her salary. She was getting according to the contract $15 a week and all expenses. The girls saw to it that her comforts were well provided and her new clothes were not charged to her account. Besides, she was receiving from the domestic expenses account any cash needed for petty purchases; in every respect, her devotion to her mother and attention to duties won the family so much to her side that she was admitted even in our private conferences and family chats. An outsider would readily mistake her for a member of the family; many asked Kashmira about how her "sister" was.

Each month, Miss McCann would send a check for $30 to Miss Sophia Shaughnessy for her mother's care; a letter also would accompany. Regular correspondence was kept. By December, the girl had collected nearly $200. She had met Oscar Davenport, the Treasurer of Pitman Trust Company of Pitman, N. J., where I had the account of Spectro-Chrome Institute. On December 9, 1924, she opened with that depository a checking account, which she kept active until she doubled it.

December was an eventful month. A Class of 42 students started in Philadelphia on the third and ended on the 18th. Irene was busy with

Digitized by Google

Cyrus and one girl had to be with her. Kashmira and Geraldine alternated as Secretary of the Class and I returned each morning at 3 A. M. Harry would be in the Class (in Hotel Lorraine) daily until 9 P. M. Geraldine was alone in the Class with him each turn from 6 P. M. to 7 P. M. until my appearance on the platform.

Many letters were received by Miss McCann from her "aunt Shon," brother "Mickey" and younger brothers and sisters, during this month, asking her to return to take care of the mother. They wanted her to return for keeping their house. Geraldine hated housework and the thought of returning was to her unpalatable. Sophia Shaughnessy's name was on my mailing list. She knew all our movements and programs. Miss McCann had been in constant touch with her and when the importunate letters became more frequent, she wrote of her own accord the following to her aunt and brother:

MALAGA, NEW JERSEY,

December 24, 1924,
14-40.

Dear Shon:

I received your letter of the 10th current and was pleased to hear mother is well.

I do not see any reason why I should leave my position here as I told you before departing that I intended to make it a permanent one. Now as this is my final decision please do not trouble me further with this mattter.

Kindly let me know if I shall forward my check to you as before or send it to Mickey.

GM/G

With love,

(Signed) Geraldine

MALAGA, NEW JERSEY,

December 24, 1924,
14-50.

Dear Mickey:

I received your letter of December 12th and was glad to hear Mother is well. However I do not think I should leave my position here. I came with the intention of remaining permanently and see no reason why I should leave.

This is my final decision, so please refrain from pressing me further in regard to this matter.

GM/G

With love,

(Signed) Geraldine

A day later, she went with Kashmira to Philadelphia and spent the whole day in motion picture theaters. They saw Betty Bronson in Peter Pan and enjoyed another play featuring Colleen Moore and Conway Tearle.

Digitized by Google

In the latter play, she saw the story of an actress who pretended she had lost her memory, in order to trap and disgrace a man against whom she had grudge because he had criticized and stopped one of her plays. The critic was a criminologist and psychologist and she plotted his ruin.

Remember Geraldine seeing this X-mas day photoplay, as the rest is read. She used the memory of that play later with success against me. (Refer to testimony).

CHAPTER 63

Negress Fired First Gun

On January First, 1925 we all went touring. The next day, early morning the plumbers started fixing the new electric pump in the basement of the residence. A terrific snow blizzard was raging. In returning from the Post Office, Kashmira's car was stalled in a drift near the Laboratory and Harry Saunders, the plumbers and other available help shouldered the wheels, finally managing to garage the machine. That storm was one of the more severe in the locality in many years. The damage to our wires and other property was considerable; it kept us busy for days.

On the morning of Monday the fifth, as I opened the mail, a letter in pencil on pink stationery caught my attention; the reading caught my breath:—

2330 Fawn St. January 4, 1925.

Dear Sir:

I am very sorry to write you this you should know it. Your girl you have from Portland, Oregon is in love with my husband I am a note I will mail you the note and let you see that I am not lieing to you in the note she tells him how much she loves him and he has been writing her notes I will mail you part of her letter I only wish I could find the other part I am not going to let him, give away if that is the way he is doing. I am a clean woman and live clean. I am going to take up steps tomorrow I do not know what he make that girl seems to know that he got, a raise in salary I know there was something wrong with him I am glad I found out.

I truly hope you will pay attention to this.

(Signed) Mrs. Harry Saunders

2330 Fawn St., Phila., Pa.

Although utterly astounded with this unexpected accusation against Miss McCann, I showed the letter to my family, who too expressed their surprise. Harry came at 9 and I called him aside to ask whether he wrote any letter to the girl or the girl wrote anything to him. Geraldine had previously been asked and had admitted that she gave one letter to Harry to mail to her brother; she did not remember the contents. Harry gave a flat denial. So I took the only just course and sent him to Mrs. Saunders with the following letter::—

Digitized by Google

MALAGA, NEW JERSEY January 5th, 1925
12-44

Mrs. Pricilla Saunders,
2330 N. Fawn Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Dear Madam:

On receipt of this, please see me personally with whatever letter you may have and oblige,

I promise that I shall give you due justice.

DPG/CD Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Dinshah

At 5 P. M., Harry telephoned his wife was out working and would it be all right if she came with the next morning. It was agreeable. He came at 9 the next morning. Henry A. Fehringer, the printer greeted him. I greeted Mrs. Saunders and offered her a seat in my office. I called in Miss McCann, Irene and Kashmira. Harry was asked to stay outside.

CHAPTER 64

Geraldine's Love Letters to Harry

The woman had fire in her eyes. I saw in a moment, I faced a dangerous situation. Here was a negress who believed my Secretary had designs on her husband; there was the girl herself facing the prospect of becoming a co:respondent as the sweetheart of a negro, in a divorce suit. Priscilla Saunders, after some preface, handed me a letter to bear out her contentions.

(Dear H —— letter)

"Dear H—

"Oh you're a peach not to write me a long note. I was expecting one as I am not as happy as you think I am. That's all bunk. I am only trying to look pleasant so that I won't make every one here sick. You thought you would make me mad. If all you wish is to take me in your arms then some day you may have the pleasure but remember nothing else. What on earth were you and the C. talking about that would interest me. Your wife sure must be spiff to think she would be so good to a silly thing like me. But Gee! Harry if you only knew how hungry I am (maybe it is for love) but at pres-

Digitized by Google

ent it is for something real to eat. I dream of nothing but bacon and eggs, how naughty. We have split peas, rice, green peas, etc., till the name vegetable disgusts me. No wonder your family wouldn't become vegetarian. I wouldn't only I have to.

"Will write again. Answer me a longone."

I had never heard of a negro "peach." He had wished to take her "in his arms"; she was hungry "may be for love." What could I say to the woman in defense of the girl? When I endeavored to wedge in that it must be only a "foolish letter," Mrs. Saunders opened her handbag and pulled out another gem of a "foolish letter." It was the third page of a longer letter and in the handwriting of Miss McCann.

("will tell you" letter)

"will tell you if you hold me too tightly. Why say to me 'try to love me, love comes without trying that's the strange part of it. I fell in love once without trying to and now I can't fall out again. Now don't get wild and say you always get what you want because I know something that you won't get unless it is given.

"Of course I am not tired of you writing me notes. You know it is something that keeps me alive. I am waiting patiently for my brother to answer me. You never showed me what you wrote him. Bring it tomorrow. My what a big raise in salary you got. The salary isn't what bothers me. I can't work because I am unhappy. I said or rather resolved yesterday that the next scrap and I will say I want to leave. Oh that wondrous day. How happy I will be! But how unhappy you will be but I will write you wonderful letters. You will be glad I am away to receive such wonderful letters. My brother will never knowingly betray

Digitized by Google

me. If he does it will be through an error or misunderstanding. Did you know I dreamt that you came as far as Chicago"

Holding "too tightly" "try to love me" and the rest could not now be posed for a "foolish letter." I called in the man. Saunders when faced with the epistles, threw up his hands and pleadingly said, "Well Colonel, I am done for." The girl persisted in saying, "I don't know." The negress was threatening to drag the white girl into the divorce court as a co-respondent and every moment it seemed as if Miss McCann would have the rough end in the verbal tussle. The one thought uppermost in my mind was about saving the reputation and future of that inconsiderate girl and opening the safe I quietly put the letters in and locked it.

I did my utmost to quiet the wrath of that woman who believed the white girl was supplanting her in the affections of the husband. It was obvious the two scraps of letters were links in a chain of correspondence between the man and the girl. I brought out that Harry being a Class brother, she might have written "innocently" and cited the incident of Harry having been kissed by the girl's aunt who was a dramatic artist and effusive in temperament. I said it meant nothing serious. This put more fuel in the raging fire. Mrs. Saunders looked more pointed daggers and I pulled my desk drawer in which was an automatic Remington. "Harry, if you were in the South, that gun would have finished you. I gave you education like a big brother; I gave you everything I could; I gave you the best salary I could afford. (He was drawing $40 a week and all expenses) I treated you like a brother and you, dirty skunk, you turned around me and bit the hand that was feeding you? Get out of here and don't show me your face any more."

I discharged him. As the couple left, I turned to Miss McCann and said, "What is the explanation of this? What made you write so to this man? If you had to make love to some one couldn't you have selected a white man?" All she would say was, "I don't know."

I was determining to send her away also, but, she entreated us to give her "another chance." After much discussion of a fruitless character, I told her to go to the other building and write her version of the whole disgusting affair and I would give it consideration.

CHAPTER 65

Statement of Geraldine McCann

Three and a half hours later, Geraldine entered my office and placed the following in my hands:—

(Statement)

"Malaga, New Jersey,
Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1925.

"I, Geraldine McCann, received a letter from

Digitized by Google

my aunt and brother to the effect that it was my duty to come home and attend to my Mother who has just been released from a Canadian asylum. This worried me greatly, and feeling in this mood I went to Harry Saunders an employee of the Spectro-Chrome Institute, where I am employed and told him of this affair. The following morning I received a note from him saying that he loved me, and advising me to write to my brother, that he would mail it for me. Knowing this to be a wrong procedure, for in writing this letter to my brother, and the notes to Harry Saunders I was violating my agreement which I had signed before departing from my home to join the Spectro-Chrome Institute. Nevertheless I wrote the letter, and gave it to Harry Saunders to post for me, which he acknowledged doing so the following morning. The answer to these letters were to be received at his home, and given to me in secret. I received another note from Harry Saunders offering me money, which I declined to take, but not withstanding all this I asked him to write me another note, encouraging him in these love notes.

"On Monday, January 5, 1925, Mrs. Priscilla Saunders wrote to Colonel Dinshah, President of the Spectro-Chrome Institute informing him she had letters written by me to her husband, Harry Saunders. The Colonel sent Harry home to get his wife to come and see him about the matter. The two arrived on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. Mrs. Saunders was ushered

Digitized by Google

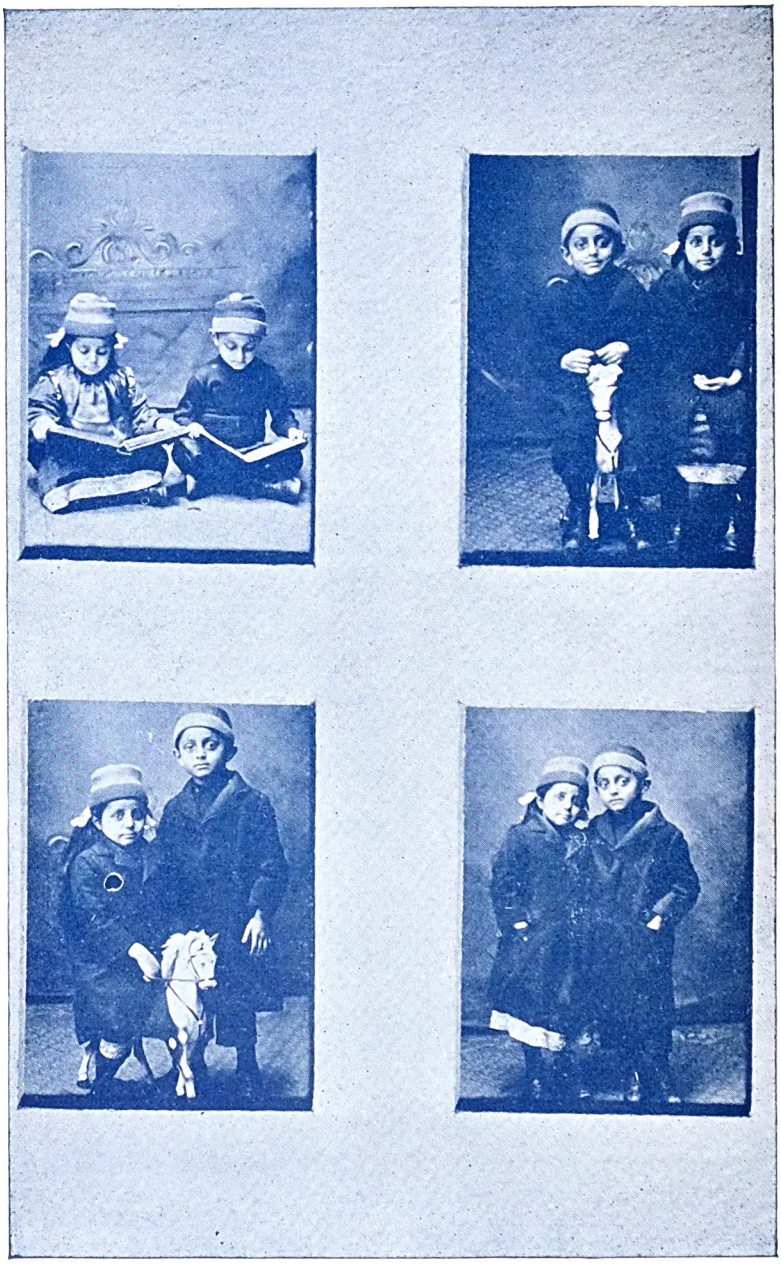
MANEK —— DINSHAH

KHUSHCHEHER —— KASHMIRA

THE HOPEFUL IMMIGRANTS IN AMERICA

AS THEY LOOKED IN JANUARY 1912

Digitized by Google



KASHMIRA AND KHUSHCHEHER

IN NEW YORK, N. Y., IN 1911.

ENJOYING THEIR ARRIVAL IN GLORIOUS AMERICA.

Deserted By Their Mother Manek, On June 26, 1913.

Digitized by Google

into Colonel Dinshah's presence and gave him these notes to read. I came into the room afterwards and explained to Mrs. Saunders how I came to write these notes to her husband, and acknowledged my indiscretion in writing these foolish notes, which ended in such trouble for many other innocent people with whom it was not connected.

"I am writing the above confession to Colonel Dinshah as an apology for my misbehaviour and disloyalty to him and his family in bringing both he and his family into unnecessary trouble. I only ask him for another chance, and if given it, I resolve to act more prudent in the future and never have such a misdemeanor occur again. Moreover I resolve to live up to my agreement in the future, and to prove a faithful employee of the Institute. I hereby state that I have written this without any compulsion or force of any character, and for the purpose of inducing Colonel Dinshah to continue me in my present position, and to help me along in my career as he always has done.

"Geraldine McCann.

"Witness:

"Irene Grace Dinshah
Kashmira Dinshah."

I read it. She had openly stated to us that if she were put out, she would not return to her people, but, would go to Philadelphia. She might as well have said, "I'll go to Harry," because, such appeared to be the arrangement from what she had hinted. She said, "I would not go to Portland; they fooled me to leave school to take care of mother; they told me mother was well and out of the asylum, but, when we started housekeeping in Portland, it was the same old story; mother started her pranks again and ran out of the house in her night gown. The neighbors saw it and complained; she was deported to Canada; now I won't go back into that mess."

Digitized by Google

What was I supposed to do? Throw the girl into the negro's lap? I have been blamed for being a fool. I admit it, I was, but I was a human fool. I could not make up my mind that the girl was irretrievably lost. Her devotion to her sick mother, her affection for the baby Cyrus and the devoted services she had till then rendered had naturally drawn her to our heart. She was slowly getting trained into the ramifications of our business and to put her out at such a period for what we all believed an "emotional error" would be against our policy of fair play.

I calmly admonished her against such "foolishness" and warned her to behave better for the sake of her career. I told her I accepted her apology and would never mention her indiscretion again. "Go and turn over a new leaf."

She gave me a look of deep surprise. She had expected every moment I would send her out just like Harry and a few days after she even alluded to it with gratefulness.

We wiped the slate clean of this unpleasant scandal; it was however the beginning of more.

CHAPTER 66

Harry Threatens Revenge

The day after this event, Harry mailed me a letter on gilt-edge blue stationery:—

Philadelphia, Pa.
Jan. 7, 1925
—6:30 P. M.—

Phila
1/6/1925

Colonel Dinshah

Dear Sir:

I do not feel that you gave me a square deal in this afair as you seem to think I imposed on the girl weakness. You and none of the Girls did not give me the smallest chance because after having every thing found then you sent for me and Then all I could get was vile names and a Gunn Pulled on me so you see what chance did I have and I was on your grounds to Now this girl has made you a statement that I said I wanted to buy her Diamonds and clothes and take her away and to think you believe that now you are a man just the same as my self stop and think for your self if that Girl did not give me some grounds to do things as I did I wrote her repeatly to Cut out writing to me as troubl would come of it I even told her I would put some vile things in her notes to make her angry and she stated I could not make her angry at me and to prove this look on top of one her notes and see for your self and it says if that is all I want I could take her in my arms and she is not angry now if your Dauther wants to tell the truth and not screen this Girl she can say she has seen this Girl around me and on my job more than once Now I can not understand why your Daughter and Wife should say such vile things about me in preasents of my wife did the girl tell you why I mailed letter to

Digitized by Google

brother did she tell that she told me every thing pertaining to your house hold affairs and also how she and Miss Myers talked every thing pertaining to your Wife and dauther disagreements and also has she brought all tales to me and then all your promises to make her famous and with her own statement she claimed the most she would get from you would be house work Now to Prove that this Girl is a **LIAR** of **GROSS TYPE** she complained daily about going home She even had me go and ask the Price of fare to Portland Oregon or orther wise she made me to understand you had a claim on her and could not leave you ask her if she did not tell me that she was going to desert when you reached Portland now she knows all I have written here she has written in letters to me there are some more notes around and I am going to try to find them I near went throught the floor when you told me this Girl in my preasents you offered $200.00 to go home and here she had me to understond she was compell to stay with you. Now after you and your family and Miss McCann Condemed me to my wife all behind my back not even a chance to speak for my self and then you send for me and insult me in your own house that is not the way of a good sport does but forget that part of it now you may wonder why I did not talk back and condem that girl the reasons are this to condem her I would have had to talk your Personal and house hold afairs that is only what she has told me as I know nothing my self and I did not want to do this in front of my Wife.

When I arived in Phila my wife left me and went to City Hall I am in Deep trouble and I do not know how it is going to end I have Disgrased my self in your preasents trying to save this girl Now Colonel this Girl is all the blame because her face is White mine is Brown I am going to write to her Brother and her aunt and tell every thing as my Wife is going to make me suffer and If I am she shall suffer with me if I rot in jail and lose every thing I got

(Signed) Saunders

CHAPTER 67

Itisometer Perfected

Since the Fourth Annual Convention, I had retreated into the quiet of my Research Laboratory for the perfection of my invention—the Itisometer. It was to be an apparatus for finding in Spectro-Chrome Therapy, "where the disorder is, what the disorder is, how much the disorder is, what the progress of the disorder is and what the remedy is to remove the disorder both locally and systemically." It was further intended to do this automatically without questioning the sufferer, to chart the disorder characteristics for permanent record so that future indicaions might be checked, to have the whole system fool-proof to avoid errors of human equation and the like. To perfect such an apparatus looked even to my Associates as a pleasant chimera, but, I knew what I knew and was sure of the eventual outcome.

From early December 1924, I retired within my Laboratory and my inner consciousness to achieve this result. If I could do it, I would be taking the longest stride of any in the Healing Art. During the lonely hours of the nights of that retirement, I toiled ceaselessly going very seldom even to my family's quarters. The meals would be brought to me. I did not leave my "den" in two months over, say half a dozen times.

Digitized by Google

The Geraldine-Harry incident put a crimp into the even tenor of our mental equilibrium, so vital to such enterprises. Inventions are not accidents and can not be made in the molds of mechanical instruments. Inventions are the creatures and products of severe mental concentration needing peace, calm and quietude. This applies with more emphasis to radical and revolutionary inventions like the Itisometer.

After the discharge of Harry, we advertised. Many applicants called and several were interviewed by Miss McCann. One appeared eligible and oddly his name was Harry Lenord Roberts. I employed him after he agreed to change his name to H. Lenord Roberts. Why? It was prompted by a kind desire to avoid repeating "Harry" before Miss McCann; it was an application of the principles of Psychology to save heart wounds—consideration.

Matters went again smoothly. Geraldine appeared to recover her wonted interest in her duties and on February 21, 1925, the perfected Itisometer was exhibited to a large audience in Hotel Lorraine, Philadelphia, Pa.

A week later, the exhibition opened in Hotel Rennert in Baltimore, Md. We all drove there in two automobiles, Geraldine and Kashmira alternating at the wheel of their car with Lenord Roberts.

Then started the tour to the other Eastern States where I had previously held Classes. It was decided that all my Classes should get the benefit of the Itisometer Post-Graduate Course free and as the tour would take in about 11,000 miles of road, including the Pacific Coast Classes, the girls consulted with each other as to how the labor should be divided as not to strain the endurance of any. The work on these tours is exceedingly strenuous and no one Secretary can all the time be expected to bear the load. Miss McCann suggested that she would go on the New England States tour, Kashmira would join for the Middle Western trip, so the Pacific Coast tour might "naturally" fall again to the lot of Miss McCann, in harmony with the "principles of the law of alternation"! Miss McCann thus would have an opportunity of visiting her beloved relatives and of falsifying their scandalous allegations. All this sounded to me "natural"; it is only the evil one who suspects evil; to the clean-minded all is clean.

CHAPTER 68

Arduous Intensive Task

I spent one week touring the New England States of Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. This was by automobile with Miss McCann as helper. I gave the Post-Graduate Courses in Hartford, Providence and Boston. How intensive the work must be might be understood when I state that each Course lasted two nights from 7 P. M. to nearly 2 A. M. After completing the second night's work in a city, I packed off to the next State, twice without even going to bed. I finished the last stage of this tour in Boston at 2 A. M., sent Miss McCann to her room for 3 hours rest and gathering my valuable equipment, brought my faithful Oakland out and started back on a trip of 409 miles to Malaga, N. J., without stop.

Talk of service to humanity! Talk of constant and devoted work! It was my love for America and the American people, my devotion to the

Digitized by Google

cause of World service I had undertaken, that spurred me to such efforts. Benjamin Franklin's words were before me: "There is sleeping enough beyond the grave and a sleeping fox catches no poultry." I shall never go to a grave and believing in reincarnation, I shall not sleep even beyond the "grave"; I have to keep on working ceaselessly and as for catching the "poultry", being a strict vegetarian it would not be of use. However, I follow Poor Richard; he certainly was one good great soul.

CHAPTER 69

Henry Ford Never Investigated

A week after my return, on March 22, 1925, I left by automobile for Cleveland, O. This time Kashmira accompanied. Irene and Geraldine were in charge of the affairs at the Central Office in Malaga and twice each day Miss McCann would drive the Chevrolet alone to the Post Office, receive the incoming mail and register for me the outgoing. This she did for two weeks.

The tour took me to Detroit, Mich. That Dr. Glen R. Young (who said he represented Henry Ford) had requested me to send a Graduate Spectro-Chrome Therapy Equipment to him so he could make "practical tests" in actual clinical work and report to Mr. Ford. That he said was the surest way to introduce it in Mr. Ford's Hospital and he further stated he was formerly in charge of it. I had sent the Equipment to Dr. Young free, but, before I would send the Attuned Color Wave Slide-Carrier, I awaited his promised communications. Not receiving any reply to repeated requests, I withheld sending the Slide-Carrier and as my Detroit visit approched, I wrote him to return my equipment or I would have to ventilate my grievances. This brought matters to a crisis. He wired. When I reached Detroit, he returned my Equipment personally at Hotel Tuller.

Having spoken in public about the injustice done by the Dearborn Independent, one of my Wilmington, Del., Graduates wrote to Henry Ford for corroboration. This Graduate perhaps suspected me of "bluffing"! He received a reply from E. G. Liebold that Henry Ford never had investigated Spectro-Chrome Therapy and that they had bought an Equipment which had only "colored glass." Of course, the Slides were "colored glass." A microscope also has "glass" and so have the Mount Wilson Observatory telescopes; where and what is the difference between window pane "glass" and optical glass? E. G. Liebold ought to have investigated from me by accepting my invitation when I was in Detroit and broadcast my challenge.

Who was this Glen R. Young? What right had he to come in the name of Henry Ford? Did Henry Ford send him? No. Then this man surely must stand an investigation of his activities. Young came to my Class and a week later introduced another man Robert Macfee there as investigator also. Who was this other person? Young claimed Department of Justice authority. Did the Department of Justice send him? If not, will the authorities bring this man to justice? On the day of my leaving Detroit for Buffalo, this Robert Macfee had come with Young to the boat to "see me off." That was because both "liked me very much"; putting later incidents together, it seems they "liked me too much."

Digitized by Google

Will the great automobile manufacturer use any of his ramified forces to find the truth as to who posed as his representative?

Who is this Glen R. Young?

Who is this Robert Macfee?

What business had Glen R. Young to pose as Mr. Ford's representative?

What connection has Henry Ford with the Department of Justice?

Will the American people give me justice?

CHAPTER 70

Geraldine As Story Teller

We went to Chicago, Ill., from Detroit and made the return trip from there in three days. During my absence of two weeks, Miss McCann had written an article for Spectro-Chrome, to be published in the April 1925 issue. It spoke of her New England tour. I had a surprise when she handed me nearly a dozen handwritten sheets. What change had been occasioned in her style of writing during her few months of association with my family and the training received might be easily judged by a few of the paragraphs of that long story:—(Exhibit 17).

"With the exuberant good wishes of all we left the Central Office at 4 A. M.

Our first stop was to be Hartford, Connecticut, a distance of about 240 miles. All this mileage was to be covered in thirteen hours.

"As the car silently crept through the hamlets and towns that lay in peaceful slumber, joy was in my heart as I realized that I among others, was to assist Colonel Dinshah in his glorious work for the cause of suffering humanity."

* * * * * * * *

"The nonsensical idea that public places should be dead to the world on Sunday, is absurd. Why should Sunday be an exception to the other days of the week? The sooner these Blue Laws are discarded, the better for the whole universe.

"By the time breakfast was over, the Sun had nearly reached his meridian and we reached Boston Post Road.

"What a relief to leave the smoke and noise of the city behind, and once again be in God's open country. The magnificent scenery, from the stately pines gently waving in the morning breeze, to the emerald green grass, was a sight not to be overlooked."

* * * * * * * *

"Without sleeping, the car was repacked and the journey at once resumed to Providence, Rhode Island. It certainly was not an easy position for me to cope with the President's over-active temperament."

* * * * * * * *

Digitized by Google

"At the close of the meetings much appreciation was shown for the new apparatus.

"Long after the world normally has retired to rest, sleepless hours are spent by this man who invents new scientific devices to give to the honest Spectro-Chrome Therapist. The Graduates of Spectro-Chrome Institute do not apprehend the arduous labor and wakeful hours, spent by him for their benefit and protection, for if they did, they would surely be more patient. He is but **one man.** It would seem difficult to some to contend with the various obligations incurred in such a widespread movement, but this one man **is** doing it, and **will** continue to do so as I see it in daily association with him."

"Passing through Hillsdale, N. J., about five o'clock, I was shown the birthplace of Spectro-Chrome Therapy. It was there the inventor had spent earlier years in trouble and I can imagine his feelings passing near it.

"Once through Hillsdale and Newark, N. J., the progress was rapid.

"At one o'clock, Monday, March 16, we drove up to the Central Office, after a journey of 409 miles, without stop. Yet, people say vegetarians have no endurance; I know many who have the same and more than the meat-eaters."

The writing was better than I expected. Her diction and style had altered and I gladly published the article. She appeared to be sinking into the work and taking pains to efface the memory of Harry Saunders. The article was in a different style from her epistles to "Dear H—"; she would soon be able to share some of my labors and responsibilities and lift the load from my overtaxed shoulders. She was fledging into an attractive story-teller; her Testimony stands as a living proof of her developed powers in that direction.

CHAPTER 71

Trap Laid By Mary Hayes

On arrival home, came two letters by Registered Mail, Return Receipt Demanded. One was for Miss McCann, another for me; both from Mrs. Mary S. Hayes! The letters were similar, but, after what she had done in the past and the way she had ignored my repeated requests for an accounting, the contents were peculiar. She owed my Institute several hundred dollars on supplies for my Graduates in Portland, Ore., but, had never written to me or sent me a remittance. I had naturally begun to believe that she had misappropriated the funds; ten months of silence would make anyone believe such a contingency, especially as I had knowledge of her evil activities against me. The letter to me was as follows:—(Exhibit 20).

1016 East 7th St., North,
Portland, Oregon, March 31/25.

Col. Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
Pres. Spectro-Chrome Institute,
Malaga, New Jersey.

Digitized by Google

Dear Sir:

I have learned that you intend coming to Portland soon. Will you kindly bring Geraldine with you as she is really needed here since her mother is quite ill.

I shall look forward to seeing Geraldine with you when you come to our city,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Mary S. Hayes

The letter to Geraldine was worded thus:—(Exhibit 21).

"1016 East 7th St. North.
"Portland, Oregon, March 31st/1925.
"Miss Geraldine McCann:
"Malaga, New Jersey.
"My dear Geraldine:

"Although you have not written me for six or seven months I am writing you again.

"Now Geraldine dear, since your mother is very ill and you are actually needed at home with the children I am now asking you both on your mother's behalf and mine to come at once.

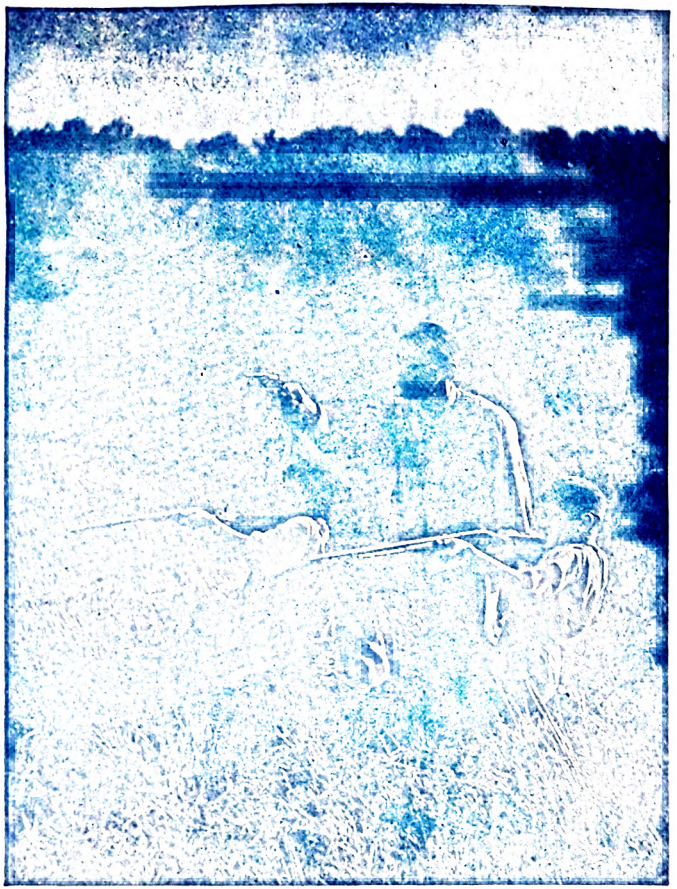
"If there is any reason why you cannot come let me know immediately.

"With love and fondest wishes to my own sweet Danie,

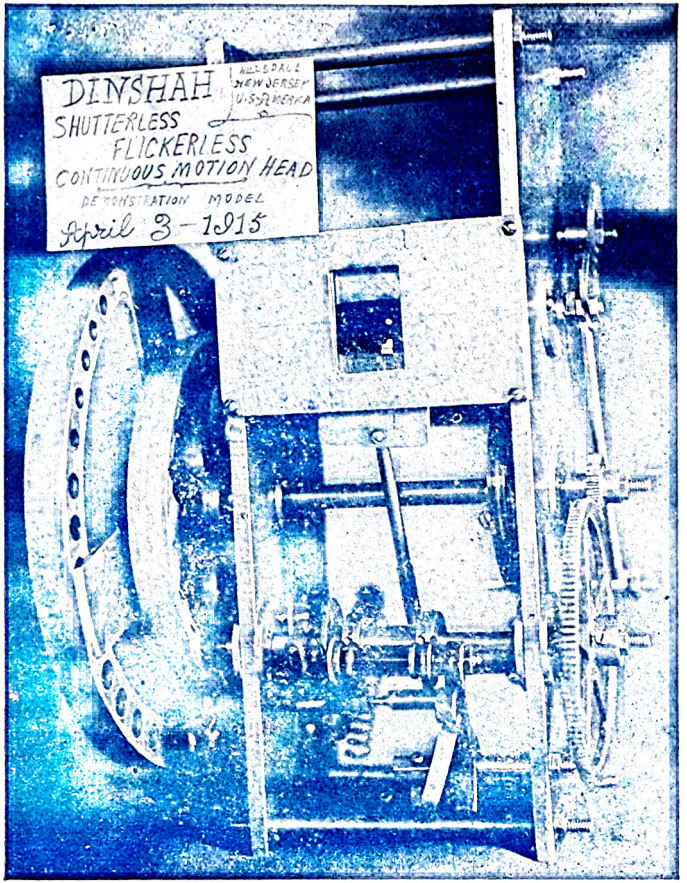
"Affectionately,
"Aunt Mary Hayes.
"Mary Hayes."

Who informed that woman I was to be in Portland? Miss McCann absolutely denied writing and such a suspicion started her frowning. She was faithful and would never violate any rules and she had no use for "aunt Mary," why such suspicion. I told all that I was going on a short tour and would like to save expenses by taking none with me. But how was I to transport my fragile experimental paraphernalia? It was impossible to take it in the baggage car and the expressing was impracticable. I would be stopping only two days in each of 4 Pacific Coast cities and must complete the tour in one week, another being taken by the traveling. To go alone would save me much expense, but, I could not under any circumstance go in an ordinary Pullman sleeper because I had 12 valuable packages to take with me—and they must go all the way with me so as to

Digitized by Google

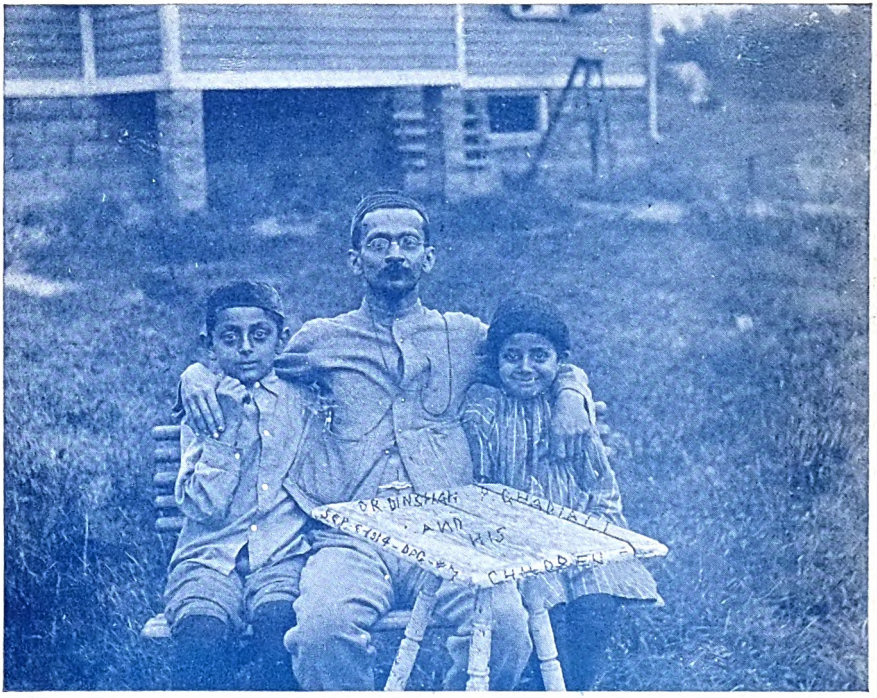


TRAINING IN SELF-DEFENSE
HILLSDALE, N. J.—SEPTEMBER 18, 1914



REVOLUTIONARY MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR
INVENTED AND BUILT BY DINSHAH

Digitized by Google



HAPPY IN THEIR LOVE

Though privation hollowed the father's face, the plumpness of the well-fed children is evident.

SEPTEMBER 1914

THE VEGETARIAN FAMILY

guarantee safe transit. For this reason and for it alone I had to engage a Pullman Drawing Room and that anyhow needed two tickets. The real saving therefore would be some hotel expenses and the loss would be to bear the extra burden of working overtime to do the duties of the assistant also.

I felt sure in my mind that Mary Hayes meant no good by suddenly appearing on the horizon just at that time. I knew her eccentricities and her temperament, yet, when I declined to take Miss McCann on this tour a storm raged. Had I not promised her? Had she not looked forward to that trip? Was it not better to take her so she could tell them how foolish their persecution of me was? She would certainly accompany me and as for being in the same Drawing Room, did she not live under my roof? What difference did the traveling make? It all sounded plausible, but, the ominous signal of Mary Hayes was before my eyes. The wise is he who avoids trouble, even though in the right. I flatly refused to take the girl.

More arguments ensued. Kashmira told her to go with her money on another train if she wanted to meet her relatives. I knew the law and its provisions and I knew human nature and Mary Hayes. I had a premonition that the woman wrote only as a pretext and the whole was a trap; yet, there was Miss McCann protesting that she was going to show her relatives some of her "Temper" and where "they got off at." Was she not a faithful girl? Did not she prove her devotion by her actions? Did she not show that she meant what she said? She finally succeeded in pursuading me that there was no harm and that she should not be punished so unjustly for the wrong-doings of a relative. The same old gag again! Fair play, sense of justice, square dealing—that girl was well versed in her knowledge of my vulnerable switch buttons.

I agreed to take her with me in fulfillment of my promise; I believed in Faith and Loyalty and in my clear conscience, but, I did not know the U. S. Department of Justice.

I wrote to Mary Hayes:—(Exhibit 26).

"April Sixth 1925
15-56

"Mrs. Mary S. Hayes,
1016 East 7th St. North,
Portland, Oregon.

"Dear Mrs. Hayes:

"Your registered letter of the 31st of March came to hand this morning.

"I shall be in Portland, Oregon, the end of this month. Miss Geraldine McCann is also coming there, but, please be advised that I do not control her movements or wishes.

Digitized by Google

"It is not my business to dictate to any person and though I offered her fare back several times she does not leave; you do not expect me to discharge a faithful employee without cause. Her family affairs do not interest me; she is free and able to choose for herself.

"On my arrival, I shall expect that you render me an account of the bulbs left in your charge and for which you still owe money to the Institute. I have information that many were sold by you, but, notwithstanding repeated demanded you failed to turn over the cash.

"Either return the bulbs or account for them; your persistence in not doing either reflects on your integrity and I am in duty to my Graduates bound to get an understanding as to what you did with them or the money you received for them.

DPG/CD

"Yours sincerely,
"Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
President."

Miss McCann too, wrote a letter, without any suggestion or dictation: —(Exhibit 27).

"Malaga, New Jersey,
"April 6, 1925,
12-15

"Mrs. Mary S. Hayes,
1016 East 7th Street, North,
Portland, Oregon.

"Dear Aunt Mary:

"I received your registered letter of March 31, asking me to return to Portland, Oregon.

"I certainly was surprised to find that after

Digitized by Google

all the troubles and scandals you have created for me, you would have the nerve to write again.

"These scandals nearly cost me my position, as Colonel Dinshah offered me the fare to Portland several times. But I declined to leave. I have fully resolved that nothing shall interfere with my career; therefore kindly discontinue correspondence.

"I wrote you in several incidents, demanding the money accruing from the sale of bulbs, assigned to you by Spectro-Chrome Institute, but so far I have not received the amount.

"I certainly will not be held back in my career for the whims of my relatives. I send Mother a check of $30.00 (Thirty Dollars) every month. I can do nothing more for her than I am doing.

"In my position I am happy, contented, well taken care of and respected by the public and I do not intend to leave my duties, so please accept this as my final decision.

"I am certainly coming to Portland, Oregon, on April 30, as Assistant to Colonel Dinshah in the Demonstration of his new apparatus.

"After all the disgrace you have piled on me, I do not wish to keep up correspondence with you.

"Yours sincerely,
"Geraldine McCann."

CHAPTER 72

The Dark Shadow

I knew G. Dillard, the General Passenger Agent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. I telephoned his office and explained how I was situated; I was told it was all right; then I confirmed by writing:—(Exhibit 42).

Digitized by Google

"April 7, 1925.

"Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad,
Finance Building,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"Kind Attention of:
Mr. G. Dillard,
Passenger Agent.

"My Dear Mr. Dillard:

"1. This is in confirmation of my telephonic conversation with your Mr. L. G. McKerman.

"2. Please reserve for me and a Secretary, Miss Geraldine McCann, one Drawing Room on the Pennsylvania Railroad from North Broad Street Station on the train leaving for Chicago at about 4.30 P. M.; also a Drawing Room on the California Limited leaving Chicago at 8.00 P. M., on Monday, the 20th of this month.

"3. Our two round trips tickets should cover the following points in the most economical manner:

"Philadelphia Pennsylvania, Chicago Illinois, Los Angeles and San Francisco California, Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Washington and back to Philadelphia Pennsylvania.

"4. As this time I am not traveling with my family, but, only a secretary on a quick business tour, I hesitated to engage a Drawing Room, but, as it is impossible to transport my very delicate electrical apparati without such convenience I am so arranging because I am sure of attention to the comforts and privacy of my co-traveler Miss McCann without putting me out of the room.

Digitized by Google

"5. If you can favor me with an introduction letter to your conductors on the road so they may supply the necessary curtains to insure her privacy and at the same time can give me the convenience of leaving the door wide open it will be very warmly appreciated.

"6. Should there be any other way without excessive expense so that I could be in the Drawing Room and Miss McCann may have sleeping accommodation in an outside berth, it will be welcome.

"7. I never traveled to California except through your magnificent Railroad whose services and courtesies are unrivaled and if you will do anything to smooth my above stated situation so I may not have any probable complication or legal trouble, I shall feel it a personal favor.

(The balance was not read in the Court by Beckman.)

"8. Last July my Central Office moved from Philadelphia Pennsylvania to Malaga New Jersey and my telephone number is Vineland 530 which is a special private line of my Institute.

9. On receipt of information that the reservations are ready and the notification of the amount, I shall promptly transmit you the coverage.

10. With the best regards and the kindest wishes, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

DPG-IGD *Dinshah* "

The letter was typed by Irene. When Geraldine read the carbon copy, she laughed at the fifth paragraph saying there was no reason for "leaving the door wide open." My innocent mind did not fathom **what** she meant; developments will show how even with "the door wide open" **day and night,** what happened to me. I trusted the girl, I trusted the truth, I trusted the clean American mind—did I trust too much?

Suddenly, came a letter from Harry Saunders:—

Phila., 4/14/25

Colonel Dinshah

Dear sir

I would like to see you. Be with you. And most all work for you

Digitized by Google

Have done nothing but clean and honest work and lived clean Can give you reference of my last and only place since you sent me away Will you give me another Chance and if you will even if you are on the Cost I will come to you at my Own expence sink or swim but will you give me that chance and if not will you mail me pappers so I can become a fellow member of Spectro Chrome Assn so I can buy your Equipments and go in bisness Thanking hoping you will answer good or bad your fateful Servent

(Signed) Harry Saunders 2330 N Fawn St Phila Pa

What did he mean by FATEFUL? Was he casting the future? Without a moment's hesitation or delay, I typed the answer and mailed it:—

MALAGA, NEW JERSEY

April 14—1925

19-11

Harry Saunders,
2330 N. Fawn Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Harry:

I received your letter of this date.

After the disgraceful treatment you gave me for all the kindness I showed you, and the knowledge I gave you, and the subsequent threatening letter you wrote me, I have decided to have absolutely nothing to do with you.

We do not sell any Equipments to anybody.

I can not recommend the Chief Executive Council of my Association to take you as a Fellow.

I am through with you and your services permanently.

Your letters are not desired and will not be answered.

Should you attempt to see me or come across my premises, you will be treated as a trespasser.

Take this as a WARNING and keep away.

Our paths lie in different directions.

DPG/CD Yours truly

(Signed) Dinshah

Yet, what was the purpose of that letter of Harry? How did he get my program? I felt decidely uneasy; the feeling crystallized when Miss McCann the next morning asked, "Colonel Dinshah, I would like to see what you wrote to Harry." She read the reply and said, "I was afraid you might take him back and then how would I feel?" Was this girl fishing? I consulted my family again and once more declined to take the girl; this time my wife and daughter insisted that Miss McCann should not be taken. Another scene; it was a hurricane. Miss McCann used every argument and point in her power and for two days the house knew no rest. It looked as if after my return the girl's dissatisfaction would continue; that would mean disintegration of peace, so essential to our work. Finally

Digitized by Google

she took the last step; if I were still diffident of her why should I keep her in the place; she would as well go away—but, she would **not go separate or with her money**; she would go with me.

Again my innate sense of justice and fair play won—this time it worked to my detriment.

Our departure being definitely fixed for April 19, 1925, she dispatched news to her aunt:—(Exhibit 19).

MALAGA, NEW JERSEY

April 16—1925
12-30

Miss Sophia Shaughnessy,
341 Weidler Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Dear Shon:

Yesterday I mailed you a copy of "The principles of Light and Color" printed by SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE.

I am now helping in getting up such kind of work.

In the April magazine you will find an Article written by me. It will be published and mailed this Saturday.

You will be pleased to know that I am happy in my career in which I am making rapid progress, and making $15.00 (Fifteen Dollars) per week, plus my boarding, clothing and traveling expenses. This you will admit for a new helper is surely a good salary. I send you $30.00 (Thirty Dollars) a month and the remainder of my salary is deposited in my bank account.

This week I am to accompany Colonel Dinshah on a quick tour to the Pacific Coast. As his wife Irene Grace Dinshah, has a six-months-old baby to attend to, she and his daughter, Kashmira, can not accompany him as usual, having many duties here.

We shall arrive in Portland, Oregon, Thursday, April 30, and will be very busy arranging the experimental apparati in the class, from the moment of arrival to our departure. Our stay in Portland will be only two days.

However, you may call me on the telephone at Hotel Portland and I shall let you know at what time you may see me there.

Affectionately yours,

GM/G (Signed) Geraldine

CHAPTER 73

Sponging on Somebody

Before leaving, I wrote to Sophia Shaughnessy. It was the only one I wrote. What called for it? Herself and the march of events. She had written the following letter to her niece in December 1924:—

Digitized by Google

AIR MAIL

Portland Oregon
Dec. 10/24

Dear Geraldine:

Received check yesterday thanks very much. Your mother has been out of the Hospital since Sept. 12th. She stayed at Sam's until last month. The Hospital wrote and said here was no reason why she should be detained any longer as she was well enough to be in her own home consequently her name was taken off their books. I sent her enough of her money to come to the Coast Vancouver. She made the trip alone. I sent Mickey up on Nov. 17th to meet her and get a house. Well first thing he did was to take her to Frank McCanns. By the way we had a visit from Frank & his wife in Portland. I like them very much. They were well pleased with the way the children were getting along. Living is high there & as Mickey has a soft job here he shirks at the idea of starting housekeeping there. He seems to have been talked into the plan of putting your mother into a home or back into an asylum again although he says she is in perfect health. Now I think it is a crime for you & Mickey to do that to your darling mother. It seems that all my hard work is vain to give her a chance to start life over again. I hate to ask you to give up your career, if there is one there for you, but your mother is first. You can always make a career for yourself & remember you will have no regrets if you look after her more. Evelyn is a nice girl and has been going to Polytechnic School the credits she runs there shortens her high school term two years. Uncle Frank gave me $10.00 & I bought her a sewing machine second hand of course but it does the work. She made to date several pairs of bloomers, a dress for herself, two for Helen, pants for Kenneth, night gown, kimona & Pajamas, princess slips & several things from old dresses of mine for the children. She cooks well & is a splendid pianist. Well Dear Gerry think the matter over & say good bye to Malaga for your mothers sake you can always go back. I am not tired of my job taking care of the children but see no reason why your mother should be deprived of you all now when she is Well in the head later you will all be going to homes for yourselves. Why pursue the Bubble. Your mother needs you & her heart is calling for Gerry & her darlings; heed the call before it is too late,

With love Shon

I did not heed my mother's call when she begged me to come home and I will regret it until my dying day.

The reply of Geraldine was the letter in Chapter 61.

Brother Mickey had written:—

HOTEL BALMORAL
The Vintners Limited, Proprietors
1423 11 Ave. East
VANCOUVER, B. C.

12/11/1924

Digitized by Google

MINOROSHAN—HILLSDALE, N. J. —APRIL 9, 1915

BIRTHPLACE OF SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY

Though A British Subject at the Time, Dinshah Always Flew The American Flag

GOVERNESS CHARLOTTE WITH THE CHILDREN —JANUARY 31, 1915

Digitized by Google

ZOROASTER

KASHMIRA—November 1, 1914—KHUSHCHEHER
UNDER THEIR FATHERS CARE
THEIR MUSICAL EDUCATION—OCTOBER 2, 1914

Digitized by Google

Dear Gerry:

I am in Vancouver now with mother and am in a tight fix. Mother is better now than she has ever been but she needs some one to watch her for a while.

We are staying at Uncle Frank's now but intend to take up house here and I would be very much pleased if you would come back and give me a hand towards making a home for mother and the rest of the children.

I realize Geraldine that you have a wonderful position where you are with great opportunities and it is hard for you to give them up but dear Gerry I think that when you think about the good it would do the kiddies you will be only too glad to come back.

At least Gerry drop a line to me and tell me how you are getting for you know you have not written a line since you left and we like to hear how you are getting along.

All the kiddies are fine and they all want to see you again soon. Don't forget that they are growing older and the longer you are away the easier it is to forget and no one wants that to happen after what you did for them when they were young and no one realizes it more than they do at the present time.

Now Gerry if you decide to come home and we would be only too glad to have you and need money wire and we will see that you get it immediately.

Your old pal brother

(Signed) Mickey

P.S. Now for heavens sake answer this letter for you know it is not often I write

(Signed) Mickey

The reply of Geraldine was the letter in Chapter 61.

Aunt Shon shot back:—(Exhibit 41).

PORTLAND, OREGON,
341 Weidler St.,
Dec. 30/24

Dear Geraldine:

Received your letter also check for which accept our thanks. Regarding your giving up your position of course it is perfectly natural that you should not want to do so, but in my estimation a daughters first consideration is her mother; brothers and sisters are appreciated, but a mother always is. I consider it my duty to let you know the circumstances then if you do not do **your** part, well I have **no regrets.** Mickey says he could not see his way clear to start housekeeping in Vancouver, owing to the small allowance of Thirty Dollars per mo. from the Estate, and he could only get forty or fifty dollars per mo. to start with. Of course I intended helping out as far as possible, and if you were there and working also, you could help to make a home for your mother & the children. **One can always find a way, or make it. Evelyn is a nice practical girl, but being**

Digitized by Google

in her adolescent period, she can not be driven too hard as she is not extra strong. Now your mother, not having any home she could not stay in Vancouver alone so Mickey acting upon the advice of McCanns and their family physician placed her in New Westminster Hospital she not being a resident of B. C. they will not keep her unless we pay one dollar per day. I am awaiting a letter from them as to what they intend doing. **If Dr. Dinshah appreciates your efforts as I have no doubt he does, he should arrange to give another Thirty ($30.00) Dollars for your mothers expenses.** If not we will try to meet it at this end. As my sister can not be driven from post to pillar without a home while she has grown children earning, and brilliant enough to command more than an ordinary living wage for their time & services. **You might mention those facts to him and if they meet with his approval, and yours, would appreciate an early reply.** We are having a severe winter, the worst in forty years. Mickey arrived in Portland two days before Xmas. The children are well & send love. I will give them each some money from that check as your gift. Santa Claus was good to us but they missed you from the Circle. Mickey wrote you from Vancouver.

Lovingly,

(Signed) Shon.

Aha! Here was an industrious sister working her way in life; there was a less industrious brother trying to trample on his sister's career, because, he wanted her to drudge as housekeeper. The sister had made us understand that she came away to avoid this crowd and though she was already sending from the beginning, $30 per month for the mother, the relatives of the girl were not satisfied and wanted more. From where was the money to come? **"Dr. Dinshah."** Shon writes openly, "he should arrange to give another thirty." What for? How much was that girl worth to Dr. Dinshah? And why all this at X-mas? She was getting $15 salary each week and expenses. Was that small for a beginner? Therefore, to avoid long tirades of the relatives of that girl on my short visit to Portland, I wrote a single explanatory letter to her aunt Shaughnessy :—

MALAGA, NEW JERSEY

April 17,1925
18-14

Miss Sophia Shaughnessy,
341 Weidler Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

My Dear Madam:

Having never had the pleasure of meeting you, I would not have taken the liberty of addressing this to you, but, in your communication to our Assistant Secretary Miss Geraldine McCann, some time ago, you asked her to show your letter to me and demand higher salary; hence, this is necessary to explain the situation.

When she came with my family from Portland, Oregon, she was just one of my students and an entirely untrained person in regard to business methods. At her earnest request, I took her in hand and after her arrival

Digitized by Google

here and the moving of my Central Office from Philadelphia, Penna., to Malaga, N. J., commenced to train her into the ramifications of our very complex and intricate business which has many details and many departments of activities.

She fell in line with much enthusiasm and zeal; at each phase she began to show willingness and intelligence; she rose in our estimation daily by her helpfulness and resourcefulness and was made the Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer; she was placed like all our employees on a $2,000.00 Fidelity Bond, which came through duly because of her good conduct and references.

All this while, she was getting her full board, clothes, traveling expenses and Fifteen Dollars per week, out of which she was sending for the care of her mother Thirty Dollars a month to you and the balance she was saving in her bank account as a sensible person would. Surely, you would not think that her progress was in any way slow or that she was being given unfair treatment.

Suddenly, in sóme unaccountable manner, your sister Mrs. Mary Hayes began exceedingly undignified and disgraceful tactics and complained to the authorities that she was—her niece was—in a serious danger and was imprisoned and the like!!! This was followed by a number of letters from yourself about Miss McCann's sick mother, with the result that she was entirely upset for some time. Our work is nothing but a continuous service to humanity and the upsetting produced on our efficient employees we keep out, by having a distinct understanding from the time of taking them into service by avoiding constant exchange of useless epistles outside of formal business. We do not take in any who can not measure up to that mark of efficiency and Miss McCann knew what she had agreed to do when she came here.

Such interference from her aunt Mrs. Hayes was disliked by her much because, I told her that if such nonsense continued Miss McCann would have to leave; in fact, several times she was offered her full fare back but, she stuck to her career and made toward success in it.

It appears that your December Letters came at such time; Miss McCann had settled down to her duties well when again your bombardment of letters for recalling her, made her lose her equilibrium; she resented the letters, because, they interferred with her peace and when I told her to return she positively declined to leave; and you expected me to give a raise when your letters were undoing the normal efficiency of Miss McCann; I was placed by you in a very awkward situation, because, I could not change the rules of my Institute and she would not go back; she made her determination and I requested her to choose between the Institute and her family. She finally decided that her career would come first, because, by returning she could not better either her prospects or the prospects of the health of her mother. So I had nothing to say and dropped the matter.

Here I may frankly mention that the rules of conduct in our Institute are very strict and any person working for the Institute is under discipline all the time, because, in contact with students all over the United States, we meet different characters; should we relax in vigilance, we would be

Digitized by Google

flooded with all kind of letters and as we work very hard to serve suffering humanity, we have to sacrifice many things to find time to serve the demands of an international organization. Miss McCann has the highest admiration and love for you but, under the agreement which she has with the Institute she finds little time to write letters having no import and which merely upset her. Were we to do otherwise, our mail would be flooded with family matters and would cut out our public service.

This is the reason why I am now purposely bringing her on my short quick tour to the Pacific Coast, so she might again meet you and verbally explain the situation to avoid future misunderstanding. Your sister Mrs. Mary Hayes has done enough to damage my unblemished reputation and were I vindictive, I would have discharged Miss McCann long ago and compelled her to return. But, to discharge a faithful conscientious worker, who is slowly becoming a right hand helper, would be unbusinesslike and senseless and to spite her for the sake of her aunt would be unjust. So she is still with us and means to stay.

Madam, our workers here are not imprisoned or kept as underlings; all the people working for us have the fullest liberty of movements, action and thought; however, we train them to take care of their duties efficiently.

All the girls have their own bicycles and automobile at their disposal; their leisure time is entirely theirs and they are free to go anywhere and do what they please as long as they perform their duties thoroughly as co-workers in one common cause of serving suffering humanity.

On my arrival in Portland, Oregon, although every minute of our time will be occupied till our departure for Seattle, Washington, if you will kindly ring me at the Hotel Portland some time on Thursday the 30th current, I shall be glad to give you an appointment to see you personally; through your niece, we heard so much about you that I shall be happy to see you.

Miss Geraldine McCann will be also at the Hotel Portland; she is chosen this time to act as my Assistant in the Class work; although she will be busy you will surely find her there beaming with smiles to greet her dear aunt she always calls "Shon".

With the best regards and the kindest wishes, I remain,

DPG/CD

Yours very sincerely

(Signed) Dinshah

President.

Notwithstanding such profuse correspondence, what drove this girl into the hands of the negro Harry in the same December, on the same dates? Her Testimony will show her in true feathers. It was not Dinshah who was at fault; it was a donkey of a dark color. Read his affidavits which will clarify the foam.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 74

Fools Rush Where Angels Refuse

On Sunday, April 19, 1925, I bade a loving good-bye to my darling wife, daughter and son. I could not get reconciled yet to my safety in traveling with a girl not my relative; in fact, this was my first such experience; it promised to be my last. Geraldine hugged both the girls and the baby and I said to them, "Yes, hug some more; you might never see this girl again." Miss McCann expressed her displeasure and we left, with Lenord Roberts to drive the auto back from Philadelphia North Broad Street station.

There, I shopped with Miss McCann, for the requirements of Cyrus. As the train was ready to depart, Miss McCann turned to Roberts and said, "Be sure Lenord, to be here at 6:30 on the 9th; we will be glad to get back to good old Malaga!"

We went into the Drawing Room. Not much space was left to budge there with those 12 packages of valuable apparati. My eyes were constantly on my beloved Itisometer.

At night, Miss McCann occupied the upper berth and I took the lower. The railway company had arranged according to my instructions and the porter made our room resemble just any ordinary two outside berths.

The door was left open day and night throughout the tour.

Leaving Chicago, Ill., by the next evening's California Limited we began our routine of business and mailed on the way close to 75 communications. Our portable typewriter was handy. I commenced my commentary on Dr. Edwin D. Babbitt's Principles of Light and Color, leaving Miss McCann much of the time to her own thoughts.

The same open door system continued all the way on every railroad. From Albuquerque, New Mexico, the following telegram went homeward.—

Telegram WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM Time Filed 10-35
Albuquerque, New Mexico
April 22, 1925.

To
Irene and Kashmira
Spectro-Chrome Institute
Malaga, New Jersey

Completed Association work now starting writing love to you Cyrus

(Signed) Geraldine McCann

Sender's Telephone Number: Vineland 530

Arriving at Hotel Lankershim, Los Angeles, Calif., I received a registered package from home, containing among other correspondence letters for Miss McCann: —

MALAGA, NEW JERSEY
April 20, 1925

Digitized by Google

Dear Geraldine:

Although it is less than 24 hours since you started from here for the Coast, already I can hardly wait in patience for that day in "The merry month of May" when we shall meet again "under the windmill."

Yesterday afternoon, at five o'clock, a "terrible" thunderstorm came on. An hour later it abated. The sun was just setting. Thru the wide rifts made by the parting gray clouds, its golden luminosity shone. The landscape was illumined with a strange, dull silver-and-saffron radiance. The scene was weirdly charming beyond description.

Some bulbous plants, probably daffodils or hyacinths, are growing beneath the window near the book-case. When you return, they will bloom to greet you with perfumed beauty. Fair flowers for a fair human flower of love and devotion.

The loyalty and high thoughts strictly adhered to by you, will be found a constant source of quiet happiness in your life and those of others with whom that life is entwined.

Eagerly looking forward to our next meeting, confident in our pure affection,

I remain,

Yours ever lovingly,

(Signed) Kashmira.

MALAGA, NEW JERSEY
April 20, 1925.
9-25

Dear Pal Geraldine:

1. Only one day passed since you rode away in state in our beloved "jitney", ((which is one better than the Ford "car", because, it does not molt), yet, we miss you—it seems as though we knew you for a life-time.

2. For breakfast I am going to have some of our mutual friend—Tomato Soup!

3. Dear Geraldine, we are all very glad that you decided to "stick to your guns" and that you are happy in the glorious work you are so willingly acccomplishing.

4. Your welfare and interests are our interests.

5. Cyrus sends love to you and will be waiting for you to hug his tiny body on your return. His first tooth will probobly be visible at the end of three weeks.

6. Duty's reward is happiness, and as you always perform your duties conscienciously, there is great happiness in store for you. Any person connected with the activities of Spectro-Chrome Institute, indirectly aids suffering humanity, because the more assistance Dinshah has, the more inventions for the good of the public can be put on the market.

Digitized by Google

7. May your thoughts and actions be ever uplifting & true, so that you may shine in the World by your goodness, as the great Geraldine's voice has made Farrar shine in the eyes of the public.

8. Love and kind wishes to you now and always,

Ever your companion,
in joys & sorrows,
(But there will never be any sorrows)

(Signed) IRENE.

As I write this, I hear Geraldine's voice as it sounded in the law court; it was far from Farrar's; it sounded like my knell. The voice I trained to speak in public, there sounded my funeral.

CHAPTER 75

The Whitewash Coming Off

The morning after, at 9:30, as I opened my lecture room to arrange the apparati, a man giving his name as Thomas Shaughnessy, said he was an uncle of Miss McCann and could he see her? He had never met her before. "Certainly come right up." I called in Miss McCann and the relatives met. The two daughters of Thomas and a son were with him. He was there about an hour and spoke bitterly about the crazy conduct of his sister Mary Hayes. He had been to Portland, they had scraps, she wanted him to go East after me to take the girl. I told him to take the girl; she was there. He had been directed by sister Sophia to meet Miss McCann and wire her. I was out of the room about ten minutes to give him literature. Most certainly the girl had all the opportunities for leaving if she desired. I presented an autographed volume of "Principles of Light and Color." He was much interested in our work and congratulated his niece on her healthy appearance and neat costume. He lived in Pomona, Cal., business, fruit merchant.

In leaving, one of his daughters came back and told Miss McCann that her grandfather was in Portland.

Two days after this, on April 28, 1925, Miss McCann sent to Malaga the following letter from San Francisco, Cal

By Air Mail:—(Exhibit 22).

"San Francisco, April 28, 1925.
9-55

"Dear Irene, Kashmira and Cyrus:

"Every time either Dinshah or I took a pen in hand to write you a letter some one popped in. Such is Life! The Los Angeles class was peachy, 25 the first night and twenty-eight the second. Leased 2 Itisometers-1 to Miss Hus-

Digitized by Google

ton, the second to Mr. Paul. Hurrah! San Francisco Centre was not so rotten. Twenty-five in all.

"I had a surprise visit in Los Angeles from Uncle Tom Shaughnessy (mother's brother) and his two daughters and son. He was peachy. He said that the "aunt" wanted him to come and see that I was all right. I was only a baby. Baby elephant. My grandfather McCann is in Portland, I suppose to bring his darling home. Well, he is going to be disappointed.

"Your letters were wonderful. I looked twice to see if I read Kashmira's rightly. Such 'mush.' When I saw the boofy I was convinced.

"Is Cyrus eating everything from tomato soup to corn on the cob.

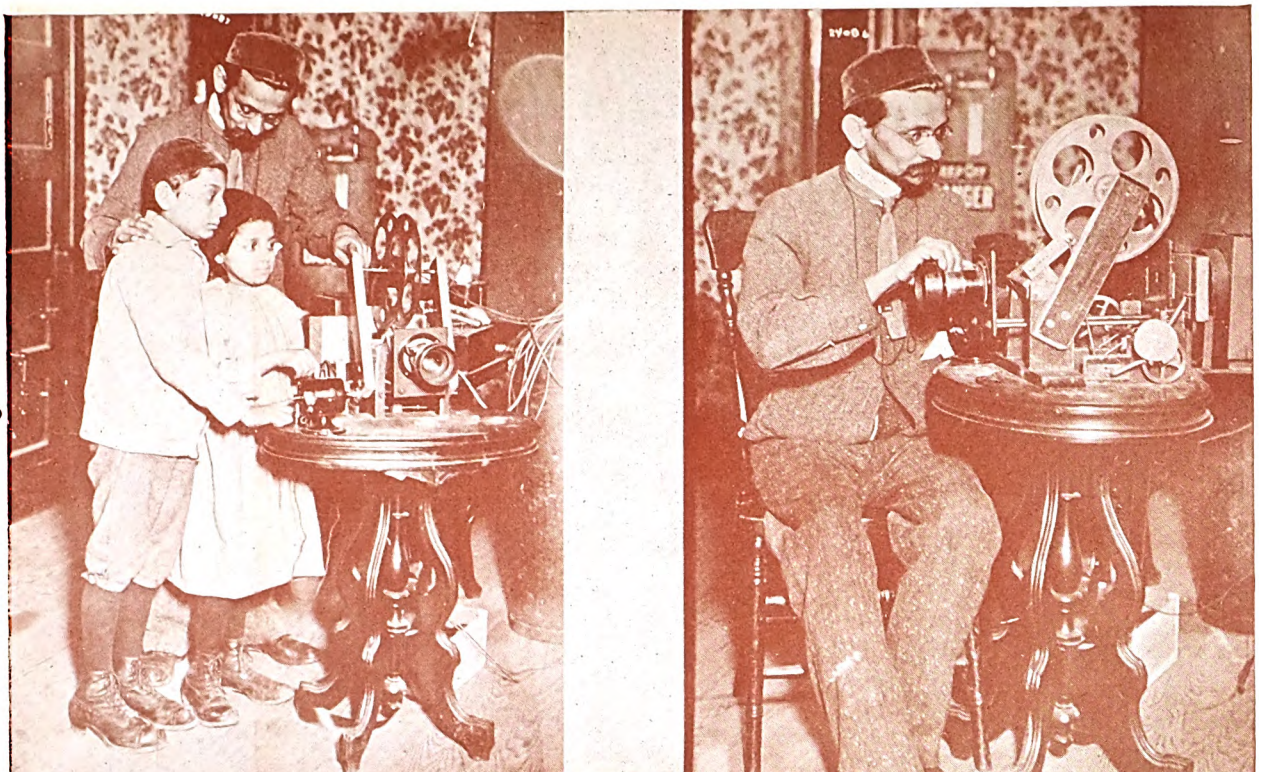
"Dinshah tells in the class he has a 24 inch baby. He is a scream when he starts.

"When we stopped off at Albuquerque, N. M., a newspaper reporter came up to Dinshah and said, 'Pardon me, but aren't you the Prince of Siam?' Of course, he said, 'yes.'

"We leave here tomorrow at 7:45 A. M. tomorrow and arrive in Portland Thursday at 4 P. M. The lecture is that evening. Some hustling, isn't it. Give Cyrus 6 B. hugs in honor of his six-months old birthday. We both thought of him on that day, also of our other two vahals. Dinshah is well but will be still weller when he reaches good old Malaga. I don't blame him. The water here, oh my goodness. With heaps of love to all from one who will always be your

"Geraldine."

Digitized by Google



THE INVENTOR AT WORK ON FIRST MODEL OF SHUTTERLESS FLICKERLESS CONTINUOUS TALKING MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR

Photograms By Staff Photographer Of The New York American, In 1914, At Hillsdale, N. J. Though Struggling For His Very Existence, Dinshah Continued The Training Of His Children.

Digitized by Google

New York City Police Department

To all who shall see these Presents Greeting:

Know ye, That reposing special trust and confidence in the

PATRIOTISM VALOR FIDELITY AND ABILITIES

of Dinshah P. Ghadiali

the Police Commissioner of the City of New York does hereby appoint him

Captain in the

POLICE RESERVE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

from the 29th day of June one thousand nine hundred and eighteen

He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duties of an officer of said grade by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. All Officers, Non commissioned Officers and Privates under his command are strictly charged and required to be obedient to his orders as an officer of said grade. And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as he shall receive from the Police Commissioner Special Deputy Police Commissioner or his superior officers over him according to the Rules and Discipline of the Police Department.

Given under my hand and seal at New York this 29th day of December 1918 in the 143rd year of the Independence of the United States.

By the Police Commissioner

Special Deputy Police Commissioner

Police Inspector

Colonel and Chief of Staff

COMMISSIONED AS CAPTAIN

FINALLY RETIRED WITH THE RANK OF COLONEL

Digitized by Google

Is this my language? Did anyone find me writing this way? Geraldine maintained I "phrased" it. "Peachy"? "Scream"? "Baby Elephant"!

Owing to the impossibility of getting the necessary accommodation, we had to take what was available, from San Francisco. It was a slow train; all the way from there to Portland, Oregon, Miss McCann behaved differently. She acted as if she intended to "get my goat." She told me the story of how a doctor Associate in my San Francisco Class had put his arms around her and made love to her. Previously, she had complained of another doctor in Los Angeles; he had wanted to take her on a joy ride and employ her as his nurse. I snapped back at her, "How is it they all make love to you? Why don't you behave with decorum? First Harry; now these doctors; what next?" She put on a scowl and slumped in her seat; then she commenced a song that sounded like this:—

I love her I love her I love her in the Spring,
I love her in the Winter I love her in the Ring;
I love her in the Summer; I love her in the Fall,
But last night on the back porch, I loved her best of all!

This, sung loudly, with the door wide open and the car full of grinning passengers, was too much even for a man like me who is fond of humor. The occasion was utterly incongruous and I let her understand in no uncertain terms, that her conduct was reprehensible. She asked me not to be a grouch. The rain was falling. She looked at the cloudy outside and said, "Oh, how I like this weather!" She must have meant in her mind, "How the clouds are gathering for Dinshah!"

A moment later, she looked at me with a strange dreamy air and languidly murmured, "Oh, you don't know what is on my mind!" I wish I did!

We arrived at 3:30 P. M. in Portland, Oregon, on April 30, 1925.

CHAPTER 76

Geraldine Vanishes

Promptly on arrival at the Hotel Portland, I went straight to my Class Room. It was 4 P. M. and the lecture was to be at 7 P. M. As Miss McCann came to the dining room at 5:45, she told me that "Aunt Shon" had telephoned and was coming to see her at 11 A. M. the next morning. She would have come right away but Geraldine had informed her it was not possible because of the lack of time.

Soon after dinner, we went in the Class Room. One after another, Associates came in and there was a cheerful meeting. Many greeted the Secretary McCann and talked to her about the food, dress, life in Malaga and the work. They were her former classmates and spoke without reserve; many expressed their admiration of her businesslike appearance. She was so "different" from what she had been in the class room last year. Then she was just a "student"; now she came as a Secretary, a full-fledged assistant of the Institute.

The lecture commenced at 7 P. M. As a short recess was declared at 11 P. M., I remarked that I too ought to have some water and requested Miss McCann to go into her room and get me a glass.

Digitized by Google

Her room was on the next floor; she should have been back within 2 minutes, but, did not return until more than 5 had passed. When she came, my trained eyes noticed that she was pale and highly perturbed. I was recommencing my work and had not time to inquire. The meeting was ready to close at 1 A. M., when Dr. Claude J. Sherman complained that I would be leaving in two days and how about their supplies? I was thus compelled to explain that I had left hundreds of dollars of electric bulbs with Mrs. Mary Hayes and her niece Miss McCann could tell them how we had repeatedly written to her and received no reply. I also said the aunt had circulated scandals about me and that there was the girl; she could speak for herself.

Miss McCann came forward voluntarily and stated how happy she was, how she enjoyed the work, how her Aunt Mary had annoyed me and finished by saying that Mrs. Hayes knew she was there but that she was a coward and did not come.

As the Associates dispersed, I received from Miss McCann the evening's account, when she said with fright on her face, "Colonel Dinshah, when I went up, a woman met me on the stairs and told me a man wanted to see me, but, I refused and came away." I told her to go into her room, lock the door and forget it.

We went to the second floor where our rooms were. She was in 217; I was four doors away. It was past 2 A. M., May 1, 1925.

A few minutes later, just as I had begun to unbutton my vestcoat, I felt a strange sensation of "something wrong" stealing over me. Being trained to a life of highly concentrative meditation and accustomed to mental absorption in research work, I am prone to feel human etheric oscillations like a tuned radio receiver. This is one main reason why I avoid so-called "society" life; I am not built for it.

I called the telephone operator and asked for Miss McCann's room; her repeated efforts elicited no response. That confirmed my feelings. All the unpleasant scandals of Mrs. Hayes passed through my mind; I opened my door and looked out. Nothing unusual appeared; I could have gone straight to Miss McCann's room and knocked for inquiry, but, I was considerate about Miss McCann. It was an unseemly hour to be seen knocking at a girl's door and I went back to my room. That etheric sensation hovered.

Finishing my early morning prayers, I rang for room 217 from 8 A. M. to 9:30 many times. That girl must have the sleep of a hybernating bear. I stepped into the hallway and requested the maid to turn the key into the lock of 217. She reported the door was locked from the inside. I would not disturb. Half an hour later, the telephone operator sent the bell chief to examine the door; he made a similar report, so I called Assistant Manager Thomas Finnegan to look into the matter. He came, found the door locked, went over a ladder onto the balcony of her room and returned in a few minutes saying the room was EMPTY!

I followed him into the room via the same balcony—the tam o'shanter of Geraldine McCann was on the floor, the bed was unoccupied, the door was locked from the inside—**Geraldine had vanished** and nobody had any information!!! My Institute corporate seal was discovered in her grip.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 77

The Drunken Stranger

It was evident to me she was forcibly kidnaped. Half an hour later, her Aunt Sophia came with the younger brother and sisters of Geraldine. She did not appear surprised at the story of the disappearance. Mickey was not with them; he had not been in the house two days. I introduced the aunt to Finnegan and Wright. Caven Wright was shocked to hear all the history of the past. I delivered my discourse as usual informing the Class of the occurrence and the next day, in accordance with my schedule packed for Seattle, Washington.

I left an open letter and the return ticket of the girl (should she be found and want to go back) with Caven Wright; I also left with him $100 for expenses. He was angry at Mrs. Mary Hayes for her horrible scandals and wanted to see the girl had fair play. I had told him about the girl's devotion to her mother and believed she might have gone to Canada to visit her.

Anyhow, what I had thought might happen did happen. I recalled those words in her letter to Harry. "O that wondrous day. How happy I will be." Well, if she really felt happy, I was satisfied. I wrote to my family about the incident and left for Seattle, Wash.

Sunday May 3 and Monday May 4, I lectured at the Hotel Gowman in the same room where I had trained 46 students before. They knew of Miss McCann from the April 1925 article in Spectro-Chrome. I told them of what had happened. The afternoon of Monday, as I passed through the hotel lobby, a man roughly jerked my cap off. Taking it as an unpremeditated performance I did not mind it. I received a telegram from Caven Wright that the girl had visited the asylum in New Westminster, near Vancouver B. C. Canada to see her mother. Although, I disliked the idea of leaving without warning, it confirmed my view that parental love made her do so; I disliked the idea of misjudging or even judging human motives. It was not my business.

That night completed my Pacific Coast tour. My reservations made ahead made it necessary to leave Tuesday May 5, 1925, by the Olympian of Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. At 1 A. M. the work was finished. Two doctors lingered to talk. They went after I started the heavy packing. I called in the elevator man to help me. Fred Kram the room clerk was in his office. About 2, as the elevator man left me, I began to move all the valuable goods from the Lecture Room into my bedroom suite. I had my precious invention—the Itisometer—to guard; it was the only apparatus then in existence and I feared to have any harm come to it. That perfected model, which had gone faithfully performing its duty from Coast to Coast, had cost me much labor, many struggles, more heartburns and a good-sized fortune. Besides, I had to guard the thousands of dollars in checks and cash which I had collected for the Association and the Institute. I could not be in two rooms safely; so, as each package was ready I moved it to my private suite and locked the door.

After those doctors went, a man ran into me in the corridor. A glance at him was sufficient to indicate he was drunk; when he spoke, the odor of

Digitized by Google

his breath corroborated my opinion. He wanted me to "treat" him with my system and had been referred from San Francisco Calif. There had been so many deceitful traps laid in the past by the agents (spies) of medical boards, to "get" me that I did not pay much attention to what I thought might be another. At the time I went to Detroit for clearing those Dearborn Independent charges, Dr. Wallace F. MacNaughton told me that a certain M. D. (one of my faithless Graduates) had said, "they will get Dinshah in 12 months." It was not a new situation. I was living amidst such threats and dangers all the time.

CHAPTER 78

Pistol Combat With A Drunk

I told the man politely to excuse me as I did not treat anyone; I only taught how to use my system; he could go to one of my Graduates; he would not leave me however. I went into my room 200 and he tried to follow me. I telephoned Fred Kram to take him away. About 2:30 I went into the lobby to dispatch a night letter to my family and to mail some letters. That same man bumped into me there saying, "I want to speak to you." I told him to go to bed and said to Kram, "This man should be in bed; he is drunk. He told me he lived here 4 years." The clerk said, "He is only a transient." The fellow had also told the elevator man (night bell boy) to open my bedroom, but, the man had declined. I went upstairs, locked the door and gave the final touches to my packing. The floor was strewn yet with quantities of checks and large denomination bills, Association papers and valuable documents. I was to leave at 8:30 A. M., it was nearly 3 A. M. and thinking of completing the balance a little later, I decided to undress, rest and bathe so as to be ready in time.

I had taken off all except my house cap and a cotton shirt (sudra) and to save time had packed away my pajamas and everything connected with the night garb. As the lights were extinguished a knock was heard at the door and a voice said, "Messenger." I said, "I am undressed." He said, "Very important." I opened the door just a little and to my surprise beheld that same drunk who had annoyed me during the day previous. I said, "Please do not disturb me" and was about to lock the door thinking he might be a thief; there was nothing to show otherwise. The man wedged in to prevent the locking, when I saw another face peering through the crack. I am short-sighted, but, I could recognize there was another man there even though I had no spectacles. It confirmed my idea that the men were after my cash. My Police Service revolver was in the inner room (bedroom) and I ran for it and peeped through the inner doorway. That moment, that drunk pressed the switch button of the outer room lights. It was remote from my mind to kill the man, but, I had absolutely no way to get assistance against this unpardonable intrusion. I said, "Get out or I'll shoot." When he saw my revolver, to my further surprise he pulled his gun (that had been hidden before), which promptly confirmed in my mind his vicious intent. I fired the first shot to save my life and property; a moment later, the other fellow came on the scene, a volley started and the drunk shouted, "Federal Officer." With those magic words which are "Open Sesame" to an honorable citizen, he flapped back his coat lapel and the gleam of a metal shield greeted my eyes. "Put down your gun," ordered he. "Put down your gun," said I. Meanwhile

Digitized by Google

another Federal Officer and two City Detectives had entered with Patrolman Number 228. I told the elevator man who had also come in at the noise of the guns to call Mr. Kram. I was undressed and there were five strangers looking; one of the officers emptied the chamber of my revolver. The drunk (whose name was Reed as I afterwards learnt) said, "He is the most dangerous criminal—I have been tracing you for 3 years; we shall send you up for 15 years or life." I asked, "What is against me?" They said, "You will learn later." I demanded, "Show me your warrant of arrest." They sneered, "Tell it to the judge."

CHAPTER 79

U. S. Department of Injustice

Meanwhile, a man in a blue kimono had quietly entered. He had heard and seen much of the foregoing. I had no glasses on and I did not recognize him. The drunk Reed approached me and putting an index finger and the barrel of his revolver under my only garment, lifted it and peeped underneath. I could not fathom what that was for (Geraldine's Testimony throws light on the hidden motive.) He examined my pubes! My blood tingled in my ears. Such an obscene monstrosity would have been resented any other time, but, I was in their clutches, I was undefended, I was among strangers, I had no physical means to secure help—there I was, standing naked before 5 huskies all armed with guns and apparently meaning no good to me.

I glanced over the whole situation in a short time. My valuable records, apparati, about $5,000 of cash (not all mine), one of my life's achievements the precious Itisometer, were all there; much of the paraphernalia was still on the floor. One of the officers violently trampled on my bare toes with his heavy boot, another endeavored to wrench my wrist off, a third gave me a kick on my buttock when I requested for time to dress and pack. "Hurry up, get a wiggle on." I told them it was an ungentlemanly way to treat a former Police Officer. I gave one my biographical sketch with my picture in uniform and he looked at it and kept it; that softened the situation a little. I kept them talking for 35 minutes until I had finished what I wanted to when an officer turned around and said to the kimono-clad man, "Who are you? What the hell are you doing here? Are you one of the clerks?" The man drew himself up with dignity and said, "I am the owner of this hotel and this is a damned outrage." Then only I knew he was T. Harry Gowman the proprietor. He had witnessed the unjust affair.

I said, "I do not know what I am charged with; I am innocent, Mr. Gowman; I am being taken away without a warrant; may I request you to take care of my property please?" "Certainly, you need not fear."

I turned around and said to the officers, "Gentlemen, I am now ready for you. You need not treat me roughly, because, I have been an officer in the New York Police and give you my word of honor that I shall not try to escape even if I could." One of them guffawed, "New York Police—eh! Bum Police! You will see some real police here now! March on!"

They took me by automobile to the Seattle Police Headquarters and up by an elevator. At the Lieutenant's desk, they took my short pedigree

Digitized by Google

and "frisked" me clean out. They wanted to take away even my house cap, handkerchief and glasses. "What the hell do you want with two caps," one shouted. I told him it was a religious custom and pleaded not to take it away. He relented. When they came to my spectacles, I again entreated; "I could not go to the toilet even without them," said I. The handkerchief and the glasses stayed.

The Lieutenant opened my wallet and emptied it of the contents to enter on his blotter. He pulled out 9 bills of $100 each and more. As the eyes of the officers fell on the crisp papers, one grumbled, "Too doggone much money!" I was not sure I would see it again though. In the wallet was found a host of membership cards showing who I was in life, but, not until my pistol permit from the New York Police Commissioner came out would the crowd give me breathing time. It had my official photogram in uniform on it. "Say this fellow is an officer." "O to hell with him; they make some bum officers in New York; look at him." I told him that in New York the Police was the acme of goodness and that I was proud of having been with that honorable force. Reed said, "Hold this man; by order of Captain Collier, Federal prisoner." "What for?" No answer, but one said, "O you will see the real Police now; how we do it here. Turn around!"

I turned. A steel gateway yawned open before me. I was ordered to go in. I went in. The gate closed behind me. A jailer walked with me. Through a short corridor, I was led toward rows of cells barred with steel and pushed into cell number 11.

The steel gate closed. There was the President of Spectro-Chrome Institute, a free-born innocent American citizen, **without a warrant of arrest—without a charge—without a word of explanation—without any opportunity of defense—denied a lawyer—held absolutely incommunicado —a Prisoner of the Federal Government Of The United States Of America —The Greatest Country On God's Earth—The Country Of His Adoption!!!**

Grand Architect of the Universe! Was this in my beloved America? Was I awake or dreaming? Was this my just, liberty-loving America or was this Siberia?

I am ashamed as an American citizen to admit it all happened in my **America.**

CHAPTER 80

Dinshah A Federal Prisoner

It was 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning, May 5, 1925, when I thus lost my liberty, the highest human birthright. Here was I, a Federal prisoner in a dark steel cage. Soon, I noticed there was another man with me. He was in bed, if it could be called one. A few moments later, he mumbled something, lifted his head like a turtle out of the shell and said, "What you here for?" "I don't know, brother." "Hell you'll know it in!" "What brought you in?" "O nothin', I only—O what, I killed only three men!" I was locked in with a murderer!

I had felt an urge of nature. I asked him where the room was and how I could go there. He chuckled at my boobiness and pointed to a bucket

Digitized by Google

in a corner. The room was about seven feet long and five feet wide with a single barred window seven feet up. "That's where you do it; he won't be here till seven." To perform a natural function in my "living room," in an open pail! Such a filthy procedure was against my principles. I could not do it even if I wanted to.

The odor of that place was musty and overpowering. It was cold, with just enough warmth to prevent my marrow freezing. The metallic touch everywhere was refrigerating. A gust felt on my face drew my attention. The other occupant had left the window open; it was necessary, for the stench from the pail was sickening. I asked my cell-mate whether they would let me telephone. He told me there was a telephone "outside." Of course, but could I use it? He giggled. There was no comprehending what that self-confessed murderer might do. I could see him barely, covered as he was. I did not undress.

Six o'clock and clinking as of metallic utensils dragged on the floor sounded. They had started to serve the breakfast. They came toward our cell. A number of men under a turn-key. I could not decipher their American language; it sounded to me like all the languages of the Orient melted and molded. They had rolls, coffee and what I heard as "ush." The rolls I would not eat because of the lard, the coffee I would not drink because of the caffein and that what-was-it I had no knowledge of the composition. Before I could have a second look they were gone. I did not want food—I wanted to get rid of the residue of prior eaten food. An officer passed by; I said, "Please officer may I—" "You'll 'ave to wait till we're ready; I ain't ready yet." But I was. Thirty minutes (it appeared to me so; my watch was taken away and the only way I could check time was through the breathing process) must have passed and he opened the cell lock; he ordered me to go through the corridor into another barred room and barely had I entered when the steel gate snapped behind. I was in the toilet room; an ominous sign greeted my eyes:—

RESERVED FOR
PRISONERS
WITH CLAP

CHAPTER 81

Hell On Earth

So this was the great "real" Seattle Police they had bragged about! I was full to bursting, but, could not make up my mind to use that hell-hole for my necessities. Around me were swarming all types of humanity, ranging from youths of 18 to men of any imaginable age. With my different face, different costume and different mannerisms, those unfortunates of society looked at me with no favorable glance; however, be it said to their credit, none molested me. They were all smoking furiously and my lungs, not accustomed to tobacco, began to choke. I tried to get out—the gate was locked and streams of water were pouring in from all sides to wash the uncleanliness. No amount of water could have made that place better. The officers were paying no attention to the prisoners, but, were quietly minding their duties. I have always been against jail practices and its demoralizing influences, but, I must admit I had no idea of America having such dens. The herding of humans like cattle was revolt-

Digitized by Google

ing to the extreme; it was a depressing sight and for a moment, I forgot my own miseries in the pity for the sufferings of others.

The turn-key let me out at about 8:30. An hour later, he beckoned to me to follow; he wanted to give me a separate cell. He made me walk down the corridor again and opening cell number 19 locked me in. The cells on both sides of me were padded—they were intended for monsters or maniacs.

I was in agony. I requested frequently the officers passing by to let me engage a lawyer or telephone my Associates. The response would invariably be the same. Orders:—"Keep incommunicado!" I was in the World, but, absolutely cut out of it by some unknown secret agency that was working to accomplish my destruction. Was this in America?

Yes it was; America the greatest did the greatest wrong to me, a loyal citizen.

CHAPTER 82

Fingerprinted and Photographed

Time slowly passed. Every few minutes, a passing officer would look at me through the bars and say, "Well, how do you feel now?" "I am always well, thank you." At noon, three of them came, glanced and one said, "When are you going to hang this fellow?" "About 3," another answered. I tried to address them, but, they gave me a "Haha" and went away.

I knew what treachery could be played in a place like that. I paced that cage like a lion, thinking of the good I had yet to give to the sick World. That man's words were ominous; the Pacific Coast is well known for its hatred of the foreign-born and it was likely they would believe I was nothing but a coolie. Hanging a man—lynching a man—are occurrences not foreign to the United States and I was watching—patiently waiting.

I was taken to another part of the building. A Police Sergeant was there. I was ordered to remove my cap. The equipment around showed me the purpose. I was photographed in different ways and passed to the finger printer. He took 18 sets of finger prints; at last then, I had the extreme honor of becoming a member of the Rogues' Gallery, in reward of my services to humanity. I was given Criminal Number 7092.

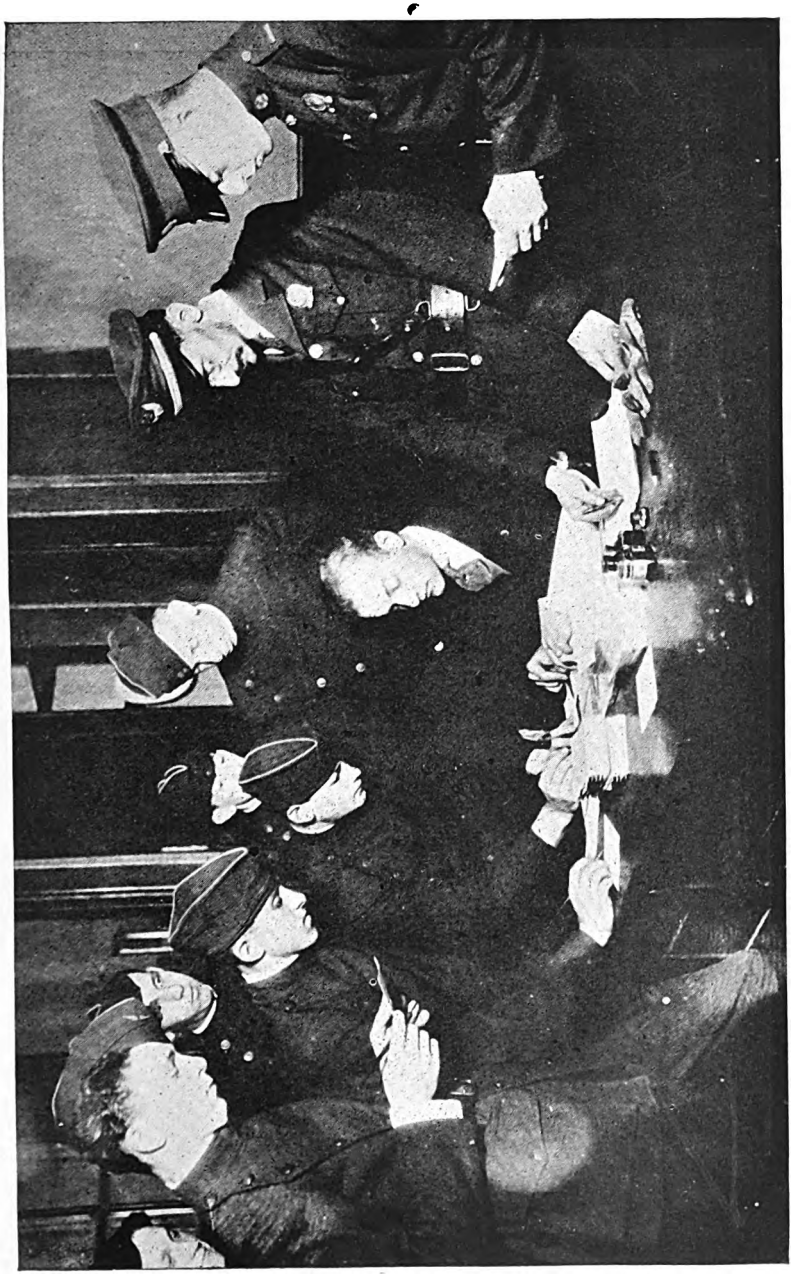
The Sergeant sat at his desk and pointed a finger at a chair. I sat facing him. He scrutinized me as if I were a robber or murderer and after a few minutes of silence said, "What are you here for?"

Bless his heart! Search me! I should have liked to know that myself! I meekly said, "I don't know, Sir." "Uh!" More silence.

I was taken back to my cell. Nobody would give me any information. At about 6 P. M. I was marched downstairs. About 150 patrolmen and officers were collected in a room reeking with smoke. Having been with the Police Department before, I knew its import. They were identifying "old birds." One man after another had to walk all the way across the room and back. A man walked. The Captain shouted, "Eh, look at him; you

Digitized by Google

DINSHAH



AS GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK POLICE AVIATION SCHOOL, 1918.

Digitized by Google

INAUGURATION OF THE FIRST POLICE AIR MAIL

Digitized by Google

stole an auto eh? How does it feel to walk without one." "Guess good." My turn came. "Walk on!" "Yes sir." I obeyed the order. "Say he looks like nothing—walks like a soldier eh!" They roared with laughter; I must have looked funny to them; those remarks might have been innocent, but, they sank deep; no wonder some people become anarchists. Those men had no idea that at one time I had been their "brother" and many like them had marched under my orders. To me it was another object lesson; I humbly took it.

They took me upstairs again. Hunger was working. They brought me corned beef and cabbage or something they described so. I told them I was a vegetarian and would not eat it. I requested the turn-key to favor me with a little milk. "We don't have no milk here." When I told him I had at the Lieutenant's Desk nearly a thousand dollars and I would pay for my expenses, he shrugged his shoulders and walked away. Night approached.

I could not sleep; they would not even let me sleep. Every hour or so, someone would approach the bars and make a "Hough" or roar, "Hel-lo! how d' you feel now?" I would jump up, dressed as I was and thank him for his kind inquiry with the words, "I am always well"—my pet motto. "You are? Won't be long." What did he mean?

Early morning I again was asked about food; I gave the same answer. They had reported I was on a hunger strike or something similar. Such a man they never heard of before perhaps—who could refuse their fine corned beef! They might have meant well, but that kind of food was to me worse than eating poison. I positively refused.

In the forenoon, two men and a woman with notebooks in their hands stopped in passing near my cage. One of the men looked at me and said, "Why, aren't you the President of Spectro-Chrome Institute?" He must have been a reporter who had seen me before. I told him I was. "Well let's have your story." I was between the Devil and the deep seas. A newspaperman was just the man to help me; however, I was made to understand by the officials that I was to be "incommunicado." I told that to the reporters; the woman was importunate; she wanted to help me. But, to talk to them meant violation of Government orders. I would not be guilty of such breach. I declined to talk; they tried to persuade me, but, I stood firm. I kept silent.

In the evening, some other officials came and lined all the prisoners against the corridor wall. I was among them. One by one, the charge against each prisoner was scanned and mumbled. My turn came. One official asked another, "What's that fellow here for?" "He's **charged with White Slavery in Portland."**

CHAPTER 83

Branded As White Slaver

Had a bomb burst near my feet, it could not have agitated me more. I to be charged with White Slavery? The most filthy, the most repulsive, the most terrible charge that could be laid against any man? It was worse than calling a man a leper or murderer, for the one would be pitied, the

Digitized by Google

other would be sympathized with for some extenuation; but, a White Slaver in America meant a moral leper of the worst type, a pander, a procurer, a trafficker in women, a man who would live on the earnings of prostitutes, a man not a man, but, a low-down hound, a cur, an outcast filthy lecherous pariah, unfit to live in social touch of civilized humanity. Not a word of explanation was asked, not a question; no reply was taken.

I could not sleep—rest was denied me. The epithet "White Slaver" sank into my inner sensitivity. There had been no communication allowed with the outside World; none knew of my fate. I lay down, dressed as I was, choking with the stuffy atmosphere. In the quiet of that night, as the hours glided, my higher mental centres had only one thought to accomplish its end. Would the President of First Seattle Washington Centre of American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists know of my predicament and rush to my rescue? That was the only one idea that kept its sway and slowly I found myself, on a hungry stomach drifting towards the accomplishment of that idea.

The morning dawned. It was Thursday the Seventh of May 1925. The sound of rumbling utensils began. A voice came "Ush—M—Ush!" I now realized what it was; it was Mush. I asked if I may know the composition. "Eh! Mush is good; O well it's mush!" "May I have some milk?" "Take this; we have good condensed milk here." He dipped a ladle and poured out a cupful. The milk certainly must have been good condensed milk; what truly the matter was that in the can of good condensed milk they had also a bucket of good water. It did not appeal to me. Officials were kindly-disposed to me, but, they could not give me food.

Between 9 and 10 A. M., as I was seated on the blanket, a turn-key came and said some people were there to see me. I was taken out to the office and behold! I ran into the arms of my esteemed and learned friend Dr. Eiliv Janson, President of First Seattle Washington Centre!

The newspapers had headlines of two inches for my arrest. The words "White Slaver" mixed with "Hindu," "Mystic," "Magician," "Spectro-Chrome," "Fugitive," "Pistol Shooter" and the like. There was every detail but the truth. Dr. Janson believed in my innocence and had George Olson a prominent attorney with him. How thankful I felt for his kind assistance! He said they read the newspapers and came; the girl had "confessed," he said and I was in trouble. The authorities tried to interfere with Olson, but, he snapped them silent by saying he had permission from the Marshal and was representing me. He instructed me to keep quiet and speak nothing about the case.

Soon entered a Deputy Marshal, Joseph Knizek and we all went down the elevator. On the elevator, I recognized one of my former students. I was anxious to inform my family of the situation. He wired my friends on the Atlantic Coast and the news spread; the family also knew. It relieved my mind, because I had wired them previously I was on the way and the two faithful loving ones would be wondering if I did not arrive on time.

The Deputy Marshal handcuffed me and marched me to the Post Office Building where the Marshal's office was. I was locked in a cage

Digitized by Google

there; a few minutes later, George Olson came and discussed a few points. A Commissioner of the United States was disposing of cases and mine was to come too. Meanwhile, I had my first decent opportunity to attend to personal comforts and I availed of it. Olson sent a restaurant man to prepare a vegetarian meal and I ate some with thanks to the Benign Almighty.

At 11:30, I was informed that the Court wanted me. I went in and the Commissioner told me that he had instructions to send me to Portland, Oregon; could I put up a bail of $10,000? I told him I was represented by George Olson who was to attend to the bond. I was ordered to produce the bail that afternoon; the Government must have thought I carried a couple of millions from State to State. Olson informed me that the bonding company in Seattle could not bond for more than $5,000 without permit from its head office. I told him I preferred to go to Portland with the Government agents; I had no $10,000 in my pocket to offer. At 2 P. M. the Court heard my decision, (without giving preliminary hearing) and the Deputy Marshal was ordered to take me under custody to Portland.

The Police had returned all my possessions to George Olson and I left him in charge of my belongings in the Gowman Hotel. He would be in Portland the next day and meet me—at the jail of course.

Joseph Knizek was joined by another Deputy Marshal John Kock. They took me by train to Portland, Oregon. Both treated me very courteously; they behaved like gentlemen. They wished me all well and felt happy at the thought I believed in my innocence. "Success to you, young man, if you be innocent, for, I know when Uncle Sam does a work he has the proper reason." Assuredly, but, he might be mistaken in information. Those two men have my thanks for their human treatment of me—a suspected criminal.

CHAPTER 84

The Kangaroo Court

We arrived at the Portland depot at 10. I was put in an auto and whisked to the Multnomah County Jail. The Warden took me under his charge on the ninth floor. This jail is built nearer to God. After my papers were entered the desk man asked me how much money I had. I had left all with Olson; all but a few dollars. I told him, "Ten Dollars." He let me keep it. Then a jailer took me in. He asked me if I slept cold or warm? That language was unfamiliar to me. He gave me three blankets, pressed some knobs and switches and a gate opened; some more manipulations of machinery and I was in cell number 12 in the prison, with three others in the same cage.

One offered me some books as a pillow; another offered advice; a third asked if I would smoke. I thanked them all with suitable answers and rested as best I could.

Digitized by Google

I came out of the cell into the corridor the first thing in the morning. The first words that greeted me were susprising: "Well, Colonel, how do you think you'd make out?" He handed me a newspaper. There I was on the front page with photogram; these men in jail even knew ahead of my arrival there!

My life's short sketch (true or false) being in the newspapers, the men knew practically who and what I was. They told me the Kangaroo Court would meet to pass on me, as I had broken into their stronghold. What was this new affair? I knew of Courts, Law Courts and Courts of (In) Justice, but, Kangaroo was not among the list. I was informed each person brought in was placed before the others, forming a Court. There was a "Sheriff" and "Judge" and all that. A man brought in has to pay a "fine" of $3 for the benefit of the Court or be "sentenced" to sweep, clean the chamber pails and do other similar work. Out of the fines collected, the prisoners buy their "necessities." I was told by one man to hide any money I may have so I may not be "robbed." I thanked him; better keep on the "right side"; it was no use discussing with that unfortunate brotherhood. They gave me very polite treatment; not only that, but, when one of the group tried to be fresh with me, he was bawled down by others who told him to keep away.

After the morning round of sweeping and cleaning, Deputy Marshal Cal Wells took me to the Police Headquarters, where twenty sets of fingerprints and photograms were taken. There, at the entrance as we were going into the elevator, an officer coming down told Wells, "Just the man! I have some papers about this man upstairs."

Barely had we entered the photographic room, when a number of newspaper reporters with cameras followed. They wanted to "mug" me and clamored for my story. I said I was in charge of the Marshal and that as the Government kept me incommunicado I would not violate my silence. Cal Wells being appealed to by them, he said that there was no restriction about being photographed and that it was entirely up to me. I, however, preferred not to endanger my silence by doing anything that would appear forwardness. I requested the photographers to respect my views and they comprehended the situation; the story they made as they thought it should be and not what it was. I do not blame them; the public demand for eternal "sensation" explains it.

From there, I was returned to my cell in the prison. About 10 A. M., Deputy Marshal Frank Snow took me to the Post Office Building and locked me in the cage in the Marshal's office. There, George Olson brought John J. Beckman, former Assistant U. S. District Attorney as a consultant to conduct the case in Portland. I took a liking to him as soon as I saw him; I had begun to like Olson as a brother; the two looked as worthy to leave myself into their hands. I had always successfully conducted my own cases in India, England and America, but, this was a time when I was laid flattened in a cage and it was necessary to reach otherwise. The conference was conducted in the cage and I laid before them the entire story: it did not take them long to ferret the "black sheep in the bunch."

Digitized by Google

Telegrams started all over. A bond of $10,000 was demanded as bail. What a monstrosity to place a man in jail, snatch away his cash and property 3,500 miles away and tell him to put up $10,000 for getting liberty to fight a charge that had not been heard! So this was America—or could it be worse in Siberia? Some way to administer "justice"! Justice? It should be **equal** for the rich and the poor—here the law and "justice" are for the rich and the Devil take the hind leg of the poor through utterly innocent. The man with the most money for the best lawyer wins—justice or no justice.

In the afternoon, they marched me to the jail again. On arrival, I was asked to report in the jail corridor to the "Judge of the Kangaroo Court." They—all the prisoners—had collected to see the hazing, especially as my to-them-strange dress attracted attention. I was asked by the Judge how much money I had and if I had any. I frankly told him I had one ten spot only and he was going to perorate when I interrupted him saying I was aware of the system and was willing to share the miseries of life with them by paying the "fine." He said, "Well, as you know it, we won't bother holding the Court; you may pay your $3."

The afternoon papers brought news of my presence in Portland with more stories. Many prisoners sympathized; many joshed; all gave advice as to the best lawyer to get; each had his pet theories; they encouraged me by saying a man charged with White Slavery in Portland had no chance; one young man was given 18 months for that offense.

Meanwhile, faithful Graduates had clamored for admission, but, were denied by Joseph O. Stearns, an Assistant U. S. District Attorney, in charge of the case. However, one Louise Palmer Weber, S.C.T., former Secretary of First Portland, Oregon Centre obtained permission after much trouble and came to the jail to see me. She gave me words of good cheer and conveyed a message of sympathy from other Associates. I thanked her; I protested against the persecution of the authorities and she said soothing words. She certainly proved a friend in need.

At 3:30 P. M. a message came that my bonding arrangements were completed and I was to go to the Marshal's office to sign the bond. The bond was for $10,000, with Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland as surety; U. S. Commissioner Kenneth Fraser approved it after I signed and with a respectful bow I left that building. I was free—none knows what liberty means more than an innocent man coming out of jail.

I rushed to John J. Beckman's office and was greeted by Gertrude Carley Wisenor, S.C.T., who told me she had seen "the girl" at the Post Office. So Geraldine McCann was hovering near by. What could she be doing? Surely, she would not harm me, because, I did her no harm; time showed differently; that girl proved the biggest liar that ever disgraced a witness stand—she proved a downright ungrateful unmitigated fabricator.

CHAPTER 85

Indicted By Grand Jury

The Portland Hotel declined to receive me. They were afraid of the notoriety; so I went to the Hotel Benson, where George Olson was. I

Digitized by Google

never met a lawyer so optimistic. He cheered me saying the charge was absurd and the Grand Jury would not indict me. I hoped for the best; but, I do not live on hopes; I live on certainties and create them.

The next morning, Olson gave me the goods he had brought from Seattle. I had requested him to bring a certain oval box containing documents, which he gave me. I opened it; it contained my stereopticon; in the rush, he picked the wrong one.

Next morning, at 11 A. M., the Grand Jury returned a true bill indicting me on six counts, for White Slavery. They heard the girl, but, I had no hearing. I was taken before Federal Judge Charles E. Wolverton who asked me if I were guilty. I pleaded "Not Guilty" and was allowed to depart. I was informed I was free, but, was not to leave the County. More fighting and red tape resulted. Finally, I was permitted to go where I pleased and by the 1 P. M. train I left for Seattle, Washington.

INDICTMENT
IN THE DISTRICT COURT
OF THE UNITED STATES
FOR THE DISTRICT OF OREGON.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

vs. Indictment for Violation of the Act of June 25, 1910, White Slave Traffic Act.

DINSHAH GHADIALI,

Defendant.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

ss.

DISTRICT OF OREGON.

The Grand Jurors of the United States of America, for the District of Oregon, duly impaneled, sworn and charged to inquire within and for said District, upon their oaths and affirmations, do find, charge, allege and present:

Count One:

That Dinshah Ghadiali, the defendant above-named, on or about the 23rd day of June, 1924, the exact date being to the Grand Jurors unknown, did unlawfully, wilfully, knowingly and feloniously transport

Digitized by Google

and cause to be transported and did aid and assist in feloniously transporting and causing to be transported in interstate commerce, to-wit: from Portland, in the State and District of Oregon, and within the jurisdiction of this Court, to Malaga, in the State of New Jersey, a certain woman, to wit: Geraldine McCann, for the purpose of prostitution, debaucherv and other immoral purposes; contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the United States of America.

And the Grand Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths and affirmations aforesaid, do further find, charge, allege and present:

Count Two:

That Dinshah Ghadiali, the defendant abovenamed, on or about the 23rd day of June, 1924, the exact date being to the Grand Jurors unknown, did unlawfully, wilfully, knowingly and feloniously procure and obtain and cause to be procured and obtained and aid and assist in procuring and obtaining a certain ticket to be used by a certain woman, to-wit: Geraldine McCann, in interstate commerce, to-wit: from Portland, in the State and District of Oregon, and within the jurisdiction of this Court, to Malaga, in the State of New Jersey, for the purpose of prostitution and debauchery of her, the said Geraldine McCann, and for other immoral purposes, whereby and by reason whereof, she, the said Geraldine McCann, was transported in interstate commerce, from Portland, in the State of Oregon, to Malaga, in the State of New Jersey; contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the

Digitized by Google

peace and dignity of the United States of America.

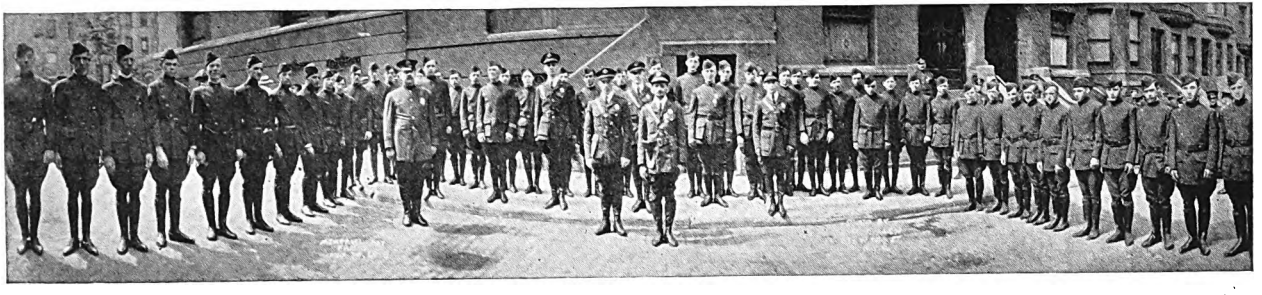
And the Grand Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths and affirmations aforesaid, do further find, charge, allege and present:

Count Three:

That Dinshah Ghadiali, the defendant above-named, on or about the 23rd day of June, 1924, the exact date being to the Grand Jurors unknown, did knowingly, unlawfully, wilfully and feloniously persuade, induce, entice and coerce and cause to be persuaded, induced, enticed and coerced and aid and assist in persuading, inducing, enticing and coercing a certain woman, to-wit: Geraldine McCann, to go from one place to another in interstate commerce, to wit: from Portland, in the State and District of Oregon, and within the jurisdiction of this Court, to Malaga, in the State of New Jersey, with the intent and purpose on the part of him, the said defendant, that such woman aforesaid, should engage in prostitution, debauchery and other immoral practices and he, the said defendant, did thereby knowingly cause and aid and assist in causing such woman as aforesaid to go and be carried and transported as a passenger in interstate commerce, to-wit: upon the lines of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, the Santa Fe Railroad Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and over the lines and routes of other interstate common carriers, the names of which said common carriers are to the Grand Jurors unknown, from Portland, in the State and District of Oregon, and within the jurisdiction of this Court, to said Malaga, in the State of New Jersey; contrary to the form of the statute in such

Digitized by Google

DINSHAH



NEW YORK POLICE RESERVE AIR SERVICE, ORGANIZED AND COMMANDED BY
COLONEL DINSHAH P. GHADIALI,
By Order Of The Honorable Special Deputy Police Commissioner
RODMAN WANAMAKER.
Memorial Day Parade, May 30, 1919.

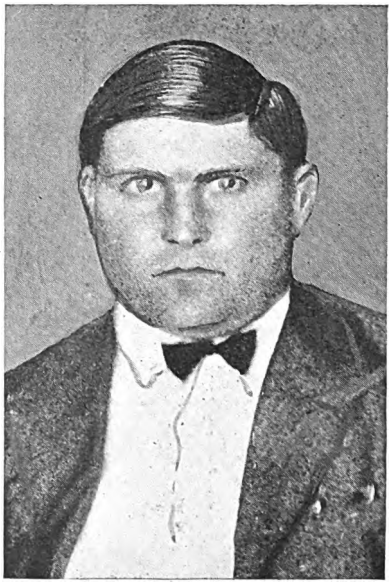
Digitized by Google

The Man Shown In This Photogram, Gave His Name As

GLEN R. YOUNG, M. D.

11 PARKHURST PLACE WEST, DETROIT, MICHIGAN,

And Is Spectro-Chrome Institute Diploma Holder Number 709.



POSED AS REPRESENTATIVE OF HENRY FORD

AND

DISPLAYED A BADGE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

E. G. LIEBOLD, SECRETARY TO HENRY FORD

SAYS HENRY FORD NEVER INVESTIGATED;

WHO THEN IS GLEN R. YOUNG?

WHAT RIGHT HAD HE TO POSE FALSELY?

WILL THE FAMOUS MANUFACTURER INVESTIGATE?

WILL THE U. S. ATTORNEY GENERAL INVESTIGATE?

WHO FRAMED ME?

Digitized by Google

case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the United States of America.

And the Grand Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths and affirmations aforesaid, do further find, charge, allege and present:

Count Four:

That Dinshah Ghadiali, the defendant above-named, on or about the 19th day of April, 1925, the exact date being to the Grand Jurors unknown, did unlawfully, wilfully, knowingly and feloniously transport and cause to be transported and did aid and assist in feloniously transporting and causing to be transported in interstate commerce, to-wit: from Malaga, in the State of New Jersey, to Portland, in the State and District of Oregon, and within the jurisdiction of this Court, a certain woman, to-wit: Geraldine McCann, for thepurpose of prostitution, debauchery and other immoral purposes; contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the United States of America.

And the Grand Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths and affirmations aforesaid, do further find, charge, allege and present:

Count Five:

That Dinshah Ghadiali, the defendant above-named, on or about the 19th day of April, 1925, the exact date being to the Grand Jurors unknown, did unlawfully, wilfully, knowingly and feloniously procure and obtain and cause to be procured and obtained and aid and assist in procuring and obtaining a certain ticket to be used by a certain woman, to-wit: Geraldine McCann, in interstate commerce, to-

Digitized by Google

wit: from Malaga, in the State of New Jersey, to Portland, in the State and District of Oregon, and within the jurisdiction of this Court, for the purpose of prostitution and debauchery of her, the said Geraldine McCann, and for other immoral purposes, whereby and by reason whereof, she, the said Geraldine McCann, was transported in interstate commerce, from Malaga, in the State of New Jersey, to Portland, in the State of Oregon; contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the United States of America.

And the Grand Jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths and affirmations aforesaid, do further find, charge, allege and present:

Count Six:

That Dinshah Ghadiali, the defendant abovenamed, on or about the 19th day of April, 1925, the exact date being to the Grand Jurors unknown, did knowingly, unlawfully, wilfully and feloniously persuade, induce, entice and coerce and cause to be persuaded, induced, enticed and coerced and aid and assist in persuading, inducing, enticing and coercing a certain woman, to-wit: Geraldine McCann, to go from one place to another in interstate commerce, to-wit: from Malaga, in the State of New Jersey, to Portland, in the State and District of Oregon, and within the jurisdiction of this Court, with the intent and purpose on the part of him, the said defendant, that such woman aforesaid, should engage in prostitution, debauchery and other immoral practices and he, the said defendant, did thereby knowingly cause and aid and assist in caus-

Digitized by Google

ing such woman as aforesaid to go and be carried and transported as a passenger in interstate commerce, to-wit: upon the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Santa Fe Railroad Company, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and over the lines and routes of other interstate common carriers, the names of which said common carriers are to the Grand Jurors unknown, from Malaga, in the State of New Jersey, to Portland, in the State and District of Oregon, and within the jurisdiction of this Court; contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace and dignity of the United States of America.

Dated at Portland, Oregon, this 9th day of May, 1925.

A TRUE BILL

(Signed) O. C. BORTZMEYER,
Foreman, United States Grand Jury.

(Signed) J. O. STEARNS, JR.,
Assistant United States Attorney.

(Endorsed "A True Bill, O. C. Bortzmeyer, Foreman Grand Jury.")

(Endorsed, U. S. District Court, District of Oregon. Filed May 9, 1925. G. H. Marsh, Clerk.)

CHAPTER 86

Harry Divulges The Truth

I went to Hotel Gowman and taking my belongings returned to Malaga, N. J. J. F. Bahl, the General Passenger Agent of the Milwaukee Railroad, made all the necessary arrangements for my safe return. I offer him my best thanks. I arrived in Malaga on Friday the 15th of May 1925.

At once, I commenced to check and sort my records and cash. The next day, as I was arranging the memoranda and documents which were mixed, without appointment, Rollin D. Clark rolled in with N. J. State Police Sergeant Carlson and Corporal Morris N. Cohen. I was astonished

Digitized by Google

to see them. What did they want? However, I greeted them cordially. Clark told me he wanted certain information about the girl. Though my attorneys had instructed me to maintain silence, I did not like to snub a well-meaning person like Clark who had never given me ungentlemanly treatment and the State Troopers who were always very kind. I took them all over the laboratory and the residential building, showed them the love letters of the girl to the negro and answered openly questions put about their relations. He asked me about the shooting incident and I told him all; I had no two stories to tell. Three days later, Clark came alone and requested to have the girl's belongings. I delivered all we had and he gave a receipt.

They went away. Meanwhile, having experienced the dangers attending traveling for instruction, I made requisite alterations in my laboratory and started teaching right in Malaga. Formerly, I went from State to State; now let the World come to me. The plan was successful from the start. I invited Rollin D. Clark to take my Course as investigator; he never answered.

It was the opinion of John J. Beckman that the girl's life be personally investigated in the East by himself, so I wired him my approval. He came and spent nearly a week, visiting the Pitman Trust Company, County Sheriff and Undersheriff, Malaga Post Office, Railway and Express Office, State Police, Vineland, Atlantic City, Ocean City, Philadelphia and the like. He collected for his guidance statements from persons he thought might know something about the girl and her life in Malaga and to that effect, he even went to see Harry Saunders.

Returning that night, Beckman said he had seen the negro and had found him angry at me, because, he believed I was still "hounding him." The Department of Justice agents had been after him already and while really I was in trouble, he had thought I was creating trouble for him. He was willing to give the true story if I would ask him, but, he was shy of a stranger like Beckman. The lawyer advised me to meet him. I said, "I don't want to have anything to do with that rascal." However, Beckman logizized that even rascals could tell the truth and save a situation. Finally, I agreed and Beckman telephoned him to come.

He came the next evening. Before my wife and daughter, he dictated to the lawyer a story of the girl's overtures to him that fairly took our breath away. Harry signed the statement and as the lawyer had to leave for the west, he left the statement with me to make into an affidavit and have Harry swear to it. This was done. The said affidavit is printed in Part 6, to which please refer. We suggested nothing; we did not lead him and we dictated nothing; it was a voluntary statement and given without any promise or payment.

At the same time, he also made a statement about the government agents, which too, is printed in Part 6.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 87

The Negro Squawks Again

One day I received the following letter:

Phila., 10-7-25.

Colonel

My Old Boss and Friend

I am simply doing what has always bin on my mind. To write to you I want to see you or hear from you and also know if there is anything I can do And if there is my servis is yours Night and day And if there is nothing I can do There is a whole lot you can do for me. Let me come to Malago to work I dont care if I have to do two men work don't care about the hours and what kind of work you know that Colonel if you will give me this chance I will give you servis that will wipe out my past failures As I have bin with you and away from you and have had plenty of time to study my gains and losts I will here state money I have earned But I am miles from being in the high station of life where you gave me all the chance to gain and keep But I will not write no more on this subject I only ask you Your Wife and Doguthur to give me this chance and let my work and my actions speak for themselves Now Colonel do not think I am one of those kind of men just looking for certain things to do far from it but when you work for a man and like that man it is no disgrace to ask his Pardon and for giveness and work for him **Honestly Justly** and **Cleanly**

Since I have bin away from you my work has bin in a Bank Broad St. Nat Broad and Diamond St And two Garages both of them belonging to Parkins and Son 2221 and 2217 N Broad if I would have bin hired as a Car Washer I don't think I would have had anything to kick about but I was hired as a boss And in my way of thinking to be a Boss is hell you know the type of men in most cases thot work around garages as you know where you lift me from and my job as Forman kept me firing and hiring and the kind of men you can not get nothing out of them unless you drove them likes dogs.

I would sooner work on your place and take a Pick and Shovel build your Bridgs your roads lay your Pipe lines and help to make new plans for new Buildings Than work in a Garage

When Your Lawer Came to see me he stated you would not travel to teach ony more. well I wont believe that untill I hear you say so your self when you come back from Oregon Supose we Pack up in Auto and open six Classes in the south starting from Richmond Va to Florida of course you know the Part of duties I am to Preform As I have not forgotten as yet and never will and there is every reason why it should be a Paying trip as the whole thing could be done by Auto thare and back as the roads are very good and there is no more mud But I will talk more of this when I see you.

My Daguthur Olga has broken her leg the **Doctors** have sit it for her but she is suffering great Pain and the same old story the **Doctors** gave her

Digitized by Google

same Pills to make her sleep But you have taught me about this dope and My Daguthur Heart is weak So you set I would be a fool to give her the drug and knowing what I do about Spectro Chrome I am unable to treat her because I have nothing to do it with but that will come Now Colonel I will not take up any more of your time Will you let me know what day or Pm I can come to see you although the last time I saw you you told me to come any day but I know you are a busy man Well Colonel I will close with my sincere regards to you and your family

Hopeng to get a early reply no matter what that reply may be let me have it I remain

Your Fatefuel

Servent Harry Saunders

2330 N Fawn St
Phila
Pa

I told him to see me; I wanted to find what new game he was working. He saw me and the family. He expatiated on the "unfair" manner in which he was discharged and entreated me to take him back. He was dissatisfied with his past and would absolutely become 100 per cent faithful. I told him it was impossible to take him back under the circumstances, because, I was not sure of this truthfulness and sincerity. He blamed all on the girl and spoke of many new matters, not alluded to during Beckman's visit. I could scarcely believe what he said; he protested it was true. He was willing to swear to it. He said he would not go to Portland for the Government, because, he was not sure of his safety; he was also afraid the Ku Klux Klan would get him in Oregon. He believed the Government might subpoena him and if so he would "disappear." I told him emphatically to do no such thing; it would injure me more; **I told him to go and speak the truth;** the Government would never harm him. He said his wife was mad that the girl told such lies. He said his wife would speak the truth about the girl and make her affidavit. He gave minute details and particulars. The papers were drawn in strict accordance with the stenographic notes he dictated to Irene and mailed. There was no answer for a week, so I wrote him:—

October 20-1925
Chronos:—Violet 12 B.

Mr. Harry Saunders,
2339 N. Fawn Street,
PHILADELPHIA PENNA.

Harry:

1. I sent you affidavits for yourself and your wife at your own request to make, eight days ago.

2. As I did not receive them back, I do not know whether they were lost in the mails or whether you did not mail them.

3. If for any reason you do not choose to make them and wish to retract what you said in the presence of my wife and daughter, you need not sign them.

Digitized by Google

4. You may return them.

5. I hope you will find some day that telling the TRUTH is the only thing that pays.

DPG/CD

Yours sincerely

Dinshah.

The reply came:—

PHILADELPHIA 10/23 1925

Colonel

I regret very much that you think I handle the truth so careless since I last saw you I have bin very busy working night and day and my Wife has bin working also both of us getting out too early and coming home to late to get Papers fixed up we are both off Sat 10/24/25 Papers will be fixed OK and you will receive same 10/26/25 Am

Colonel let me tell you how lucky I am the above name is the man I am working for that is I was working for and this day he went in Bankruptcy and the Devil only known why I will get my money at night time I Washed and cleaned his Place and Day time I Dlv Cars I will Close hopeng you will have Confidence in me my best respect to Miss and Mrs Dinshah And as ever Your

Fauhfuel Servant

at Your Command

H Saunders

FUEL was right!

He was punctual. He sent those unsolicited Affidavits by mail from Philadelphia; they appear in Part 6. A close reading of all those sworn documents will amply convince any person about the true relation of Harry Saunders and Geraldine McCann—the Black Raven and the White Gull, whose billing and cooing cost me my liberty and reputation.

CHAPTER 88

Working In The Dark

I had no news of what the girl's accusations would be; I did not have the slightest idea as to what witnesses would be requisite. Harry had again telephoned that we wanted to see me. I was out at the time and he said he was coming to see me the next day, but, never reported. There was nothing for which I cared to see him .

October glided. The lawyers wanted me to bring a dozen witnesses to refute certain matters that **might** crop. Which witnesses to take was an uncertainty. Many of the names they gave were "too busy to go"; others "would not care to go so far"; still others "did not mind" but, wanted me to pay their lost salaries; some asked for new suits to "become presentable in Court." Aggregately taken, it would have meant a jump in the dark and a probable slap on the back with a loss of another $10,000 for transportation and expenses. Justice! Department of Justice! The Department was fighting me with the taxpayer's money, with the Treasury of the United States behind it—I an innocent victim was fighting a lonely

Digitized by Google

fight with practically no money to meet the terrible demands on my finance.

What was I supposed to defend? The indictment spoke only of three charges all told, in each direction. Leaving aside the silly legal phraseology, three words expressed the whole accusation. "Transportation," "Purchase," "Persuasion." Transporting the girl, purchasing the ticket and persuading her for the prohibited purposes. I did not have to deny anything about the transportation or the purchase. Most certainly I did transport her and of course I did buy her ticket; the whole accusation then summed into the "persuasion" and that for "immoral purposes."

To disprove this, there were no witnesses outside of my family and therefore, I resolved to take only my wife and daughter. I knew of no other accusation that I had to meet; the Government did not give me any clue, inkling, warning, opportunity, understanding or explanation; to disprove the unjust indictment did not seem to me difficult; I relied on my innocence and had no fear of meeting the charges in the indictment—I had no idea that an American Court would be other than a Court of Justice; I did not then know that I would have to face not modern civilization, but, **Salem Witchcraft, Diabolical Perjury, Monstrous Lies, Absurd Technicalities, Farcial Legalities, Stupid Prejudice**—a comedy in the name of law which ended in tragic lawlessness.

It was all in America! It could not have been worse in Czarist Russia! India had crude officials, England had snobbish administrators, but America overtopped all with railroaders of an innocent citizen.

CHAPTER 89

My Greatest Error

With Irene, Kashmira and Cyrus I left Malaga on November 10, 1925 to face my accusers. We arrived in Portland, Oregon, Sunday the 15th and went to the Hotel Portland. The newspaper representatives knowing of our arrival commenced their customary publications. They were all kind and promised fair play. Most of them stood by their promises most of the period the case lasted.

Wednesday the 18th was set for the trial, but a dope case was on and my trial was set for the 20th. Olson and Beckman were obviously dissatisfied, because, I did not bring witnesses as they instructed. I had no available cash to bring what they wanted, on a cock-and-bull chase and ignorant as I was of the allegations against me, I had no clue as to whom I should have taken. I was handicapped by ignorance, distance, finance; all was against me; worse was to come.

There was a time when I had well nigh decided to fight my own case without lawyers. I was discussing such a step with friends, but, they and the lawyers told me that my appearance would prejudice the Court and the jury and precipitate trouble. Later developments proved to me that no prejudice could have produced any worse results. Too late did I find that I had not Law to fight against, but, **lies**; "facts" were perverted by devilish treachery into such fiendish corkscrews by the prosecution that not a thousand lawyers could have saved me from the results. Olson and Beckman did what they believed best in my interests, yet, one thing I can not shake off from my mind that had I conducted my own case, the

Digitized by Google

THE SMILE THAT GOT THE GOAT OF THE GOVERNMENT ATTORNEYS

GEORGE OLSON—"What are you cracking your face for?"
DINSHAH—"Counselor, at the other fellow's stupidity."

Digitized by Google

IRENE GRACE DINSHAH, S. C. T.

Born:—Orange, N. J. December 1, 1904

Married:—Philadelphia, Pa. March 14, 1923

Secretary, Spectro-Chrome Institute.

This Becoming Costume Worn By Irene, Kashmira (Also Geraldine)
Hurt The Eyes Of The Government Attorneys. WHY ?

Digitized by Google

Transcript of Record would have read differently. The lawyers fought on law points; all the law was on my side; I had only facts to fight for and none knew the actual facts better than I; no lawyer could supplant a client's truthful knowledge of facts. When I remonstrated, I was advised that anything the lawyers did not put in might be written by me on a scrap of paper and passed to them and they would ask. That scheme did **not** work. The lawyers had no **personal** knowledge of the **facts,** hence, when a hundred unexpected lies were thrown out, before they could be enlightened, the psychological opportunity was lost, the jury had already sucked the venom from the perjurious mouths.

It was the greatest error of my life—in having lawyers fight **this** case for me. Had I fought it, most certainly would I have torn open the veil of untruth on the spot and even though I might have gotten the same result, the records would have taken on a different color. My lawyers were good, they did their best, they fought like lawyers, but, I must respectfully maintain that to the end of my life I shall regret the loss of that one opportunity I had to expose the deceits and lies of those foul-mouthed women who accused me of most horrible crimes not even mentioned in the Indictment. I was put there to fight, not **Law** but, lawlessness; not facts, but untruths; not justice, but, legal quibbles; I an humble citizen of America was butted against the official powers of the greatest republic on Earth. Those powers were mercilessly used against me and the record shows without any shadow of a doubt that my lawyers had no chance, I had positively no show or deal; I was at every move handicapped.

God's Court is more powerful than the Courts of the Earth. The records there will judge the evil doers when the time comes.

WHO FRAMED ME?

Digitized by Google

Railroading A Citizen

PART 4

FORCES OF EVIL ACTIVE

CHAPTER 90

Bone Crusher Started

Friday, November 20, 1925 at 10 A. M., the United States District Court of the District of Oregon, The Honorable Judge Robert S. Bean presiding, opened. I was there as Defendant, in company of George Olson and John J. Beckman, Attorneys. All the time the trial lasted, Kashmira was present; Irene was there as the baby would allow, occasionally. The Court was overcrowded to the stairways.

Twelve jurors, called the "12 good and lawful men" were elected after a few challenges. I knew none of them; I did not care to know who they were, because, I believed American men to be "good and lawful men" in judging their fellow-citizens. The judge looked to me like a learned serious-minded and dignified gentleman and I felt myself safe under his protection; I felt I would get a square deal and a fair hearing and that was all I wanted. The jury finally empanelled was composed of:—Ralf A. Floyd, Stewart Wilson, William F. Van Buren, Stanley Bacon, Charles H. Gale, Walter Senn, H. W. Smith, W. E. Yates, W. R. McKay, Frank E. Errington, Elbert E. Dickey, Edward Lloyd. H. W. Smith was foreman. These were the men chosen to decide my fate; they were supposedly my "peers," they were to weigh the evidence and as you will know further, were to act as "mind-readers" and judges.

Jury trial is the biggest left-over humbug of a dog-gone hoary antiquity. It is totally unjust, unfair, inhuman, senseless, stupid, unlawful, unpsychological, farcial in its conception and performance as applied to modern tactics of a judicial system that has long ceased to deliver justice. Those 12 men were certainly my peers as American citizens, but, I decline to believe them my peers from any other standpoint. There was no stenographer attached to the Court. The Government having no right of appeal, does not keep a stenographer and has no record for the jury to consult in arriving at the verdict. The Government expects that set of 12 to remember the complete evidence, to weigh it on the scales of their (uncultured) mentality, to decode and decipher hidden motives, to analyze and sift the lie from the truth, to perform in short most wonderful feats of judicial legerdemain and render a just verdict. The learned judge, the captain of the judicial ship is at the mercy of the brainpower of this crew of 12; twelve men "good and lawful" alright, but, some lumber merchants, others bond salesmen, still others something else could not in human capacity do justice to what the silly provisions of old-English methods imposed upon them. Those jurors—any jurors—were no match for Geraldine McCann, Mary Hayes and the gang of untruthful ones that followed the prosecution to the finish.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 91

Government's Preliminary Onslaught

I took my seat at a table near my lawyers. Knowing that there was no stenographer to take notes, I had employed a Court Reporter, Alva W. Person. Even at that, knowing the short-comings of short hand, I took a verbatim report of the whole proceedings. I had my velvet house cap on as usual and the lawyers did not like that; they said it would prejudice; I could have done everything to please them and the judge and the jury to avoid this spectre of "prejudice," but, how could I have changed my face? That was the biggest "prejudice." And I am supposed to be in America, the land of human, religious and other liberty! When they saw me writing down everything, they expressed their displeasure openly; it would prejudice; I coolly told them "never mind, I shall not stop." I am glad I wrote; till now, I have no record of the opening statements of the Counsels, except my own which was taken on the spot; in the deciphering of the short hand, the Court Reporter made some errors which went in the record uncorrected. Even in poor India, the records are taken in full by the Court Clerk; in rich America, they take no records; the jury **remembers** all and judges. God help the poor accused that has the misfortune to fall within the clutches of American law.

Joseph O. Stearns, Jr., Assistant U. S. District Attorney opened for the prosecution. Here are some of the salient phrases from that statement:—"The victim was 19 years when she left Portland. Her mother was insane. Dinshah was expounding a theory called Spectro-Chrome Therapy. The Government is not for or against his healing system. He was in Hotel Portland to interest a class. He was giving these lectures for a price and on completion he promised diplomas to go and practise. The girl was seeking some means. Laid eyes upon the man. He suggested first visit. Her salary would be $100 a week. Wonderful opportunity concluded the aunt. Girl signed curious contract. A large house on an eminence constituted the so-called Institute. Women were assigned to small house. Negro employee came and went daily. Things moved smoothly until September 13. If this defendant is guilty his wife and daughter are also parties to the transportation. Wildwood, N. J., was selected. Girl was sent into the apartment presumably occupied by Dinshah and she made out the bedspreads. He told her, when she said she would tell, his wife knew about it. Girl was alone. This man used her as plaything. This man adds many letters after his name. He is a metaphysician and psychologist. He absorbed her personality until he addicted her in her will. He dominated everybody in his household. Wife was pregnant. Assault on girl one month in November. Intercourse between continued. Took precaution to make intercourse at certain time and that happened in November; he told her not to worry; all would be right. She became ill. Dinshah told his wife that there would be another child. She would adopt, but, that did not suit the defendant. In December before X-mas, Dinshah called her to the private room. He performed a criminal operation. Expert medical advice that she has her delicate organs were perforated. Desperately ill. She gave birth on January 2. She sent for the defendant. Came and pronounced her all right. In brief that is the story of the girl. That is not all. After this man made this girl—unnatural practices. Every letter that was sent out by her was scrutinized by defen-

Digitized by Google

dant. This girl was not allowed to write. Department of Justice had called and interviewed. After this man had ruined. Saunders was the only man and he was kind to her. Between Saunders and this girl a foolish note was written. The girl induced Saunders to smuggle out a letter. Logical step. April the return trip. Man and the girl came alone. A single compartment was occupied. He took the precaution to arrange a curtain and sexual intercourse was had. The aunt and brother Mickey accompanied her away from the influence. Facts came to light. There was a constant surveillance over the victim. Under his mental domination. This man told her he possessed supernatural powers. Government sent to Malaga a woman officer of the Department of Justice. She gained access to the library. There she saw works on Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Occultism; Medical books. Defendant returned. He was annoyed at strangers. While she was monkeying with him they came like soldiers. He told her there would be no sale. While Mrs. Houston sought to interview, Kashmira persisted to interrupt. Court martial between himself, the girl and the colored man. I want the jury to understand that Irene and Kashmira are parties to the transportation. Give this case the very closest attention."

Joseph O. Stearns, Jr., finished the opening arrows and John J. Beckman opened the defense volley.

CHAPTER 92

Defense Opens Volley

In his powerful voice John J. Beckman stood for the defense. Here are some of the points upon which he touched:—

"Very serious case. Look into this carefully. Terrible thing to be accused for White Slavery. True my client is picturesque. He has number of followers. He hired girl as secretary. Permission from aunt. She went back as secretary. Truth goes. There is nothing to the girl's story. When the girl was brought back here, this girl was kidnapped. Taken against will. Dinshah went and in Seattle was arrested. Indicted. My client is 3,500 miles away. We know nothing. He is here to defend. This case hinges entirely upon you. You are expected to decide whether the defendant transported for immoral purposes. With purpose that she should be used for immoral purposes. It is not anything but the intent. This peculiar contract. We will show that was offered by Colonel Dinshah to other people also. That very time he talked to a man. Same contract. True this girl was told about powder and lipsticks and letters. Col. Dinshah perfected this system in 1920. He is having trouble with doctors. Opposition going on. Working on other inventions. Lecturing and teaching. American Medical Association opposed, ridiculing him and calling him a faker. He challenged them. Also from Henry Ford's Dearborn Independent. We challenged. He also had to protect his Graduates. For that reason he had to be careful who handled his correspondence. All this was explained to the girl and aunt. He told the girl that as long as she was with him she must be a vegetarian. Abstain from meat, etc. He required his employees to do certain things. Girl was anxious to go in the class. Mrs. Hayes was urging to take. The young lady was to come along as Kashmira's companion. Those three girls were almost inseparable. Ridiculous this charge is. Further to show you the motive. Girl's mother was insane. Another sister is also insane. Mrs. Hayes is irresponsible

Digitized by Google

woman. Girl had hardly been in Malaga when Mrs. Hayes told people of defendant having a harem. Government Agent investigated it. District Attorney knows this Government Agent came and the Colonel was incensed and offered to send her. She won't go. Her aunt had mistreated. She wanted to stay. They say Colonel took this young girl back to Malaga for seducing her. Working all the way. Fight with Henry Ford. Conducted a course in Detroit. Left the girl in Malaga. When he came back, the girls wanted to go to seashore. This man was working. Every morning at daybreak he left. Go 60 miles and go 60 miles at sunset. As far as this man ravishing the girl he did not do so. His wife and daughter will say that. Judge from surroundings. Early morning to night he worked. Judge what else he had in his mind. District Attorney is obsessed with the idea. This man is not a Yogi or Swami or Crystal Gazer. He knows all sciences. Anything not scientific would not engage his attention. What was on this man's mind? Colonel Dinshah was born 52 years ago in India. Is a Parsee. They are from Persia. Not Hindoos. Not Mohammedans. White Race. Zoroastrian religion. Ancient fire-worshippers not at present. They claim Jews and Christians took from them. Student and Scientist. Counsel spoke about his degrees. True. Became American citizen 1917. He is not a man running around. Busy. Organized New York Air Force to protect and was made Colonel. Gave to Government his invention for airplanes. Far from stargazer, mystic. Therapy based upon knowledge of human nature. Nothing mystic. Last 5 years he lectured. Work was increasing rapidly. Teaches sanitary scientific system. No rugs, no upholstery in his bedroom. No meat, fish, no intoxicants, no smoking. No employees smoke. He takes one meal a day. Lives like an ascetic. Few creature comforts. Enveloped in his own science, developing his many patents. Works night and day. Subsists on five hours sleep a day. That is the man accused.

"Mrs. Hayes said to people about Hindoo Colony. There is village. New Jersey State Police. There were two fine young men, handsome. Post Office. The young girl knew them, saw them. Was far from surveillance. Colonel taught driving auto. Licensed. Bicycles. Movies. She brought frequently mail of Colonel. Anytime she had trouble she could drop letter in Post Office. Periods were when she was alone. Vineland 8 miles only. 15,000 people. Music lessons. Both girls went alone. Fare from Malaga to Philadelphia $1. Girl was visited by Department of Justice. She deposited $200. Her own account. Could have written checks. So-called Court Martial. Foolish letters mentioned. She wrote colored chauffeur. Was fired. Sidling up to Chauffeur. Colonel knew nothing. Harry's wife said girl wants to take away husband. Here is letter, "Will tell you if you hold me too tightly." Letters from that girl to a colored man. Threatened to make her co-respondent. Colonel refused to give up letters. Telling him if he was in the South. This was the time she smuggled brother letter. Wrote she was not ready. About abortion. She had some sort of discharge. She improved in health. Glad they brought Mrs. Houston. All she saw was books on Hypnotism. District Attorney mentioned girl was forcibly taken away in Portland. Colonel knew in August 1924, Mrs. Hayes was saying about his having a harem and a Hindoo colony. That he was abusing the girl. Government Agent was offered money to take her back. He reported that to Mr. Stanley Myers. Bunk about Hindoo colony. Sheriff investigated. January, 1925,

Digitized by Google

when again girl started trouble he was through. Then and there offered her money. She refused. Colonel knew this woman was trying to cause him trouble. She wrote also. Colonel knowing all these things did not want to take her out. Took his daughter to Detroit. Number of trips close by. You will wonder why this girl would tell this story. What is the trouble? Hard for us and remember that the party behind is Mary Hayes. How perverted her mind is! If there is any influence it is not Colonel Dinshah but Mrs. Mary Hayes. Girl partly is under her influence. Let the government put Mary Hayes on stand."

Stearns interrupted at this point saying it was not a proper statement for counsel to make.

Beckman again started; "Mass of inconsistencies. I tried to give you the situation. Thank you for attention."

Judge Bean postponed the case till Monday afternoon the 23rd, saying to the jury they should not read in the papers any account; they should not talk to anyone about this, and they should not take statements of lawyers as evidence.

CHAPTER 93

Geraldine Committed Malicious Perjury

On Monday afternoon, Geraldine McCann was put on the stand as the star witness for the government. She did not come in Olympia Flour sack chemises and coarse garments, but was decked in new regalia. Her face was flushed and the stage was well set to storm the jury. She spoke so low that frequently the attorneys on both sides had to complain. I could hear nothing, being far and when I requested the court to have her speak out, the judge snubbed me by saying he did not care to listen to me as my attorneys would represent me! How could I instruct those attorneys if I could not hear? It showed from the beginning that I would have no show, that points vital to my protection would be missed, that instead of justice I would only get a mere hearing. Whether it was a FAIR TRIAL, the reader may soon judge.

That girl did not face us for once even. She kept her head turned to the jury box. She dared not look at us. She answered questions evasively, proved by her phraseology that she had been well coached and trained by a master mind working behind for my ruin. It was not an "unsophisticated maiden" talking; it was a cunningly worded accusation woven with such a mass of allegations that the outlook of my defense became dismal indeed.

My lawyers had told me not to turn my eyes toward her! They were afraid that it would be construed into influencing her and hypnotizing her! I was bound to obey them or they would blame me for probable loss of the suit; I was blamed anyhow! I was to be blamed for keeping the girl after the negro incident.

If I wanted to "influence," I did not have to look at her. It is pitiful how even lawyers, judges and juries in America are woefully ignorant of the elementary principles of real mental "influence"; they do not know that such "influence" can easily be exerted **without looking and without uttering**

Digitized by Google

a word. They also do not know that the man who is trained to such heights of human mental power is at the same time trained to masterful self-control and is pledged **never** to use such "power" for selfish ends. That pledge is absolutely inviolable. Its violation means a downfall, an annihilation whose serious import an ordinary mind cannot grasp. The idea of "gazing into people's eyes" to subjugate their "willpower" is a remnant of foolishness; the true student of "higher life" never uses such silly methods. His life, devoted to the unselfish service of humanity never exercises a baneful influence on any; he lives in seclusion, silence and study; his intention is to serve the world and he needs no hypnotism and outside help to accomplish his righteous purpose. The true master carries his apparati within himself and his benign influence carries him scathless through all dangers, his truth being his armor, his sincerity his invulnerable sheath.

From the commencement, Geraldine persisted not only in charging me with the most dreadful crimes, but also in involving my beloved wife, Irene, and darling daughter, Kashmira, as **wilful accomplices.** I could have borne anything but that. For a bare moment, a powerful surge of righteous indignation tingled through my emotional vehicle—a wave of anger swept through against that slanderer—that wicked, malicious liar. I controlled myself and kept on writing the record. That girl, that snake I had nourished and educated, that so-called "unsophisticated" girl I had taken from a quarrelsome household and placed into the refinement of polished life, that same girl whom I had protected from falling into the hands of a designing negro, that Geraldine whom my family had saved from going to perdition (as the negro himself said in his affidavit), was intent on launching us all into total destruction. The serpent in the garden of Eden was faithful and truthful compared to this she-devil who deliberately perjured herself to wreak revenge on our innocent heads, at the apparent instigation of some unknown "powers" behind the scene, some cowards who dared not fight me openly; they were too cowardly to come in the open and used this girl as their tool.

Geraldine McCann opened her mouth. Her poison-teeth dug at each bite deeper into the flesh of my innocence and as her testimony progressed, I realized that the venom she had instilled into the judge and the jury would have no antidote from any defence evidence. It was not a case of White Slavery that the U. S. Government made out of her, the White Slavery with which I was charged; I was charged through that girl's mouth with: Rape, Assault, Battery, Cruelty, Sex Intercourse with Boys, Sodomy, Unnatural Practices, Sadism, Witchcraft, Mesmerism, Hypnotism. Astral Projection for Wrong Purposes, Threatened Shooting with Firearms, Unlawful Detention, Mental Domination, Abortion, in fact, nothing was left out to make of me a veritable moral leper, a monster of iniquity, a human hound, a modern Bluebeard n times over.

I sat through that awful ordeal with a smile on the face and the good lawyers would not understand how I could keep a placid countenance under the wincing whips of the prosecution. Olson would resent my smiles and nudge me saying, "What are you cracking your face for?" I would say, "Counselor, at the other fellow's stupidity. They are all making me out as a ghastly skeleton; some day, they will be sorry for the outrage."

Digitized by Google

They will—they all will. I am yet alive and calm in the face of the most terrible danger; yet, my faith in the Higher Powers is unshaken; my sleep is undisturbed; America will yet exonerate me and give me justice. America, I depend on thee!

(For the full text of the testimony of Geraldine McCann refer to the section of Part 4 in Volume 2; my extemporaneous criticisms are appended.)

CHAPTER 94

Howard K. Selby Saw Open Door

After Geraldine McCann was cross-examined by John J. Beckman and her testimony shot to pieces, the prosecution introduced Howard K. Selby, a conductor on the Southern Pacific Railroad. He could not say whether Geraldine and I were together in the same compartment, but saw curtains on the berths and the main door left open. No cross examination.

CHAPTER 95

Nye S. Williams Hanged Curtains

Nye S. Williams, a negro porter of the Southern Pacific Railroad, was introduced by the Government. He was requested by me, he said, to hang curtains on the berths and not to close the door; he could not say who occupied which berth. In cross examination he admitted I had a great many packages which filled the room.

CHAPTER 96

Fred G. Meacham Sold Room

Fred G. Meacham, of the passenger department of the Southern Pacific Railroad was called to the stand. He swore about my buying ticket for a drawing room and about the necessity of having two passage tickets to secure such accommodations. He knew nothing about the curtain business. Same in cross examination.

CHAPTER 97

Harriet Darce Told Lies

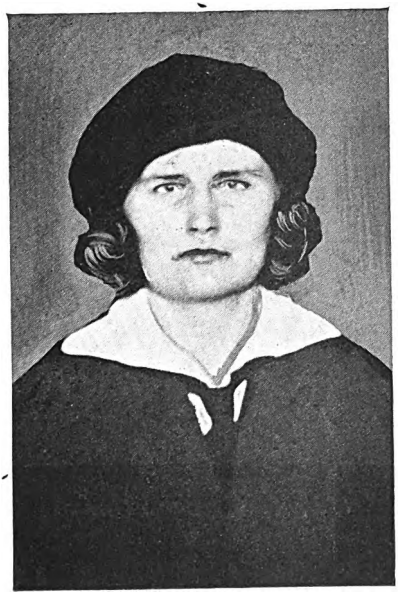
Harriet Darce, for the prosecution, swore having received my Spectro-Chrome Therapy Course in Portland; she became a Graduate Spectro-Chrome Therapist; asserted I told her I was a master hypnotist and mesmerist; said that in private conversation I had informed her that in the Zoroastrian faith "they had many wives and lived with many women for the sole purpose of gaining vitality, as they say they draw vitality from women through sex contact. That is their secret belief and practice!" She swore I told her she "should insist upon my husband going with other women!" She said I told her, "When I jump women before my wife she only laughs." She asserted that from my own statements she had informed Mary Hayes for the girl's protection that "I know his wife would be no protection to the girl."

Digitized by Google

WHAT GERRY FELL FOR

HARRY SAUNDERS

WHAT HARRY FELL FOR



GERALDINE McCANN

"DEAR H—

"Oh you're a peach—If all you wish is to take me in your arms then some day you may have the pleasure—Harry if you only knew how hungry I am (may be it is for love)—will tell you if you hold me too tightly—you always get what you want—I am not tired of you writing me notes". (TESTIMONY)

THE GANG OF PERJURORS

MARY S. HAYES

—"She was so enthused that she put her arms around my neck and hugged and kissed me—"

(HARRY SAUNDERS—PAGE 636)

HARRIET M. DARCE

This mouth uttered the vilest, filthiest and coarsest lies of any.

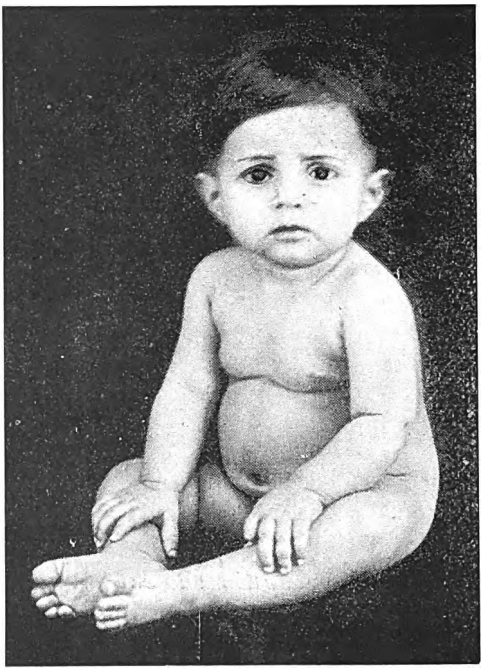
(TESTIMONY—PAGE 128)

THE ARCH PLOTTER

THE CONSPIRATORS

THE WICKED ABETTER

Digitized by Google



AT 14 MONTHS

AT 17 YEARS

(Born:—Surat, India—November 9, 1904)

KASHMIRA DINSHAH

Secretary, American Association Of Spectro-Chrome Therapists

BOOFY—HER CANTALOUPE-EATING CAT

Beckman—By the way, what is "boofy"?
Geraldine—It means ghosts! (Page 573)

Digitized by Google

Then under cross examination she said she had studied mesmerism and hypnotism "just for my own satisfaction." Here are some of her statements: "I did not tell him my husband was running around." "I have not been stirring Mrs. Hayes." "I knew nothing about the girl's going or certainly I should have warned her." "I did not pay for the Course but came as a guest; for the newspaper Scribe." "It was no compliment to me." "I gave him a testimonial as the Course was very instructive." "He was a good teacher for his work."

This misguided neurotic woman will some day face the Almighty for her falsehood. She had been to me for advice about her husband, Clifford Darce, "running around with other women," and I had only admonished her not to be jealous, but endeavor by love to win him. It was this same woman who was mentioned in the letter of W. Caven E. Wright as trying to foist on the public spurious slides for treating disorders. She and Mary Hayes planned together. This ungrateful woman admitted I gave her that immoral advice of "many women for vitality" two days prior to the testimonial and **in face of that she did give the testimonial.**

Portland, Oregon,
June 21, 1924.

Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
Spectro-Chrome Institute,
2401 North Broad Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I am both surprised and delighted with your lectures on Spectro-Chrome Therapy. Step by step you took me through the various stages of light and gave me a working knowledge of Spectro-Chrome Therapy.

On the subject of light, you threw more and more light until the marvelous application of Attuned Color Waves to the relief of human suffering was proved beyond a doubt.

You are a thorough teacher, a master of your subject and convinced both the lay and scientific mind as to the practicability of Spectro-Chrome Therapy.

As the accredited representative of The Scribe you have my permission to use this letter as you see fit.

Very sincerely yours,

Harriet Mabel Darce.

She also wrote on a card to Irene a poem and presented it to her with a beautiful flower:

Everywhere about us are they growing,
Some like stars, to tell us
Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes o'erflowing,
Stand like IRENE amid the golden corn.

Mrs. Clifford Darce.

Digitized by Google

Yet that woman shamelessly stated on an oath what she testified. It is a downright lie and a disgrace to her character. She must be evidently waiting for my funeral with Mary Hayes and Geraldine as pall-bearers to flood the market with imitations of my invention.

CHAPTER 98

Mary Hayes the Arch Plotter

Mary S. Hayes, the girl's aunt, was sworn and testified in direct examination as follows, in short:

"I am professional dramatic art teacher, oratory, public speaking. I signed permission for Geraldine to go. Shortly after the girl went Mrs. Darce imparted me the information. I received non-communicate letter. I did everything within my power. I stopped at nothing that was seemingly impossible—seemingly possible. I traveled as far as Detroit. I did not have money to go to Malaga. I never ceased until I abducted her. She did not come willingly. She abused me most terribly. She was carried out. She did not act natural. About four hours she came and sat on my knees. She was in a sort of stupor for three or four days. She didn't seem to know where she was. She did not make her confession before me."

The following points came out under cross examination:

"I and niece took Course. The girl worked with his wife and daughter several days. I was glad to have her go. I did not want to see her go. Got a telegram from Mr. McQueen. I was not suspicious. I sold his bulbs. Did not remit money. I went to Detroit to see my niece. The niece was not there. I took two policemen and a policewoman. I had a collapse, a physical collapse at the police station. I came back to Portland. The officials advised me."

Asked. "Why did you have to take an army to take the girl away from him?" she said, "I thought he had her under hypnotism and mesmerism."

She denied having talked with Mrs. Louise Palmer Weber about me and Geraldine. She denied having said she could "reach" me through the American Medical Association.

She further stated, "I went to see the federal officials, the department of justice. Talked with them quite a long time. They spoke about people taking girls away and indulging in unnatural practices. It corroborated Mrs. Darce. I never told W. Caven E. Wright that Colonel Dinshah was running a harem. Caven Wright advised me to arrest the girl by swearing out a warrant on a charge of forgery. Geraldine had told me about the girls shaving. I wrote to the sheriff in Woodbury, N. J. I don't know what I wrote."

She denied having told Wright about the harem matter and the like.

Further she stated, "I wrote Henry Ford one letter. He ignored my letter. I withdrew my permission because I feared Geraldine might be deported. I never spoke to the district attorney. I received cards from Geraldine. I never tried to make slides. I cannot answer for Mrs. Darce."

Digitized by Google

The subsequent testimony of several unimpeachable witnesses for the defense will clearly show that this woman committed the most flagrant perjury in denying her conversations with Weber, Wright and others. The nervous, shaky behavior of Mary Hayes in the court was evident when faced with Exhibits. If the reader would read the defense testimonies and the affidavits, Mary Hayes' part in this tragedy would appear very glaringly. That woman's sisters are in lunatic asylums; her behavior in denying all and the treatment she gave to me, as well as the manner of her endeavoring to trap me shows to my mind that she above all should join the sisters. Mary Hayes was **bought** by some "powers" behind; she premeditatively plotted this horrible treachery and her niece, Geraldine, was the boob tool used to encompass the end—and Geraldine was not such a boob as that—she fell in the game with some unfathomed ulterior motive; was it disappointment in love? Was it at not getting $100 a week? Why did she become so virulent as to place her neck in the noose of wicked perjury? She and her aunt will answer their conscience if they have any left to answer.

(Refer to page 632)

CHAPTER 99

Hoodoo Harry Heard

Then was brought on the stand by the Government, the negro love-maker, the man who had tried to seduce the white girl away from Malaga and who was the cause of all this mischief. He sat there with his hair oiled, shining like patent leather, well smoothed with the kinks out; but he did not succeed in removing the kinks from his testimony. The way he wiggled under the questions on **both** sides so irritated even Joseph O. Stearns, Jr., that he said to George Neuner, U. S. District Attorney, on the side "He makes a yellow witness." Mr. Stearns will see if he kindly reads this volume that this man was a black witness, with a black face, a blacker heart and the blackest ungratefulness and lies. On oath, this negro testified in direct examination to many black matters as the following excerpts will indicate:

"I requested a position of him. General utility man, taking care of his cars. I signed the same contract of employment as Miss McCann, not omitting any matter. Printed form. I was required as an employee to abstain absolutely from all meats and matters of that sort. I wore a cap. It was a requirement. Colonel said in Detroit, the Portland class wasn't such a failure as you may think; you must remember we have gained a good secretary, Geraldine McCann. I never heard him say the ability to travel in the astral body. Well the only thing that I noted was that before she went away (to Wildwood) Geraldine and—Miss McCann and myself were very chummy and very sociable, and when she returned, why, she acted if she was froze up; she hardly—she ignored me. Nothing else about her demeanor that seemed strange or unusual. I received a letter from Miss McCann and I constantly and continuously wrote notes to her. One night she had written me and I carried it home and I was reading it and my wife came downstairs; that is, I heard her coming downstairs; and I shoved the note underneath the tablecloth, and she come and asked me, she says, 'Harry, what are you doing?' I says, 'I am reading

Digitized by Google

the paper.' 'Well' she says 'you can't be reading the paper because that is an advertisement paper you have got there and it is an Italian paper!' So I looked at it and saw it was.'" (Laughter.)

The court called to order and Harry spoke again: "So she went back upstairs. So I thought to myself, I will take this note and put it in my pocket and read it some other time. So in pulling the note out from under the tablecloth page four stuck underneath there. I thought I had all of it. Then my youngest daughter met me the next day—and she says to me, she says, 'Father,' she says, 'how many waves are there in a spectrum?' I says 'Why, Olga? Are you interested?' She says, 'Yes.' So I taken her in and showed her my diploma, and she looked up at it. She says, 'Is there a love wave in the spectrum?' So I looked at her again. I says, 'What do you mean?' She says, 'I will tell you father; mother has found a piece of a letter to you from Miss McCann.' Then my wife went over the same subject, and she said she was going to write to the Colonel. I didn't want to get the girl in trouble. I knew that I was in. Then when I am called in the Colonel informed of what I done. He told that I was without a doubt trying to lead this girl, to take her away to make a prostitute out of her, and such things as that. I did smuggle a letter out to Mickey McCann. I had broken the rules. The Colonel said to me, 'If I thought that you had anything to do with her I would kill you.'"

Saunders further stated in his testimony: "He didn't get the gun pointed at me. He had it out. Well, the Colonel is a man, he has a very strict discipline. I can't say he wielded a great influence over me. About Christmas time or shortly thereafter I saw Geraldine McCann. I just can't recall any dates. The only thing that I know, there was one time that I missed her for a while, and then when I seen her she had changed so. Why, she looked as if she had got thinner. She looked sickly-looking. And I asked her what was the matter, and she said that there was nothing. Of course I did know that according to the Colonel's rules at that time, that according to menstrual periods, which he taught in the classroom, women were put aside. In August of this year, at the Colonel's request I was at his house in the presence of his counsel and signed a written statement. Well, in the classroom it is taught at any time at the female's menstrual period they are always put aside. It is read in the Bible."

On cross examination by John J. Beckman, this Black Angel of Dark Truth came out with some more of his veracity:

"I was interviewed by a government man. He tried to scare me to death. All you ever told me was to tell the absolute truth; at my own house, with the Colonel absent. I certainly told you the truth. You conducted the examination. I had no interview with Colonel after I come to Portland. No, sir. I had half a dozen interviews with the government officers. Talked about the case a number of times. My contract with regard to correspondence and all this other stuff was just the same that Miss McCann had. I got kind of chummy with her after I got there to Malaga. I wrote notes to her in July, 1924, before we went to Detroit. She was writing me." When asked, "Who broached this note writing business, anyway?" Harry answered, "Well, it was about even up. She came around and talked to me there at the garage or the other places where I was working, whenever she had the opportunity. No love notes. Just

Digitized by Google

writing ordinary notes. She could have told me easily what she wanted without writing notes."

Asked, "What did Mrs. Mary Hayes do when she bade goodbye," the truthful Harry said, "Simply—I meant to inform you of that. This is my statement. That is one mistake that I made. I said in the statement there that she kissed me, but I will take that back." Asked, "Why did you put the word 'kiss' in there for then?" The truth came again, "Well, that was a mistake of mine. It was a little girl that kissed me." Asked, "You said in this statement, though that she put her arms around you; you were wrong about that, eh?" Truth flashed again, "I will take it back." Asked, "Well, didn't she say something about not wanting Geraldine to go, and the Colonel said, 'It is not too late yet; she hasn't left Portland; take her home with you. If she wants to change her mind later she had better stay here?" Harry replied, "The Colonel made that statement. Then he said, "I wrote the first note. When the Colonel introduced me to her he says, 'We have a new secretary.' He says, 'I will introduce you to Miss McCann.' So when I handed her my hand and took her's she squez mine and I squez her's. I received the girl's letters constantly. Three or four a week. For a period of a couple of months. I was afraid she would get me into trouble. Many times I coaxed her not to. She was lonesome. She said, 'I have got to write and talk to someone.'" Asked, "Didn't you offer her diamonds and offer to take her to a hotel?" He came with this, "I did. I had told her that when I had written a note, I says, 'I am going to put something in a note; I am going to see if I can't make you mad so that you will stop writing'; and that is what I put in. I never wanted to take her to no hotel."

At this point the following gem glittered:

Question (by Beckman)—Now did she say in any notes that she would show you the time of your life and you could go as far as you liked with her?

Answer (by Harry)—That is when she says, "If we ever come to Portland."

It was at this juncture that Stearns muttered in disgust, "He makes a yellow witness!" Positively, Mr. Stearns, that negro had said your agents had interviewed him! Perhaps that was not what Harry should have said; Harry was not only "yellow," but a downright deep-dyed-in-his-kinked wool a black-hearted cobra, as his vile testimony clearly shows. Let us see what more does **Mr.** Saunders say!

He said, "When she talked to me she would jump from one subject to another at various times. She was in a perturbed state of mind. I talked to her a good deal in the classes and in between times. I was pretty chummy with her. My wife was angry. She spoke about a divorce. The Colonel said in my presence and in the girl's presence there that he had offered several times to give this girl money to go back home. And the girl said she didn't want to go. He offered it to her then, I believe."

At this point Stearns argued with Beckman about making Harry his witness.

Digitized by Google

Harry went ahead: "I can't recall any date when she disappeared and was pale. I never seen them completely, you know, away for any period of time. Government agent mentioned to me about this abortion. I was indignant at the Colonel for discharging me. At one time when I was carrying some books upstairs she was there and wanted me to come over and sit beside her on the edge of the bed. I wrote Colonel a letter wanting to come back. I don't fear no one. I had a good job there. I was loyal to my employer."

When Harry was asked abut the girl's letters being mailed, Joseph Stearns said to the court, "There is no claim, and has been no claim, either on the part of the government or this girl, that she wasn't physically free to have dropped all these letters in the mail, but this is building up a wrong—"

Beckman—"Well, if that is an admission, why, then we will let it go at that. I think that is all on cross examination I wanted to call out."

In redirect examination Harry swung around thus:

"No improper relations between me and this girl, on my word of honor. She never by word or look or deed induced me to do anything improper. The most pertained to the letters. Me being old enough to be the girl's father, without a doubt I was at fault. I encouraged her to write the letters, because she always seemed so lonesome."

Stearns asked to obtain Harry's statement which I had. Beckman said the facts were testified. The judge said, "you don't have to give it up, unless you want to." Beckman said the government had not given up any of their statements either. I whispered to Olson to put in that affidavit when it was asked for, but he said we were going to call Harry ourselves and it would be produced then. Lawyers have their own ways and he thought that better—the opportunity was lost—it is the only reason why I printed the affidavits of the negro and his wife in this volume. Not for spite, not for malice, not for disgracing my accuser, Geraldine—it is because the government demanded it when Harry was on the stand but when we wanted Harry the government agents had already sent him out of town! I did not get a square deal. I want justice.

Further being questioned by Stearns, Harry said, "My social relations with her were more cutting up notoriety, than any real facts. I would often say to her, 'Don't tell it to me; write me a note.' She would write me a note and I would write her another one."

In recross examination, Harry replied: "I got the affidavit signed before a notary public. I had no copy of it, but could have made it."

Thus ended the testimony of this Mr. Saunders. Compare it with what he voluntarily stated to Beckman and what he swore in his affidavits, printed on pages 635 to 639 and the film of truth that he tried to spread on his testimony will promptly disappear. That man by his ungratefulness, treachery, deceit and lies, launched me into disgrace. That dark-faced, darker-hearted man, by his untruths saved his own skin by taking his benefactor's scalp.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 100

Lenora Houston Talked Nonsense

Harry was followed by Lenora Houston, that pretended "hosiery peddler." That woman was the limit of nonsense in her testimony and made the Government look cheap. Here are some gems in her direct examination by Stearns:

"I am a Special Agent of the Department of Justice. About two years. I went under the pretext of hosiery saleswoman. One thing I noticed particularly was a cabinet with a full set of surgical instruments in it. I walked in and looked over his books which included treatises on mesmerism and hypnotism, and a copy of the Koran. And other eastern lore and medical works. After that she (Irene) had told me that the Colonel had no longer practiced, I was rather surprised to see—" Here Beckman objected and she said, "That is what I was sent there for." The judge told her, "It doesn't make any difference what you were sent there for, the question is what you observed and you should testify to that."

She stated, "Well, they drove up; Miss McCann was driving the car. We had quite a lengthy—quite a talk. He spoke to them and they immediately wheeled around and—stepping over, wheeled around just like soldiers at attention—." Again the court stopped her by saying, "She need not give her opinion as to whether they were acting like soldiers, or tramps."

Again she started "They wheeled around at the sound of his voice. Then he dismissed them." After some more such silly harangue, the judge asked her, "How long have you been with the Department of Justice?" "Two years." "You ought to know you can only testify to facts." "I do know it."

Under the cross examination by Beckman, Lenora Houston said, "I noticed this medical instrument set and cases, but the other seemed to be something I had never seen before, evidently the apparatus.

Question (by Beckman)—"Why is it you just mentioned books on mesmerism and hypnotism? Is that what you were looking for when you came there?"

Houston—"Not necessarily, no. I knew he was a strange character. I knew his origin."

Further on she testified, "I didn't see any law books. I talked to Miss McCann about twenty minutes. I disclosed my identity to her. I told her who I was."

That woman, Lenora Houston, was nothing but a tool of the Department of Justice to get what evidence the officials wanted and not to find what the truth was. She admits clearly she was sent for it. She admits seeing only books on mesmerism and hypnotism; out of the whole library she picked with her hawk eyes only the Koran. That woman must have been informed I was a Mohammedan; that nation is one of polygamists; it was the Government officials then that planted this charge against me. She got the evidence she was sent for. She was totally blind to the shelves

Digitized by Google

full of books on Religion, Physiognomy, Electricity, Surgery, Food, Anatomy, Psychology, Business Law, Criminal Law, Corporation Law, Copyright Law, Patent Law, Physiology, Chemistry, Astronomy, Theosophy, Medicine, Histology, Pathology, Botany, History, Light, Heat, Aviation, Spectroscopy, Sound, Photography, Phrenology, Telephony, Telegraphy, Travel, Geography, Geology, Illumination, Mechanics, Engineering, Cosmogony, Surveying, Motion Pictures, Glass-Blowing, Radiography, Dyes, Explosives, Gardening, Agriculture, Horticulture, Petrography, Metallurgy, Mining, Algebra, Arithmetic, Geometry, Trigonometry, Music, Pharmacy, Materia Medica, Veterinary Science, Architecture, Painting, Relativity, Zoology, Forestry, Obstetrics, Classics, Sociology, Philosophy, Hygiene, Color, etc., etc., etc., but her smart brain immediately visualized the Mohammedan Koran! That woman was looking for it; her dazed eyes therefore missed the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Holy Bibles, next to the Koran. She did not see the Zend Avesta of Zoroastrians. I could not have had a worse raw deal in Russia under the Czars—my adopted country branded me worse.

Again, if the Federal Agents in Philadelphia, Pa., had this woman out to help the girl, why did she not take the girl with her? She met her and talked long with her after the alleged Wildwood crimes—why did not she inform the N. J. State Police which was right in the Post Office Building where she interviewed the girl? And Sergeant Cassidy and Trooper Keaton were there on the porch! What answer will the Government give to the American public for this atrocious outrage? What defense has the Department of Justice for such conduct on the part of its employees? Are we drifting again to autocracy, tyranny, oppression? Are we living in America or Siberia, Korea or Kamschatka?

Lenora Houston was a poor witness; she wiggled, the honorable judge whipped her; she tried to be smart, but she made a fool of herself and her employers. She came to me as a respectable woman, but proved only an official sneak. I gave the treatment to her that a gentleman would give to a lady and she proved to be nothing but a paid spy.

America is not dissimilar to Europe. Has America to follow deceitful monstrosities to frame innocent citizens, to serve the secret designs of some villainous crooks who never came out in the open to fight me? Do our taxes pay the Department of Justice to frame our own citizens and railroad them with the testimony of Lenora Houston and her pals?

CHAPTER 101

Doctor of Medicine Posed as Expert

The Government put on the stand a Medical Doctor, S. M. Gellert, a resident of Portland, Oregon. In direct examination he swore this way: "I have specialized in diseases of the genito-urinary organs for the past twelve years. Venereal and sexual diseases. I examined this girl the early part of May this year, in my office. 9th of May." Beckman objected to this, but the Court let the testimony in.

Gellert said, "My examination disclosed the fact that the hymen of this girl had been lacerated. I also discovered that she had a laceration of the cervix. The evidence disclosed that she was no longer a virgin. The

Digitized by Google

opening into the womb showed evidence of having been subjected to a dilation at some time previous. Had been subjected to a stretching. The inference that a physician would draw from that would naturally be that some instrument had been used to produce that scar."

This was one man I should have cross examined myself. I would have so torn his wretched testimony from a pure medical standpoint that Gellert would have forgotten to appear again elsewhere as an "expert." His replies to Beckman's cross examination will reveal what was in this doctor's mind: "It was stellate laceration; a star-shaped scar. Fairly small. One scar. I can't imagine what else could cause it. It is possible though—"

The smartest lawyer is no match for a Medical Doctor. Had I been pitted against Gellert, I would have asked him the character and size of the scar, its age, whether an ulcer could produce it; I would have asked him whether the lacerated hymen was a sure sign of defloration, whether he knew of women who had married and even had children and yet had their hymen intact, whether he could positively assert a sporting woman in riding or bicycling might not "lacerate" the hymen and the like? That doctor was no more an "expert" than a Bedouin in Arabia was an expert on anatomy.

At this point the Government rested its case—it was satisfied that Dinshah was well roped in.

Blessings on the great Government!

CHAPTER 102

Negro Vanished

As the Government completed my slaughter, Beckman jumped to his feet and asked for Mr. Saunders. The bailiff called Mr. Saunders in the hall and announced that Mr. Saunders did not respond. Beckman said, "Will you see if he is upstairs with Russ Bryon? He went up there. I will call Mrs. Dinshah." The bailiff said, "He has left the building."

That evening when we reached the Hotel Portland, some of my graduates told me that soon after the testimony of Harry was over, he went into the hall and someone shouted, "Get this man out before those fellows get hold of him." Evidently some agency had been afraid of our calling in Saunders and had spirited him away before the defense could act. That negro disappeared from Portland. We did not know how and when he left—he left, that was what concerned us.

The prosecution knew we wanted him. It was fought out by the lawyers of both sides during Harry's testimony. What we were not allowed to ask him in cross examination, we could have asked in direct examination and pinned him down with his own prior statements. While we were busy inside the court someone was busy outside to our disadvantage. That negro was afraid of the Government agents as well as the Ku Klux Klan. He had nothing to fear if he were innocent, but, having played at double-cross, he was fearful that his lies one way or another would be nailed; so he took the shortest cut home.

Digitized by Google

Did the Government authorities have a hand in this? Did they send off Saunders to prevent him from coming clean out with the truth? Let the events show; I have no positive knowledge, but to me it seemed as if the prosecution had enough of old Harry and sent him quickly out to prevent the defense from producing him. It was LAW, not JUSTICE; it might be right for Europe, perhaps, but for my glorious America, it was LAWLESSNESS. I was victimized. Well, I might be downed, but I am not out.

WHO FRAMED ME?

Digitized by Google

Railroading A Citizen

PART 5

COMBATING FORCES OF EVIL

CHAPTER 103

Defense Opened With Irene Grace Dinshah

It had been drummed into me that the Government would not have my wife as a witness in accordance with the code. She was in the Court occasionally with the baby, Cyrus, for a little while and alone occasionally when the good Mrs. Irene Wright would be in the hotel to take care of Cyrus. For all the unselfish friendly courtesy and kindness she showed the family during that time of trial, we are all highly thankful.

When Saunders did not respond to the call, suddenly John J. Beckman called Mrs. Irene Grace Dinshah and she took the witness stand, wholly unprepared—she had nothing to "prepare"; she had one straight story to tell and though it was her first experience, that girl of 21 went through testimony in a frank quick manner. On direct examination she said, "Geraldine McCann was my close chum. I was there when she was employed. We were the closest pals that ever could be; one and inseparable, as it were. We had gone to Wildwood on a trip. We met Mr. and Mrs. Kinsell. They simply wanted us to take rooms there."

Beckman—"There was something said here by Miss Geraldine McCann that you assisted your husband, or knew that your husband was going to ravish her; did you know anything about that?"

Irene—"No; my husband is a clean gentleman. He would not do such a terrible thing. We were in the house until we got the things unpacked, and in the evening we went to a motion picture house. All went in bathing on Sunday. That evening we went to a motion picture house again. She chose her own room. She never told me she was pregnant. She did not say anything about abortions. She was not inducted into the Zoroastrian religion. She was proud of being Kashmira's chum. She used to smell. She had trouble with her bladder. Even in our classroom here she could hardly wait. Colonel Dinshah stayed in laboratory eight weeks working on Itisometer. He worked into the hours of the night. Once he starts on a job he won't give it up in his inventing work. She said she was unhappy with her relatives."

Beckman—"Do you possess any supernatural powers?"

Irene—"I wish I had. It would come in very handy, because I would use it for good just now. Our kindness was the only spell. He treated her just like a daughter. Whatever money she wanted she just took. There was no accounting for it even. Geraldine never cleaned the laboratory."

Digitized by Google

She vigorously refuted the scurrilous lies of Geraldine and under the cross examination of George Neuner, stated: "I was an orphan when I married. The Colonel taught the girls how to drive. All the female members of the family occupy one building. Geraldine smelled. She asked him to examine her for that trouble. We never do any treatment. I saw her taking Spectro-Chrome herself. The smell ceased. She received letters from her home."

Neuner tried to puzzle and mix Irene in a hundred ways, but her answers puzzled him. That girl had no patchwork to offer; it was a straight testimony.

In redirect examination by Beckman, Irene stated: "Geraldine said in the motion picture theatre one afternoon, 'Irene, do you smell something? I am so self-conscious. I have had that for such a long time—the smell in my bloomers; and I can't get rid of it somehow.' "

In recross examination of Neuner, she stated, "I had smelled it, but I felt funny. I didn't want to say anything to her."

I have purposely omitted all repetitions or corroborative statements, from this as well as other testimonies, as giving fully every sentence would be of no use. However, I vouch for the accuracy of each and the testimonies are all taken from the certified official record as filed with the Circuit Court of Appeals.

Irene spoke well and sincerely. She felt sorry for the misguided girl who was her chum for nearly 10 months and if any, she spoke with reserve out of sheer sympathy.

Neuner asked Irene's age. It was 20. He asked her, "And the Colonel's age?" "Fifty-two." I could well see that lawyer's mind, that though an "old man" I was "running around" with "chickens." That man with his narrowly-trained mentality could not comprehend that when my last son was killed by the gasoline accident I was left without anyone except Kashmira to succeed me in my work. I had therefore to start life again to give the world another possible "teacher of Spectro-Chrome Therapy." Had I married an older woman, she, having set habits and manners entirely different from the exacting requirements of the work, might not have fallen in line and might not have molded her own life to suit the arduous duties. The change to her might have been intolerable. Irene was my graduate at a young age, took to the strenuous duties willingly, conformed to the principles—I married her. There was nothing there for Neuner or anyone else to criticize or become uz about. I am today the same human being I ever was and mean to remain so till my death. It is the result of correct food, minding one's own business and avoiding the very things that Neuner so falsely imputed me. My calumniators saw me through the reflection of their own selves in the mirror of their distorted mentality—no wonder they portrayed me black.

CHAPTER 104

Mary A. Coffman Refutes Afterbirth

Dr. Mary A. Coffman, of Seattle, Washington, was placed on the stand and in direct cross examination of Beckman said, "I attended women

Digitized by Google

in childbirth. I made a study of obstetrics and gynecology in California. Have been a doctor about twenty years. Studied anatomy. A specialty of relieving women of their disorders and genital disorders. Have experience of premature births in all stages. If a women were pregnant on or about November 7, be aborted, the fetus born on January 2 would have absolutely no afterbirth." Here there were questions and answers about soft or hard, white, black or pink fetus.

In cross examination by Neuner the doctor stated, "I am a licensed physician in everything but materia medica and surgery. I have no license to practice medicine. I don't want it. I am a duly licensed drugless physician. I am a graduate of Spectro-Chrome Institute. I practice Spectro-Chrome Therapy."

Perhaps George Neuner tried to make out that Mary Coffman was not qualified, because, she was not a medical doctor. He has to learn that medical doctors have no monopoly on human health although the medical trust makes believe that they are the know-alls. Spectro-Chrome Therapy burst their bubble, that is why they want my neck. My graduates are competent for their work.

CHAPTER 105

Charles Loeding Punctures Gellert

We put on the stand a reputable Medical Doctor, Charles Loeding, to refute the bunk of Dr. S. M. Gellert. In direct cross examination of Beckman he spoke as follows: "I have practiced for 12 years. Graduate of University of Oregon Medical School. Have had experience in cases of premature births or miscarriages. An early pregnancy does not produce very great hemorrhages. If fetus were dead it would be usually black; have odor very foul. The afterbirth is not developed until after the third month. It does not necessarily mean that intercourse is the entire cause of the destroyed hymen. Hymen may be destroyed from bad practices; abusive practices. Star-like mass or appearance would lead one to believe that that might possibly come from an ulcerative condition. In an abortion you would never have a scar. Malodorous discharge may be because the woman is not taking care of herself."

The testimony couched in medical terms beyond question must have gone over the jury's head. More threshing came under cross examination by Neuner, who now turned his batteries to an endeavor to prove that Geraldine McCann conceived on September 13, 1924, and kept on flowing profusely up to January 2, 1925, when the alleged birth was given. He turned on to the "afterbirth after three months only" view, to prove his contentions. Loeding stated, 'We have cases cited in medical annals in which a woman never had her hymen ruptured and still gave birth to a child. A pregnant woman may menstruate. It is no trick for a man to pass a sound into the uterus without having the proper facilities, intruments, and all that to do it." Speaking of laceration the doctor stated, 'To induce harm there it would be quite painful, and it would be almost impossible to perform it on a woman unless you gave her an anesthetic; especially in a woman that has never had a child."

Digitized by Google

In Beckman's redirect examination, he stated, "They would have to use several instruments. One instrument in order to expose the part, which is known as a speculum, which is used like a duck's bill, and it is inserted into the vagina and it is opened up wide. The other instruments that are employed are usually what we call a uterine sound or a dilator, forceps and instruments of that type. One instrument alone does not help. In order to complete the operation a full set of instruments would probably amount to about a half a dozen."

In the recross examination by Neuner, about whether the flow would be the same in abortion by skilled hands as by crude hands the physician gave a technical reply that extended over a full page. So Neuner said, "That is all" and that settled it. I have no reason to believe the honorable jurors understood what the doctors meant and I cannot say whether the lawyers understood it. Lawyers were right for the law, but it would be nonsensical to make me believe that I could not have been the more logical person to conduct the examination. It is an absolute impossibility to fight medical matters by lawyers; they see the law, not the medicine and the client is at a disadvantage.

I learned emphatically one lesson—none can go to Heaven by proxy and most likely one may, to another territory.

CHAPTER 106

Louise Palmer Weber Testifies to Conspiracy

Mrs. Louise Palmer Weber, a woman prominent in the political and social circles of Portland, exposed more details of the conspiracy of Mary S. Hayes to ruin me and Spectro-Chrome. She spoke with emphasis and clarity and had many tussles with Neuner who tried to bulldoze her at times. She told him she was not deaf and could hear well. She stated in the direct examination of Beckman: - "I teach speech arts; am dietitian. I know Mary Hayes as a member of the Portland class. Not personally or socially. I was very much impressed with Colonel Dinshah's work. In conversations, Mary Hayes said to me, 'I consider Colonel Dinshah one of the most—by far the most—brilliant man I had ever listened to. That it would be a great opportunity for her niece. Geraldine has been quite a problem. It would be a wonderful opportunity to put her in association with a wonderful disciplinarian like Dinshah. Niece had more interest in Spectro-Chrome than she had in anything else and that she found a very pleasing association with both Dinshah's wife and daughter. I certainly hope they could be successful in persuading Dinshah to take her niece.' Mrs. Hayes said also, 'My niece was going with Dinshah and I think the future was assured.' About ten days after the conclusion of the lectures Mrs. Hayes met me and said she had not heard from her niece and was afraid she never would. She said, 'I have some strong people behind me, and when I get through with him—. You bet this is going to cost Dinshah a pretty penny before I get through with him. I have two of the strongest organizations behind me. I have one hundred thousand members of the Women's Clubs behind me. The richest man in Detroit is going to help me in this. I will not lack for money.'"

George Neuner got further statements in cross examination:

Digitized by Google

"I have a very good memory, my dear sir. I recall each incident. I was anxious to know the progress of the girl."

Neuner—"Well, you have taken somewhat considerable interest in this case, haven't you?"

Witness—"Yes, I have, from the very beginning. It said in the public press that his friends and adherents had not come to his rescue, and I believed in fair play. I believed that it was a malicious concoction, and I therefore went to see him. I went up to the jail and found he could not talk. I did not make a trip to Seattle in the interests of this case. I have managed several campaigns. Am somewhat in the limelight."

In redirect examination by Beckman, the witness stated. "Mr. Stearns attempted to dissuade me from seeing Colonel Ghadiali. He asked me if I knew what he was indicted for."

In recross by Neuner Mrs. Weber said, "He gave me a permit finally. I didn't read his mind. I merely read his actions and his attitude."

Louise Palmer Weber's testimony forced it right home to the hearers that Mary S. Hayes started the rumpus, conspired to bring about my ruin, boasted of "two powerful organizations" behind her, had no lack of money and that the Government officials played in the hands of the designing woman or the fool woman played in the hands of designing Government officials. Who were those "two powerful organizations"? Medical Trust? Ku Klux Klan? Who was the "richest man"? Henry Ford? But how could the matters be reconciled? Ku Klux Klan to aid a Roman Catholic Canadian and a negro against a white American citizen? Absurd as the idea was, just what was the allusion?

CHAPTER 107

Gertrude Carley Wisenor Heard Geraldine

The next witness for the defense was Gertrude Carley Wisenor who attended my class in Seattle, Washington, in May, 1924. She stated in Beckman's direct examination:

"I know Mrs. Mary Hayes and Geraldine McCann just by sight. I attended the discourses at the Portland hotel. Miss McCann was there in the capacity of secretary. General duties. I did not care to converse with her personally. Miss McCann made a speech. A few minutes' duration. Being a student of psychology, I would say that she was very spontaneous and very much interested in her work, very spontaneous in her remarks."

The witness stated at length what I said in that meeting which called on Geraldine for the address, but Stearns started his usual objections that all that was irrevelant, incompetent and immaterial! He had that knack. The court sustained him and Beckman had an exception taken. My evidence at every point and move was gagged by the Government.

In the cross examination by Neuner, the witness stated, "Why, my dear man, I could not close my ears. I had to listen to what was said."

Geraldine McCann told a deliberate lie when she testified she did not address the Itisometer class in Portland. Besides Gertrude Wisenor

Digitized by Google

there were a dozen and a half others who heard her—but it seemed that her one word was sufficient against any other number from my side; the Government was bent on downing me. Why? What harm did I do to America?

CHAPTER 108

W. Caven E. Wright Exposes Mary Hayes

W. Caven E. Wright, of the piano sales department of Sherman, Clay & Company, followed. He testified very clearly to what is printed in full on page 632; some of the statement could not be brought out, because Neuner and Stearns kept on objecting. I was put to fighting technicalities and legal humbugs. There did not seem justice—it was law. It was a struggle of "who-could-get-in-what." In Beckman's direct examination, Wright stated: "Colonel spoke to me about it before his class really started. He told me that he needed a secretary. I fully understood correspondence would be censored. When Mary Hayes came down to see me she said that Colonel Dinshah was running a harem at Malaga, and that Geraldine was being held in secrecy against her will, and that she had reason to believe that the girl was being abused and mistreated by Colonel Dinshah. She said she had gone to the federal authorities; they seemed very anxious to investigate the matter and expressed the hope that they would be able to make a case out of it. They had given her descriptions of various unnatural practices. She mentioned about the shaving of the privates and that the girl had been required to do that. They had told her how these white slavers worked in getting their victims. It was her intention to go to Malaga to see the girl. She was going to Detroit, that she understood that they would be there. She said that Geraldine would possibly not be where she could see her; that Colonel Dinshah would keep her in hiding, possibly in some Hindu colony. She would swear out a warrant of arrest on a charge of forgery. Simply a frame-up. She said on another occasion, she had been East and was not successful. She was sure Geraldine was being mistreated and held a prisoner by Colonel Dinshah and she was determined to bring him to justice. She said she had a very powerful organization behind her and that she would not have to spare any expense in putting Dinshah behind the bars. She further said about later having him deported to India, and also kill Spectro-Chrome Therapy once and for all. It would be worth her while to do so. Satisfaction of beating Dinshah and getting her niece back. She had her suspicions about Dinshah's character, honesty and integrity before Geraldine left the city with him. The password was Jakeloo. She further said that Geraldine was very fond of the boys and she had to keep a constant watch for fear she would get into trouble."

The Government kept on objecting and the court said, "The only possible effect of this testimony would be to discredit Mrs. Hayes' testimony."

I may say here that it all goes to show who plotted and how the federal authorities urged her to make out a case. Mary Hayes is not the "whole works"; some aiders, abettors and conspirators are behind this tragedy.

Digitized by Google

Wright further testified, "Mary Hayes stated that she intended to charge Dinshah with the violation of the White Slave Traffic Act. She said, 'I know Mr. Wright, that that charge is a very serious one, and that if I am successful in getting the Government officials to make a case out of it, that alone will spell doom for Dinshah's Spectro-Chrome Therapy and bring shame and disgrace upon all of the people who have had any connection with him or his work. There are not many people escape going to jail when they are accused of white slavery.' She said she was going to get Dinshah by hook or crook, in spite of hell."

Wright wanted to show certain papers I had left with him prior to my arrest, but the court would not receive them. Beckman took an exception. Everything in our offered evidence was according to the Government "self-serving."

Cross Examined by Neuner, Wright stated he was one of my graduates and had a diploma. Neuner asked him how much it cost and Beckman said the Government announced at the outset they were not going to try Spectro-Chrome Therapy, so the court said, "No, they are not," and the question was withdrawn.

This withdrawal business is a legal dodge. A stone is thrown, a splash is made, the jury hears; the effect never can be effaced; the mudslinging is always damaging to the opposition.

Neuner—"When you called on Mrs. Hayes at her home was her husband present?"

Witness—"No."

Neuner—"And you mean to tell this jury that you went over there and talked to this woman about shaving the private parts of the female, and the unnatural practices, without her husband being present?"

Witness—"Well, she discussed them with me. I didn't talk very much. I sat and listened to her."

It was not shameful for Wright; the disgrace was to the woman whose neurotic views wandered on such disgusting subjects. It was she who was obsessed with the ideas of sex. I did not know that in America a husband had to be present when a person is conversing with a wife, but, of course, Portland husbands might be different.

Wright further stated that shaving the private parts of a female was never mentioned in the class, but clipping was mentioned for sanitary reasons. Mary Hayes had said that Geraldine had come home from the Portland hotel with her privates shaved clean. " I wrote the statement and delivered to his attorney."

In redirect examination by Beckman, Wright said, "I talked the statements to you long before I wrote them."

In recross examination by Neuner, the witness said about Mary Hayes, "She told me I was a damned thief and crook, and a liar."

This was in reference to a $150 Practitioner's equipment which Mary Hayes had received from me for "ac. services" which she never rendered.

Digitized by Google

This equipment, Wright had wanted as a rental from her to treat his sick father and owing to some misunderstanding, she had threatened to sue Wright. However, I was not paid for the equipment.

W. Caven E. Wright's full statement printed in Part 6, will show the treachery of Mary Hayes in its ghastly openness. For some unfathomed reason, that woman planned deliberately a trap to destroy Dinshah and his system, she well-nigh succeeded—but, there is a Power in Heaven, mightier than Mary Hayes and her dastardly abettors. I am yet alive and living in the fullest faith that America will yet give me justice and repair the wrong.

Here Stearns introduced my service revolver as the one "taken from the defendant at the time of his arrest." Beckman corrected, "taken from his room." Both agreed. Well, it was all right then, because, I had no $10,000 in my pocket to offer as a bond for a probable charge of "shooting at a Federal Officer." I shall be obliged if the Government will make inquiry as to whether that man was drunk and if so where he got his bootleg liquor. The Government kindly investigated many things in my case—now won't you please investigate others also? It is the duty of the Department of Justice and there is a brilliant noble woman in charge of the Prohibition Division to whom I specifically openly appeal. Assistant Attorney General Mabel Walker Willebrandt, please investigate that drunken combat in the dark incident. You will find I was justified in the shooting.

CHAPTER 109

Evan G. Houseman Falsifies Girl

Dr. Evan G. Houseman was the next on the stand. In the Direct Examination by Beckman, he stated, "I am a physician in Portland. Geraldine McCann did address the Itisometer Class on April 30, 1925. One to three minutes. She spoke about her work with the institution. Her appearance was natural, so far as I could notice. I had no reason to suspect that she wasn't in a normal state of mind, acting naturally. Acted as any other natural and normal girl."

Under Neuner's Cross Examination, the doctor stated, "She said that she was very much taken up or in love with her work, and that she didn't want to leave the institution and didn't want to live with her aunt again; was what I gathered—the gist of what she said."

The Court—She said that in Class?

Houseman—Yes.

This doctor is the President of First Portland Oregon Centre of A. A. of S. C. T. and is a man of unimpeachable character. He was present when Geraldine spoke and yet the girl said she did not speak. How much power has one girl's word!

CHAPTER 110

Amy May Brown Corroborates

Mrs. Amy May Brown was introduced next. She stated in Beckman's Direct Examination, "I have met Mrs. Hayes. I joined Colonel Dinshah's

Digitized by Google

Class of June 1924 through her. I went to her house to obtain some bulbs in the summer of 1924. I asked her if she heard from Geraldine. She said she had not and that she had already put the matter in the hands of the government, and that she felt that the Colonel had taken Geraldine away for immoral purposes. That the government could not do much because Geraldine was a citizen of Canada. She further said, "You could not reach Dinshah that way. There was another way, and that was through the Medical Association. You know they are fighting him. You know my people are fighting me all the time for letting Geraldine go, because Geraldine's people are strict Catholics, and did not want her to give up her religion. I asked her why she let her go with this man. She said, "Oh, for the one hundred dollars a week. What a wonderful opportunity!"

In Cross Examination by Neuner, Amy May Brown said she was a Graduate of the Institute.

All these witnesses brought out one fact beyond question that Mary Hayes bragged about her power to destroy Dinshah, that she had some hidden backing, that there was a secret conspiracy against a citizen. Will the United States unearth the injustice and bring the conspirators to justice?

CHAPTER 111

Geraldine Appealed to Detective for Help

James D. Sullivan, house detective of the Portland Hotel from which Mary Hayes, her husband, Mickey, a lawyer, a policewoman, a policeman and some others (an army veritably) had kidnaped Geraldine, was called by the defense. He was on watch that night and testified he spoke to Miss McCann. He had helped those people when they took the girl away. "She said, 'Save me' or 'Help me,' she said, 'They are taking me away against my will.'"

There was no Cross Examination.

Can anyone understand why a girl should shout for help, when her relatives—her darling Aunt Mary and Dear Mickey—came to her "rescue?" Can anyone tell me why she should have cried out to Sullivan as she did, if she were "anxious" and "desperate" "to get away" from me? For getting away from me, this girl said she had to offer anything to Harry, to sneak a letter to Mickey. Yet, how was it that if her cherished goal was Portland, when she arrived there she did not want to go? Ask Neuner and Stearns. Ask that Portland jury. Ask anyone; why? And why was I victimized for such insanity? For to a certainty that girl must have insanity to bring about the results she did.

One question to the authorities of Hotel Portland. Was it right of them to allow a guest, the Secretary of another guest, to be spirited away from under their roof? What explanation can they give to this negligence or connivance? Whichever manager was responsible for the collusion with Mary Hayes, should be called to account for this outrage and severely disciplined for the good name of the hotel. I was their guest on several occasions and they treated me well, but, the above incident is a blemish on the hotel's vigilance.

Digitized by Google

Why did Detective Sullivan allow this outrage? Was it not his duty to report? There is something unpublished in this which will some day see daylight, when somebody's conscience will bite.

CHAPTER 112

Kashmira Dinshah Slashes Geraldine's Story

My daughter was next introduced. Her testimony in most respects was identical with that of Irene, refuting that of Geraldine in those points where that girl had lied. In the Direct Examination by Beckman, she stated among other matters as follows:—

"I am 21. We were close companions. We were around together a great deal. We went to Wildwood. She (Mrs. Eleanor Kinsell) said, 'How would you girls like a vacation there?' We told the lady that we did not have time for a vacation. Saturday night the 13th September we went to the theatre. I did not hear any screams. I was close enough to have heard anything that occurred in her room, that is any screaming. She was always happy and cheerful. I knew nothing about any abortion being committed on this girl. I never heard any talk like that. She never talked to me about an abortion. I remember January 2, 1925 very well. There was a terrible snow storm; my car became stalled in the snow and I had to call for plumbers that were working. I do not know of her having given any birth. She was going around all the time. She had a great love for her mother. We went bicycling and driving frequently. We went to Vineland to do shopping and for our music lessons. We drove to Mays Landing, Clayton, Vineland, Elmer. Geraldine went many times for mail alone. When I was taking music lessons, she would go shopping. We started in the early part of January. She never was inducted in the Zoroastrian religion. I said my prayers aloud and she might have picked up the words. I let her wear our shirts. She was troubled with rashes on her face and weakness of her bladder. High laundry bills, because of Miss McCann's soiled linen."

In Neuner's Cross Examination, Kashmira had a number of arguments. He asked frequently such absurd questions as to annoy any witness; but, perhaps that was LAW. Kashmira stated, "We went to Hunt's Casino. Many people promenaded along the boardwalk all the time. Sunday we went bathing and then went out driving; then in the evening we went to the show. Geraldine was never 'real sick' to my knowledge."

Neuner—You heard Miss Geraldine's testimony relative to her being on the floor and flowing?

Witness—I know nothing about such an occurrence.

Neuner—Well it could not have happened in the manner in which she testified to? If it happened in that manner you would have known it, Wouldn't you?

Witness—I cannot say that I would have known. I am here to tell the facts.

Neuner—Well, are you ever traveling around that you do not observe or remember what you see?

Digitized by Google

Witness—Yes, I remember what I see, but I can not remember what I don't see. Kashmira further testified, "She was depressed when her relatives would write. Geraldine opened her own mail. The significance of this shirt is purity; the triangle signifies the Holy Trinity. To us she was like a member of the family. I have been with my father all the time."

Under Redirect Examination, the witness replied, "My father was very unwilling to take her with him." Here the Court ruled it was not competent testimony. Kashmira proceeded, "Whenever she would say, 'I want to go,' she was free to go. After the Saunders matter she said, 'No, please don't send me away. I won't go back to Portland. I will go to Philadelphia and stay there. But I don't want to see my relatives again. Sheriff asked Geraldine if she wanted to go back. She said, 'No, I am very happy here. Tell my Aunt Mary that I do not want to go back. I was there. I remember Miss Houston. She did not show any credentials. On Christmas day, we went to Philadelphia and saw Betty Bronson in Peter Pan."

Neuner commenced Recrossing and got this:—"I did not like the deceitful way in which Miss Houston gained an interview. I was not suspicious of Miss McCann. I was suspicious of Miss Houston. I was afraid that some trap might be laid for Geraldine. I had a great love for the girl, and I felt it my duty to protect her. Harry had not been truthful to him. My father said to Geraldine, when she implored him to let her stay, 'Write out your version of the affair, and I will think it over.' No one dictated it to her."

Irene and Kashmira were my only two witnesses who actually lived with that girl; so, to discard their testimony, the Government lawyers made them out as accomplices from the untruthful mouth of Geraldine, poisoning the jury and the bench and destroying every way for me to prove my innocence.

We substituted democracy for a loathsome monarchy, but, we have also established a wretched bureaucratic oligarchy that in my case accomplished what would have been possible in Czardom, but, not in the United States.

I appeal to America for redress, for relief from official tyranny.

CHAPTER 113

Government Choked Oregon District Attorney

Stanley Myers, the District Attorney of Multnomah County, Oregon, was the next witness, for the defense. In the Direct Examination of Beckman, he testified as follows:—

"Mrs. Mary Hayes called on me, but as to the exact date, I would have to refer to the office corespondence. I have it with me. It was either September 2 or 3, 1924. This letter that we wrote at her request is dated September the 3rd. I made an investigation as to the situation in Malaga, New Jersey, with respect to her niece."

Here Stearns objected. Beckman said the purpose was to show that Myers transmitted the information to Mary Hayes, that she knew the condition of the girl at a certain time. The Judge said that Myers might state

Digitized by Google

only whether he gave the information to Mrs. Hayes, without stating the information. Myers said he received the information from the East, that he communicated to Mrs. Hayes the information received from the sheriff of the county back there.

Stearns, Beckman, Neuner, Judge had a long, hot argument about introducing the information. The Judge would not admit it in evidence; he refused even to allow Mrs. Hayes to be recalled, though she was present. The Judge finally gave an exception and stopped Beckman. Thereupon Beckman made "an offer of proof" and the Court permitted him to state to the Reporter:—"I offer to prove that if the witness were allowed to answer, he would have testified that he received a telegram from the sheriff at Woodbury, New Jersey, stating that he had interviewed Geraldine McCann; that she was satisfied and contented and a letter would follow. And that he had received a letter from the sheriff at Woodbury, New Jersey, to the effect that his office had been unable to find anything of a criminal nature in the relations of Colonel Dinshah Ghadiali toward his secretary, Geraldine McCann, who they were able to positively identify through photos sent them; and further that Geraldine McCann informed them she was satisfied and would return under no consideration, and that Ghadiali's conduct toward Geraldine had been most honorable."

Neuner objected, saying, "The offer based upon correspondence received by this witness from a sheriff or under-sheriff with whom he had correspondence in New Jersey is objected to."

The objection being sustained, Stanley Myers had to leave the stand.

Again, stupidity and tomfoolery of legal technicalities succeeded in gagging facts—truth—sacred Truth was sacrificed for quibbles, justice sacrificed for forms, accused sacrificed at the altar of judicial conservatism and antiquated mockeries called LAW.

Lawlessness with a vengeance was in this. The Judge perhaps was right in his maintenance of LAW, but, I have grave doubts whether such law is fair, just and equitable.

I was indicted for a certain offense. There were 12 "good and lawful" men to judge me, by reading what must have been in my mind when I took that girl, yet, those men were not allowed to hear what the results of the sheriff's personal investigations were! Why? Because, the LAW expected me to bring the Sheriff there. How would I know whom to bring? Bring 3,500 miles away and back and pay the expense myself! LAW! Ye law makers and law administrators, ye are jokers to say the least; if God were to judge you similarly, I quake to think where you would all be found.

CHAPTER 114

Gertrude Lord Gates Belies Geraldine

A practising Osteopathic Physician, Dr. Gertrude Lord Gates, of Portland, testified in Direct Examination of Beckman: — "I attended the Colonel's lectures on April 30, 1925. I met Geraldine McCann for the second time there. She was working as Secretary. The statement had been made that she was held there against her wishes. She came forward voluntarily and made the very emphatic statement that she was not held there

Digitized by Google

against her wishes, that she loved the work, that she was very happy in the work, and she had never been so happy in her life as since she had been in this work. Her aunt had not communicated with her at all since she had reached Portland, but she was afraid to come to see her, and that she was a coward."

Stearns—"That in reference to her aunt?"

Witness—"That in reference to her aunt, and her attitude toward the work."

Beckman—"Can you say, Dr. Gates, whether the girl acted in a natural way, or was she in a restrained and cowed state?"

Witness—"She was not, absolutely; it was a spontaneous, free statement."

In Neuner's Cross Examination, Dr. Gates corroborated what she said emphatically.

Her testimony came like a jolt to Stearns and Neuner; they believed Geraldine McCann was an angel of Truth—it looked the reverse.

CHAPTER 115

The Accused on the Stand

As the final witness, for the defense, I was put on the stand by Beckman. This is a procedure uncommon to India and England, but, being customary in America, I had no hesitation in testifying. I was told that my acquittal or conviction depended on my conduct in that (electric) chair. I had no different stories to tell, so I did not have to wiggle or evade. Barely was the question out of the lawyer's mouth when the answer was shot back. It produced much commotion. I think Neuner had his enjoyment of life when he got my answers to his "irrelevant, incompetent, immaterial" questions. The testimony lasted a whole day. It is given herein as in the certified report; repetitions and unnecessary parts are removed, but, the reader will see that there was much more than a "White Slavery" case involved in this suit of the U. S. Government. Corroborative parts about which other witnesses spoke are also eliminated, for the sake of brevity.

I was born on the 28th of November, 1873. I came to America on the 16th of January, 1896; went back, and came fifteen years after that. I came on the 9th of August, 1911. I was naturalized at Hackensack, New Jersey, on the 17th of June, 1917, as an American citizen. Spectro-Chrome Institute is a New Jersey Institution exclusively engaged in the propagation of spectro-chrome therapy. Spectro-Chrome therapy is a new science invented by me after over thirty years of labor and scientific work to abolish the use from the world of all drugs and destructive surgery, by treating all disorders of the human body exclusively by means of Attuned Color Waves. It is the most simple healing art in the world. It can be understood by any person who can simply talk plain ordinary American language. I have been a scientist in research work for forty-four years, since the age of eight years. I practised medicine in India. I started in 1881, when I was a very young boy, in chemistry and physics, and then I studied medicine and the various allied arts. General medical practitioner. Had experience in obstetrics

Digitized by Google

and gynecology as a general matter connected with medicine. I organized the Flying Police of the City of New York by order of Rodman Wanamaker. Having made special aerial flights, I attained the rank of Colonel by having worked nearly two years without pay. I retired as commander of the New York Police Reserve Air Service. I am a certified pilot. I had been always looking for a secretary, counselor, and I requested a gentleman by the name of Mr. W. Caven E. Wright, who was in one of the public meetings. I took a fancy to the man because he looked like a clean-cut gentleman. I told him that I took a fancy to a man like that and said I needed a clean-cut young man to do my duties of secretarial character. It is the same contract for everybody, men or women, everybody in the institution. I did talk to Miss McCann about going as secretary. I said, "Miss McCann, you would like to take up work like this, but do you know the restrictions are terrible? We live like hermits; we live in a monastery, as it were. We need certain types of persons only; mix with our people, look at our work, then you can sign our contract if it suits your purpose." I explained to her that it is a strict rule of the Institute that the entire correspondence coming into the mail bag of the Institute must be read by me and entered into the records of the Institute. And I gave her the reasons why I was so severe in that respect. I told her that I am fighting the medical trust. I told her that I was reviled by the Dearborn Independent as a crooked Jew. I gave her copies of those libels against me, printed in the Dearborn Independent; by Henry Ford's paper. I told her also that the medical people are out after my scalp. I told her that I have a service to humanity of the most confidential character. I told her that the person who goes into this kind of work will have to forego many of the things of life. It is a life of self sacrifice for humanity, in the cause of the suffering sick. And I said, "The medical people are out after me, and if you go there this will be the certain thing that will be absolutely imposed on you, that you will have to stop corresponding with all outsiders." She told me, "I love Mary Hayes, and I love my Aunt Shaughnessy." And I said, "My dear girl, I am not cutting you off from your relatives at all. But we are busy people." I told her how many hours a day I worked. "If you enter my service, if you can measure up to that high service of duty, you are welcome. But," I said, "look here, you may write, but the letters will be read by me. And you will not be permitted to correspond as regards ordinary frivolous matters except what is pertinent between relations of aunt and niece." In my system I teach people to lead an absolutely clean life. I tell them that the food that we eat builds up the human body. I also tell them that if the food builds the human body, we must eat clean food, we must lead a clean, moral life, and the first thing to lead a clean life is that we must not eat anything against the laws of religion, as explained in the Bible. I told her that the Bible absolutely forbids the eating of blood. As regards costume, I explained to her that she was not compelled to wear any special costume, as long as she wore a decent, neat business costume. I said, "My daughter and my wife wear this peculiar costume, knickerbockers, because they like it. They are outdoor, sport-loving girls, and it is not a belief. You can wear your skirts if you want, but if you want to change it, it is entirely your own personal option." In the contract it was fifteen dollars and I was bound to give her fifteen dollars. I might explain about the one hundred dollars. I stated to her, "When you are capable, when you have learned the work, which is very monotonous and very tedious and very

Digitized by Google

complicated, when you are able to earn, there is no reason why you should not be able to earn up to one hundred dollars a week." Her duties exclusively as a traveling secretary, to take care of my paraphernalia, and traveling apparatus, bag and hand bag, and do the stenographic work, and so on, and also to assist my daughter as a chum. She was also to become my personal assistant in the editing of my magazine, the Spectro-Chrome, published monthly. It is very intricate work. If by "employe" you mean some one who was paid for services, she was an employe. We did pay for her services, all expenses found and fifteen dollars a week. But the main thing was that my daughter was all alone, and my wife needed a helper, because she was in family way at that time, we expected the baby to come in a few months, and I thought a girl of her own age would be a far better helper by her sympathy to my daughter than a person of an older age. She was absolutely a member of the family. I gave an equipment to Mary Hayes to treat the mother of this girl, who was then in a lunatic asylum. And there is the check that I gave as a refund for the tuition fees of Miss McCann, because that is another rule of the Institute. (Exhibit 29.)

ADVICE TO HARRIET DARCE

Beckman—Mrs. Darce has testified that you said something to her about your belief with respect to man's relations with women. You heard what she said?

Witness—It was a privileged communication. She consulted me on several things. If she will relieve her privilege, I shall speak out. It was a confidential communication between herself and her husband, and I claim privilege. (Arguments on Privilege.)

As a gentleman I shall decline to asperse her husband at all. I cannot damage her reputation, although she damages mine. If you persist, I shall give it.

Neuner—Mrs. Darce claims no privilege. This man is at liberty to testify.

Witness—All right, then, I shall speak out, if the counsel speaks for the transaction, I am free.

She approached me one day in the afternoon and said, "Colonel Dinshah, I want to speak to you." I said, "Yes, Madam." She said, "My husband is running around with all kinds of women." I said, "Yes, madam." She said, "Now, what do you think of it?" I said, "Madam, how can I think of other people's lives?" She said, "I don't like that sort of thing. What is your opinion?" I said, "Look here, madam, this is what I can tell you from my experience of human nature as a psychologist. The build of a woman is different from the build or physiology of a man. A man's emotions are different from the emotions of a woman, and if he is running around, you don't know the art and science of preserving the love of that man." She said, "Well, how can I preserve it?" I said, "Give him all kinds of love. Don't be jealous. Don't offer anything in resistance. If the man loves you, he will come back. But please don't be jealous, because a jealous woman will drive the man out of the house." This was our conversation. No religious talk came up at all at that time.

Digitized by Google

Talking of Malaga, I have actual photographs of the buildings right here; I identify them, and that will save the time of the Court. You have the whole complete business there, every room, and every building is there. (Exhibits 30 to 39).

ABOUT PROSELYTISM

Zoroastrianism does not convert anybody into the religion; we do not convert as other people are inducted from one faith to another; we have no proselytism. Since we came from Persia thirteen hundred years ago that custom has been dropped by us in India. Our teachings of Zoroastrianism are that a person following one religion dutifully is just as good as another person following another religion dutifully. We do not encourage changing religions. She jokingly said a number of times, "If I am a member of the family, I should follow the same ways." But I said, "It is a different matter. If you are a Roman Catholic," I said, "remain a Catholic. Your religion is just as good as Zoroastrianism." We do not worship fire. We only respect fire as the emblem of the Holy Ghost. We say that fire being the only manifested emblem of God Almighty on the face of the Earth should not be trampled on. We do not worship fire; we respect fire. Zoroastrians wear this shirt. This is a special type of shirt, and the one to be worn by a Zoroastrian who is fully inducted into the faith of the Lord Zoroaster.

ZOROASTRIAN RELIGION

Miss McCann, when she came to us, was suffering from pimples, showing some blood trouble, as any ordinary girl may have from wrong food, and so on. Nothing special to it. During the month of March or April, it may be, some time before starting on a trip, she said that the underwear of wool which we were telling her to wear, and which we always wear, was pricking her and irritating her skin. She said, "If the other girls are wearing for their comfort this garment made of cotton, why shouldn't I wear it." I said, "That is a special shirt of a Zoroastrian. It is a visible mark of our faith, like a Masonic apron." She said, "That is all right. Some day I am going to become a Zoroastrian." I said, "Well, when that time comes, we shall talk about it." And I said. "Tell my daughter to give you a shirt, and you may wear it, as long as you do not defile it. It is a very restricted religion, the Zoroastrian religion as followed by our people. It is exceedingly exacting, and is from four to five thousand years old now. This shirt cannot be of any color except white. That denotes a visible emblem of truth, purity and chastity in the wearer. This hook here is put on this little button. That indicates the rotundity of the world and the existence of God Almighty, which means that God is a circle, whose center is everywhere, but whose circumference is nowhere found. That means that God is endless. And it shows that I am joined to that faith now by this sign. This square is similar to the Masonic sign known as the square; shows wearer is honest and integral in his dealings. In fact, Zoroaster has been contended to be the first Freemason of the World. This emblem that you see here represents the three powers of the world, that construct the world, that destroy the world, that protect the world, which in the Roman Catholic faith are known as the Trinity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, which the Hindus call the Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva; the Zoroastrian recognizes that as similar to the Masonic compass, meaning he will be honest in his

Digitized by Google

daily life. It is made only of nine pieces. It is a sacred symbol of the regularly inducted orthodox Zoroastrian only. That cord cannot be worn by any person outside of an inducted Zoroastrian. I wear it and my wife and daughter wear it. I believe we are the only three people in America that are wearing that cord. That cord is made of 72 threads of wool. The wool of sheep indicates the wearer is pure, mild and gentle as a sheep. The wool is the emblem of protection, because we wear wool to protect our skin. Naturally a cord has two ends, showing this end of the world and the other end of the world, meaning this life and the future life. It is hollow, showing the Heaven above, the Earth below, and the sky in the middle. It has seventy-two threads, which represent the seventy-two chapters written in the Zoroastrian Bible. It has at its two ends three parts separated, showing that the wearer understands purity of thoughts, purity of words and purity of deeds. (Talking of ablution ceremony) she saw it performed, the ablution of my wife after childbirth. That is given in the Holy Bible of the Lord Moses and is similar to our faith. It is in Leviticus 12-15, and it is performed after childbirth. The Catholic Church is similar to the Zoroastrian faith in that respect, purification."

Beckman—Is there anything in your faith whereby you Zoroastrians deal lightly regarding women?

Neuner—That is not competent.

Beckman—This woman testified something to that effect, this Mrs. Darce.

The Court—I think he may answer that.

RESPECT TOWARD WOMEN

Witness—We Zoroastrians, by our faith, religion and duty, simply worship women. We call them the mothers of the nation. A Zoroastrian, an orthodox Zoroastrian like me, cannot, and is taught by our religion not to leave our house every morning without bowing at the feet of a woman. We bow down and touch their feet before we go away, this way (indicating). We regard them as the great procreators of he world. The Zoroastrians are absolutely monoganists. They marry only one woman. Those were conversations of every day topics because we cannot talk in our family excluding her; she was there always while we were talking. That prayer that I translated is recited every time we light a light. We believe that by suggestion and repetition of a prayer, the person keeps to the path of rectitude, righteousness, virtue and so forth. She heard it many times. She was one of my pupils. At meals we also have a certain short prayer. That means, "God Almighty be praised for giving us that beautiful meal to eat. May our mother be blessed who gave us birth." About the third week of July of 1924, I took her to New York in my automobile. It is one hundred and thirty miles out. It took me five hours to run down. I did my business there in New York about four or five hours and returned close to midnight, driving another one hundred and thirty miles back. I made two hundred and sixty miles that day without stopping. I had to stop several times on the road to let her out for performing certain natural functions. Well, having practised so long the healing art and teaching the healing art to my students, naturally I understood she was not in one hundred per cent health.

Digitized by Google

ABOUT HENRY FORD

I cannot say that Henry Ford attacked me. The Dearborn Independent was owned by Henry Ford, and voiced his opinion in many matters. The Dearborn Independent printed an exceedingly untruthful and horribly libelous article about me, my work, my wife and art. That was printed when I was in Los Angeles, California, training a class there, about two months before coming to Portland. In that article the Dearborn Independent had called me a crooked Jew, and all kinds of dirty stuff; that I was robbing the people and teaching two hundred and fifty people in Los Angeles, and so forth, which was absolutely untruthful. The thing was a horrible libel and I wired Henry Ford to correct the statement; that I was not a crook and I was not a Jew. And I said, "This man who says in this article that he interviewed me personally, I don't know who he is, and he never interviewed me." I sent the telegram to Henry Ford and counted on that to get justice for my people and my work. I went to Detroit only for the purpose of making a demonstration of spectro-chrome therapy to the public. And I sent a telegram to Henry Ford in Boston at the Wayside Inn and notified his editors to come and take the work free and unconditionally to judge for themselves whether I was a crook, and whether our work was right or wrong. Not in my presence; it was reported by my family and Miss McCann that the sheriff and his deputy came there to investigate, but that was hearsay. I don't know personally anything about that.

Beckman—While you were in Detroit was there anybody came to see you?

Witness—Another Department of Justice officer came to my classroom on Monday, the 14th of April, or thereabouts.

Beckman—Looking for Miss McCann?

Witness—No, not looking for Miss McCann directly. He did not tell me that way. First of all the manager came and introduced himself as a member of the Department of Health, asking me by what right I was teaching this system. He said "You have no authority." I said, "Yes, sir, I have a license from the State of Michigan," and I showed him that.

Stearns—I object to that.

Beckman—We don't care about that. Did anyone come inquiring about Miss McCann?

Witness—Yes, there was another man with him. He said, "Where is your secretary?" I said, "Which secretary?" He said, "Haven't you a girl by the name of Miss McCann?" I said, "Yes, sir, she is in Magala, New Jersey."

Beckman—Did you see Mrs. Hayes there at all?

Witness—No, sir, I did not see Mrs. Hayes after I left Portland at any time.

I only received from my central office a letter from Portland, written by Mr. Caven Wright. (Asked about "clipping")

Digitized by Google

ABOUT CLIPPING

Many times matters of sanitation cropped up, and I spoke about matters of clipping the hair, so that during menstruation the hair would not get tangled and produce infection. That is purely a sanitary idea. That was a part of the teaching of sanitation. Never told her anything about shaving. There is not a razor in the whole house."

Beckman—What is your custom and teaching with respect to setting the woman apart during the menstrual period?

THE LAWS IN THE BIBLE

Witness—I teach it in accordance with the laws of Zoroaster and the Bible. That is in Leviticus 15. The teaching, they are to be separated during the menstrual period. No heavy work is undertaken, no cooking, and so on. Miss Houston came in the garb of a poor woman, saying she wanted to sell some stockings. Of course I have no reason to doubt a lady's word. She appeared to me to be a respectable woman. I had no reason to think otherwise. She said that she wanted to know more about this spectrochrome business. I said, "Madam, you may go over my laboratory at your will, look at the place." There are works on mesmerism and hypnotism, but they are not the only works. I am a student of all kinds of science. She said that Mary Hayes was very cruel to her, and that is why she left Portland. She thanked me for taking her away from Portland. Several occasions, in the office, and at dinner time, and other times when these letters would come up. Her Aunt Sophie Shaughnessy was the only one she appeared to love. She wrote several letters to her, and she wrote several letters to Mary Hayes also, which I never inspected. She had the right to write to any of her relatives about any matter, so long as she did not write anything pertaining to my private business. From coast to coast are my graduates. If by visitors you mean business visitors, I have plenty of them. If by visitors you mean social visitors who come to talk about the weather or clothes or dress, like that, none whatever. Sometimes my wife's family comes. I have no relatives in this country. My wife's relatives, who are my graduates. We have no time for social talk. There is not a single piece of carpet on the floor of any of the buildings, no covering of any character, except a linoleum piece in the dining room and kitchen, and absolutely no covering on the glass on any of the buildings. It is all open to the public gaze."

Beckman—And you and your wife cohabit?

Witness—I have a baby, counselor.

Beckman—I mean, do you go over to the small building there?

ABOUT RESEARCH

Witness—Of the residence, to cohabit with her? No. My research is very intricate work. The man who does that kind of work must have a thorough knowledge not only of the medical sciences like anatomy, physiology, psychology, and so on, but must have a knowledge of electricity, magnetism, color waves; there is a huge amount of chemistry attached to it. I was cooped up in my laboratory exclusively for two months, in that big building; my meals were brought there by the girls. It needed my every

Digitized by Google

minute attention. I went to the residence once in a while, just to pet my darling baby. Counselor, for this cap there are several reasons. It is a religious custom of all orthodox Zoroastrians to keep always their head covered. I was naturalized with my cap on. That is a part of the Zoroastrian faith. But there is a main scientific reason attached to it, why I compel all of my employes to keep their head covered. They live in a scientific atmosphere, with terribly high oscillaions, like X-rays, and so forth. If they were to have their head uncovered like this, then there is a liability of their getting some high charge oscillations, and losing their hair. Or at the same time, the scalp being exposed, the circulation might fall and they might be liable to some brain trouble. It is purely a scientific protection for hygienic and scientific purposes. To me it is religion. Yes, in performing experiments we have to put all high tension tubes under cover, and gloves also have to be worn.

PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATION

I was in Malaga on September 9th, 1924. I made a digital or finger examination of Miss McCann, September 10, 1924, for the purpose of finding out what the trouble was with her in regard to that laundry. The request of Miss McCann herself. My family had made allusions to the subject. I prescribed nothing. I told her that she needed just taking care of herself, and to use Spectro-Chrome Therapy in certain ways. If she used it, it must have been in the other building, where I don't sleep. In Wildwood we lived on the top floor; the building owner lived two floors below. Every apartment in the building was occupied. There was a mail box at the bottom, several of them in a row. I went to a motion picture theatre after dinner, and we returned about eleven o'clock. Did not use any gun on Miss McCann. Did not go after her and attempt to pull her into my room. Did not rape her. Did not wrong her in any way. There was no reason to scream.

Beckman—Now I will ask you if you said to her, "That is the reason I got you here," or anything like that?

Witness—I never said any such thing. That is the only time I bathed in thirty years on the ocean. I never had a holiday. I am one hundred sixteen pounds for the past twenty-five years. That same day, Sunday, we went to a picture show. Did not at any time at Wildwood make any improper overtures to Miss McCann. The girl was very fond of her mother; letters from her home upset her mental equilibrium. There is one letter that was written by her Aunt Sophia Shaughnessy. You have that. I want to produce it, please. It has cross-marks on the top. It was in September, some day in September she wrote. (Exhibits 40-40 A). This is the letter that I am referring to which upset her exceedingly. This letter was turned over to her and she read it."

Beckman—I will offer it in evidence.

Neuner—If the Court please, the letter was offered once before.

Witness—That was never offered.

Neuner—It is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. We have no particular objection, but then it is not relevant to the case.

Beckman—It is very relevant, if your Honor please. The contention of the Government is that the girl's reason for writing these letters was because the Colonel was cruel to her, and we want to show that her state of mind was induced by letters from her folks.

The Court—You may read the letter. (Blood Money Letter read).

Digitized by Google

"Dear Geraldine: Received your letter and check. Many thanks. Of course, Geraldine, I would not want to accept any money of you if you were in danger of any kind. It would be blood money. The Calgary people to whom you wrote before you left were the ones who raised the alarm and urged Aunt Mary to investigate. Your official guardian has referred it to Washington, D. C., so that I do not know what the outcome will be. But I hope that God and his Blessed Mother will protect you. Let no man or money persuade you to stay where your reputation would be at stake. Remember you are a McCann and never allow a blot or tarnish **onyour** father's good name, and remember your dear old grandfather who loves you all so dearly. However, I feel that your Faith and Purity will protect you and that no earthly allurements will tempt you to lose your soul. But he who loves the danger will perish, the Good Book says. Do not call this a sermon as it is only what I think. The children are all well and are going to write and send some snaps. With love, Shon.

"P. S. Helen says three Hail Mary's for you every night. It is quite pathetic to see her praying so earnestly for your safety."

(More arguments and Exhibit 41 was introduced).

Beckman—She read it, absolutely, word for word, and it was answered by her.

The Court—Read it.
Beckman—I don't care to read it all now.
The Court—Read it later then.
(Like many others, it was never read). (It is printed on page 89)

Beckman—Now there were still other letters, were there not, that she received?

Witness—A pile about that high from all—some of her cousins, her brother, her grandfather and Miss Shaughnessy. Those were always in touch with her. She answered every one of them at different intervals of

Digitized by Google

time. It detracted from her efficiency as a worker of the Institute. They worried her enormously. She fretted for a number of days. She could not give service to the Institute; and that was the reason why, in many cases, I had to admonish her to get out of that mood.

Beckman—Now when did you first give her the promise that you would take her?

Witness—When my Itisometer course started and I began to travel again for two and a half months from coast to coast, every few days from one State to another, that promise definitely came out.

Beckman—What is this Itisometer that you speak of?

WHAT THE ITISOMETER IS

Witness—It is a machine that I designed for the purpose of finding out, without asking any question to a patient, where the trouble in the patient is, what that trouble is and what remedy is to be applied; and also right at sight to find out, without asking a single question of the patient, whether he will live through that disorder or whether he is going to die. That is the Itisometer. It was this machine that I was demonstrating on this trip back here. This Itisometer is worked in connection with Spectro Chrome Therapy. It is a part of spectro-chrome teachings. I received a letter on January 4th—no; January 5th—from Mrs. Priscilla Saunders, the wife of my negro employee Harry Saunders. That was received at nine o'clock on the morning of January 5th, 1925, this year. On receipt of that I became exceedingly agitated, because the letter stated that the girl that I had brought from Portland was making love to her husband. Because of my love toward the girl just like a daughter, I was intensely agitated naturally. She was not there when the woman came, but I called her in. I put the man out while I was talking to Mrs. Saunders, to save disgrace to Miss McCann. These two letters were not shown by him. I first called upon Mrs. Saunders to explain the situation. She said that she found these letters in the possession of her husband.

Geraldine finally admitted.

ABOUT THE NEGRESS

Mrs. Saunders was as wild as a fury. She said, "I ain't going to stand for this girl taking my husband away. I am going to sue for divorce and quote her name," or words to that effect. She didn't give me them willingly. I had to use diplomacy, and I shoved them in my safe and locked them up, to save the girl's honor. He was there when this was done. I turned around to her and said, "Miss McCann, now what is the explanation for this? What made you write this letter to this man?" She said, "I don't know." I fired him out. I had taken her to Wilmington, Delaware, for my class, and to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Those were the only two places I visited outside of that New York trip. I never stayed with her at any hotel at night. We each night came by automobile. I drove down each night, and returned about two to four o'clock in the morning. There were three police officers of the New Jersey Police Sub-Station. All in uniform, with guns. Catholic Church is right next to the railroad station, opposite the Institute, facing the institute directly. Miss Geraldine McCann was with me at the time of the Boston trip. My first stop was two hundred and thirty-five miles, in Hartford, Connecticut, the same evening. According to my rule I wrote

Digitized by Google

at every place that we had to stop ahead several days by telegraph and letters corresponding or corroborating the telegrams. I generally hired three rooms, one for the lecture room separate, one entirely for myself with a bath, and an entirely separate room with a bath for my secretary, exactly similar accommodation to my own. Never adjoined. Two nights in each city that I visited on that trip. The next city from there was Providence, Rhode Island. I went to Boston, Massachusetts. Exactly similar, except in Providence; the lecture room was on the sixteenth floor and we were on the third floor. The same as usual, entirely separate and non-adjoining. I drove straight to Malaga, New Jersey, four hundred nine miles, non-stop. I never stopped at a wayside hotel with any woman in my whole life anywhere. I disliked to take her to a hotel where I was not known. There was not one single family secret that was discussed without Miss McCann. She was considered absolutely a part of our family life permanently. My correspondence records and safe were open to her entirely. I took another trip to Detroit. I went to three cities in one circuit. I went first to Cleveland, Ohio; then I went to Detroit, and Chicago; then I drove another nine hundred miles back to Malaga, New Jersey. Miss McCann was not with me on that trip. My beloved daughter Kashmira was. Geraldine always had anything that she required. Everything was at her disposal without asking. She had a check book account of about four hundred dollars at that time of her own. Always had it. She was never pregnant while she was there to my knowledge. Never performed on her any abortion. It depends on what you mean by sickness. She had her monthly periods. That is a sickness according to American conception. She was absent during her menstrual periods.

ABOUT PERIODS

That is a strict rule, according to our religious beliefs and hygienic beliefs. That any girl who is under that periodicity must not go into the kitchen or do any severe work in the laboratory. That is strictly enforced on every one of the family and every one of the employees near me. They keep away during that period unto the bed. It is a question of giving them rest, recuperation. I always map out my course several months ahead, to get my hotel reservations. The work is so rigorous I have to alternate. One secretary cannot work all the time, that was the reason why I took my daughter on that trip, to give Miss McCann the opportunity of returning on the Portland trip. My lectures last sometimes until one or two o'clock in the morning, from seven o'clock in the evening. Steady; a recess of about three or four or five minutes, no more. I was very reluctant to bring her down for several reasons. The first was that staying for two days on the Pacific Coast in each city and taking somebody with me means a thousand dollars of expense in a week's travel. My Institute is not a multimillionaire company; it is a very small Institute comparatively to what other institutions are. It is a self-supporting plant. The other was that I did not like to take her with me in a drawing room. I hesitated naturally, because of obvious reasons. I could not go without a drawing room, because I must have two tickets to put my things in the drawing room. I have necessity several times for that. But there was a certain reason why I brought her to Portland, because Mrs. Mary Hayes wrote me a letter, "I have heard that you are coming to Portland; will you please bring Geraldine McCann with you." That was one reason. The other reason was that she was so devoted and loving to her mother, and had talked

Digitized by Google

to me about restoring her mental unhappiness so much during all that period that I thought I would go to Vancouver, B. C., where her mother was in a lunatic asylum, go and interview this woman and see if I cannot help her to go through the immigration troubles, bring her into the United States of America, take that poor woman, suffering from lunacy, to Portland. (Exhibit 20) (Printed on page 79) (Santa Fe R. R. Letter Exhibit 42). (Printed on page 84)

Beckman—And state whether or not it was intended that Miss McCann should just go to Portland, or should she make the round trip?

Witness—The round trip.

Beckman—And were there any stops on the way from Malaga to Los Angeles?

Witness—That is, by stop, if you mean changing railroad, one in Chicago, Illinois, just changing the railroad.

Beckman—Oh; that is, you went right from one train to another?

Witness—From the Pennsylvania Railroad to the Santa Fe Railroad.

Beckman—There wasn't any layover in Chicago?

Witness—No, sir.

Beckman—And what is the time, how long does it take to go from Malaga, then, to Chicago?

Witness—Malaga to Chicago one night.

ABOUT THE JOURNEY

Beckman—And then from Chicago to Los Angeles is what time? Witness — Three days. I didn't stop; came straight to Los Angeles California. I had two things to do: I had to straighten my records of the American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists, of which I am the president. Those things I straightened out on the road entirely and dropped them on the way in the mail box. And the second thing was, I was writing the commentary on the Principles of Light and Color, which I was to publish. She was doing every bit of the secretarial duties on the road. We always have a typewriter and she always has one. Twelve packages, including Itisometer and the table on which it is placed, all in the car, in the drawing room. Exceedingly valuable. Day and night door was always open; never closed. I never forbade her to kiss her relatives. I may tell you candidly. She was improving day by day, and she was very conscientious in the performance of her duties. I never had anything immoral with her. As soon as I arrived I didn't go into my bedroom even; we just went to fix our apparati; it takes about two hours to fix it. We were late. The train was a slow train we struck. I finished at one o'clock the next morning. I went straight into my bedroom. She went with me upstairs on the second floor where her bedroom was, and she went into her bedroom also. I bid her goodnight on the threshold. This is the first time in the court room that I met her again. I was arrested on the morning of May 5th, 1925, at five minutes to three in the morning, from my bedroom. In Seattle, Washington, in the Hotel Gowman. On May 1st, at exactly eleven o'clock, Miss Sophia Shaughnessy came to see me and Miss McCann, because she did not know anything about her disappearance. She asked for her, as she had an appointment with her. I knew about the appointment, because she had told me.

Digitized by Google

FLYING THROUGH SPACE

Beckman—Now Colonel, did you ever tell the girl that you flew through space, or anything like that?

Witness—Yes. I fly in an airplane, if you mean fly through space that way. I am an airplane pilot. I do fly through space that way.

Beckman—I mean, did you ever tell her anything about projecting your astral body through space and intercepting letters that way?

Witness—What do you mean by astral body, counselor?

Beckman—You heard her.

Witness—You translate it and I shall tell you whether I said it. What do you mean by astral body? What is it?

Beckman—Did you, or did you not tell this girl that you would project your astral body through space and intercept letters?

Witness—Tell me what that means. What do you mean by astral body?

The Court—Tell whether you did state that to Miss McCann.

Mr. Beckman—Did you or did you not say that to her?

Witness—No, sir.

ABOUT HYPNOTISM

"I carry a revolver. I have a license from the New York police. There are three reasons: First, my life has been threatened several times in New York and other places; the second is I travel with these delicate and valuable apparati and also carry sometimes the funds of my association, which do not belong to me. It is purely a question of self protection, as any man traveling from state to state would carry. For no other purposes—self protection. I am not a Hindu. I am Parsee Zoroastrian, a descendant of the ancient race that ruled in Persia thirteen hundred years ago. I am a white man. I never exercised any hypnotic powers or mesmeric powers over this girl. (Here the cross examination by Neuner started.) I resigned my Police Reserve Air service in 1919. At that time I used to carry my revolver officially as the Colonel and Commander; thereafter I got a license from the city of New York Commissioner of Police. I did not get a permit to carry a gun in the state of Oregon. Not on my body. It was in my baggage. I have nothing on my body now even. My intention was to bring Miss McCann back to let her see her relatives. I had written her relatives I was coming. There is the letter; please produce it. I wrote to Mrs. Hayes that I shall be there. When a man, a graduate of my Institute, who was a member of the Association, seated there, complained about bulbs and slides, I was compelled to speak about Mrs. Mary Hayes. Dr. Claud Sherman. I have no social relations with her relatives. Tom Shaughnessy was a very fine gentleman. I was very glad to meet the gentleman. The unusual thing was that the girls with this gentleman came and told her that her grandfather would be waiting in Portland, Oregon. Another unusual thing was that he spoke much about Mrs. Mary Hayes and his visit to her. He said that Mary Hayes was a cracked brain idiot. That is what the brother said. They had a fight there with her husband. All kinds of scientific matters were discussed about light and Spectro-Chrome Therapy and color. He is a fruit merchant in Pomona, California. I talked science to him and made him interested in my system. That is my business. I was not giving any courses then, either. The round trip itself shows the intention. She was to come back to Malaga with me.

Digitized by Google

Neuner—Answer my questions and we will get along.

Witness—Well, I am getting very well along with you, counselor; I think so.

I always use a drawing room. I travel that way many times before. The reason for using a drawing room was due to the fact that I had to carry those instruments. They cannot be checked. They are too fragile. They are just like soap bubbles. If one thing cracked then my whole course is gone. They have to be lifted like little babies, this way (illustrating), and pet them like a lamb. There are jewels in that machine just like a watch. That is absolutely the reason why I must have a drawing room all the time for traveling and doing all the stenographic work. We can't do that in the open sleeper. I have to do my business. I have an international organization.

ABOUT OPEN DOOR

Neuner—Why the necessity of leaving it open in the day time?

Witness—How can I travel with a girl in my compartment with the doors closed? I am a gentleman.

Neuner—Well, you travel with ladies, don't you?

Witness—Yes; that is all right; but there is too much of this law business. See what happened even with the doors open.

Neuner—Well, you had curtains strung across the berths, didn't you?

Witness—The same as in an outside sleeper, counselor; no difference. You could see over it.

She absolutely knew what she was going to get in Malaga, because it was explained by myself, my wife and daughter, and she worked here nearly two weeks prior to leaving her town.

Neuner—Why did you employ an inexperienced school girl?

Witness—Well the thing is that no matter how experienced a person may be they cannot do my work; it is a technical, specialistic scientific work, in which no matter if I took the highest experienced man or woman I have to train them in the peculiar details of the research work, secretarial work, and so on.

I did everything in my power to boost her and build her up. I didn't persuade her that she should go there or take it up. I encouraged her to good things. It was talked openly in my classroom, that I needed secretaries to do my work. I said, "I need helpers, my dear friends." Mr. Wright would have gone through the same grill as this girl. He could not do any better than that—could not. It is a technical specialistic work, counselor, in which the utmost experienced person, no matter how experienced in any other line, must be trained to our methods, our system, and so on.

ABOUT SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY

Neuner—Well, but you told the jury a while ago that this method was simple, and any person could operate it?

Beckman—He didn't say any such thing.

Witness—The science of Spectro-Chrome is simple, but to go in the business details of teaching, of secretarial work, of writing a magazine, counselor, that means a training.

Digitized by Google

Neuner—Do you mean to tell this jury that you wanted a secretary that taught your system that you had spent a lifetime in devising?

Witness—Positively. I could not consider any one under any other condition than as a permanent career, a business career. I could not afford to waste my time and money on somebody for experimental work simply.

The first secretary I had was a man in New York City. He stayed with me two and half years nearly, until I came to Pennsylvania. Then my wife came.

Neuner—And Miss McCann was your third secretary?

Witness—No, sir. I got another girl from Newfield, New Jersey, only one and a half miles from Malaga, on the same trip, and I put her out in Albuquerque in New Mexico because I found her writing love letters and trying to monkeyshine, and my family found out from her that she wanted to become a motion picture actress in Hollywood and simply used me as a doormat to take her to California.

Neuner—Then you had some experience before this time?

Witness—Oh, yes. I have gone through many particular experiences of that character, people cheating me and bamboozling me.

Neuner—A man of your experience and ability can take some person unknown to you and pick them up and take them into your confidence and try to make a secretary out of them?

Witness—Because I can't get angels to work for me, counselor. I am human; I must employ human beings as they are found in the world—must.

Neuner—Well, isn't it the policy or the general custom among physicians to take part of the discharge and examine it to determine what ailment a person has?

Witness—I don't practise medicine. I have different methods. Spectro-Chrome Therapy has no medical measures.

Neuner—But you told the jury a while ago you have practised medicine in India?

Witness—In India, yes; but I don't have any practice of medicine and surgery in this country.

Neuner—Now how could you tell from the method that you employed upon this young lady what her ailments were?

Witness—The odor.

Neuner—You don't mean to tell this jury she had been with you all this time and had not kept herself clean?

Witness—Well, there are certain things I would not like to discuss, unless Miss McCann would release me.

Neuner—Answer my question.

Witness—It is a professional privilege; I claim privilege. If Miss McCann will come here and release me from the privilege I shall tell the whole story.

Neuner—I want you to answer that question to the jury.

Witness—I told you it is a professional privilege. Let her come forward and release me.

Neuner—She has testified on the stand and that is equivalent to a release.

Witness—No, sir. I have kept certain things away because I do not like to disgrace her; I do not want to disgrace her; I do not want to disgrace anyone whatsoever.

Stearns—If your Honor please, as to the matter of release—

Digitized by Google

The Court—What is it?

Stearns—I say, if it is a matter of release of personal privilege the witness can consider himself released.

Beckman—Go ahead and tell it, Colonel. Go ahead and tell it.

Witness—Am I released?

Beckman—Yes.

ABOUT THE LAUNDRY

Witness—When the laundry they found tainted with yellow spots I could never conceive how a virgin could have yellow discharge, because if it were simply leucorrhea or a white discharge, the stain would not remain on the laundry. I said nothing to anybody, because it is a professional matter, and I told her quietly, "There is something wrong, and if you want me to remedy it I shall be very glad to do it, if you request me to do so;" at her own request I examined her. But I had no conception that there would be anything wrong inside, because, as I told you, I always understood in my own mind that she was an absolutely pure, chaste, clean virgin.

Neuner—Do you mean to infer by your testimony, or testify that this girl was not a virgin at the time you examined her?

Witness—I did not say it, sir.

Neuner—Well, I want to know.

Witness—I say to this day that she is a pure, clean girl. She is a good girl.

Witness—Yes. Now then, you didn't treat her any more after that time?

Witness—No, sir. I simply advised her what to do and then stopped. That was all.

ABOUT WILDWOOD

Neuner—Then, as I understand your testimony, nothing of any consequence occurred until you went over to Wildwood.

Witness—And even then nothing occurred between me and her. "I didn't do anything on the living quarter business. That is up to the women to do. I have miseries of my own in my laboratory work. I can't pay any attention to that. I don't know who made the beds—didn't care to know—not my business. I told the girls, I said, "Now, where am I going to be?" Well, they said, "This is your room," "This is my room," "This is my room," and that is all. I had absolutely no personal knowledge of the correspondence of Harry and Geraldine. I wanted to give fair treatment before accusing any man. I am a just and fair man. I excluded him because I could not talk to his wife and enrage the wife against the husband. Then after having known what it was I brought him and put the whole thing before him; the whole business. Yes; she said those were her letters. She said she didn't know how they were written. She wrote them, she said. Harry admitted it. He said, "I am done for." Those are the very words, "Colonel, I am done for." I fired him. That man wrote me a long letter the next day, charging the girls with all kinds of things, but I shall not encumber the records with all those letters. If you demand, all the letters are there about that matter. Of everything that comes into Institute, nothing gets out of my custody. It

Digitized by Google

stays there. It is a business company. There is no privacy in my place. It is a strict rule of the Institute in the agreement, or a man cannot work for me, because it is a confidential duty for the service of humanity; the secrets of my students are in my breast. I must protect them."

FEES AND DIPLOMAS

Neuner—Well, those students pay you for that, don't they?

Witness—No, sir, not a cent.

Neuner—Don't they pay you for taking these courses?

Witness—Oh, they pay me one hundred dollars, and it costs me one hundred and twenty-five to give the course; yes, sir.

Neuner—They pay you one hundred dollars a head?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Neuner—For this two weeks' instruction?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Neuner—And they get a diploma?

Witness—Yes.

Neuner—Go out and alleviate the suffering humanity?

Witness—And do the best to alleviate the suffering of suffering humanity.

Neuner—Now that is what you mean by service to humanity, isn't it?

Witness—Certainly. What could be better?

Neuner—Now then, you received all of Miss McCann's letters?

Witness—The Institute mail brought Miss McCann's letters. She brought it several times, my daughter brought it several times, I brought it.

Neuner—You received Miss McCann's letters?

Witness—No, sir. Everybody receives them as they are, and they open the letters; but I read everything that comes in and goes out—had to.

THE LIES OF GERALDINE

Neuner—You heard Miss McCann state most positively that you read all the answers?

Witness—Every one of them.

Neuner—You dictated them?

Witness—I did not dictate them, sir.

Neuner—You heard Miss McCann's testimony on the stand?

Witness—That is not true, sir.

Neuner—You mean to say that that girl lied on the stand?

Witness—I do not say anything about it. It is for the honorable jury to determine whether she lied or not.

Neuner—You heard her testimony?

Witness—I am here to give you facts. It is for the honorable jury to determine. I dare not.

Neuner—You heard her testimony?

Witness—I am not here to opinionate. Why do you ask me, sir? That is for the honorable jury to determine who is the liar.

Neuner—Well, you heard Miss McCann's testimony?

Witness—I did hear every word. I recorded it.

Neuner—Yes; and you heard what she said about that?

Witness—Yes, sir, I did.

Digitized by Google

Neuner—And you heard what she said about you dictating the answers?

Witness—Certainly. She charged me with dictation, but I didn't.

SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE

Neuner—Now these letters became the property of yourself?

Witness—No, sir.

Neuner—Of what?

Witness—I have no property. It is the Institute.

Neuner—Well, who is the Institute?

Witness—The Institute is a New Jersey corporation, and also in Oregon, Washington, and it is registered in sixteen states as a business corporation.

Neuner—And you are the president?

Witness—I am the president, yes.

Neuner—General manager?

Witness—I am the general manager.

Neuner—The scientific research man?

Witness—Certainly; the whole shooting match.

Neuner—Yes; the general manager and general utility man?

Witness—No. The general utility man was Harry Saunders. I am a servant of the public.

Neuner—I am using that term because I can understand that better.

Witness—No. Any general handy man is a dishwasher. I am not. I serve you and the public. "Harry entreated me several times to re-employ him. I could not take that man, and would not take him—too disgraceful a man. He was a snake. I did not take him back. I told him, "Harry, after what has happened I can forgive you as a graduate of my Institute and as a brother of humanity," but I cannot take the man back. I met him. I meet anybody, because I have no animosity against any human being. He told me in Detroit, Michigan, in August, 1924, of last year about Mary Hayes kissing him.

Neuner—You heard his testimony on the stand?

Witness—I heard his testimony very well.

Neuner—Well, that statement was made by him during the time that this correspondence between you and Saunders was carried on?

Witness—Which correspondence? I had several letters.

Neuner—Well, the letter that I have.

Witness—This is the last one and prior to the last one that he wrote, maybe, I think. Why not make me produce the whole record, if you want it? That will show the two sides. You can't control this thing single handed, counselor. That is not fair.

GERALDINE AS CO:RESPONDENT

The Court—Just answer the questions. Don't try to argue the question with counsel.

Witness—There was threatened a divorce suit, but owing to my good offices with the woman it didn't come up.

Neuner—And you in her presence threatened Miss McCann as a co-respondent in that case?

Digitized by Google

Witness—I did not. She charged her, and had it not been for me she would have been in the divorce court with a negress, as a co-respondent. Now please note that, counselor.

Neuner—I have got it.

Witness—Yes, sir. Record it.

Neuner—And that was the time that Miss McCann wrote, pursuant to your request, the confession so-called here in this trial, and which was introduced in evidence?

Witness—I did not request her to write anything. She said that she would not go. I said, "Why did you do this?" She said, "Please keep me; I will be a faithful worker of the Institute hereafter. Please forgive me." I said, "Why did you do this thing to disgrace us all?" I said, "All right; go and give me an explanation of what has occurred and let me consider it." That was all.

Neuner—Hadn't she given you an oral explanation in the presence of Saunders?

Witness—She said, "I don't know; I don't know; I don't know." She shrugged her shoulders. She was speechless.

HARRY'S RELATIONS

Neuner—Now just answer this question, please: Didn't she deny any improper relations with Harry Saunders, and didn't Harry Saunders deny any relations with her?

Witness—I never asked Saunders anything that way. I simply said, "Had you anything to do with this McCann girl?" And he denied it. I did not ask her, because I was sure in my heart that she was a virtuous girl. I had no suspicion of her chasity at all.

Neuner—You were sure of that?

Witness—Positively.

Neuner—You knew that she was?

Witness—How could I know? But I cannot, in due honesty as a gentleman charge somebody with dishonesty that way.

Neuner—You had examined her; you ought to know.

Witness—How could I know whether she was chaste or not by finger examination? No doctor can do that.

Neuner—And it was after that incident that she reduced the writing that is in evidence here and that is commonly called a confession?

Witness—I don't call it a confession. It is simply a statement of facts, as she gave it to me to read; that is all. "A business man in this country must keep his things clear and business documents. I can't destroy corporate records. It is a corporate record. She was an assistant secretary of the Institute. I could not destroy it as president, dare not. It is against the law.

Neuner—You haven't any stockholders?

Witness—Yes, sir. I have five hundred dollars of preferred stock outstanding. There are stockholders.

ZOROASTRIANISM & SPECTRO-CHROME

Neuner—Now has Spectro-Chrome anything to do with the Zoroastrian faith?

Witness—None whatever. It is purely an American science.

Neuner—It has no connection with that?

Digitized by Google

Witness—Absolutely not.

Neuner—In other words, it is not predicated upon the Zoroastrian faith?

Witness—No, sir. Faith has nothing to do with this system. It is purely a scientific equipment—method.

Neuner—And did I understaned you correctly when you stated in direct examination that you could diagnose a disease through this method?

Witness—Spectro-Chrome Therapy has no diagnosis.

Neuner—It has no diagnosis?

Witness—No, sir, not as it is enlisted in the medical profession.

Neuner—What do you mean by that, please?

Witness—Well, it would take me thirty lectures of two hours each to explain the whole thing. I shall have to analyze spectro-chrome therapy then, which you promised not to do. I have refrained from alluding to these things.

Neuner—Well then, how do you diagnose?

Witness—I don't diagnose. I have some other methods of doing these things. For that you will have to study spectro-chrome therapy, counselor. It is too long.

Neuner—Do you know what you are treating when you are treating?

Witness—Yes. There are certain other methods.

Neuner—How do you find that out?

Witness—Oh, you have to take a course of lectures, thirty lectures, counselor. It is a long course.

Neuner—That is this two weeks' course?

Witness—That is the two weeks' course, yes sir; that is the whole thing.

Neuner—The same treatment for all ailments; is that correct?

Witness—The same treatment for all ailments? How could that be? There are different things to be used for different purposes.

Neuner—Do you ever make a physical examination of a person?

Witness—Not in spectro-chrome therapy.

Neuner—Well then, you can tell what ails a person without making a physical examination?

Witness—Well, I am not posing here as a medical or a surgical man. I am just giving evidence as a witness. We can not go into those diagnostic processes and all that.

Neuner—Can you answer that question or not?

Witness—Please put the question in a different manner. I shall answer it.

(Question read as follows: "Well, then, you can tell what ails a person without making a physical examination?")

Witness—Well, we have our own methods.

Neuner—What are those methods?

Witness—Before I told you a whole course of teaching is necessary.

Beckman—Explain it to him if he wants to know.

Witness—How can I explain, counselor? It will need to give a whole course.

Beckman—Do the best you can.

Witness—I am perfectly willing to answer him. I can answer him this way: We have entirely an original series of methods for finding out certain disorders of humanity. When they are found by our methods, not medical

Digitized by Google

methods, please, counselor—our methods and our system is complete—then spectro-chrome therapy can remove that disorder. Our method is entirely my own original research.

Neuner—Is that based upon a physical examination of a subject?

Witness—We don't touch the human body for spectro-chrome therapy. This was an entirely different case in which I had to see what she had to determine that laundry soiling business. That has nothing absolutely to do with Spectro-Chrome Therapy.

Neuner—But you recommended that treatment for it, did you not?

Witness—Well, because I never prescribe any drugs, or medicine or any surgery, or anything like that. Please remember, counselor, I put on the record that I do not practise medicine or surgery in this country—never did it.

Neuner—Then when you told Miss McCann that you wanted to bring her mother back to Philadelphia and try to get her in some of the hospitals there under a competent surgeon, what did you mean by that?

Witness—Well, I have very progressive surgeons and physicians who are practising spectro-chrome therapy. Now for a case of insanity, counselor, it has entirely a different phase from ordinary ailments of humanity. Insanity may be produced by a large number of different troubles collecting together, and a case like that needs the specially trained person, and therefore I told her that if her mother could be brought to Philadelphia I would be glad to send her to some one of my friends who practised spectro-chrome therapy. Please understand that my Institute, or myself, under no circumstances or conditions practise or treat anything, even Spectro-Chrome treatment. We don't give it.

Neuner—Well, you do believe in the knife, then, in the hand of the surgeon?

Witness—No. That is why the origination of Spectro-Chrome Therapy to remove the knife butchering proposition from the world. "She would go into very fretful moods, weeps, and all sorts of things would take place like that. She disturbed our business. I did not know that she would be going in such stupid moods as that, or I would not have hired her, positively not. It was a business proposition with me.

Neuner—Now some reference was made by you with reference to the Zoroastrian faith and the induction therein. Are you an ordained minister in that?

Witness—No, sir, I am not. I am not an ordained Zoroastrian, because Zoroastrianism has no ordaining and ministers like bishops. Our methods are entirely different.

Neuner—Any member can induct another one into the faith?

Witness—No. We have no proselytism, sir, I told you.

Neuner—Your wife was inducted?

Witness—Because she joined her blood with my own; therefore in order to produce a baby Zoroastrian I was compelled to induct her, because I would not marry a woman of a different faith. It would make the children unhappy, two different faiths in a family.

Neuner—If I understood you correctly, she was not inducted until after the child was born?

Witness—No, sir. She was inducted, I think, in July of 1923, the 15th of July, at her own request.

Neuner—And the method of induction was, as described here on the

Digitized by Google

stand by Mrs. Dinshah?

Witness—She does not—who, Mrs. Dinshah? If Mrs. Dinshah described it it must be right.

Neuner—Well, you heard her testimony.

Witness—I must look into that testimony for that induction. She spoke so lowly and there was so much noise from this counselor's table I could not hear all.

Neuner—Tell the jury again so there will be no question about the method.

Witness—Read it, please.

Neuner—Just give us the induction into the Zoroastrian faith, how it is accomplished.

Witness—Induction in the Zoroastrian faith; first of all the person has to give consent; then we put them before the Sun, or a candle, or a fire burning, and say blessings or prayers similar to the Roman Catholics or any other religion, just like the confirmation ceremony is conducted among the Christian people, sir. Then after that we take rice, pomegranate seeds, and with words of blessing throw that on the head, just similar to what they do here among Christian people at marriage ceremonies. They throw—but we don't throw shoes, though; we throw rice and pomegranate seeds as blessing. We don't throw shoes and other things. Then when that blessing is given, which takes about an hour and a half, as a mark of purity, truthfulness, chastity, the person who performs the ceremony stands up, has the candidate stand up before him and invests that person with that sudra, or the garment that is in evidence. When that is done the sacred seventy-two thread cord is turned three times around in manner of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, similar to what Christians have. Then they join in prayers reciprocally, and it takes about two or three hours to complete a ceremony.

Neuner—Well, there is some sort of a baptism, isn't there?

Witness—No, no; the baptism is a different process. Baptism is given to the children. This confirmation ceremony is similar to the confirmation of elderly people, older people. This ceremony cannot be conducted upon newborn babies like baptism, sir.

Neuner—Now then, they are entitled to the shirt, as I understand it?

Witness—It is not a question of entitlement. Supposing you wore it today, I could not debar you, sir. There is no law against it.

Neuner—I would have to get it from you, wouldn't I?

Witness—No, sir; if you wore it what could I do? I can't prevent you, because there is no law in the State of Oregon to prevent you making a sudra.

Neuner—Who makes this shirt?

Witness—We make them. We get them made by tailors.

Neuner—Are they blessed?

Witness—Beg your pardon?

Neuner—Are they blessed before they are worn?

Witness—No, sir; there is no such ceremony. We simply wash them, launder them, and then they are worn. There is no blessing.

Neuner—Then there is no significance to anyone wearing one of these shirts?

Witness—Nothing at all, except a white shirt. But to me it is signifi-

Digitized by Google

cant or should not be worn. Supposing you wore a Masonic ring, what could I do?

Neuner—Now then, you made some allusion to the Department of Justice operatives. Have any of these operatives who called upon you back there used any improper methods?

Witness—I referred only to one agent from the Department of Justice, sir; not operatives. Singular number, operative. Only one agent came to call on me, outside of the worthy Mrs. Houston.

Neuner—And that was Mr. Clark?

Witness—Mr. Rollin D. Clark; yes, sir.

Neuner—Well, those are the only two that called upon you?

Witness—Those are the only two that called on me there, yes, sir.

Neuner—Now, Colonel, you have made some allusion here to requiring females to go into retirement during a certain period of the month, how did you regulate that?

Witness—That is regulated by the house women. I don't regulate any such things.

Neuner—Well, you know when they are?

Witness—When they are?

Neuner—When that period comes?

Witness—Yes, sir, when they are in that condition they are not supposed to come in my office but stay away; then that is my signal to understand it.

Neuner—Do you keep a calendar upon that question?

Witness—I don't keep that. That is kept by each person themselves separately.

Neuner—That is discussed among you people?

Witness—Well, sometimes we do discuss those things because of the absence of the girl. But there is no significance to it to us, because to us it is a matter of everyday occurrence, just a normal function.

Neuner—And, as I understand you to say, during that period you consider a woman unclean?

Witness—I don't say that the woman is unclean, sir; I say this—may I explain, please? Will you let me explain? It is that under that condition, blood flowing through the womb of the woman makes her weak; she gets backaches, cramps and all those things; and if she would do any work she would be subjected to strain; and, therefore, for the purpose of health in our religion, just as in the Bible in Leviticus 15, it is recommended that the woman shall be given rest. It is a pure scientific reason.

Neuner—Now then, Miss McCann was never sick, what you would call sick, to your knowledge?

Witness—If by sick you mean laid up, she never was.

Neuner—You heard her testimony on that point?

Witness—I did hear many testimonies like that.

Neuner—How many times besides the time that you met her in the operating room did she visit you there?

Witness—What do you mean by the operating room?

Neuner—Well, the room that is occupied by you in your laboratory.

Witness—That is my bedroom; not an operating room, sir.

Neuner—What is that? (Indicating in photograph.)

Witness—That table is a clinical table. It has been there for many

Digitized by Google

years.

Neuner—What do you use that for?

Witness—I don't use it for anything.

Neuner—Why do you have it there? Witness—Just as I have my surgical instruments. I have to teach Spectro-Chrome Therapy, and I have to do research work.

Neuner—As I understand—I guess I am ignorant on this subject; I guess I am—

Witness—I shall be glad to enlighten you, sir.

Neuner—Do you need a clinical table and surgical instruments?

Witness—I do not need them. Those things have come from my New York office.

Neuner—They are just around in case they are required in an emergency?

Witness—No, sir. I don't use any medical or surgical methods since I left India.

Neuner—But that table is there?

Witness—And so are the surgical instruments. I have everything. A research laboratory must be completely fitted.

Neuner—Did you bring that clinical table from India?

Witness—No, sir; from New York City.

Neuner—Your surgical instruments, where did you get those?

Witness—Oh, I had a little from India I brought, and I bought up more from bankrupt doctors.

Neuner—Why?

Witness—Because I needed something in my laboratory to show what kind of surgical instruments these doctors are crazily using to ruin humanity.

Neuner—Oh, I see; that is it?

Witness—I call it the grave of surgery. Every one of my students knows about it. It is right in front of the entrance.

Neuner—Do you carry those with you and exhibit them?

Witness—No, sir; too big an affair to carry. It is a big case about that size (indicating).

Neuner—You don't hold classes at Malaga, if I understood you?

Witness—I do. Since I was arrested I stopped traveling. All my classes are now held in Malaga, sir.

Neuner—Did you before that time?

Witness—No, sir. Before that I used to travel, but since you gentlemen arrested me I thought it wiser to stay at home.

Neuner—Now these delicate instruments that you carry with you, you take them from one place to another?

Witness—From one state to another for teaching purposes.

Neuner—And back East you travel by automobile?

Witness—No, not beyond the Rocky Mountains. Up to the Rocky Mountains I come teaching all the time, and every time by automobiles. I have a truck and an Oakland sedan.

Neuner—And you mentioned this morning about your truck going to Detroit, I believe; is that right?

Witness—My chauffeur drives it. I can't drive two.

Neuner—What is this truck loaded with?

Witness—All equipments.

Neuner—The instruments?

Digitized by Google

Witness—A tremendous volume of instruments is needed to teach Spectro-Chrome. If you look in that laboratory room you will see it; it is all there in the pictures.

Neuner—You have no quarrel with medical profession, have you?

Witness—The biggest one in the world. They are out for my scalp. Not for the medical profession. I have medical doctors taking my work, who are progressive; but the American Medical Association, called the Medical Trust, is out to put me out of business.

Neuner—Why?

Witness—Because they see the doom of their profession through my research, because spectro-chrome therapy is a system in the world that abolishes—absolutely abolishes—all manipulation and destructive surgery.

Neuner—What do you mean by destructive surgery?

Witness—Surgery is of two kinds. Destructive surgery means, supposing a woman is sick; they say, "Well, your womb is rotten, take it out." And the constructive surgery means, if a part is disordered treat it and set it right. Just like an automobile: When an automobile spark plug misses the mechanic does not take the spark plug out but he fixes it. But the doctor takes out the womb and dissects the woman. I am against that.

Neuner—You remedy that spark plug by Spectro-Chrome?

Witness—Yes, sir, positively; we can do it most wonderfully well.

Neuner—As I understand it, then, you have no use for surgery?

Witness—Not for destructive surgery. If my foot would break I have to go to a physician to set it.

Neuner—How about appendicitis?

Witness—I can remedy that satisfactorily with Spectro-Chrome.

Neuner—Cancer?

Witness—Positively, cancer, tuberculosis, syphilis—anything; Spectro-Chrome therapy has been proved in five years to improve every one of those disorders.

Neuner—Leprosy?

Witness—I haven't had a leprosy case, but I do not think we cannot remedy it. We can. Every disorder we can improve by Spectro-Chrome Therapy, but I have had no case of leprosy.

Neuner—You don't treat individual cases; you merely take classes, giving them an opportunity to go out and practice?

Witness—Right.

Neuner—You accept no appointment by afflicted persons?

Witness—Except through my own graduates. You cannot consult me, nobody can consult me, unless you are a member of the American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists. I am unapproachable by the public entirely. Nobody could consult me and get my advice under any condition or circumstance.

Neuner—In other words, they have to pay one hundred dollars first and get the course and get a diploma?

Witness—Aren't you paid for it, counselor, the same way I am?

Neuner—I am asking you. Answer the question.

Witness—I am not on trial for Spectro-Chrome Therapy, sir. I am on trial for White Slavery. Stick to your point; then why discuss all this?

The Court—Answer his questions.

Witness—Honorable Judge, please, they promised they would not go into Spectro-Chrome.

Digitized by Google

The Court—If you will listen to the question I think you can answer it.
Witness—I will obey your order, sir. Thank you, sir.
Neuner—But you do consult with your students?
Witness—Yes, sir.
Neuner—Now I will ask you whether you remember the incident that Mrs. Darce testified to upon the stand?
Witness—What is the incident you refer to?
Neuner—To meeting her over at the Hotel Portland.
Witness—I gave that in my direct testimony, sir; yes, sir.
Neuner—You remember that time?
Witness—Yes, sir.
Neuner—And you only had the one interview with her?
Witness—I had several talks as my student there.

THE LIE OF HARRIET DARCE

Neuner—Yes, but I am asking you whether you remember the private interview with her?
Witness—Only one.
Neuner—Well now, at that time and place, you and she being there together, I will ask you whether or not it is not a fact at that time and and place you, referring to her husband, told her in words and substance, the following: That she, meaning Mrs. Darce, should assist her husband in getting other women, especially young women?
Witness—(In disgust.) Ah!
Neuner—That this was what he needed?
Witness—Oh, that is absolutely absurd.
Neuner—Answer the question yes or no.
Witness—No, sir; no, sir; never. It is an unclean idea. I could never harbor such a thing in my clean mind.
Neuner—No; you never have those kind of thoughts in your mind?
Witness—No, sir.
Neuner—And you didn't have a thought of that kind in your mind when you examined Miss McCann?
Witness—None whatever.
Neuner—Take the witness.
Witness—That is a professional subject only. When a man like me treats a woman he treats her just like he would examine a door or a piece of wood. We don't get any unclean idea in the examination of women.

SUPERNATURAL POWERS

Neuner—Just a minute. I have another question. Now then, if I remember, in answer to counsel's question you stated that you never discussed the matter of possessing super powers and that you could travel around in your astral body?
Witness—Just a minute, counselor. What do you mean by super astral powers? Define the powers and I will admit whatever I know and refuse to admit whatever I don't know.
Neuner—Well, you are a psychologist, aren't you?
Witness—I am a psychologist.
Neuner—You are a hypnotist, aren't you?
Witness—I am a trained hypnotist.
Neuner—Yes; you are a mesmerist?
Witness—I am a mesmerist, well known.

Digitized by Google

ASTRAL PROJECTION

Neuner—And you can travel in your astral body?

Witness—What do you mean by traveling in the astral body?

Neuner—Well, answer the question yes or no.

Witness—How can I answer something you don't know what you are talking about? What do you mean by astral body?

Neuner—I will ask you this: Did you ever tell Miss McCann or Harry Saunders that you can travel around the world in your astral body?

Witness—But what is the meaning of astral body?

Neuner—Well, I want you to answer whether or not you made any of those statements to either Miss McCann or Harry Saunders?

Witness—Yes, I will answer, with an explanation, if you please.

Neuner—Well, then answer the question.

Witness—Because I cannot answer this yes or no.

Neuner—Just answer the question; then I will give you an opportunity to explain.

Witness—I shall explain to you, because it is a composite subject. You can't tie me down to yes or no on a very wide subject like this.

Beckman—Colonel, you don't understand. He wants to know if you told Miss McCann you did.

Witness—I did not tell Miss McCann that. I said in my direct testimony—

Beckman—Well, that is all there is to it.

Witness—You see they talk, counselor, about supernatural powers. There is nothing supernatural about it. Nature is God's manifestation.

Neuner—Did you ever tell her you could travel in your astral body?

Witness—Again the same answer.

Beckman—Answer.

The Court—Did you ever tell Miss McCann that?

Witness—No, sir. I have said several times I never said anything to her of that character, that I travel in my astral body.

Neuner—That is all.

Witness—Now may I give an explanation?

Beckman—No, that is all.

Neuner—Just a minute. Did you ever claim that in her presence, that you could travel in your astral body?

Witness—Any man when he goes to sleep is traveling in his astral body.

The Court—Did you ever claim that in the presence of Miss McCann?

Witness—That is a matter of wide public knowledge in the class.

The Court—Answer the question as to whether you said that or didn't.

Witness—I didn't say anything special to her, sir.

Neuner—That is all.

Redirect examination by Beckman:

Beckman—Anything you said about that, then, as I understand, was said in the classroom?

Witness—I have discussed these subjects in the open public for the past thirty-five years. Any person going in sleep is traveling in his astral body. That is the meaning of it; because the human body has different vehicles in which certain things can be done.

Beckman—Can you hypnotize anybody against their will?

Witness—Never. You cannot hypnotize anybody against their will.

Digitized by Google

Beckman—Or mesmerize them against their will?

Witness—No, sir, never against the will.

Beckman—Did you exert, or attempt to exert, any influence on Geraldine McCann of any kind, to control her actions?

Witness—No, sir, never. She was absolutely free, like any member of the family.

ABOUT UNNATURAL PRACTICES

Beckman—Now one thing I forgot to ask you about in my direct examination: Did you ever suggest to Miss McCann that she indulge with you, or anyone else, in any unnatural immoral practices?

Witness—Oh, no, sir; never.

Beckman—Or did you describe any unnatural practices to her in conversation?

Witness—Only one incident occurred of that kind at the dinner table, and if you will let me relate it you will immediately hinge it into that, counselor.

Beckman—All right.

Witness—Do you remember, and it is a very well known fact, about that Maharajah of Kashmir, that harassing incident of India coming up, Mr. A's incident and a divorce case in which there was a great big exposure of a blackmail, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars given by a Maharajah to a woman in London? That is last year's and this year's scandal continuing?

Beckman—Yes.

Witness—That Indian chief, that matter of blackmailing came up in the newspapers, and at our family conversation during the dinner this matter came up, and I told them that it is the most disgusting thing for any ruling Prince of India to do such, to offer himself and go with a white woman in, say, England or France and other places and debauch himself and bring ruin and disgrace to the reputation of India. Then I said, "I served those native Princes; I served, in fact, two Maharajas myself when I was nineteen to twenty-two years of age, in India." I said, "Some of those Maharajas, those scoundrels should be wiped out of the face of the Earth. They have all kinds of unnatural practices." And then I explained to them what it meant, those things I explained at the dinner table, from ordinary table conversation that may come up, from the newspapers.

Beckman—Did you ever tell her that you indulged in any practices of that kind?

Witness—Oh, horrible to think of, counselor, for a man of my type.

Beckman—Well, did you or did you not?

Witness—I, never, sir; never.

Beckman—I want to offer those letters that counsel brought out on cross examination. Is the Court going to take a few minutes' recess now? If you will I will get them.

The Court—Court will take a recess for a few minutes.

(Short recess.)

After recess, a long argument took place about Mrs. Priscilla Saunders' letter to Colonel Dinshah and the Judge ruled against the defendant. Beckman had an exception. (Exhibit 43.) (Printed on page 68)

The Court—Of course one letter Mr. Neuner called attention to.

Digitized by Google

Neuner—Yes; the Colonel explained it, however. I have no objection to introducing that letter.

The Court—I think probably that is competent.

Beckman—Now may I make a statement, your Honor? Counsel interrogated the defendant as to what letters he had got from Harry Saunders, how many times he wrote to him, and all of that, and what he said in them, and so forth, and I think it is competent for us to introduce in evidence just what those letters were.

The Court—As long as counsel for the government has not undertaken to contradict anything that the defendant has said, of course he is bound by the answers.

Neuner—Absolutely.

The Court—Of course it is not necessary to encumber the record with a lot of letters about immaterial matters.

Beckman—Very well. I don't desire to put any of them in unless I can put all of them in.

Beckman—Now this second agreement, Colonel, that Miss McCann signed, when was that signed and with relation to what?

Witness—That was signed, that second agreement was signed in my Central Office as of date that she entered here into our work. At the time that she entered into the regular bond, two thousand dollars, to the Institute as traveling secretary.

Beckman—She didn't get a bond until that time?

Witness—She could not get a bond, because I was traveling and she had not gone through the proper requirements of getting the bond.

The Court—That was signed after she arrived at Malaga, then?

Witness—Yes, sir. That second agreement was signed afterwards, but she knew the contents all along.

Recross examination by Neuner: "That bond was signed in the beginning of March, the same time the contract was signed. The second contract was antedated as of Portland, the time that she entered her service actually and received the payment from the Institute. To conform to the original contract. The original contract was only a traveling contract, because I don't carry every part of my Central Office with me. I had no contracts with me. Those are regular contracts. The first one was a provisional contract, which contained the main essential elements of the contract."

The Court—It speaks for itself. It is in evidence and everybody can read it.

Neuner—That is all.

(Witness excused.)

Beckman—We rest.

The Court—Any rebutting testimony?

Beckman—Your Honor, there is one more thing I have been trying to think of that I wanted to ask the defendant, and I believe I overlooked it. May I call him back?

The Court—Yes, you may.

Dinshah P. Ghadiali, the defendant, was thereupon recalled, and, having been previously affirmed, further testified as follows:

Beckman—Colonel, I want to ask you whether or not you were in-

Digitized by Google

formed, while you were in Detroit, in August, 1924, about Mrs. Hayes claiming that you were running a harem?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Beckman—That was through Mr. Wright?

Witness—Through Mr. Caven Wright. That is the letter there. It not only said that I was conducting a harem, but it said that these two girls were my slaves and were not my wife and daughter.

Beckman—That is all.

Neuner—Whom did you get that letter from?

Witness—From Mr. W. Caven E. Wright. There is the original letter on the counselor's left hand.

Beckman—Well, we won't bother with it. That is all.

(Witness excused.)

That farcical cross examination terminated. Was there in the indictment anything about Zoroastrian Religion, Spectro-Chrome Therapy, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Courses, Diplomas, Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Astral Projection and all what the U. S. District Attorney hurled at me? What was behind this legal game? Why did he try to bring out persistently every matter **outside** of the indictment? What pulled his wires to hound me in this manner? What made him waste the Court's time to my utter detriment? And above all, why did the learned judge allow such atrocity to go on unchecked? What Neuner said went; I had no square deal anywhere. My lawyers were angered at me because I insisted on arguing; I had no other recourse to prevent me from being gagged without explanations in that arena of legal bosh. Someone wanted **not me,** but my **work,** my **system,** my cherished **Spectro-Chrome;** I am satisfied I routed that crooked motive. Someone had used the Government powers as a cat's paw.

CHAPTER 116

Rebuttal Jokers

As soon as the defendant "rested," the Government introduced rebuttal evidence. I never saw such farce in my life. It was the most comical procedure I ever witnessed. People were brought there to prove—nothing! And how did they expect I could rebut anything, when my home, witnesses, documents and so forth, were 3500 miles away? Talk of justice and a trial; why, the medieval inquisition had more justice than what was handed me in the name of the United States law procedure!

Albert E. Tweeddall, auditor of the Multnomah Hotel, Portland, Oregon, was put on the stand to state whether Louise Palmer Weber had the reputation in the neighborhood where she resided, of being truthful or otherwise. He said he knew of her, but had never met her personally. Stearns tried to get him to say yes or no. The Court said, "That is all" and that was all.

Percy F. Smith, the manager of the Benson Hotel was then sworn in. He, too, was asked about Louise Palmer Weber, by Stearns. He said he had known the woman about two years and a half, having been the hotel manager eight years. He said he was not in a position to say yes or no about her reputation for veracity or otherwise! Stearns fretted, the judge explained, Beckman objected and the Honorable Court said, "Well, that is all"; that was all and Stearns blushed with emotion from chin to scalp.

Digitized by Google

He is a man whose emotions are clearly visible and his two witnesses to impeach Louise Palmer Weber having failed must have made him very uncomfortable. I would certainly dislike to be in his shoes at such juncture.

Again came that woman Harriet Darce. She repeated emphatically that I had told her, "That you should assist your husband in getting other women, specially young women, that that is what he needed." Beckman strongly objected to such testimony on rebuttal, but it went in; he had an exception. How that woman lied!

Then came again S. M. Gellert, that physician. He testified that the fetus may have a certain color, may be viable and so on. Stearns assumed pregnancy to have started on hypothetical cases and did not know what he talked about. The Court let the doctor answer. Beckman fumed, was given an exception. The Government now looked as if making out that a viable fetus was born, and all such matters not even in the girl's testimony. The witness in cross examination by Beckman stuck to his medical story and once again I wished I were the examining person—I would have sent Gellert out with a downcast head, with shame for his ugly nonsense.

Then came Geraldine McCann. Here is the complete verbatim rebuttal testimony of the witness and note please, the polished refined language of Stearns, the representative of the U. S. Government.

Direct examination by Joseph O. Stearns, Jr.:

Q. Miss McCann, it has been testified to here by witnesses that at the time that you entered the employ of Dinshah your body emanated a disagreeable odor; is that true or false?

A. No; that is false. I never had any disease.

Q. It has been further testified to here by witnesses that on the 10th of September, three days before going to Wildwood, New Jersey, that you were examined for a disorder by Dinshah in his laboratory; is that true or false?

A. No.

Q. Did you hear his testimony to the effect that he took you in there and inserted his finger in your private parts?

A. Yes.

Q. And that he smelled of the finger in order to determine what was wrong with you?

A. Yes.

Q. Did anything of that sort occur?

A. No.

Q. There has been further testimony here to the effect that three days after you went to Wildwood you stated to these women, Mrs. Dinshah and the daughter of Dinshah, that you had a disagreeable odor to your body, that you called that to their attention?

A. No.

Q. Was there any truth in that?

A. No.

Q. Do you remember any such occurrence?

A. No.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Stearns: That is all. Take the witness.

Cross examination by Beckman:

Q. When you did come there you were bothered with pimples, weren't you?

A. Just had a few; yes.

Q. And you were required to go to the toilet often at night?

A. That is, very frequently; that is a common disorder of women, I believe, from what I hear.

Q. That is what you had, though, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. You asked the Colonel to do something for you, didn't you?

A. No.

Q. To help you out?

A. No. Beckman—That is all.

Read my testimony about "digital examination"; read Stearns' language above. That lawyer needs a few lessons in proper diction. His filthy way of putting the story before the jury made a professional ordinary matter into a repulsive offense. Such are the men employed by America to persecute the innocent.

Mary S. Hayes in rebuttal said, "Geraldine lived five months with me before she went away with Dinshah. Under my roof constantly. I slept with the girl during that time. No disagreeable body odor emanated from her at any time before she went away."

What nonsense! Skunks living together smell nothing of disagreeable odors from each other. It is a known fact that tobacco smoke pothers not a smoker; however, it chokes a non-smoker. Men working in gutters can stand odors, others cannot. What my clean living family detected about that girl, without asking her, was absolutely true. Our organs of sense are differently trained to cognize the faintest odors, dimmest lights, minutest colors, slightest sounds; our visibility, audibility, palpability, and the like is utterly out of the ordinary. It is the result of years of arduous training and the average person—very much less a Portland jury—cannot comprehend its true range of potency. There are certain matters I am not permitted to write about openly and this "odor of Geraldine" is one among them. Make your own conclusions from the stated facts.

Edmund C. Hayes was next called. Stearns must have been traveling in his "astral body" when he started the direct examination of the witness:

Clerk—Your full name, please?

Witness—Edmund C. Hayes.

Stearns—Mr. Hayes, you are the wife of the lady who just left the stand?

The Court—Husband.

Stearns—The husband, I should say, of the lady who just left the stand?

Hayes further testified "yes. Uncle of Geraldine. She was five months in my home. I was home every night. Her body never gave out no odor in any shape or form."

Being asked about the money owing to Dinshah by his wife, Edmund Hayes as he was leaving the stand, tapped his pocket and said, "I have the money in my pocket right now, and I shall keep it."

Digitized by Google

Mary Hayes never accounted for it, her husband was carrying my money around in his pocket for some unknown purpose and even there did not deliver it. That pair must be a funny one!

There the Government Bone Crushing Factory for Helpless Defendants rested and we offered no rebuttal witnesses. All testimony ended and Beckman asked for a directed verdict.

CHAPTER 117

Defendant's Memorandum Brief

The following Memorandum Brief was submitted to Judge Robert S. Bean, for consideration of the case:

1. "(The Mann Act) is within the power of Congress to regulate Interstate Commerce and though apparently interfering with the police powers of the several states, is not unconstitutional." Hoke v. U. S. 227 U. S. 308. Athanasaw v. U. S. 227 U. S. 326. Bennett v. U. S. 194 U. S. 630.

2. "Congress had power to pass the White Slave Act though it be construed as extending to the transportation of a female from one State to another, solely for the purpose of unlawful sexual intercourse with the defendant." Johnson v. U. S. 215 Fed. Rep. 679.

3. "The immorality denounced by the Act is not limited to commercial vice and the Act applies to transportation for the purpose of making the girl the concubine or mistress of the defendant." Diggs v. U. S. 220 Fed. Rep. 545. Johnson v. U. S. 215 Fed. Rep. 679. Caminetti v. U. S. 242 U. S. 470.

4. "A violation of the Act requires the transportation in Interstate Commerce should be an immoral purpose and the mere commission of an immoral act by defendant while on an interstate journey with a woman for a lawful purpose does not, when the immorality was merely casual, constitute a violation of the White Slave Act." Biggerstaff v. U. S. 260 Fed. 926.

5. (Debauchery) Means that the woman is to be subjected repeatedly to unlawful sexual intercourse, fornication or adultery." Suslack v. U. S. 213 Fed. Rep. 913.

6. "Where the evidence in a prosecution under the Act is insufficient to show a violation of the Statute, a conviction cannot be sustained no matter what acts of impropriety the parties may have been guilty of; they being amenable for such acts to the local authorities." Williams v. U. S. 282 Fed. Rep. 481.

7. "Where the evidence shows that the girl went of her own volition and pays for her own ticket a conviction is not warranted even though immoral acts occur en route and after arrival at destination." Thorn v. U. S. 278 Fed. 932. England v. U. S. 272 Fed. 102. Welsch v. U. S. 220 Fed. Rep. 764.

8. "It goes without saying that this Statute should receive a construction which will make it efficient to accomplish its intended purpose but it should not be so enlarged or extended by judicial interpretation as to take in transportation which, however reprehensible, cannot be reasonably regarded as within its aim and intent." Wilson v. U. S. Supra.

Digitized by Google

9. "The Interstate transportation denounced by the Act must have for its object or be a means of accepting, or at least facilitating the sexual intercourse of the parties. But the mere fact that a journey from one State to another is followed by such intercourse when the journey was not for that purpose but wholly for other reasons to which intercourse was not related cannot be regarded as a violation of the Act." Fisher v. U. S. 266 Fed. Rep. 670.

10. "Where an interstate journey was taken definitely for another purpose and would have been taken in any event the fact that illicit intercourse took place in the course of the journey as an incidental occurrence did not bring the case within the meaning and intent of the Statute and would not sustain a verdict of guilty against the accused." Fisher v. U. S. Supra. VanPelt v. U. S. 240 Fed. Rep. 346. Sloan v. U. S. 287 Fed. Rep. 93. See Caminetti v. U. S. Supra.

11 "It is not the act of illicit relationship that is punishable for that is clearly within the police power of the state where the act has been committed; but it is the transportation of the woman in interstate commerce for debauchery or other immoral purposes that is condemned." Corbett v. U. S. 299 Fed. Rep. 27 (9th C. C. A.).

12. "To constitute an offense under the White Slave Act, the intention to transport the woman for immoral purposes must have been formed before she reached the state into which she was being transported." Crawford v. U. S. Supra, Sloan v. U. S. 287 Fed. Rep. 93.

CHAPTER 118

Analysis of Brief Contention

In short, what had to be looked for in the whole case was presented in the Brief. Its analysis, as applied to the case in question, would stand thus, referring paragraphically to the Brief:

1. No contention about Mann Act being constitutional.

2. White Slavery means the transportation of a female from one state to another, solely for unlawful sex intercourse. Here the word "solely" is emphasized.

3. Transportation for making a girl a concubine or mistress is denounced. Emphasis on "transportation."

4. No violation was committed, if even as the girl maintained, immoral acts did take place, on the journey, with those open doors.

5. Emphasis on "repeatedly" and "to be subjected."

6. There is absolutely nothing, even in the girl's perjured testimony, to show violation of the Mann Act.

7. Paying for the ticket not denied.

8. The intended purpose of the first trip was to finish my course and go from Portland to Malaga; the second trip was to demonstrate the Itisometer in Portland. These purposes are clear.

Digitized by Google

9. Malaga being my headquarters, I must return from Portland; there was better "facility" in Malaga if intentions were criminal; nothing happened even there the girl said; no more facilities could have been gotten in the journeys. The journey was not essential for the charged immoral acts.

10. Positively not. I would have gone on these journeys anyhow; the girl herself admitted that.

11. She was not **"transported"** for the debauchery, even if all she said had been true.

12. The girl's own testimony proves "nothing happened for nearly three months." How can the distant mindreading hang the defendant?

Even if the girl's story were 100 per cent truthful, the White Slave Act was **not violated.** Even then, the cognizance of alleged crimes should have been in New Jersey. The U. S. Government had no jurisdiction. It usurped the power of the sovereign state of New Jersey.

CHAPTER 119

Directed Verdict—Motion Denied

As Beckman asked for directed verdict, long argument started.

The Court—On what grounds?

Beckman—I would like to excuse the jury. I want to go into it.

The Court—No, it is not necessary to excuse the jury in this court to state the grounds of a motion for a direct verdict. It may be if necessary to argue it.

Beckman—I rather think it is.

The Court—Well, I want to know what the basis of it is.

Beckman—The basis of it is this: Now the last three counts are counts for the return of the girl, or the transportation of the girl from Malaga to Portland, Oregon. It appears from all the testimony of the girl, as well as of the Colonel and everybody else concerned, that the purpose of that trip was to engage in some lectures in several different places. Now there is some testimony that intercourse took place en route between Chicago and Los Angeles, and either between Los Angeles and San Francisco or San Francisco and Portland, I forget which, but it is perfectly evident that the purpose of the trip had no relation to any intercourse at all. It is admitted by the complaining witness that this trip was planned long before; that the Colonel did not intend to take her, or intended not to take her and she persuaded him to take her; and it is clearly evident that the reason for making the journey was to conduct these lectures in Los Angeles and San Francisco, in Portland and Seattle. The coming of the girl was incidental, and there was no purpose, so far as the defendant was concerned, to transport her for any immoral purpose, as charged in the indictment. Your Honor will recall a number of cases of a similar nature, for instance especially the Van Pelt case, which I suppose has been cited to your Honor?

The Court—Yes, many times.

Digitized by Google

Beckman—You get my point?

The Court—I get your point.

Beckman—Yes.

The Court—Is that the only one you have?

Beckman—Now that is on those three. And then the—

The Court—The first and second are based on transactions in June of 1924.

Beckman—Now the first, second and third counts are based upon the transportation of the girl from Portland to Malaga; the second count, to which I first address your Honor's attention, is to the effect that he bought her a ticket, or tickets, upon the lines of several railroads from Portland to Malaga, New Jersey. Now the evidence is clear that he bought her a ticket or tickets from Portland to Philadelphia; the transportation after that was by private carriage. Then as to the other two counts, as well as the one I have mentioned, I think there is not sufficient evidence to go to this jury to show that the transportation of the girl was for any immoral purpose. All the evidence is to the contrary. The girl herself says that the Colonel, after employing her and bringing her back there—that there wasn't anything that occurred at all for over two months after they arrived there; that immediately after he left, or after he got back there, shortly afterwards he went off on a trip to Detroit and never took the girl at all. So I think all the evidence there indicates there was not any intention at that time that there should be any immoral practices.

The Court—Well, Mr. Beckman, it seems to me that the question is for the jury and not the Court, as to what the purpose and intent of the defendant was. As far as purchasing the ticket to Philadelphia and the charge being to Malaga, the Court of Appeals of this District has held that a variance of that kind is not fatal; and what the defendant's purpose was is a question of fact, it seems to me, to be determined by the jury and not the Court. Of course the case depends upon his purpose in taking the girl.

Beckman—Very true, your Honor.

The Court—There is no question about that. And the return journey from Malaga to Portland depends upon his purpose.

Mr. Beckman—Yes.

The Court—But it was understood, according to his own testimony, the girl should make the journey with him around through all these towns and back to the other place; and whether he did it for immoral purposes or whether he was bringing her for legitimate purposes is a question I think for the jury.

Beckman—The indictment does not so state. It says from Malaga to Portland, Oregon.

The Court—I know, but the evidence does. I think that goes to his purpose. So I think the motion will be overruled.

Digitized by Google

Beckman—As to the first three counts?

The Court—As to all grounds of the motion.

Beckman was at this point granted an exception. The Court admonished the jurors and sent them home. They were not supposed to read the newspapers, not talk to anyone about the case and the like. I have no knowledge of what happened actually, but something did happen which I now record; I record it as it happened, without reflection, comment or imputation. There was something strange in that occurrence. I give the facts.

CHAPTER 120

Grafter Bowed Out

That night, at 11.30 P. M., a man's voice came on the telephone. "Dr. Ghadiali?" "Right here." "I want to see you for an important purpose." "What is it, please? Who is talking?" "Well, I want to see you." "For what? I don't see anybody at present." "It is about your case; for your own benefit." "You may see my lawyers." "No, I must see you; it is very important." "All right, you may see me here at 10 tomorrow morning."

At about 10, a young man came. I can identify him any time. He wore a khaki overcoat and had a peculiar scratch on his right cheek. He appeared to have been black-eyed in a recent fight. I offered him a seat; he wanted to see me alone. I introduced him to my wife and daughter and told him I would see no one alone. He gave his name as one Jack Moore, which I believed from his attitude as fictitious. His address he would not give saying he was just staying temporarily. He talked hesitatingly as if feeling for his ground. "I have a proposition. I come from the office of one of the deputy marshals and we have one of our men on the jury. Now if we can agree, you know, we can hold up the jury." I jumped from my chair, refused positively to listen further and said, "Excuse me, please, you are with the wrong man. As there is a God in heaven, if there is any justice in America, I shall get it. You may thank the gentleman who sent you here, but tell him that I implicitly rely on my innocence and the honor of the citizens on the jury. Not a word more, there is the door." "Well, I wish you all power and success" and he left.

I communicated this incident to my counselors and did not pay attention to it. I refused to buy what was my right—justice. I would get justice if innocence would get it. I felt sure of my vindication; Olson felt optimistic, Beckman was thoughtful.

CHAPTER 121

Stearns Threw Filthy Invectives

Stearns spoke for the Government in the closing. Here are some of his chosen remarks:—

"Exceedingly disagreeable case. I know truth and only the truth. Miss McCann was taken from Portland to Malaga for immoral purposes. Government convinced he induced her to leave her Aunt for this man to prostitute her. Verdict of guilty. Either this is a damnable frame-up for the witnesses of the Government or the most terrible case heard in this Court. Must be one or another. Not judge too harsh or hastily. In between

Digitized by Google

Miss McCann and Dinshah and the immediate members of his family, black perjury has been committed. I am not interested in the fireworship of defendent. White girl and white man case. Wise Man of East, peculiar type. I told you at the outset that this man by the use of his dominant willpower by the use of his religion, by supernatural powers and threats made her so she could not call her soul her own. She was a sweet schoolgirl. Hard-working girl. Miraculous things. Dinshah says he was looking for secretary. Someone in lifework. He says he first proposed to Wright, the man across the street. Next breath he was peculiarly struck with Geraldine."

At this point, Olson and Beckman expressed in open terms their displeasure about my noting down the speech and compelled me to lay down my pencil so I may look straight at the jury. I was fearful of being accused of "hypnotising" the jury in my favor and had all along purposely avoided gazing at anyone. That place had nothing where I could lay my eyes without being charged with "doing" something. I was not in an American Court (according to my advisors) but, among people who were afraid of "supernatural powers!" Ye shades of the fifteenth century philosophers, I must have resembled there the ancient magician! To prevent my esteemed counsels from being hurt in their estimation of the eventuality, I faced the jury, leaving the note-taking to Kashmira who made a good writer. Stearns progressed:—

"He induced Geraldine to leave. Told $100 a week. Wonderful offer. Don't care about his titles. He was hypnotist. Man's mind mastered the girl. Signed contract signed away her soul as this man intended. Dominate her entirely. Consigned girl to slavery. Horrible contract. Look at that sly creature smiling here. Do you recall Mrs. Darce about Zoroastrian mystic teaching that men should have young girls? This man—beastly thing—if we can call him man. Harry Saunders retracted statement conceived in defendant's beastly mind. Dinshah wreaks his lust. Young boys rajas used." Beckman here objected and Stearns went on with filthy talk:

"Wife and daughter deny hearing screams. This man mentally superior reinforced his supernatural powers by use of deadly weapon. Disagreeable odor. Inserted finger in organs and smelled finger. Jury knows that no man can diagnose like that. He was a Sadist. Notorious beast. After he had raped girl he raised linen. Red blood. Mark of degeneracy. Place a girl in bondage. Rob her of virtue. Girl goes back to World, finger of disgrace. Man was despot. She owed $1,000. Every document condemns him. Dug his grave. Girl enslaved to this man; she had lost the thing most precious to a girl. No one to turn to in her hour of shame. Girl might have become pregnant on September 13. Broken, beaten soul, whose every ounce of personality was absorbed. I think Mrs. Dinshah was unwilling. Poor little woman! He performed illegal operation. Thing would rise up and damn its father. This should put him in the penitentiary. Harry Saunders saw girl sick after abortion. Clandestine correspondence with negro to inflame your minds. Dear H— letter was written when she was miserable. Only creature she could trust was Harry. Girl was dreaming of home and people. Nothing vicious, nothing immoral. Dinshah told her if she did not obey him, he would disgrace her to loved ones. Beastly threats. Planted the seed of grudge. Harry was discharged under threat of death. We are not trying an ordinary man. He is a man from the Orient

Digitized by Google

with the ways of the Orient. Master of Malaga accuses girl of treacherous thing. Harry had smuggled letter against rules of despot who pulls out a gun. Why not discharge girl? Confession is language of a man schooled in Law. Took compartment in order to abuse her. Came to Portland. She did not know what she was doing. Will sapped, mind not her own. Had to be taken to Canada away from man. This lustful whoremaster practised his beastly arts. Mary Hayes never said about putting defendant behind bars. Outrageous, hellish. Girl was outraged and abused for lustful purposes. Instead of taking assistant from Institute of Technology, he takes simple school girl, beautiful of body, beautiful of face, beautiful of character. I have analyzed case fairly and impartially. Consider girl as your own daughter. Religion forced to adopt. Man's arts and wiles, his cunning."

With such flowery, ornamental and beautiful adjectives did Stearns bombard the defendant all through. I was pointed at by him frequently and it enraged him like a caged animal to meet my quiet, smiling gaze. Had I been looking elsewhere, he would just as readily have said, "Look at that slouching pariah. Cowed down with the shame of his horrible guilt!" He should thank his lucky stars that I was there as an accused and not as a legal opponent. I would have torn his veil of hypocrisy through the testimony of his black—perjured witnesses. And this man spoke for the august U. S. Government!

CHAPTER 122

Beckman Fulminated

For the defense, closing argument was made by John J. Beckman. He spoke against the manner of the prosecution and did his utmost to bring out the facts. Here are some of the remarks of the learned gentleman:—

"What is all this rot the Government is trying to impose upon jurors? Stearns' whole argument based on prejudice. Nothing new about good-looking girls sending men to penitentiary. Great case. A charge easily made. Heinousness of crime causes jury to forget. Serious thing, White Slavery. All kinds of prejudice thrown around to show he is guilty. Bolster up grotesque and weird story of girl. What are his reactions? Came 1911; is citizen. Is he a skulker? Served New York Police. No proof of anything but honorable man, upright citizen. Is there anything to indicate running after young girls? She persuaded him. Covert insinuations of District Attorney. Impossible statement of girl clipping. Sanitation. Trying to instil in your mind unnatural practices. Who brought dirty stuff? Prosecution. If true girl pure, if aunt same temperament, why all scum about unnatural practices? Going too strong. If Mrs. Hayes not perverted, why did she think of all such things? Anything in Colonel Dinshah's testimony about filth? Knew nothing wrong about girl. Colonel did not say girl not virgin; he did not besmirch girl. Not a rascal, not a wretch. Did not once try to evade facts. Wife and daughter told truth. Not thief, crook, degenerate. Girl's own testimony, Colonel told duty was arduous; no paint, powder, correspondence. Was like going into monastery. Man procurer, casting lecherous eyes upon girls, would paint alluring pictures. Never said $100; girl smart enough to lie. Contract unusual. Wright offered before girl. No evidence contract was made as trap for girl. Harry Saunders signed same. Colonel never claimed American Medical Association

Digitized by Google

behind case. He told in Class, then born in Mary Hayes' mind. Colonel Dinshah consistent. Encouraged girl to bank her earnings. Stearns said lady signed away soul; attempting put over revolutionary theory. Because of contract is he White Slaver? Man an ascetic, insatiable worker, mind filled up, 52 years of age. To hear girl would think he was in twenties. Malaga simple. Lustful man loves luxury, does not work hard. Researchers not find running after girls; no time; busy. 52. Drove 120 miles a day to Wildwood and back. Mind on pleasures of flesh? Story does not ring true. Beautiful lady! Joe swallowed all! No will power, but persuaded Colonel! Feel spell of Kashmira, feel spell of Irene not so much. Salem witchcraft. Colonel Dinshah hypnotist; mysterious spell woven. Next afternoon teaching drive! Silly rot imposed upon jury! How is he to be proven guilty outside of story of girl? Preposterous weird tales of conversations, prejudice, religion. Slender thread theory. Government searched byways. Mrs. Darce ridiculous. You don't think clever smart man like him would say like that to newspaper woman. Bosh! Foul minded gossiping woman. Lust impetuous, flames up in sudden fury. If man has evil purpose he is in hurry to execute if took girl for immoral purposes. Government did not bring Clark. Colonel treated her same as daughter. Girl in distress remembers all he said! Necessary to White Slave case. Mary Hayes said harem, wife and daughter slaves. 'Wife planned this' was just injected to make case. Mary Hayes knew rape would not make case but intent would. Plain as nose on the face. Modest beautiful girl unblushingly tells vivid disgusting details. Picture overdrawn. Purpose to inflame minds. Houston saw only 'hypnotism' books. Poppycock! Girl hides behind 'spell.' Two men, State Police; girl wouldn't tell them. Story tissue of falsehood. Abortion at least dangerous. Bloodpoisoning. Girl says instrument 8 or 9 inches long. Held behind back. Second time same instrument. Struggled. Performed with one hand. Bled heavily. Would not be on feet three weeks, yet was scrubbing, typewriting. Where she got idea of danger except from Mary Hayes? Letters to Harry indicate her trend of mind. She not dumb; not such sweet beautiful character. Negro indignant at Colonel. Government took statement from him. He says started letters in July. Shows character of girl. Girl rattle-brained youngster. Nigger offered jewels. If she were downtrodden, would she be scrapping and say I want to leave? Out of innocent conversation from newspaper clipping she warps. Bunk. She recited sordid story without emotion; all dressed up to impress jury. Good mentor in Mary Hayes. Dr. Loeding said impossible one instrument. Many causes rupture hymen. Man is a doctor; knows danger of conception. They pour more movie stuff. Snoop till 2 o'clock. Flapper type. Why spirit her to Vancouver, B. C.? Plenty of authorities in Oregon. Hayes not normal woman. Mother insane; criminal operation; mother's sister insane. Fevered brain concocted things in mind; hypnotism, perversion, operations; prejudice overwhelms man. Kashmira on stand unashamed, natural, spontaneous. Who would not be pale and worn when husband on trial? Colonel's relatives good and pure. Nothing against his character except girl's story and Mrs. Darce. Must show intent. Girl persuaded him."

Beckman's speech was forceful and at times he waxed eloquent. Some of the jurymen were reclining in their chairs, which clearly meant they had already determined that I was either innocent or guilty. Some yawned and put their hands behind their chairs. Some grinned. I sighed at what I was facing. I was being tried by my "peers!"

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 123

Neuner Talked More Malodor

The climax was up to George Neuner. The prosecution always has two throws of the dice to one of the defense. Therefore, as if vile abuse were not enough thrown at me by Stearns, his boss started to hurl some more. Neuner said, "I imagine how you feel. I have high regard for Beckman. It is like a story. If facts with you argue facts; if facts against you argue law; if both, give prosecutor hell, malign witnesses. Government seeks truth. Would have you believe Henry Ford and American Medical Association behind this. Impossible, grotesque. Who injected dirt, filth? Girl unfolded her shame and disgrace; did she falter? No. No motive in this case. Extraordinary case. Defendant had criminal intent. Began prepare defense for future use. He will fool soft-heads. I have nothing against religion. Nasty insinuations cast of smell and pimples. Hell is full of such humanitarians. Why examine girl? Smelt his own dirty carcass. Necessary to penetrate private parts? We let the telescope of truth shine. Those women are here to drag Geraldine into quagmire of disgrace. They ought to be home washing dishes. I am raising two girls. Defendant defiled body of girl. Insinuate someone else had been with girl. That girl has been robbed of her virtue. Who did it? If her story be true, Government has proved the case. Would he take unsophisticated girl? Kashmira and his wife could be secretary. Mary Hayes justified. He wanted Wright as Secretary. Did he offer him $15 a week? Did he want Wright as companion for his daughter? Mrs. Hayes is ideal. Mrs. Hayes is, I admit, highly nervous woman. How many wives to make a harem? More than one. Ahem! Ahem! Is there anything to appeal about this man? That daughter shrewd witness, miserable wretch. Abortions very frequently are made with any instrument. Told God's truth about fetus. Who is Spectro-Chrome Institute? Defendant; none else. Dinshah wizard. He possessed supernatural powers. Girl under constant fear of this man. What motive had girl? Girl corroborated by Kashmira, Mrs. Dinshah and Colonel, by Saunders and every witness. Delicate apparati; bunk! Only $3.40 for an outside berth. Every step he prepared for what might happen. We tried to let Sun shine on matter. Nothing to me or Stearns. We feel we have done our duty. Fair deal. I am faithful to duty. Still protecting womanhood."

Here Neuner closed his abuse, satisfied he did his "duty". I am glad the learned U. S. District Attorney feels that way. Who injected dirt and filth will be easily seen by reading the testimonies. Certainly, the Government must want facts. Those facts were placed in George Neuner's hands on March 24, 1926, by John J. Beckman with 49 affidavits of reputed citizens. Refer to page 602 of Part 6, **Exposure of the Perjury.** How did you fulfill your duty in this case? George Neuner, answer me and answer your superior officers and the American citizenry that foots the checks of your salary. Did you make investigations about these statements sworn by independent people having first hand information? Did you or your assistant, Joseph O. Stearns, Jr., who dragged me into total disgrace, make the inquiries you were in duty bound to make? Are you true to your duty? Are you true to your oath? Did you use your telescope of truth against Geraldine? Or are the lenses covered with dirt and moisture? If "hell is full of such humanitarians," it is because officers like you sent them there through

Digitized by Google

the foul perjury of hellish witnesses. Wake up, George Neuner, clean your lenses, focus your telescope of truth and let the Sun shine. I admire you for saying so; now do it and give me justice. My "dirty carcass" is odorless because of a clean mind shining within it; the foul odor of your talk and that of your assistant's will emit a permanent stench to the readers of this impartial publication. That girl and her mentor, the arch plotter neurotic Mary Hayes, made boobs out of you and if not for my sake, for the brilliant name of this United States Government, start looking into these 49 affidavits, before some higher authorities look into your bulldozing methods in **Railroading a Citizen.**

Your own words show your ignorance of ordinary matters. $3.40 might be the Pullman rate for a short distance berth, but one must have another railway fare ticket to secure it. You blinded the jury, but, you could never blind the Almighty Father Whose Sunshine yet beams on the innocent.

I challenge you to do your duty. Investigate and don't protect the woman.

CHAPTER 124

Instructions Requested by Defendant

The case having terminated, the defendant requested certain instructions to be given to the jury by the Court. They were as follows:—

I.

"You are instructed that the testimony of an accomplice in a crime —that is, a person who actually participates in the crime—is admissible in evidence. Yet the evidence of an accomplice when not corroborated by some person not implicated in the offense as to matters material to the issue—that is, matters connecting the defendant with the crime charged against him—ought to be received with great caution by you before you convict the defendant on such testimony.

II.

The Court instructs that the witness Geraldine McCann is what is known in law as an accomplice and that while it is a rule of law that a person accused of crime may be convicted upon the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice, still a Jury should always act upon such testimony with great care and caution and subject it to careful examination in the light of all the other evidence in the case; and the Jury ought not to convict upon such testimony alone unless after a careful examination of such testimony they are satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt of its truth and that they can safely rely upon it.

III.

You are instructed that to constitute an offense under what is known as the White Slave Act, the Act under which this prosecution is brought, the intention to transport the woman for immoral purposes must be shown by the evidence beyond a reasonable doubt to have been formed before she reached the state where the immoral act or acts claimed took place.

IV.

You are further instructed that it is not the act of illicit relationship that is punishable for that is a matter within the police power and punishable by laws of state where the immoral act was committed; but it is the

Digitized by Google

transportation of the woman in interstate commerce for debauchery or other immoral purposes that is condemned and in order to convict the defendant you must find from the evidence beyond a reasonable doubt not merely that illicit sexual intercourse took place between the defendant and the woman Geraldine McCann but that he transported her from one state to another for that purpose.

V.

You are further instructed that if the journey by the defendent and the woman Geraldine McCann from Portland, Oregon to Malaga, New Jersey was contemplated and taken for a lawful purpose and would have been taken by them in any event the fact that illicit intercourse took place in the course of the journey or after arrival at their destination as an incidental occurrence would not bring the offense within the meaning and intent of the Statute and would not warrant you in returning a verdict of guilty against the defendant.

VI.

You are further instructed that the interstate transportation denounced by the White Slave Traffic Act must have for its object or be a means of effecting or at least facilitating the sexual intercourse of the parties. The mere fact that a journey from one state to another is followed by such intercourse when the journey was not undertaken for that purpose, but wholly for other reasons to which intercourse is not related is not sufficient to justify a conviction for a violation of the Act.

VII.

You are further instructed that to constitute a violation of the White Slave Act the transportation in interstate commerce must be for an immoral purpose, that is, the defendant must have had the immoral purpose in mind at the time or before the journey was taken and the mere commission of an immoral act by the defendant while on an interstate journey with a woman for a lawful purpose will not, when the immorality was merely casual, constitute a violation of the Statute.

VIII.

You are instructed further that the word 'debauchery' as used in the White Slave Traffic Act and in the Indictment herein means that the woman is transported in interstate commerce to be subjected repeatedly to unlawful sexual intercourse, fornication or adultery."

Soon after this, the Honorable Judge Robert S. Bean gave his Charge to the Jury.

CHAPTER 125

Charge of the Court

CHARGE OF THE COURT.

THE COURT: Gentlemen of the Jury, you have sat here patiently for ten days or more listening to testimony in this case and the argument of counsel. I now ask your particular attention for a few moments until I can explain to you the law under which

Digitized by Google

this prosecution is had, the charges in the indictment and the issues that you are to determine.

The indictment charges the defendant with a violation, or an alleged violation, of what is known as the White Slave Traffic Act, what is officially designated by the statute as the White Slave Traffic Act. This is an Act of Congress passed in 1910, and it makes it a crime for any person to transport a woman from one state to another for the purposes of debauchery, prostitution or other immoral purposes. It also makes it a crime for any person to purchase a ticket upon which a woman travels from one state to another on a common carrier for such purposes; and it also makes it a crime for any person to induce, entice, or persuade, a woman to go from one state to another for the purposes that I have designated.

The indictment in this case is based upon an alleged violation of these provisions of the statute.

The indictment contains six counts. The first three counts are based upon an alleged transportation, in June of 1924, from Portland to Malaga in the state of New Jersey, and the other three are based upon an alleged transportation of Miss McCann from Malaga to Portland, in April of 1925.

Now you will observe that this statute, as I have stated to you, has to do with the transportation, or the purchasing of transportation, or the inducing and enticing of a woman to go from one state to another for the purposes of prostitution, debauchery, or other immoral purposes; and in order to justify a conviction under this statute it must appear, to the satisfaction of the jury, that the intention was to transport the woman for immoral purposes; that

Digitized by Google

is, in order to constitute an offense under this statute the intention to transport the woman for immoral purposes must be shown by the evidence beyond a reasonable doubt, as I shall define that term to you later, to have been formed by the defendant at the time or before she reached the state where the immoral act or other acts claimed took place. In other words, this statute is not designed or intended to punish individuals for committing immoral acts as such, but its purpose is to prevent the transportation from one state to another for such purposes, and in order to constitute a crime under the statute it must appear that the transportation was had for such purposes; and, therefore, the defendant is not being tried in this case for rape, or adultery, nor fornication, nor for producing an abortion. These acts, if committed at all, were crimes under the laws of the state where they were committed, and can be tried and punished there only. The law under which this indictment is formed does not make such acts a crime, or undertake to punish individuals for committing them. The evidence, however, in reference to these transactions, is admissible, and they are to be considered by the jury as circumstances tending to show the intent or state of mind of the defendant at the time of the transportation. It is the transportation of the woman in interstate commerce for debauchery or other immoral purposes that is condemned by the statute.

In order to convict the defendant for a violation of this statute you must find from the evidence, beyond a reasonable doubt, not merely that illicit sexual intercourse took place between the defendant

Digitized by Google

and Miss McCann, but that he transported her from one state to another for that purpose; and even though you believe from the testimony in this case that the immoral acts were committed by the defendant, as claimed, if the intent or purpose was not abiding in his mind at the time of the transportation he should not be convicted.

Now then, you are to consider all the circumstances and all the testimony in this case as bearing upon this question, but the crucial question in the case, and the matter for you to determine from the testimony, is whether you believe, beyond a reasonable doubt, that at the time the defendant purchased the ticket upon which Miss McCann traveled from Portland to Malaga in June of 1924, he then had in his mind the intent and purpose of using her for sexual purposes after she arrived at the end of the journey; and if you so believe from the testimony you should find him guilty on the first three counts of the indictment, but if you do not so believe, or if you have a reasonable doubt upon the subject, you should acquit him.

Now then, the other counts of the indictment are substantially the same and based upon the alleged transportation from Malaga to Portland, in April of 1925, and what I have said with reference to the first three counts in the indictment will apply to the remaining three. It must appear that the defendant had the purpose or object of engaging in debauchery or other immoral practices with the woman named in the indictment in mind at the time or before the journey was taken; and if the journey was taken for a lawful purpose—and I am now

Digitized by Google

referring to the return journey fom Malaga to Portland, in April of 1925—if that was taken for a lawful and legitimate pupose, and that was the only object the defendant had, then the fact, if it is a fact, that during that journey illicit relations may have existed or may have taken place between the defendant and Miss McCann, would not constitute a violation of this statute. But you are to determine from all the evidence in this case what his purpose was in bringing Miss McCann to Portland with him in April, 1925; and in doing so you have a right to consider, and it is your duty to consider, the circumstances under which that journey was made; the fact that they occupied the same stateroom, the fact, if it is a fact, that illicit relations took place between them, and from all that determine what his purpose was in making the journey.

Miss McCann testified, as I recall, that the defendant did not desire to bring her West with him in April of 1925, but that she persuaded him to do so in order that she might see her people; and that is an item of testimony that should be considered by the jury in arriving at his purpose and intent in making that journey.

So that, under all the counts in this indictment, the intent of the defendant in making the several journeys, and in purchasing the tickets upon which Miss McCann traveled, is the real gist of this case and is the important question for you to determine from the testimony; and if, after you have considered all the evidence, the relationship of the parties prior to the making of this journey, their association together, their relationship, the fact, if you be-

Digitized by Google

lieve from the testimony it is a fact, that immoral relations existed between them,—if after considering all of these matters you have a reasonable doubt in your mind as to the real purpose and intent of the journey, then you should give him the benefit of it. If you do not have such a doubt, but believe beyond a reasonable doubt that his purpose in transporting the woman and purchasing the tickets upon which she traveled was that he should use her as his concubine or for immoral sexual purposes, then **he** should be found guilty as charged in the indictment.

This is a criminal case. The defendant has entered a plea of not guilty, and that plea imposes upon the government the burden and duty of proving his guilt to your satisfaction beyond a reasonable doubt, before you would be justified in finding him guilty. He came before this jury at the beginning of this trial clothed with the presumption of innocence, and that presumption continued with him and he is entitled to the benefit of it until it is overcome by the testimony.

Now, gentlemen, by a reasonable doubt I simply mean such a doubt as would cause a reasonably prudent man to hesitate to act in his own important affairs. It does not mean a mere captious doubt, it does not mean a mere possible doubt; it does not mean a doubt a juror may conjure up in his own mind, based upon sympathy or upon a desire that a defendant should not be punished; but it is a real substantial doubt, based either upon the testimony, or the want of testimony, and such a doubt as would cause a reasonably prudent man to hesitate to act

Digitized by Google

in his own important affairs.

It is impossible to look into the mind of the defendant and determine and ascertain what his secret purpose was in making these several journeys, and therefore it must be ascertained, if at all, from the surrounding circumstances and from circumstantial evidence. The testimony concerning the relationships of these people prior to the journey, the contracts they made and the circumstances under which the contracts were entered into, are all shown by direct testimony, and the fact of the journey is shown by direct testimony; but as to what was in the defendant's mind at the time is to be determined by this jury from the circumstances in the case.

Intent may be shown by proof of facts and circumstances from which it may be reasonably and satisfactorily inferred. In determining whether the defendant had such intent, and is, therefore, guilty, you should take into consideration all the facts and circumstances in evidence, the acts and conduct of the defendant, and his motives, if any, disclosed by the testimony, for doing or not doing the act or acts charged in the indictment as shown by the evidence; and if from all the facts and circumstances in evidence there is no other reasonable conclusion than that he is guilty you should so find. But to convict the defendant on circumstantial evidence alone the circumstances must be consistent with one another and must, taken together, point so conclusively to his guilt as to exclude every reasonable hypothesis of his innocence.

It is your duty in considering this testimony to

Digitized by Google

reconcile it, if you can, on the theory of the defendant's innocence.

Now you are the exclusive judges of all questions of fact in this case. You are the exclusive judges of the credibility of the witnesses. Every witness is presumed to have spoken the truth. This presumption may be overcome by the manner in which a witness testifies, by his or her appearance on the witness stand, or by contradictory testimony, or by impeaching a witness by showing that he or she has made statements out of court inconsistent with their testimony. You have heard these witnesses testify; you have noticed their appearance on the witness stand; you have observed their manner of testifying; and now it is for you, and you alone, to say what weight is to be given to the testimony of each and every one of them.

The defendant has testified in his own behalf. Apply to his testimony the same test you do to that of any other witness and give it such weight and credit as you think it is entitled to under all the circumstances, keeping in mind, however, in weighing his testimony, the interest he naturally has in the result of this trial.

There has been some evidence here tending to show that one of the witnesses, Mrs. Hayes, has at some time made statements out of court inconsistent with or contradictory of her testimony as given here on the witness stand. That evidence was admitted and should be considered by you only for the purpose of affecting the credibility of the testimony of Mrs. Hayes as given here on the witness stand. It was not offered, nor was it admitted, nor

Digitized by Google

should it be considered by the jury as proof of the fact which it is alleged she stated outside of court, but it is one method of discrediting a witness, of impeaching a witness, by showing that they have made statements out of court inconsistent with the testimony as given here on the witness stand; and it is for that purpose that this evidence in relation to the statements that Mrs. Hayes is alleged to have made to Mr. Wright and some of the other witnesses was offered and admitted.

Now I think I need hardly say to you, gentlemen, that this defendant is not to be convicted because of his profession or calling, nor whatever you may think about it, nor because of his nationality. He is entitled to a fair and impartial trial and an impartial consideration by this jury upon the particular charges made in this indictment, and upon those he is entitled to the honest judgment of this jury; and if, after you have considered all the evidence, you believe beyond a reasonable doubt that he is guilty, it is your duty to convict him. If, on the other hand, you do not, or if you have a reasonable doubt on the subject, it is equally your duty to find him not guilty.

Beckman requested instructions be given on certain parts, but, the Judge refused to give them and the defense had an exception.

At 3.20 P. M., on Tuesday, December 1, 1925, the bailiffs were sworn and the Jury retired in their charge to consider the Verdict.

CHAPTER 126

Twelve Good and Lawful Men Spoke

The Jury having been locked, we went to the hotel. Olson was as usual cheerful and optimistic, Beckman thoughtful and doubtful. He had experience of jury vagaries and was burdened with the responsibility of the case. He realized keenly what was at stake.

Digitized by Google

At 5:10 P. M., the telephone asked for Beckman. He was out and through Olson it was learnt that the Court was closed for the day. Later, news came that a Sealed Verdict was given at 3 minutes past midnight. I slept as usual.

Wednesday, December 2, 1925, at 10 A. M., I was present. The Court was crowded to the balustrades. Newspaper representatives were eagerly waiting to hear the result. The jurors filed in, the Judge took his seat and the sealed verdict was opened and read out by the Clerk of the Court.

The Sun, hitherto clouded, that moment shone through the window right on my face and I said my customary prayer to the Lord of Light and bowed. None noticed my gesture; none saw anything unusual. The beautiful beam tingled my features and gave me its radiant message in silence; it was a glorious message—the message of what I had done for the World, the message of the Science I had originated for the healing of the sick, the message that truth will outshine falsehood eventually.

The Clerk of the Court enunciated in a clear voice:—

"We, the jury, duly empaneled to try the above entitled cause, do find the defendant, Dinshah Ghadiali,

Guilty as charged in Count One of the Indictment herein;
Guilty as charged in Count Two of the Indictment herein;
Guilty as charged in Count Three of the Indictment herein;
Guilty as charged in Count Four of the Indictment herein;
Guilty as charged in Count Five of the Indictment herein;
Guilty as charged in Count Six of the Indictment herein;
H. W. Smith, Foreman."

Here is from the Oregon Journal:—

"As the clerk, in slow tones, read the word 'guilty' after each count, not a muscle in the weazened little dark-skinned face of the defendant moved. Sitting with his daughter, Kashmira, at the attorney's table, he showed no sign of emotion."

The Portland News began thus:—

"Col. Dinshah convicted on all 6 counts. Zoroastrian Religion, used as cloak against victim, revolts jurors. His face as immutable as the Sphynx, Colonel Dinshah Ghadiali, Parsee, head of the Spectro-Chrome Therapy Institute at Malaga, N. J., heard a federal jury Wednesday pronounce him guilty of all six counts of an indictment charging Mann Act violations. This means imprisonment in a federal penitentiary, but Colonel Ghadiali's gaze, riveted on the clerk who read his fate, did not waver."

The Portland Telegram printed this:—

"Colonel Dinshah Ghadiali, Parsee philosopher, today faces the likelihood of having the chair of Spectro-Chrome Therapy in McNeil Island penitentiary thrust upon him. * * * Defendant stoical Colonel Ghadiali, who received his title from his rank in the New York Air Reserve, received the blow without batting an eye.

Digitized by Google

The faces of my lawyers and my friends quivered and fell. Beckman had the jury polled and each juror stated that was his verdict. It appeared there had been about 14 ballots. Four jurors had held out, but, one by one, each yielded to the rest. God's blessings be on those 12 good and lawful men, who **without** any stenographic record of the ten days' evidence (which in type made nearly 800 pages), within less than nine hours decided that the man was wrong on all counts, decided that his intent on June 24, 1924 was to take the girl for immoral purposes and on April 19, 1925 was also the same! Those 12 men's names will go to posterity as the owners of the most Solomonic wisdom, superhuman mindreading, exemplary memory, ultraordinary sagacity, extrakeen perspicacity, superangelic lucidity, high-power discernment and parmiraculous insight into human nature! It was a marvel of deep mental processes!

My fate was sealed?—not mine who was innocent of White Slavery—the web of the higher forces of Nature was being woven around the Karmic destiny of the perjurors. I was pronounced "Guilty," I heard it; I knew the import of that word; that only concerned me. I can not be blamed for the words "Jack Moore" flashing in my mind. Was he involved?

CHAPTER 127

Voodoo Negro in Wood Pile

As soon as the verdict was rendered, Beckman jumped on his feet and asked for time to file a motion for a new trial. He was given 10 days.

Returning to the hotel, I received a message from a person calling himself Lee C. Anderson who wanted to see me about the case. He declined to discuss it with my lawyers; he would see me. I interviewed him in my family's presence. He was a negro and gave his address as 1200 Union Avenue North, Telephone Walnut 3480. He talked well and looked respectable, so I talked with him without reserve. He had come to negotiate the bulb and equipment account of Mary Hayes. When asked how he came into that affair, he said he was engaged by contract "to strengthen Miss McCann so she could go through the testimony." I was surprised to hear such words; it sounded like performing some kind of Voodoo Magic! They had charged me with "supernatural powers" and here was a new mystery springing. Was he a Christian Scientist? Not exactly. He was a servant of the Lord and had treated Miss McCann's mother some years ago. He had never met the girl though. He was in the Court "to strengthen her to go through the ordeal." When I asked him if he believed the story of the girl, he said he was not satisfied it was true. He had heard of a new move they wanted to make and he would not consent to it. They wanted to take the girl to New Jersey to sue me for "damages," but, he would not allow such a move. Asked what authority he had over them, he said he would not have anything to do with them if they went East. He was astonished when he heard in the Court that Mrs. Hayes owed me money. He had given them an ultimatum that unless they promptly paid me my dues, he would sever relations. Should I agree, he could get the Equipment and bulbs and the money right away. Of course, I would be thankful. He picked the telephone receiver and called the residence of Mary Hayes. As soon as the call was completed, he shouted, "That you, **Geraldine?** Oh, Mrs. Hayes; Anderson speaking." The wire must have spoken and he told "it" that by 4.30

Digitized by Google

everything must be at the Hotel Portland and cash must come with it as "the Colonel might have trouble in cashing the check." The amount in cash was to be $144.27. Fred Watt of the Department of Justice had the electric bulbs in his custody and I could not comprehend what the Government was doing with my bulbs. He went away promising to return punctually.

I consulted my counselors and was advised to accept whatever came and wash my hands of that bunch. Lee C. Anderson came according to appointment and Mickey McCann left the bulbs and equipment at my door. Anderson paid me the owing cash in accordance with a "horoscope" he had brought. I refunded all kinds of "charges" and also the tuition fee of Edmund C. Hayes which he claimed for "unreceived tuition." I would have done anything in human reason to get rid of that jinx account. Some questions puzzled me.

Why was not the account paid so long?
Why was not the account remitted?
Why was it necessary to give my bulbs to the Department of Justice?
What was that negro doing in the Court?
What has that man to do with Mary Hayes and her family?
What connection has this man with Geraldine McCann?
Why is this negro on such intimate terms with a white family?

How did he "strengthen" Geraldine?

What contract does a negro have to make to put a white girl "through an ordeal?"

Why did he say to us who were present, "had I known in time, this case would never have come up?"

Let George Neuner take his "telescope of truth" and find out.

Let Joseph O. Stearns, Jr., find of the "good old negro" what he was doing "to strengthen" the beauty.

Let them both find and report to Spectro-Chrome as to who had "supernatural powers." They will find there is more in the World they move in, than their legal brains could grasp.

What is the influence of Lee C. Anderson for good or otherwise on Portland Court cases? He and Harry Saunders were there together; did Harry also have some "supernatural powers?"

And what was this new plan for "damages" which was being hatched? Was it a blackmailing scheme? Does the "truthful" and "beautiful" Miss Geraldine McCann wish to visit New Jersey? We shall be glad to welcome her—so will the young and handsome New Jersey State Police Officers—as well the men and women who swore to the affidavits in Part 6.

She will have to buy her own ticket this time, with the $1,000 she recently inherited from her father's estate; she may also bring with her Aunt Mary so Mrs. Hayes may look over my "30 acre harem!"

Geraldine McCann, you encompassed my ruin, yet, your conscience—if you consult it—will tell you that in me and my family you had your best friends and well-wishers. May that conscience bring you to your senses to prevent you from playing further into the hands of sinful machinators!

Digitized by Google

You ruined me, they will ruin you—the path of diabolic perjury taken by you will some day crack under your feet and engulf you. Are you too insane? It would appear so from your tactics.

In Old High German, Geraldine means "Strong with the spear"; your conduct against Truth and friends evidences your stabbing power.

CHAPTER 128

Motion for New Trial

Beckman told me that evening, he was preparing the motion for a new trial and I would have to wait till it was passed upon. I informed him that I would not wait a day more in that place. The business needed my presence and I requested that the motion be argued right away; I wanted no delays. I did not feel that the Court would go against the verdict, but, put that motion on the record. The good lawyers understood the terrible losses I was undergoing and promised action. On Friday, the 4th of December, 1925, therefore Beckman moved for a new trial on thirteen grounds as follows:—

I.

"That the Court erred in refusing to direct a verdict of not guilty as to Count One of the Indictment at the close of all the evidence.

II.

That the evidence was insufficient to justify a verdict of guilty on Count One of the Indictment.

III.

That the Court erred in refusing to direct a verdict of not guilty as to Count Two of the Indictment at the close of all the evidence.

IV.

That the evidence was insufficient to justify a verdict of guilty on Count Two of the Indictment.

V.

That the Court erred in refusing to direct a verdict of not guilty as to Count Three of the Indictment at the close of all the evidence.

VI.

That the evidence was insufficient to justify a verdict of guilty on Count Three of the Indictment.

VII.

That the Court erred in refusing to direct a verdict of not guilty as to Count Four of the Indictment at the close of all the evidence.

VIII.

That the evidence was insufficient to justify a verdict of guilty on Count Four of the Indictment.

IX.

That the Court erred in refusing to direct a verdict of not guilty as to Count Five of the Indictment at the close of all the evidence.

X.

That the evidence was insufficient to justify a verdict of guilty on Count Five of the Indictment.

XI.

That the Court erred in refusing to direct a verdict of not guilty as to Count Six of the Indictment at the close of all the evidence.

Digitized by Google

XII.

That the evidence was insufficient to justify a verdict of guilty on Count Six of the Indictment.

XIII.

That the evidence produced by the government in support of the Indictment implicated the defendant's wife and daughter as being accomplices with him in the crime charged; that the defendant was indicted before he could obtain a preliminary hearing and had no notice or knowledge that his wife and daughter would be charged with being accomplices with him in said crime, and the indictment upon which defendant was tried gave no notice or knowledge to defendant that his said wife and daughter would be claimed to be accomplices, and the value of their testimony was thereby weakened and destroyed, and he was thereby unable to properly prepare his defense or anticipate the nature of the charge against him and was thereby unable to obtain a fair trial.

WHEREFORE, Defendant prays that the verdict of the jury in this cause be set aside and that he be granted a new trial."

Neuner and Stearns opposed the motion vigorously and the Judge denied the motion.

Immediately I whispered to Beckman that it was no use delaying with useless formalities and that I would prefer to hear the judgment upon the verdict of the jury. Beckman again protested that I was innocent and the like and asked for the judgment and I was made to stand.

CHAPTER 129

Dinshah Addresses Court

The Court was ready for the final scene. There was a dead silence pervading the musty air. The Judge asked Beckman if he had anything to say before the judgment be pronounced and Beckman said his client wanted to address the court personally.

It was the one opportunity for which I was waiting. All along I had been gagged, surrounded by technicalities and legal quibbles. As the Judge had stated in denying the motion for new trial that I was accorded a "fair trial," I wanted the truth to be published. Bowing respectfully to the Court, I made the final plea:—

"May it please your honor, I admit that the honorable Court gave me a fair hearing, I admit that the honorable counselors representing the august Government of the United States did what they thought was conscientiously their duty, I admit that the honorable gentlemen of the jury gave as their verdict what they believed was just and true, but, I must say that I DID NOT HAVE A FAIR TRIAL.

I was indicted on six counts on a charge of White Slavery. I came 3,500 miles away from my home and business to defend that charge—the most heinous crime a man could be accused of next to murder. I brought with me my wife and daughter to prove my innocence. But, when the prosecution opened I was dismayed to find that they were accused as accomplices in the crime.

Digitized by Google

I came to defend an Indictment for White Slavery. I was accused by the prosecution of Rape, Assault, Battery, Sodomy, Unnatural Practices, Proselytism, Hynotism, Mesmerism, Supernatural Powers, Projection by Astral Body and other offenses not in the Indictment, to my great prejudice and detriment. I was totaly unprepared for such charges, as the evidence and witnesses were not avaiable, being 3,500 miles away.

Your honor, as there is God in Heaven, I am absolutely innocent of this charge. I stand before this Court of Law and Justice and repeat **I am innocent.** Had I been guilty, I would have knelt at your feet and implored for mercy, but, as **I am not guilty,** I crave for no mercy at your hands.

I am no White Slaver. All my life has been devoted to research and the realm of science; I have lived and worked only for the service of humanity and had no thought or intention of committing any crime. I ask only that in passing sentence on me, Your Honor will please spread on the records some words by which I may in future get justice in a higher court.

I pray for justice. I await your sentence." With these words, I bowed low and remained standing. Evidently, the learned judge had made his mind to the eventuality. The unanimous verdict of those 12 good and lawful men overbalanced whatever other opinion he might have entertained. He took the line of least resistance and the sentence was pronounced:—

"You were given a fair and impartial trial, as fair and impartial as could be given to anybody. The jurors were of one mind on the case and the verdict is binding on the Court. No doubt exists that you influenced the girl away from the usual form of living and disgraced, despoiled and humiliated Miss McCann for the rest of her life. No sentence would be adequate to punish such a crime. Her downfall is one that will stay with her throughout her life and the Court can not under the law prescribe a penalty sufficient for the outrage. The sentence would be a lesson to you for life and an example for others."

SENTENCE

IT IS ADJUDGED that the said defendant, Dinshah Ghadiali, do pay a fine of $5,000.00, and that he be imprisoned in the United States penitentiary at McNeil Island, Washington, or such other place of confinement as the Attorney General may designate, for the term of five years, and that he stand committed until this sentence be performed or until he be discharged according to law.

I made a respectful obeisance. Good friend John J. Beckman! His lips were quivering and he could barely speak! That worthy lawyer had been at my side, in fierce defense of my innocence. He knew in his mind that the sentence was an outrage and a travesty on justice. He was convinced that girl had lied and perjured—what he keenly felt was our inability to combat the perjury on the spot because of the great distance from the scene of alleged crimes. He felt the blow on his client's head worse than the client felt; his affectionate heart showed its ache on his features which were for a moment convulsed. He stood and faintly muttered, "Your Honor, I say again my client is innocent. I want stay of execution of commitment for 60 days." With the consent of the prosecuting attorneys, the Judge allowed 45 days for filing the Bill of Exceptions and perfecting the appeal to the Circuit Court.

Digitized by Google

This is how the local newspapers observed the tragedy, for that it was:

The Portland News: "Hardest 'jolt' given any prisoner in Federal Court."

The Portland Telegram: "Parsee savant was this morning sentenced to serve five years in the penitentiary and pay a $5000 fine. Ghadiali made a long speech, declaring his innocence. He spoke in the clear, distinct voice of a man at ease."

Thus ended the long trial in the Federal Court—a trial that was on first pages of newspapers for two weeks, those two weeks of harrowing horrible experiences for myself, wife and daughter. I have nothing against the Government attorneys, the jury, the judge. Each did what he thought was good and right. Do I have grudge and malice, revenge and resentment against the misguided girl, Geraldine McCann? No, positively and emphatically none. I feel sure in my inner consciousness, that she perjured under some desperate tyrannical goading of perverted master minds behind. She did **not** sell her soul to **me**; but she **did** sell it to the forces of evil at whose direction and dictation she blasted the name, reputation and honor of a man who in this life never even thought of harming her; she ruined him, his business, his career, his life-work, his family's happiness, honor and good name—she branded him worse than any. Some day, she **will** regret, repent, retract, when the voice of silence is heard by **her.**

I shook hands with Neuner and Stearns and thanked them for their courtesy. I walked to the door, turned around, again bowed twice to the Court and left it—forever?

It was the enactment of a tragedy, not a trial. America may some day awaken to the enormity of the injustice done to the innocent in the name of Law. It was in fact an EXECUTION.

CHAPTER 130

What Newspapers Said

The local papers in Portland, Oregon, had naturally the case on the first page, with headlines two inches high. The words, "White Slaver," "Wife Stands By," "Parsee," "Wife Battles Stenographer," "Unkissed Baby" and similar remarks attracted wide attention. The attitude of the newspapers was all told very fair until the prosecution closed; as soon as the defense started, the newspapers began to be reticent and strangely, although they had printed my disgrace during the plaintiff's evidence, not much of the defense side appeared in type. When the sentence was delivered, suddenly big headlines again appeared. I thank the Portland, Oregon, newspapers for whatever they printed about this affair; they really meant well and endeavored to give me fair play, but I believe the poisonous filth thrown around by the prosecution must have alienated the kind hearts of the editors from the defendant; that "persecution" was one mass of the most revolting matters. The only newspaper that gave an approximately true story, which closely sized up the situation, was strangely enough an eastern newspaper, which sent a special representa-

Digitized by Google

tive, Jack Kealey, to Malaga, N. J., to the Spectro-Chrome Institute, to look over personally what the "30-acre harem" was and where the girl was said to have been "imprisoned." Having seen her before moving about in Vineland, N. J., this reporter was in a position to view things differently. He studied the case independently and the following article appeared in the Evening Journal of Vineland, N. J., of December 15, 1925:

COL. DINSHAH SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS IN PENITENTIARY

$5000 Fine Also Included In Punishment Of Malaga Resident—Despite All Evidence In His Favor, Portland Jury Brings Verdict Against Him Girl In Trance

"As sure as there is a God Almighty in Heaven, gentlemen, I am not guilty and I can not ask mercy at your hands; I bow to the inevitable."

With these words, Col. Dinshah P. Ghadiali, noted the world over as a teacher, closed his fight against the government which sought to convict him on counts ranging from the violation of the Mann Act to rape and mayhem. "I have given my life to my country and in return what do I get, disgrace and ruin? But I have faith still and I shall carry the fight to the higher courts."

This is the spirit of Colonel Dinshah who claims a lineal descendage from the ancient royal Persian kings. A spirit that for fifteen hectic days of struggling with the law to prove that he was not a supernatural being could not be broken. A spirit that after he had been convicted and sentenced to serve five years in prison and pay a fine of $5000 refused to quaver in its belief.

An appeal to the District Court of Appeals is now pending and the colonel is preparing a preponderance of evidence with which he hopes to cause a reversal of the findings of the lower court. One thing in his favor and the one upon which most of his hopes are built is the fact that three times during the charge of United States Judge Robert S. Bean to the jury was it specifically stated that Dinshah should be acquitted.

"If you find that these things really occurred, gentlemen, then I say to you, it is a case for the courts of New Jersey to decide and not for you," was his parting caution. But despite this admonition, when the jury returned, with it came a verdict of guilty. There was nothing left to do but to submit to the will of the court. The appeal will be filed within forty-five days and the mass of evidence submitted for examination.

To speak of Miss Geraldine McCann, former assistant secretary to the Colonel is a signal for the release of a barrage of bitter denunciation of her betrayal of her benefactor. "Are there not hundreds of girls in Vineland and this section and why would I have to go to Portland, Oregon, to get one." Very good logic on the part of Colonel Dinshah, but the court refused to take into consideration anything but that Miss Mc Cann left the West for immoral purposes.

The belief that some powerful force was at work for the conviction of Colonel Dinshah became stronger as the end of the trial drew near and page after page of evidence was rejected by the court. Evidence that formed important links and would

Digitized by Google

have convinced an impartial jury of the true relations between the pair was stricken out. The only reason for this was the fact that the witnesses themselves who signed the evidence were not present.

"Bring these witnesses here if you want their testimony to count," was the verdict of the court. And practically every one of the Colonel's witnesses was more than 3500 miles away. Practically all of them are residents of Vineland and Malaga and the trial was in session in Portland, Oregon. "Bring your witnesses from the Atlantic to the Pacific and we will listen to their story," was the only satisfaction the court would give.

The case had proceeded for some days before the prosecution put Miss McCann upon the stand and from her testimony wrung a victory over the Colonel. "I was in a trance," was her only answer to question after question hurled at her during the direct and cross-examination. "Were you in a trance when you went to Vineland to take music lessons from Miss Bessie Kulp?" came the question. Miss McCann answered a feeble affirmative. "And you were in a trance when you went to Pitman where you had a bank account in your own name?" Again a faint "yes" told the jury that the girl was endeavoring to make them believe that the Colonel was possessed of supernatural powers.

"If I held her in a trance or had her hypnotized why can't I prevent her from talking now?" Dinshah asked of the court. "I am a hypnotist but I cannot help myself." But the case went on and Miss McCann continued to claim that she acted while in a trance and that she was held a mind-prisoner to Dinshah who she said was a possessor of supernatural qualities. One thing she did not realize, however, and that was that she had written to relatives saying that she had loved her work and would not give it up of her own accord.

In response to a telegram from her guardian, Mrs. Mary Hayes, on July 16, 1924, to Dinshah requesting that she be sent back to Portland, Miss McCann dispatched a return wire:

"Colonel Dinshah handed me your telegram. He offered my expenses back to Portland. As I am satisfied and happy with his family, I see no reason to leave my position and obstruct my career. I choose to stay here and positively refuse your request to return under any circumstances. Signed, Geraldine McCann."

Yet on the stand Miss McCann claimed that she sent the telegram while in a trance and the jury believed her. But on August 21 of the same year in a letter from Detroit, signed by Colonel Dinshah, comes a congratulation for a decision she had made to stay at the Institute and continue her duties as assistant-secretary. The pair were separated by nearly 900 miles yet the sinister influence remained. This time it was the daughter, Kashmira, who wielded the strangely magic influence over her. Again the jury believed the girl and the letter of congratulation was not accepted as evidence.

Then came the sensationally worded testimony of the Colonel accusing the 19-year-old Geraldine with having clandestine relations with a negro. With letters to prove this contention and the written statement of the girl acknowledging her indiscretion and pleading for another chance to continue her work were the records complete. "But I was in a trance," was her defense and it won the jury to her side.

Digitized by Google

There is no record filed, yet the negro, Harry Saunders, 2330 Fawn street, Philadelphia, was discharged from the Institute's personnel after his wife, Priscilla, had threatened to bring suit for divorce and named Miss McCann as co-respondent. "If all you wish is to take me in your arms then some day you may have the pleasure," was a part of a letter written to the negro and which was found in his home. "Your wife sure must be spiff. To think that she would be so good to a silly thing like me." This sentence referred to a plan by which she was to leave the institute and find a home at the negro's house in Philadelphia.

One of the letters which was written to Saunders accidentally found its way into the hands of the unsuspecting wife who was ready to welcome her white guest and the whole aspect changed. Instead of welcoming her, Mrs. Saunders brought the matter to the attention of Colonel Dinshah and Saunders was dismissed from the service of the Institute.

It was but a short time after this that Mrs. Hayes, the girl's guardian, learned that Colonel Dinshah was about to make a trip to the Pacific Coast and sent a request that Miss McCann be allowed to accompany him. This the Colonel agreed to do, never suspecting that he was walking into a trap that had been cunningly laid for his capture.

At that time Mrs. Hayes again attempted to correspond with her niece but received a rebuke for her effort. "I certainly was surprised to find that after all the trouble and scandal you have created for me you would have the nerve to write to me again," was the beginning of a letter that went out by return mail. "These scandals nearly cost me my position, as Colonel Dinshah offered me the fare to Portland several times. But I decline to leave. I have fully resolved that nothing shall interfere with my career, therefore kindly discontinue correspondence." These excerpts from Geraldine's correspondence to her aunt plainly showed at that time that she was not kept against her will at the Institute.

But when the party arrived in Portland plans that had been laid for the arrest of Dinshah on charges of white slavery began to take shape. It was but a matter of hours after his arrival from the East that a detective burst into his room and without showing his authority, tried to place Dinshah under arrest. A heavy service revolver, presented to Colonel Dinshah by the City of New York when he was leader of the air squadron of the New York police department, was brought into play.

One bullet ploughed its way through the celling of the colonel's room as a way of informing the intruder that further progress would mean a fight to the death. But then a quick flip of the lapel of the intruder's coat showed Dinshah that the man was an officer. Resistance was at an end and the rest of the scene was but an instant. The colonel surrendered to the plainclothes man and was taken to prison. Three days later he was released on $10,000 bond for his appearance before the Federal Grand Jury. The scenes were being set for the recent trial at which he was convicted.

At the present time Dinshah is at his Malaga home where his wife and family live and the teachings and experiments of the colonel are carried on. Allowed his freedom on a $10,000 bond while the appeal is being drawn Dinshah rushed back across the continent to be "among his books and loved ones." The law dealt a terrible blow to this dynamic creature of energy who smiles de-

Digitized by Google

spite the fact that he has been beaten. Maybe it is the royal blood in his veins which gives him fortitude during the present strife but Dinshah admits that his hopes are high and that justice will be given when the evidence is submitted to the higher courts. The case will be watched with interest here and in the West where it created one of the sensations of the year.

———***———

I am cordially obliged to this newspaper for seeing through the misty veil and correctly gauging the "trial."

A similar first hand investigation was made by Charles Burns, of the Millville Republican, to whom also my thanks are due. If newspapers would stick to truth more than mere sensation, there would be more service.

The great newspapers in the east did not have a word about the case. Only the Dearborn Independent renewed its vicious attack.

I thank them for not disgracing an innocent; I shall now thank them more to look into this case and enlighten America about the conditions obtaining in the Department of Injustice.

CHAPTER 131

Legal Jugglery

Returning to Malaga, N. J., after an absence of just 30 days, on December 10, 1925, I sent notices for an Extraordinary Meeting of American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists. At that meeting, which was in place of the Fifth Annual Convention, before a large gathering of my associates, I placed the certified Transcript of Record, containing the girl's testimony in full, for their consideration and offered my resignation. It was unanimously rejected and everyone present promised the most faithful loyal support to the cause and expressed indignation at the outrage. They would stand by me as one to the end.

Feeling it a duty to myself, family, business, friends, therapy, association and future, I turned my eyes in every direction, to clear my hitherto spotless reputation by unearthing the horrific perjury and exposing the conspiracy.

I traveled from New England to Florida and as far North as Michigan, thousands of miles by automobile, spending time, money and energy, to the detriment of my business. To each person whom I thought had any knowledge of Geraldine McCann, I showed the certified Transcript Of Record and obtained their affidavits, which I transmitted to my lawyers on the Pacific Coast.

The limited time to perfect the Appeal was sorely pressing and although all the material matters testified by the girl on oath, were well blown to pieces by the numerous sworn statements of reputable citizens the two main witnesses to the truth were not found. As Geraldine based her story on Wildwood, N. J. and as it was there that she had laid the foundation of her perjury, it appeared essential to find the landlord and landlady, Charles J. Kinsell and Eleanor Kinsell. They had sold their property and left the town.

After much writing and telegraphing, I finally located them in St. Petersburg, Florida. They read the Transcript of Record and were horror-

Digitized by Google

DR. DINSHAH P. GHADIALI
VICE PRES & GEN. MANAGER

CABLE ADDRESS: "PARSEDISON NEW YORK"
CODES: WESTERN UNION, 4TH & 5TH ED
A. B. C.—LIEBER'S

TELEPHONE:
CORTLANDT 8136

NORTH ATLANTIC METAL CORPORATION

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK)

THE EFFICIENT PRODUCT OF
CONCENTRATED RESEARCH
PROCESS AND TECHNIQUE

SALES
DEPARTMENT

123 LIBERTY STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.
U. S. AMERICA

November 14th, 1916.

NORAMCO
Anti-Friction Metal

HAS.
HOMOGENEITY
UNIFORMITY
FLUIDITY

IS:
PURE
DENSE
DEPENDABLE

GIVES:
SERVICE
EFFICIENCY
SATISFACTION

NORAMCO
NO OTHER

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The bearer of this letter is Dr. Dinshah P. Ghadiali, who was connected with the North Atlantic Metal Corporation for a little more than a year as its Vice-President and General Manager.

Dr. Ghadiali is a very learned man and very capable. I can heartily recommend him for ability and a position requiring executive management, or a position requiring knowledge of exporting. He is also a versatile linguist and is able to correspond in several languages. He left this Corporation of his own accord for better prospects.

Yours very truly,

NORTH ATLANTIC METAL CORPORATION

By Henry McCulloch
President.

Digitized by Google

NATURAL
UNFERMENTED · STERILIZED
PURE · FRUIT · JUICE
OR

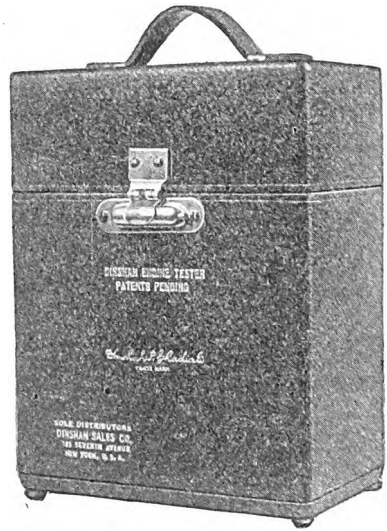
Alcohol-Free Wine

RED GRAPE

BOTTLED IN MEILEN, SWITZERLAND
ALCOHOL-FREE WINES COMPANY, LIMITED
EMPIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Temperance Movement Started By Dinshah In 1909, To Dry England: It Did Not Work!

Corporation Went Into Bankruptcy—England Is Wet Yet!



AUTOMOBILE FAULT FINDER

Later Known As Dinshah Engine Tester:

Invention Presented To United States Government During The War For Testing

Submarines And Aeroplanes

Digitized by Google

struck at the bold lies. It was the last day of the stay granted. At two o'clock in the morning, those good people wired John J. Beckman and George Olson about the rank perjury committed by Geraldine McCann. A few hours later they swore their affidavits in writing and I left with the documents for Philadelphia, Pa. Meanwhile, Judge Robert S. Bean had denied further delay and my only opportunity of staying the Appeal by proving the perjury was lost.

The Bill of Exceptions and Assignment of Errors was filed on the 15th of February, 1926, in Portland. Three days later, the Writ of Error was allowed by Judge Robert S. Bean and another bond for $10,000 was given pending the disposition of the Appeal to the Circuit Court. Thirty days were allowed to print the voluminous record and perfect the Appeal.

The record papers (about 1000 pages) reached me in Malaga, N. J., on March 19, 1926. They were supposed to have been printed and received in San Francisco, California, by the 18th of March, 1926! How such magic could be produced by me was beyond understanding; perhaps the Government depended on my "supernatural powers" to turn the trick. The complete instructions and documents reached me by the end of March and Beckman wired me that the entire mass should be expressed so as to reach him by the 10th of April!

Spectro-Chrome Institute maintains its own complete printing plant. It has a Mergenthaler linotype, a trimmer, a Miller high-speed press, a Chandler & Price press with Miller automatic feeder, a Whitlock cylinder press, a cutter, a folder, a stitcher, besides other general paraphernalia, all electrically driven. Yet, the Transcript of Record to be turned out in 10 days was too much of an enactment. To compose in 12 point type, double leaded, 784 pages, proof-read, print, sew and bind all in two volumes, was for us a maddening job. But it had to be done and we did it. Thanks —most heartfelt thanks are due to Ruttle, Shaw and Wetherill of Philadelphia, Pa., for their timely help in linotyping which saved the situation. I must not here forget the strenuous labors of my assistants, Henry A. Fehringer, H. Lenord Roberts and Ralph Waltman, who worked in the printing plant till very late each night to perform this herculean task. They did it. The volumes were expressed on April 12, 1926. It is needless to mention that Irene and Kashmira shared the burden.

Thanks are due also to the Philadelphia Photo-Engraving Company for their promptness in preparing many of the Plates in short time.

In Part 6, the whole of this transaction is fully narrated. All the affidavits were filed with George Neuner, except those of John Farnsworth, Samuel L. Gants, Alice L. Gants, Harry Saunders, Priscilla Saunders, Theodore Franks, Wilbur Dennis and the later ones.

What was denied me in the name of LAW, I now ask from the people who make the laws and govern those who administer them. I refuse to be railroaded in the dark and have no hesitation in presenting the entire fabric of injustice in its ghastly openness at the bar of public opinion.

The Appeal is now pending in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit and I await the result.

Digitized by Google

End Volume I

———***———

WHO FRAMED ME?

———***———

Read Volume 2

Digitized by Google

RAILROADING A CITIZEN

Diabolic Perjury Branded Innocent As White Slaver

***

SUPERNATURAL POWERS, HYPNOTISM, MESMERISM, MYSTICISM, ASTRAL PROJECTION, FLYING THROUGH SPACE, OTHERWISE SALEM WITCHCRAFT, VILELY ADDUCED IN PORTLAND OREGON FEDERAL COURT, TO CONVICT A REPUTABLE AMERICAN.

***

A STARTLING NARRATIVE, OF STIRRING HUMAN INTEREST, FEARLESSLY EXPOSING FLAGRANT INJUSTICE IN AMERICA

BY ITS VICTIM

***

WHO FRAMED ME?

Medical Trust ?
Ku Klux Klan ?
Roman Catholics ?
Negroes ?
Henry Ford ?
British Government ?
Department Of Justice ? Binshah

WANT TO KNOW TRUTH? READ

***

IN TWO VOLUMES
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME 2

Copyright 1926 U. S. America, By Spectro-Chrome Institute, Malaga, New Jersey

All Rights Reserved

Digitized by Google

Ghadiali
AN

Digitized by Google

RAILROADING A CITIZEN

Diabolic Perjury Branded Innocent As White Slaver

SUPERNATURAL POWERS, HYPNOTISM, MESMERISM, MYSTICISM, ASTRAL PROJECTION, FLYING THROUGH SPACE, OTHERWISE SALEM WITCHCRAFT, VILELY ADDUCED IN PORTLAND OREGON FEDERAL COURT, TO CONVICT A REPUTABLE AMERICAN.

A STARTLING NARRATIVE, OF STIRRING HUMAN INTEREST, FEARLESSLY EXPOSING FLAGRANT INJUSTICE IN AMERICA

BY ITS VICTIM

COLONEL DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, M. D., M. E., D. C., Ph. D., LL. D.

METAPHYSICIAN AND PSYCHOLOGIST

EX-COMMANDER, NEW YORK POLICE RESERVE AIR SERVICE.

PRESIDENT, SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE, &c.

Printed and Published By
Spectro-Chrome Institute
Central Office And Research Laboratory
Malaga, New Jersey

IN TWO VOLUMES
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME 2

Copyright 1926 U. S. America, By Spectro-Chrome Institute, Malaga, New Jersey

All Rights Reserved

Digitized by Google

DINSHAH'S PLATFORM AS ADOPTED BY HIM SINCE 1891

The Boundless Vibratory Ocean of Thought is Essentially Universal and All-pervading; it is the Individualized Monopoly of NO Person, and is the Common Heritage of Humanity's Evolution: thus, what a Development of Unrevealed Ages has given unto Me in the Form of Knowledge in My Present Incarnation is No Distinctive Acquisition of Mine for My Sole Use, Benefit or Elevation, but is All for Thee and Is Thine Without Condition, Without Obligation, Without Expectation. I Fear No One; Only God Above and Conscience Below, and From Them I have Nothing to Fear.

* * *

DEDICATION

To The 110,000,000 Americans Who Take Pride In Being Of
The Land Of Liberty And Who Honor The Names Of
George Washington & Abraham Lincoln,
This Narrative Of American Injustice Is Dedicated By Its Victim.

* * *

CHALLENGE

DOWNED, BUT NOT OUT,
TRAMPLED, BUT NOT SILENCED,
ASKING FOR NO MERCY,
CRAVING FOR NO PARDON,
MAINTAINING MY RIGHTS,
I DEMAND REDRESS.

Dinshah

Digitized by Google

REASON FOR WRITING

That an innocent respectable American Citizen
Be arrested by a drunk Officer
Of the Department of Justice
Forcing into his bedroom at 3 A. M.
Without a warrant,
Be imprisoned without a charge
In a noisome cell with a murderer,
Be for days without arraignment,
Kept incommunicado,
Denied a lawyer,
Be subsequently indicted on a charge
Without preliminary hearing or investigation,
Eventually tried in an American Federal Court,
Three thousand five hundred miles
From home witnesses and scenes of accusation,
Be convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary
By diabolic perjury and legal quibbles,
On charges wholly foreign to the Indictment
And then be denied new trial,

REPRESENT CONDITIONS

So intolerable, tyrannical and in opposition to

OUR GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION AND HUMAN BIRTHRIGHTS,

That their relentless exposure becomes positively a matter
Of Public Interest For Public Good.

With that view in mind, this publication of an unprecedented nature needs no extenuation, every part of it being true and supported by records and documents in my possession or otherwise.

During the trial, I was portrayed by the Government lawyers as a miscreant, an adventurer, an irresponsible faker; in my defense, therefore, I am justified in giving also an authentic account of my versatile, unblemished career as a scientific researcher.

It was also contended that because I kept my records in order, I was a "self-server" covering misdeeds! The illustrations will prove how minutely I preserved records in my life, without any special reference and they may be multiplied by the hundreds!

In justice to George Olson and John J. Beckman, my learned attorneys in the case, I declare this publication as being without their knowledge or sanction. I acknowledge the full responsibility.

I place my case before the citizens of America with the sincere hope and in the belief that not only will justice be done to me, but, effective measures will be taken to make it impossible in the future for any bureaucratic oligarchy

Railroading A Citizen.

Dinshah

Malaga, New Jersey,
United States Of America,
May 27, 1926
Thursday, Luna Bright 15
Chronos:—Magenta 49 White

Digitized by Google

FROM WRITER TO READER

READ THIS

Should you want to combine your pleasure with rest,
Should you wish to know what is going around,
Should you desire to be enlightened by convincing Truth,
Plain, open, unvarnished, frank and ungarnished—READ THIS.

Should you yearn for reform, for good, for knowledge,
Should you believe in the rule of upholding the right,
Should you feel inclination to discard the lie,
By expression of impartial and balanced opinion—READ THIS.

Should you like to deliver a fellow a square deal,
Should you hanker for honesty, loyalty, faith,
Should you love in your heart the down-trodden human,
Who lives for the World in sacrifice of self—READ THIS.

Read this, O Friend of uprightness and justice,
Read this, to open your eyes to the facts,
There is Siberia in America, worse even than that,
Bureaucracy, autocracy, oppression, tyranny,
Lawlessness utter, inhuman galore,
Mockery of Law, of fairness, of truth;
Individuality kicked into dust,
Rolled as a football by swell-headed tingods;
Crushed are the hopes of the law-abiding one,
Innocence choked by the adepts in tricks;
Intricate ways of some machinators,
Malicious, designing, in multiple sins,
Throwing calumnious tentacles out,
Squeezed the throat of the well-meaning man.

Read this, O Brother of mine, read this,
Read this, O Sister of mine, read this,
Read this and know what is happening here,
And feel what the victim of perjury feels.

A guiltless entity is "run down to earth,"
Perjurious persons walk freely in smile,
Upholders of Law, disgracing their oath,
Cudgeled the head of the patient accused;
All this happened in America dear,
Happened in daylight and under the eyes
Of an impartial United States Government Court,
In Portland, Oregon, a permanent blot:—READ THIS.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

Volume 1

PART 1

MY LIFE IN INDIA

Chapter		Page
1	My First Contact With America	1
2	High School At 8	1
3	Burnt Grandma's Room And Forehead	2
4	Demonstrator In Chemisty And Physics At 11	3
5	Enraged Father Imprisoned Son	3
6	Scientific Lecturer At 14	5
7	Pledged To The Service Of Humanity	5
8	Starvation On The Himalaya	6
9	Became A Vegetarian	8
10	Enlisted In Merchant Marine	8
11	Dust Transmuted To Rice	10
12	Mechanical And Electrical Engineer	11
13	Fulfillment Of An Inspiration	11
14	Became Medical Practitioner	12
15	How Does The Pill Know Where To Go?	12
16	Saved A Life By Treatment With Colors	13
17	Quick Transitions	14
18	Sued For Criminal Libel	15
19	Sentenced For Libel	16
20	Demonstrated Psychic Phenomena	17
21	Became Newspaper Proprietor	18
22	To England For Selling Patents	19

PART 2

MY LIFE IN THE OCCIDENT

Chapter		Page
23	Cremated One Son Himself	21
24	Wonderful Inventions—No Money	21
25	Cremated Another Son Himself	22
26	Canadian Commissioner Declined Admission	23
27	In Glorious America Again	24
28	Secures A Job	25
29	Prudential Insurance Company	26
30	Became Factory Manager	27
31	Deserted By Wife	27
32	Built New Laboratory	28
33	Became General Manager	30
34	26 Below Zero And No Heat	31
35	Cremated Third Son Himself	33
36	Became American Citizen	33
37	Governor Of Police Aviation School	34
38	Commander Police Reserve Air Service	34

Digitized by Google

PART 3

FIGHTING DOGMATIC AUTOCRACY

Chapter		Page
39	Spectro-Chrome Therapy Born	36
40	Moved To Philadelphia	37
41	Flying Boat Pilot	37
42	Married Irene Grace	38
43	Defamed By American Medical Association	39
44	Work Twenty One Hours A Day	42
45	The Main Magnet	43
46	Defamed By Henry Ford's Newspaper	43
47	Voluntarily Reduced Income	45
48	Harriet Darce Paid Nothing	46
49	Mary S. Hayes And Geraldine McCann	47
50	Beginning Of Deceit	50
51	Sheriff Harold Leap Investigated	51
52	Agent Rollin D. Clark Investigated	52
53	Mysterious Visitors	54
54	Conspiracy Of Mary Hayes	56
55	The Fatal Vacation	59
56	Accused Of Running Harem	60
57	The Sham Hosiery Peddler	61
58	The Decoy Letter	62
59	The Peculiar Odor	64
60	Birth Of Cyrus	64
61	Speeches Of Harry And Geraldine	65
62	The Plot Thickens	66
63	Negress Fired First Gun	68
64	Geraldine's Love Letters To Harry	69
65	Statement Of Geraldine McCann	71
66	Harry Threatens Revenge	74
67	Itisometer Perfected	75
68	Arduous Intensive Task	76
69	Henry Ford Never Investigated	77
70	Geraldine As Story Teller	78
71	Trap Laid By Mary Hayes	79
72	The Dark Shadow	83
73	Sponging On Somebody	87
74	Fools Rush Where Angels Refuse	93
75	The Whitewash Coming Off	95
76	Geraldne Vanishes	97
77	The Drunken Stranger	99
78	Pistol Combat With A Drunk	100
79	U. S. Department Of Injustice	101
80	Dinshah A Federal Prisoner	102
81	Hell On Earth	103
82	Fingerprinted And Photographed	104
83	Branded As White Slaver	105
84	The Kangaroo Court	107
85	Indicted By Grand Jury	109
86	Harry Divulges The Truth	115
87	The Negro Squawks Again	117
88	Working In The Dark	119
89	My Greatest Error	120

Digitized by Google

PART 4

FORCES OF EVIL ACTIVE

Chapter		Page
90	Bone Crusher Started	122
91	Government's Preliminary Onslaught	123
92	Defense Opens Volley	124
93	Geraldine Committed Malicious Perjury	126
	(Full Text Of Testimony Of Geraldine McCann In Section Of Part 4 In Volume 2)	
94	Howard K. Selby Saw Open Door	128
95	Nye S. Williams Hanged Curtains	128
96	Fred G. Meacham Sold Room	128
97	Harriet Darce Told Lies	128
98	Mary Hayes The Arch Plotter	130
99	Hoodoo Harry Heard	131
100	Lenora Houston Talked Nonsense	135
101	Doctor Of Medicine Posed As Expert	136
102	Negro Vanished	137

PART 5

COMBATING THE FORCES OF EVIL

Chapter		Page
103	Defense Opened With Irene Grace Dinshah	139
104	Mary A. Coffman Refutes Afterbirth	140
105	Charles Loeding Punctures Gellert	141
106	Louise Palmer Weber Testifies To Conspiracy	142
107	Gertrude Carley Wisenor Heard Geraldine	143
108	W. Caven E. Wright Exposes Mary Hayes	144
109	Evan G. Houseman Falsifies Girl	146
110	Amy May Brown Corroborates	146
111	Geraldine Appealed To Detective For Help	147
112	Kashmira Dinshah Slashes Geraldine's Story	148
113	Government Choked Oregon District Attorney	149
114	Gertrude Lord Gates Belies Geraldine	150
115	The Accused On The Stand	151
116	Rebuttal Jokers	180
117	Defendant's Memorandum Brief	183
118	Analysis Of Brief Contentions	184
119	Directed Verdict Motion Denied	185
120	Grafter Bowed Out	187
121	Stearns Threw Filthy Invectives	187
122	Beckman Fulminated	189
123	Neuner Talked More Malodor	191
124	Instructions Requested By Defendant	192
125	Charge Of The Court	193
126	Twelve Good And Lawful Men Spoke	201
127	Voodoo Negro In Wood Pile	203
128	Motion For New Trial	205
129	Dinshah Addresses Court	206
130	What Newspapers Said	208
131	Legal Jugglery	212

END OF VOLUME 1

Digitized by Google

Volume 2

SECTION OF PART 4

Page

FULL TEXT OF TESTIMONY OF GERALDINE McCANN 401

PART 6

EXPOSURE OF THE PERJURY

Affidavits 601

Chapter Page

132 What Ails Geraldine? 643

PART 7

MY APPEAL TO AMERICA FOR JUSTICE

Chapter Page

133 One Sided Persecution 645
134 Conflicting Counsel 647
135 Who Are These Parsees? 648
136 What The Holy Bible Says 651
137 What We Do Not Do 653
138 Why Was It? 654
139 Since When Has It Been? 656
140 White Slave Traffic Act 658
141 Listen To The Venerable Chief Justice 661
142 Jury Trial A Ridiculous Humbug 663
143 The Klan, A Katholic And A Koon 664
144 Journalistic Investigation 648
146 As They Saw It 674
146 Who Framed Me? 676
147 Open Letter To American Citizens 679
148 Open Letter To The President Of The United States of America 680
149 Open Letter To The Attorney General Of The United States of America 681
150 Open Letter To The Trial Judge 682
151 Open Letter To Henry Ford 683
152 Open Letter To The Medical Trust 684
153 Spectro-Chrome Therapy 685

SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE 687

WHO FRAMED ME?

Medical Trust ?
Ku Klux Klan ?
Roman Catholics ?
Negroes ?
Henry Ford ?
British Government ?
Department Of Justice ?

Sinshah

WANT TO KNOW TRUTH? READ

END OF VOLUME 2

Digitized by Google

EXHIBITS

The following Exhibits were introduced by the Plaintiff:

Exhibit	Page
A—Dinshah's Smith & Wesson Revolver	146
B—Sudra Garment	443
C—Letter, Gerry to My Dear Mickey, December 18, 1924	589
D—Letter, Harry Saunders to My Dear Friend	646
E—Letter, Dinshah to Harry Saunders, August 31, 1925	645
F—Letter, Dinshah to Harry Saunders, October 8, 1925	646

The following Exhibits were introduced by the Defendant:

Exhibit	Page
1—Employment Contract, June 12, 1924	455
2—Employment Contract, June 17, 1924	458
3—Permission, by Mary S. Hayes, June 23, 1924	464
4—Telegram, Mary S. Hayes to Defendant, July 16, 1924	468
5—Telegram, Geraldine to Mary S. Hayes, July 17, 1924	468
6—Letter, Aunt Mary to Dearest Geraldine, July 13, 1924	470
6A—Envelope, of Letter 6	470
7—Letter, W. Caven E. Wright to Defendant, August 7, 1924	56
8—Letter, Geraldine to W. Caven E. Wright, August 18, 1924	478
9—Letter, Geraldine to Mary S. Hayes, August 18, 1924	480
10—Letter, Dinshah to My Dear Geraldine, August 21, 1924	57
11—Letter, Geraldine to Sophia Shaughnessy, August 29, 1924	485
12—Letter, "Dear H—"	69-523
13—Letter, "Will tell you if you hold me too tightly"	70-527
14—Photogram, Relative Position of Spectro-Chrome Buildings	409 A
15—Photogram, Bedroom of Geraldine and Kashmira	457 A
16—Statement of Geraldine, January 6, 1924	71-541
17—Article of Geraldine, in Spectro-Chrome, April, 1925	78
18—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Flying Field	416 A
19—Letter, Geraldine to Sophia Shaughnessy, April 16, 1925	87-559
20—Letter, Mary S. Hayes to Defendant, March 31, 1925	79
21—Letter, Mary Hayes to Geraldine, March 31, 1925	80-563
22—Letter, Geraldine to Dear Irene, Kashmira and Cyrus, April 28, 1925	95-572
23—Letter, Gerry to My Dear Mickey, December 18, 1924	589
24—Checkbook of Geraldine McCann	592
25—Check, Spectro-Chrome Institute to Mary S. Hayes, June 16, 1924	131
26—Letter, Defendant to Mary S. Hayes, April 6, 1925	81
27—Letter, Geraldine to Mary S. Hayes, April 6, 1925	82
28—Letter, W. Caven E. Wright to Defendant, September 15, 1924	60
29—Check, Defendant to Geraldine, June 11, 1924	153
30—Photogram, Side View of Spectro-Chrome Institute	417 A
31—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Library	424 A
32—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute Kitchen	472 A
33—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, President's Office	425 A
34—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Secretarial Room	432 A
35—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Spectroscopy and Design Room	433 A
36—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Physics Room	440 A
37—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Defendant's Bedroom	449 A
38—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Central Office Building	456 A
39—Photogram, Spectro-Chrome Institute, Recreation Room	473 A
40—Letter, "Show" to "Dear Geraldine," September 22, 1924	159
40A—Envelope of Letter 40	159
41—Letter, "Show" to "Dear Geraldine," December 30, 1924	89

Digitized by Google

LIST OF PLATES AND ENGRAVINGS

VOLUME 1

Number		Page
1	Mother	Title A
2	My Most Beloved Revered Father	Title B
3	Humble Servant Of Suffering Humanity	1 A
4	Horoscope Of Dinshah	1 B
5	Pledged To The Service Of Humanity	8 A
6	Dinshah's Music Teacher	9 A
7	S. S. Shannon	16 A
8	Engineer In Charge	17 A
9	Princess Viroqua	24 A
10	On First Visit To The United States	25 A
11	How The Libel Suits Began	32 A
12	In The Law Courts Of India	33 A
13	The Birth Of Spectro-Chrome	40 A
14	The Artist Who Sketched	40 A
15	Dinshah's Prayer	40 A
16	The Burnt Front	41 A
17	The Burnt Back	41 A
18	After Three Months	48 A
19	After Eighteen Months (Front Areas)	48 A
20	After Eighteen Months (Back Areas)	49 A
21	At Play After Recovery	49 A
22	His Highness Nehalsing	56 A
23	The Diamonds Of Pure British Justice	57 A
24	Alcohol-free Wines Co.	64 A
25	The Parsee Zoroastrian Family	65 A
26	The Hopeful Immigrants In America	72 A
27	Enjoying Their Arrival In Glorious America	73 A
28	Training In Self Defense	80 A
29	Revolutionary Motion Picture Projector	80 A
30	Happy In Their Love	81 A
31	The Vegetarian Family	81 A
32	Birthplace Of Spectro-Chrome Therapy	88 A
33	Governess Charlotte With The Children	88 A
34	Under Their Father's Care	89 A
35	Their Musical Education	89 A
36	Instruction In Mechanics And Optics	96 A
37	The Inventor At Work	96 A
38	Commissioned As Captain	97 A
39	As Governor Of N. Y. P. Aviation School	104 A
40	Inauguration Of The First Police Air Mail	105 A
41	New York Police Reserve Air Service	112 A
42	Posed As Representative Of Henry Ford	113 A
43	The Smile That Got The Goat	120 A
44	Irene Grace Dinshah, S. C. T.	121 A
45	Harry Saunders	128 A
46	Geraldine McCann	128 A
47	Mary S. Hayes	128 A
48	Harriet M. Darce	128 A
49	Kashmira Dinshah (At 14 Months)	129 A
50	Kashmira Dinshah (At 17 Years)	129 A
51	Boofy—Her Cantaloupe-Eating Cat	129 A
52	North Atlantic Metal Corporation	213
53	Alcohol - Free Wine	214
54	Automobile Fault Finder	214

Digitized by Google

55 Ready For Reception Of The NC4 Transatlantic Fliers ..... 401 A
56 Flying A Seaplane ..... 401 B
57 2401 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa. ..... 408 A
58 Spectro-Chrome Institute Estate ..... 409 A
59 Flying Field ..... 416 A
60 Engine House, Light Tower, Recreation Building ..... 417 A
61 Library ..... 424 A
62 Office Of The President ..... 425 A
63 Secretarial Room ..... 432 A
64 Spectroscopy And Design Room ..... 433 A
65 Physics Room ..... 440 A
66 Caloric Room ..... 441 A
67 Sunny Lecture Room ..... 448 A
68 Where Dinshah Sleeps ..... 449 A
69 Central Office And Research Laboratory ..... 456 A
70 Bedroom Of Kashmira And Geraldine ..... 457 A
71 Bedroom Of Irene Grace Dinshah ..... 464 A
72 Bedroom Of Cyrus Dinshah ..... 465 A
73 Culinary Room ..... 472 A
74 Recreation Room ..... 473 A
75 Composing Room ..... 480 A
76 Printing Plant ..... 481 A
77 Telephone Superintendent ..... 632 A
78 Two Poses Of Cyrus Dinshah ..... 632 A
79 Ekka Carriage ..... 633 A
80 The Gang Of Perjurors ..... 640 A
81 Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali ..... 641 A
82 Coming Events 644
83 On The Lecture Platform ..... 648 A
84 Discovery Of Two New Solar Elements ..... 649 A
85 The Marvelous Telescope Of Truth ..... 656 A
86 Angel Of Innocence And Veracity ..... 657 A
87 Exerting Dominant Willpower ..... 664 A
88 The Despot Of The 30 Acre Harem ..... 664 A
89 Projection Of Astral Body Through Space ..... 665 A
90 Automotive Equipment Of Spectro-Chrome Institute ..... 672 A
91 In Silent Meditation On The Glory Of God ..... 673 A
92 Traveling Teaching Equipment ..... 680 A
93 Itisometer ..... 681 A
94 Explaining The Bouquets Thrown ..... 686 A

WHO FRAMED ME?

Digitized by Google

PERUSAL INDEX

To facilitate quick reference, this publication is divided into Two Volumes in Seven Parts.

The Serial Number of the pages is changed between certain parts and sections, to leave elucidation space for the Second Edition.

	Page	to	Page
PART 1 —VOLUME 1			
My Life In India	1		20
PART 2 —VOLUME 1			
My Life In The Occident	21		35
PART 3 —VOLUME 1			
Fighting Dogmatic Autocracy	36		121
PART 4 —VOLUME 1			
Forces Of Evil Active	122		138
PART 4 —VOLUME 2			
Forces Of Evil Active (continued)			
(Testimony Of Geraldine McCann	401		592
PART 5 —VOLUME 1			
Combating Forces Of Evil	139		216
PART 6 —VOLUME 2			
Exposure Of The Perjury	601		644
PART 7 —VOLUME 2			
My Appeal To America For Justice	645		687

WANT TO KNOW TRUTH? READ

Digitized by Google

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

SYNOPSIS OF THE NARRATIVE

Dinshah P. Ghadiali, born of Parsee Zoroastrian parents, November 28, 1873, was known in India as a medical doctor and scientific researcher.

His dream of life was realized when he became an American citizen on June 15, 1917. He passed through severe hardships.

In 1920 he originated Spectro-Chrome Therapy, a novel system of tonation of disorders, without drugs, manipulation or surgery and suffered much opposition and persecution.

In June, 1924, from his Portland, Oregon Class, he took into the employment of his Spectro-Chrome Institute a girl, Geraldine McCann, and brought her, in company of his wife and daughter, to his Central Office and Research Laboratory, at Malaga, N. J.

Soon after. Mary S. Hayes, an aunt of the girl, spread foul scandals that he had a 30-acre harem where her niece was imprisoned and horribly mistreated. Official investigation revealed otherwise and that the girl was free, happy and contented and refused to return.

Some months later, Geraldine McCann was found carrying on clandestine, amorous correspondence with Dinshah's negro chauffeur, Harry Saunders. He was discharged, but the girl apologized and was retained.

In April, 1925, Mary S. Hayes requested Dinshah to bring the girl with him on his next tour. He did so. The girl was kidnapped on the morning of May 1, 1925, from the Portland Hotel. Four days later, Dinshah was arrested without a warrant, after a pistol combat with a drunken officer, in the Hotel Gowman, Seattle, Washington.

He was imprisoned and for days kept incommunicado; then, he was taken by the Department of Justice to Portland, Oregon and indicted on a charge of White Slavery without preliminary hearing.

At the trial the girl testified falsely to Dinshah's commission of the most terrible crimes, not specified in the indictment; she involved his wife and daughter as accomplices. The negro, aunt and others joined in the perjury. Being 3,500 miles from his home and witnesses, Dinshah's avenues of defense were closed and the Government furthermore charged him with supernatural powers and unnatural practices.

The helpless defendant was convicted and sentenced to 5 years in the penitentiary and $5,000 fine, after the most spectacular court scenes.

In Volume 1, is given a short account of the eventful career of the man and full particulars of this extraordinary case.

In Volume 2 is given the complete text of the girl's testimony, full exposure of the wicked perjury and comments of great interest, by Dinshah.

It includes his Appeal to America for Justice.

Digitized by Google

THE LIE NAILED ON THE HEAD

QUESTION—Whence Did Geraldine McCann Learn About Zoroastrian Induction?

ANSWER—Ceremony Published In Spectro-Chrome Of Indigo 1923.

DEPOSITION

I, IRENE GRACE DINSHAH, being duly affirmed, do solemnly depose:

1- That I was born of White American parents, at 43 William Street, City of Orange, County of Essex, State of New Jersey, United States of America, Thursday, December 1, 1904 and was not confirmed in any religion or faith.

2- That I became acquainted with DINSHAH PESHOTAN GHADIALI in the Spring of 1921, through the humanitarian work he was doing and thereafter through my constant association with him in his SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE, was highly impressed with the purity and excellence of the Sacred Doctrines of ZARATHUSHTRA, whose tenets he followed in daily-life.

3- That on Wednesday, March 14, 1923, I married him in the City and County of Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, in conformity with the Laws of the State.

4- That having studied under him the principles of the Zoroastrian Religion, I of my own free will and accord requested him to induct me into that faith.

5- That having gone through the ceremony this day, I announce myself a Zoroastrian, a follower of the LORD ZARATHUSHTRA.

I, KASHMIRA DINSHAH, being duly affirmed, do solemnly depose:

1- That I was born of White Parsee Zoroastrian parents, in the Electro-Medical Hall, Maccai Bridge, City of Surat, Presidency of Bombay, India, Wednesday, November 9, 1904, left my birthplace Friday, January 8, 1909, for England and came to the City, County and State of New York, United States of America, Tuesday, October 17, 1911.

2- That my father DINSHAH PESHOTAN GHADIALI all through my life trained me in the Zoroastrian Doctrines, but, for obvious reasons, I was not inducted, until owing to my growing age, he performed the ceremony this day.

3- That I announce myself a Zoroastrian, a follower of the LORD ZARATHUSHTRA.

I, DINSHAH PESHOTAN GHADIALI, being duly affirmed, do solemnly depose:

1- That I was born of White Parsee Zoroastrian parents, at 92 Parsee Bazaar Street, City and Presidency of Bombay, India, Friday, November 28, 1873.

2- That in my boyhood, I was duly admitted into the Zoroastrian Faith in my birthplace and have strictly followed in the same path.

3- That I left India for England, Friday, January 8, 1909, domiciled in the United States of America, Wednesday, August 9, 1911 and was naturalized as a Citizen of the United States of America, Friday, June 15, 1917, in the City of Hackensack, County of Bergen, State of New Jersey.

4- That in accordance with my firm belief and teaching that conscience alone is the justification for admission into a faith, this morning, Thursday, November 15, 1923, at our residence in 2401 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, I performed the SACRED NAVJOTE CEREMONY (observing every detail, except in the use of the Pomegranate for the customary Nerang) in conformity with the dictates of the Holy Zend Avesta and invested my wife IRENE GRACE DINSHAH and daughter KASHMIRA DINSHAH with the SUDREH and KUSHTI the potential Occult Emblems of the Religion of the GLORIOUS LORD ZARATHUSHTRA, the Prophet of Ancient Iran, initiating them into the faith of my revered ancestors.

Irene Grace Dinshah - Kashmira Dinshah - Dinshah Peshotan Ghadiali

SEAL OF:-
GRIFFITH R. REES
Notary Public
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
November 15, 1923

Before Me:-
Griffith R. Rees
Notary Public
My commission expires April 2, 1924

Digitized by Google

PRICE

The price of RAILROADING A CITIZEN is FIVE DOLLARS for the two volumes.

However, a set will be sent "complimentary" to those who will help in furthering the cause of justice.

Digitized by Google

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF OREGON

Writing in TRAVEL, Volume XLV11, Number 2, June 1926, Agnes C. Laut says at page 30, "when 'the 50-40-or fight' presidential campaign was in full hue and cry, and a brother of Aberdeen was sent out in a Royal Squadron to survey the situation, he reported that "all Oregon was not worth a damn."

How much has the situation changed?

AWAKE!

Oregon! Thou State of Lumber,

Rich in rocks, proved land of cumber;

Entered on the map for roses,

Gave me thorns in endless poses;

Oregon! Thou State of Slumber,

Needst thou lashing by the number!

AWAKE!

———***———

WASHINGTON, D. C.!

WHO RULES?

OUR OFFICERS OR WE?

TYRANTS WERE OVERTHROWN IN 1776;
WEED OUT THE TINGODS OF 1926.

START NOW

FROM ABOVE DOWN!!!

———***———

Digitized by Google

COLONEL DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, COMMANDER,
PIONEER WING, N. Y. P. R. AIR SERVICE
ON THE FIELD
AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY, NEW YORK, JULY 1919,
READY FOR RECEPTION OF THE NC4 TRANSATLANTIC
FLIERS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Railroading A Citizen

PART 4

FORCES OF EVIL ACTIVE

PLAINTIFF'S EVIDENCE

TESTIMONY OF GERALDINE McCANN

GERALDINE McCANN was produced as a witness in behalf of the plaintiff, and, having been first duly sworn, testified as follows:

DIRECT EXAMINATION by Mr. Stearns:

THE CLERK: Your full name is Geraldine McCann?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

MR. STEARNS: Now Miss McCann, it is rather difficult to hear in this court room because of the noises that come in from the street. I am going to ask you to speak up as loud as you can, please.

THE WITNESS: Yes.

Q. How old are you, Miss McCann?

A. Twenty-one.

Q. You are of Irish parentage, Miss McCann?

A. Yes, Mr. Stearns.

Q. And are you a citizen of the United States or not?

A. I just have my first papers out.

Q. You are a native of what country?

A. Canada.

Q. How many children in the family?

A. There are three girls and three boys; three girls and three boys.

Q. Is your mother living, Miss McCann?

A. Yes.

Q. And where is she?

Digitized by Google

A. Vancouver, B. C.

Q. And your father?

A. He is dead.

Q. Where were you living in June, 1924?

A. In Portland, Oregon.

Q. And with whom, Miss McCann?

A. With my aunt, Mrs. Mary Hayes.

Q. What is the name of her husband?

A. Edmund C. Hayes.

Q. He is employed here in the city?

A. Yes, Mr. Stearns. Yes; he has a business in Toledo, Ohio.

Q. Pardon?

A. At Toledo, Oregon, rather.

(Mind wandering?)

Q. I want you to tell these gentlemen, Miss McCann, when it was that you first met the defendant, Dinshah Ghadiali.

A. I was living with my aunt, Mrs. Mary Hayes, at 1016 East Seventh Street North. I went, on June 6th, to attend a lecture in the Portland Hotel, one of Dinshah's public lectures. After the lecture was over my aunt, Mrs. Hayes, asked me to ask Colonel Dinshah if he had anything for mental treatment. I went over to Colonel Dinshah; I asked him if he had any treatment for mental diseases, and he asked me who it was, and I said—

Q. Just a minute. What was your occupation at that time, Miss McCann?

A. I was attending Miss Decker's Business College.

Q. And what sort of a course were you taking?

A. I was taking up typing and stenography and

Digitized by Google

bookkeeping.

Q. I want you to go ahead and tell these gentlemen in your own language about this first meeting with the defendant.

A. I went to Colonel Dinshah and asked him if he had anything for mental treatment, and he said, "Who is it?" I said, "My mother." He said, "How old are you?" I told him I was nineteen. He said, "Why don't you take this work?" I said, "Well, I haven't got the hundred dollars to spare at present." And he said, "How would you like to act as my assistant?" I answered him saying that I would speak to my aunt about it and consider the matter; and I came over and told my aunt right immediately after that Colonel Dinshah had offered me a position with him as secretary. And it was some time after that, a couple of days after, that he broached the subject again. I attended his lectures after that night, his public lectures.

(Assistant and Secretary are different positions.)

Q. What was the nature of those lectures, just generally?

A. Just public lectures.

Q. Well, what was the nature of them? What was the lecture?

A. On the merits of the spectro-chrome therapy.

Q. Do you know how many members there were in his party at that time, Miss McCann?

A. They were his wife and his daughter and Harry Saunders in his institute.

Q. On the occasion of your first meeting now you say that you approached him and asked him if he had anything that would be good for the mental

Digitized by Google

illness of your mother?

A. Yes, Mr. Stearns.

Q. Did he say anything about the efficacy of his system of healing in that regard at that time or not?

A. No.

Q. And you say that you enrolled as a member of his class?

A. That was some time later. That was on the 9th of June I enrolled in his class.

Q. You may state whether or not your aunt was a member of his class at the time that you went down there with him. Was she enrolled at that time or not?

A. We both enrolled together.

Q. How about your uncle, Mr. Hayes? Was he also enrolled as a member of the class?

A. Not the same day as we did. It was about a week or so later.

Q. How long was this term of lessons to continue? That is, how long was it expected it would take you before you would graduate and be able to practice?

A. Two weeks.

Q. Were you to be given a diploma?

A. Yes.

Q. As an accredited student of the school at the end of that time?

A. Yes.

Q. And what was the price of the course of lectures or lessons?

A. One hundred dollars for a single person, one hundred fifty dollars for a husband and wife.

Q. Did you pay him for your course?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes, Mr. Stearns. I gave him seventy-five dollars. I took the course with my aunt. We each paid seventy-five dollars.

(Why was he so anxious about the course business?)

Q. And when did you actually become engaged as private secretary to Dinshah?

A. During his lectures, or during his class here, I used to go down after school and do a little typing for him.

Q. Well, but did you sign a contract of employment, or not?

A. No.

Q. You signed no contract of employment?

A. No.

Q. Well, did you sign any sort of a contract?

A. Before I left Portland I signed a contract.

(Tries to evade there was a contract.)

Q. And when did you leave Portland?

A. The 23rd of June, 1924.

Q. That was in whose company?

A. Colonel Dinshah, his wife, Irene, and his daughter, Kashmira, and Harry Saunders.

Q. How long had you been living with your aunt at that time?

A. About five months.

Q. And when was it that your mother became insane?

A. About three years ago.

Q. That was about the time that your father died?

A. Yes, Mr. Stearns.

Q. She became insane before his death?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

(Insanity runs in the family.)

Q. Now then, I want you to tell these gentlemen —by the way, did you have a duplicate of the contract of employment that you signed with Dinshah?

A. No.

Q. By the terms of that contract what were you expected to do?

A. It was regarding my diet, my clothing, and—

Q. The nature of your work and all of that?

A. Yes.

Q. Give all that you can recall of the contents of the agreement.

A. That I must not rouge nor powder, nor wear high heels, silk stockings, bob my hair; I must wear a business costume; all my correspondence must be looked into before they were sent out, and I was to—

Q. Looked into by whom?

A. They were to be looked over by Colonel Dinshah before they left the Institute. I was to accept no invitations from outsiders, to have no telephone calls, and many various other things regarding my diet. I was to live strictly on a vegetarian diet, and many other things of a business matter.

Q. At the time that you left Portland was your costume, the sort of costume that you were to wear, known to you? Did you know what kind of a costume you were to wear at the time of leaving?

A. Yes.

Q. What sort of costume was that?

A. Navy blue riding outfit.

Q. That is, skirt or breeches?

A. The riding breeches.

Q. And you may state whether or not from that

Digitized by Google

time forward you dressed in that sort of habit, or whether you dressed in skirts and clothes as you are now dressed?

A. Yes; I dressed in that way all the time while I was in his employ.

(False; she got her first suit six weeks after; refer to letters of Mrs. R. J. Gland.)

MR. STEARNS: Will you speak up a little bit louder. I think counsel perhaps are having some difficulty in catching what you say.

THE WITNESS: Yes.

Q. What compensation were you to receive for your services while with this man?

A. At first I was to get fifteen dollars a week, and as I improved, and he said if I became as good as his wife, he would give me one hundred dollars a week.

(My wife has been with me 4 years.)

Q. Now then, how did you leave? That is, by what means of conveyance?

A. We left on the train.

Q. Do you remember the date that you arrived at Philadelphia?

A. No, I do not.

Q. Who purchased the tickets for your transportation over those lines?

A. Colonel Dinshah.

Q. Did he use his money or your money?

A. His money.

Q. And do you recall the date that you arrived at Malaga, New Jersey?

A. We moved from Philadelphia to Malaga, New Jersey, on July 10th, 1924.

Digitized by Google

Q. And do you know when it was with respect to the time that you arrived there that Dinshah purchased this estate at Malaga?

A. He had purchased it before I arrived there.

Q. And throughout this trip the persons you have named, that is Dinshah, yourself, Saunders and the daughter of the defendant and his wife, were all together?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you go from Philadelphia to Malaga by train or by automobile, or by what method?

A. By automobile.

Q. Now then, having arrived at Malaga I wish you would tell the jury if you know approximately how large an estate that is?

A. It is 23.23 acres, the entire place.

(She keenly remembers even decimals.)

Q. And what do the buildings consist of?

A. There was one large building which was converted into an office building; a smaller place which was converted into a residence—

MR. STEARNS: Can you gentlemen hear?

MR. BECKMAN: Just barely.

MR. STEARNS: Perhaps you could move up a little further. It is awfully hard to hear.

(She could barely be heard; I wonder what the old jury foreman did; he had to strain his ears even with my powerful voice.)

Q. You say that the large building was converted into a sort of an office establishment?

A. Yes.

Q. And how far back from the road did that building set?

A. I don't know about how far it would be.

Digitized by Google

2401 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Here was located the Central Office and Research Laboratory of Spectro-Chrome Institute, from February 9, 1922 to July 10, 1924, when the Headquarters moved to the present location at Malaga, New Jersey.

Geraldine McCann stayed here 3 days.

Basement—Printing Plant; Ground Floor—Lecture Room;

Second Floor—Office and Laboratory; Third Floor—Living Quarters;

Top Floor—Laundry.

Digitized by Google

Spectro-Chrome Institute-Printing Plant, Cabinetry, Administration Buildings, Park in the Distance. EXHIBIT 14

Digitized by Google

Q. Well, haven't you an idea? Do you know what one hundred yards would be, or two hundred or three hundred?

A. Yes. It would be about two hundred yards.

Q. Are the grounds all open or are they hedged in in any fashion?

A. They are hedged in down close to the road.

Q. And how large a town would you say Malaga is?

A. It is just a small village, mostly comprised of Italian people. It is very sparsely populated.

(Sparsely! Were did she learn such words?)

Q. And with respect now to the living conditions there, did you all live in the large house?

A. In this large building where the office building was there was one room upstairs where Colonel Dinshah slept. The other house was converted into a residence, and there were three bedrooms in this house and one large room downstairs, and the kitchen; and the upstairs rooms, Mrs. Dinshah had this one bedroom and Colonel Dinshah's daughter, Kashmira, and I occupied the other room. That comprised the home.

Q. Was Colonel Dinshah constantly at the place from that time on until the 13th of September, or did he go away at any time during the interim?

A. Yes; he went to Detroit, Michigan.

Q. Did he take any member of the family with him when he went; that is, any members of the household?

A. No.

Q. Was Saunders domiciled on the place there, or not?

Digitized by Google

A. No.

Q. What were his duties about the premises?

A. Why, he was a general assistant—general assistant and handy man around the premises.

Q. Was there any other hired help on the premises; that is, besides yourself and Mr. Saunders?

A. Not at the time we first went there.

Q. At any subsequent time while you were there?

A. Yes.

Q. What sort of help?

A. A printer.

Q. Now then, how long had you been at Malaga before Dinshah left and went to Chicago?

A. To Detroit, Michigan?

Q. How long was it before he left for Detroit?

A. It was shortly after we moved to Malaga he went to Detroit.

Q. Do you know approximately how long?

A. No, I don't know the date.

Q. And about what period of time was he away?

A. He was away about a month.

Q. That brought him back to Malaga about what date, do you remember?

A. The 9th of September.

Q. The 9th of September. Up to that time had there been any improper advances on his part toward you, Miss McCann?

A. No.

Q. Up to that time you say you had noted nothing improper in his conduct?

A. No.

(For 2¾ months nothing happened; then, suddenly why?)

Digitized by Google

Q. Where were you on the 13th of September, 1924?

A. In Wildwood, New Jersey.

Q. Wildwood, New Jersey. And how did you happen to go there? Now just let's know how you happened to go down there.

A. After Colonel Dinshah came back from Detroit, Michigan, he suggested a vacation at Wildwood, New Jersey, and the thirteenth, it was the morning of the thirteenth of September, we left Wildwood, New Jersey—left Malaga, New Jersey, in his Chevrolet car, for Wildwood, New Jersey. It is a distance of about forty or sixty miles. And I understand that previous to this trip he had made arrangements at the Seashore Apartments for two apartments, one across the hall from the other.

Q. Were you present when he made that arrangement?

A. No, I wasn't.

(Lie! She arranged herself; refer affidavits of Charles Kinsell and Eleanor Kinsell.)

Q. How did you understand that? From whom did you get that information?

A. We had been there once before, and he had mentioned that he might come there for a vacation to Wildwood, New Jersey; and I understand when he went there that he had made arrangements before, from what I know. She greeted him and said that the rooms were ready.

Q. What time of day on the thirteenth did you arrive there?

A. Around three or four in the afternoon.

Q. And what accommodations did you find

Digitized by Google

awaiting you?

A. On the third floor of the apartment house there were two separate apartments across the hall from each other. They were comprised in one—each apartment had two bedrooms, a dining room, a bathroom and a kitchen.

Q. Now then, do you think you could draw a fairly accurate sketch of the two apartments if you had a piece of chalk?

A. At the top of the stairway there was a small hall, a small landing about this size (witness drawing on blackboard); and there was a door entering here. Here was one bedroom. One bedroom was comprised like this, came over this way. This comprised a small bed right here, a dresser right here, and as you come down to the entrance, here was the doorway; down here was the hall, a small hall; then there was another bedroom in here.

Q. Just proceed and draw that.

A. Yes. Just one bedroom.

MR. STEARNS: Can you see over there?

THE WITNESS: It is kind of hard to draw. Shall I make it smaller, Mr. Stearns?

MR. STEARNS: Pardon?

THE WITNESS: Shall I make it smaller?

MR. STEARNS: Yes. I don't care about the proportions. All I want is just so these gentlemen get a visual picture, a mental picture of it.

(She had to be told.)

(Witness erases the drawing she had made on the blackboard and starts drawing again.)

THE WITNESS: That is the front bedroom, the doorway entering here. This is the front bedroom

Digitized by Google

as you enter the doorway; there is a bed right here and there is a dresser here. As you came in this doorway you came into this bedroom and you had to come in a small hallway. There was an entrance right here; there was a bed right here and a dresser right beside it. Coming out of this doorway you came through this hall, into this other side, entered in the dining room here. There was a dining room table right here and a couch here. Coming through this way was a bathroom. The bathtub was right here; the basin was here. You come out through this way, through the dining room again into the kitchen. A sink was here and a kitchen closet was here. That comprised the apartment.

Q. Now draw a line where the partition of the kitchen would be dividing it from the other.

A. There was no—there was just an opening right here, the bathroom was here and the apartment there.

Q. Was there a door in here or not?

A. Yes, Mr. Stearns, there was a doorway.

Q. And was there any partition across there?

A. Yes.

Q. Well, draw a partition.

A. A doorway there (witness drawing).

Q. Now you may resume the stand, if you will. Now Miss McCann, do I understand now that the sketch there is but one apartment?

A. Yes.

Q. And you may state whether or not the apartment across the hall was similar in arrangement to that apartment?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. Did you find the beds made up when you went there that evening?

A. No.

Q. Was the bed linen and all necessary articles there for making up the beds or not?

A. No.

Q. How about that? Just tell us.

A. We brought our linen with us in the car.

Q. Now Miss McCann, I want you to go ahead and tell these gentlemen in your own way what occurred there that evening.

A. After we came from Malaga, New Jersey, to Wildwood, New Jersey, and we had taken all the bedding from the car and all the necessary clothing into the apartment, Mrs. Dinshah mentioned that she was tired, and we had dinner, and after dinner she said she was tired and she was going to sleep in the apartment that she was resting in, and I understood Colonel Dinshah had taken the other apartment. There were—in each apartment there were two bedrooms, and as you came up the stairway at the right hand side there were two bedrooms as you entered the door; at the left hand side there were two other bedrooms. The one on the left hand side of the room Colonel Dinshah had chosen, and we were in the right hand side. Mrs. Dinshah said that she felt tired, and she was going to sleep in this apartment where she was lying, and she said to me, "You may sleep in the other apartment." I knew this was Colonel Dinshah's apartment and I objected. I said, "No; that is not my place; that is your place. You are his wife." And she said, "Why, we are only kidding you. That is all right;

Digitized by Google

go ahead and make the beds." I made the bed in the second room next to Mrs. Dinshah; that was the first bed; I made the second bed, then I crossed the hallway into the other apartment, which was Colonel Dinshah's. I made the first bed in that room, then I entered to make Colonel Dinshah's bed. As I was making the bed Colonel Dinshah walked through the apartment and he said, "When you have finished with this bed will you get me a drink of water." I said, "Yes." And as I was completing the bed his daughter, Kashmira, entered the bedroom and laid some linen on a chair. I didn't take any—

(How cunning to make wife and daughter accomplices!)

Q. What bedroom was that, Miss McCann?

A. The second bedroom, right here (indicating on sketch).

Q. All right. That was the second bedroom?

A. I was making the second bedroom. There were a dresser beside that and there were some articles on the dressing table, some biographical sketches and some revolvers.

MR. BECKMAN: If your Honor please, I can't hear her when she turns her head.

(Who else could hear?)

THE WITNESS: There were some revolvers on the dresser, some biographical sketches, and some other articles. After I had completed the bed I left the room, walked through the dining room into the bathroom to get the glass of water. There was no glass in the bathroom, so I went through the dining room again into the kitchen to get a glass. Then I walked back to the bathroom and turned on the cold water tap in the basin and I arranged a few articles

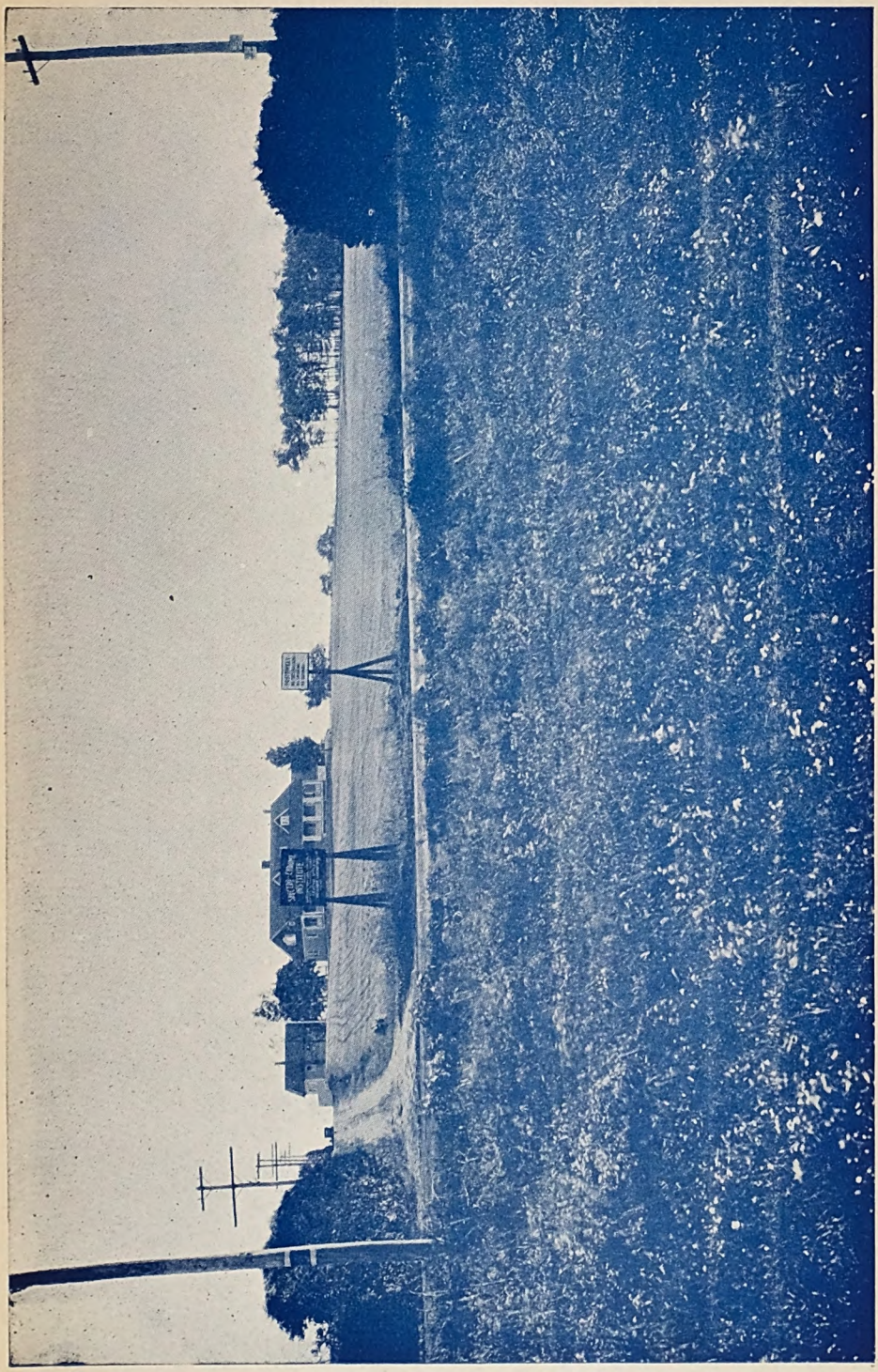
Digitized by Google

that were lying around, such as cocoanut oil and a few things; I hung up the towel; I turned on the cold water tap and took a drink myself, I remember, and then I rinsed the glass and brought this glass in to Colonel Dinshah. As I came into the bedroom I noticed that he was in bed apparently dressed and reading a newspaper, and I hesitated about going in. He motioned to me and said, "Just lay the glass of water on this dresser." I entered in through the room and just as I laid the glass of water down Colonel Dinshah made a raise up in bed and he jumped at me. I let a little screech of surprise, and I struggled around the room with him, and I left the room through this little hall into the front door. By this time he had already reached me and I screamed and I said, "I am going to tell your wife, Irene." He said, "Never mind." He said, "My wife knows all about this. She got you for me. We planned this together." I screamed and he drew his gun from behind his back and said, "Get back into that back room there." I backed up in through this room into this second bedroom here. Then he made a move to me; he said to me, "Lie down on the bed." I said, "No." He made a move. I thought he was going to shoot me. Instead of that he put the revolver in the dresser. He made a grab at me and he started tearing off my clothes, and I screamed and he struck me on the face, and he held my mouth, and he knocked me so unconscious I think for the time being—

MR. STEARNS: These gentlemen say they can't hear you back here.

THE COURT: Sit around here on the side.

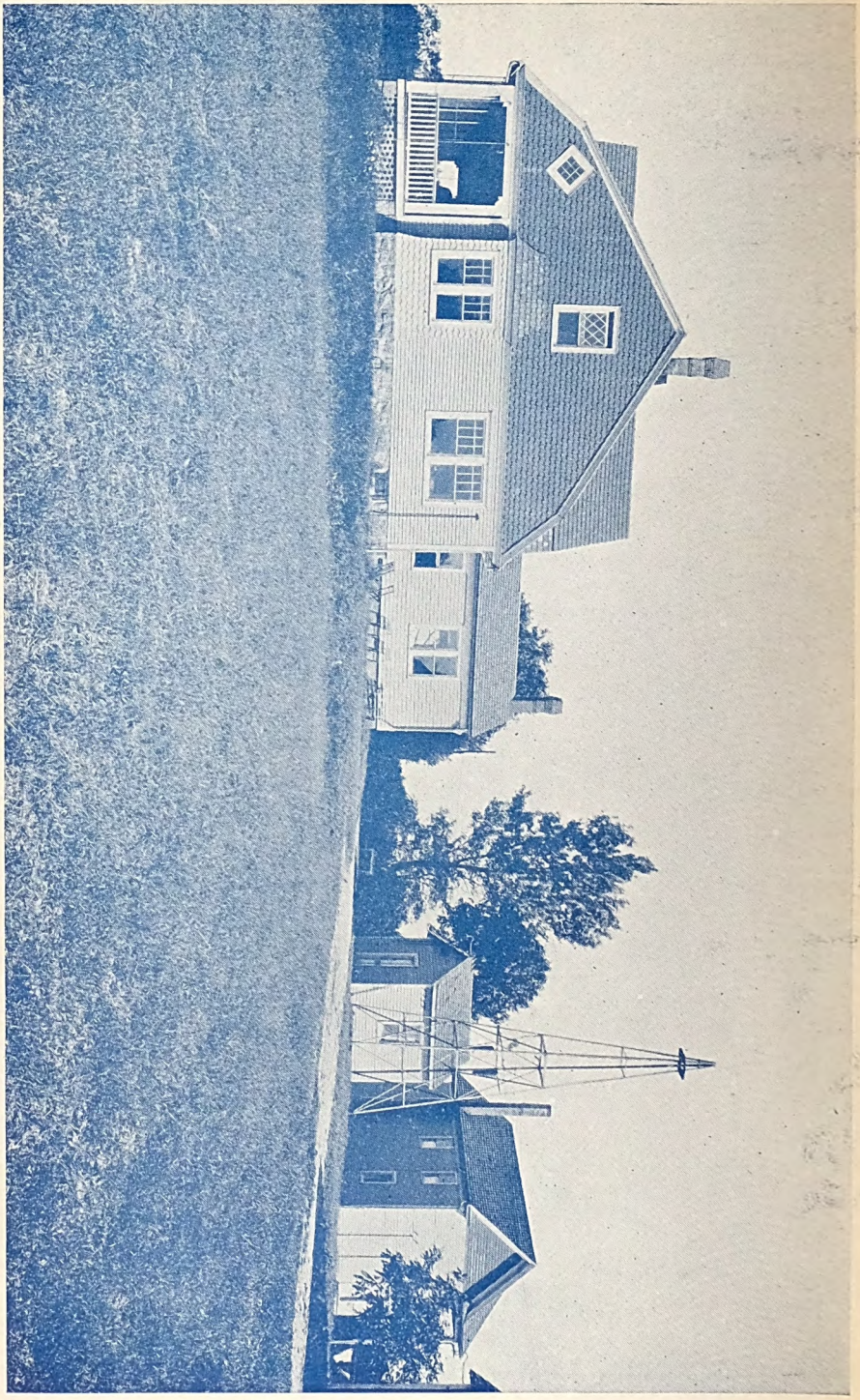
Digitized by Google



Spectro-Chrome Institute—Flying Field on Harding Highway. EXHIBIT 18

Digitized by Google

EXHIBIT 30



Spectro-Chrome Institute—Central Office and Research Laboratory. Engine House—Light Tower Recreation Building.

Digitized by Google

THE DEFENDANT: Your Honor, I can't hear her. Will you please—

THE COURT: Just a minute. Your attorneys will represent you. I don't care to have you addressing the Court.

(Thank you, but if I could not hear the witness how could I instruct my attorneys?)

(Counsel for defendant here took a position nearer the witness.)

Q. (By Mr. Stearns.) Did you consent to that act of intercourse, Miss McCann?

A. No, I did not, Mr. Stearns.

Q. Now go ahead and tell the jury.

A. I remember—the next thing I remember was Colonel Dinshah was forcing me, and I cried and said, "Oh, you are killing me." And he struck me again. Then I remember I was lying on the foot of the bed and I cried to myself again, and as I turned on the bed I saw a white night dress that belonged to myself; it was covered with blood; and Dinshah held it up to me and he said, "This is—look at this for nice red blood." He said, "You have never seen such red blood as this is before, and you probably never will." And I looked at him and he held it. He said, "This night dress was brought in by my daughter." And I cried and threw myself down on the bed. He left the room and went into the bathroom, because I heard the water running in the bathroom, and I tried to get up to go to the other room, and he came in with a wet handkerchief; he wiped some of the blood stains off of the sheet, and he gave me a dry handkerchief and he said to go to the other room; he didn't want all his beds stained with blood.

Digitized by Google

And then he said—at the moment then he said, "Your Aunt Mary," he said, "knew what you came for." I could not get off the bed. I felt weak. I was tired from struggling; I was exhausted; and he helped me to the other room. I threw myself across the bed in this front room here and cried, and Colonel Dinshah left the room and he came back a short time later and I hid my face in the covers. I was ashamed. And I turned and looked up; I saw he had washed my white night dress and he had hung it up in a closet in the front room. Finally he came over to me and I was crying. He put his hand on my back and he said, "Never mind; it will be all right"; and I fell asleep a short time after that. And the next thing I remember was Sunday morning, the morning after.

Q. The next day you say was Sunday?

A. Sunday.

Q. Did you leave the house that day or not?

A. No, not only with Colonel Dinshah's family.

Q. Did he go back to Malaga that day?

A. No.

Q. Did you—after that now did you sleep across in the other apartment, or did you continue to occupy that bed?

A. Yes, I continued to occupy that front bedroom.

Q. How long did you remain at that place?

A. One week.

Q. And then where did you go?

A. Back to Malaga, New Jersey.

Q. During that time did Dinshah remain at Wildwood, or did he make daily trips, with the ex-

Digitized by Google

ception of this Sunday, back to Malaga?

A. Yes; he made daily trips to Malaga, New Jersey.

Q. How did he go, do you know?

A. By automobile.

Q. After returning to Malaga did he again attempt to molest you or not?

A. Yes.

Q. Where would those acts occur?

A. In the office building where his bedroom was.

Q. Now then, Miss McCann, I want you to tell these gentlemen whether or not following that incident he still continued to act the gentleman, or whether his demeanor changed in any respect.

A. Yes, his demeanor did change. How do you mean, Mr. Stearns?

(Good way to ask after answering! He might not mean, but, what did you mean?)

Q. You may tell these gentlemen whether or not he ever talked to you about intercourse with other girls or other women, or matters of that sort.

A. Yes, he did, many times.

Q. Where would these conversations occur as a rule?

A. At his dinner table.

(Some subject for the dinner table!)

Q. Now you testified, I believe, that up to the time that he took you down to Wildwood, that nothing had occurred that made you suspicious of him or of his intentions?

A. No.

(Then his intentions could not be White Slavery.)

Q. Do you know whether or not Mrs. Dinshah

Digitized by Google

was pregnant at the time that you were taken down to Wildwood?

A. Yes.

Q. How soon after that was the baby born?

A. The baby was born on the 25th of October, 1924.

Q. I know, Miss McCann, that it is not pleasant to have to go into these matters, but it is necessary, and I want you to tell these gentlemen now whether or not Dinshah ever attempted to have intercourse with you in an unnatural manner or to have you, compel you or persuade you to have intercourse with him in that fashion.

(Was that in the Indictment? Good way to poison the jury.)

A. Yes. Shall I tell how?

Q. You will have to tell how.

A. He started by kissing me on the neck, and then he kissed my breast, and he used to go down further; then he put his tongue in my mouth during intercourse.

(Later she testified I forbade kissing.)

Q. Did he ever attempt to induce you to have unnatural intercourse with him or relations with him?

A. Yes.

Q. What was it? What did he want you to do?

A. He wanted me to kiss his body, was the only thing he ever wanted me to do.

Q. Did you do that?

A. No.

Q. Have you any idea, Miss McCann, how often these relations occurred after you returned to Malaga?

Digitized by Google

A. Once or twice a week, sometimes once every two weeks.

Q. Was any precaution taken against conception?

A. No.

Q. Did he have stated periods or times when he had intercourse with you, or not?

A. Certain times after the menstrual period he would not approach me, such as seven days, or seven to twelve days after the menstrual period.

(Yet she stated that there was intercourse on the train soon after the period.)

Q. Miss McCann, while you were with this man did you forswear the Christian religion and become a Zoroastrian, that is, Fire Worshiper, or not?

A. Oh, just about two months before I came to Portland, Oregon, I had a garment of their creed.

Q. What sort of a garment was that?

A. It is a white garment, a nainsook garment, they call sudra.

Q. Who put that garment on you?

A. Colonel Dinshah.

Q. Now then, recalling the contract that you signed, whereby you say you agreed to neither receive nor send letters except they be censored by Dinshah, did you carry on a normal correspondence with your people here in Portland, your brothers and sisters and aunt?

A. No.

Q. Was anything done or said to prevent you from normally corresponding with them?

A He objected to my writing to my people. He nad turned me against my Aunt Mary. I didn't know

Digitized by Google

what to think. He said that she knew the purpose I came for. Naturally I felt a little hard towards her for that reason.

Q. How about addressing your aunt in endearing terms, or your people, as one ordinarily would do? Were you permitted to do that or not?

A. No.

Q. Do you recall, Miss McCann, a visit from an agent of the Department of Justice, a Mr. Clark? I think that was, oh, along about the second of August, perhaps, or in about that time.

A. Yes.

Q. Was Dinshah home then, or was he in Detroit at that time?

A. The first time Mr. Clark came, as far as I remember Colonel Dinshah was in Detroit.

Q. And were you interviewed by Mr. Clark at that time?

A. No.

Q. Now how about the second visit? Did Mr. Clark come again when Dinshah was there?

A. Yes. But I didn't speak to Mr. Clark. Colonel Dinshah did most of the talking. He showed him my naturalization papers and showed him letters I had received from my relations. In fact, I didn't talk to Mr. Clark at all, except to acquiesce that I was—that I had my first papers out and that I was from Portland, Oregon, and a few statements like that.

(He came only once; why did not the Government introduce Clark or his report?)

Q. Now then, after you had returned from this trip down to Wildwood, to your home at Malaga,

Digitized by Google

what resulted from your relations with this man?

A. About the first of November, or, I don't exactly remember the date, I was pregnant.

Q. How did you first know that you were pregnant?

A. Well, I was nauseated, and on the 7th of November I went to Colonel Dinshah and told him I was sick, and he didn't think there was anything the matter. On the 9th I told him I still felt sick and I felt a change in my appearance; I felt myself different. I felt that my breasts were beginning to develop and they were getting much larger than they had been, and the menstrual time had not come.

Q. You say you told him about that?

A. Yes. I told him I was very, very sick. And he asked me if my menstrual period had come and I told him no. He always kept tab on my periods.

Q. He kept a tab on them?

A. Yes.

Q. You mean that he noted down the dates?

A. Yes.

(He did not; that record was found in her dresser in her own handwriting after she was gone.)

Q. How do you know that, Miss McCann?

A. Because on the 7th of November—he always would ask me when I had my periods; then on the next month after, on that date he would always ask me my sick time. Besides, when we were sick we were never allowed to work in the office; we had to be excluded to the house; and therefore he always knew when my period came.

Q. What did he say when you told him about these symptoms, Miss McCann?

Digitized by Google

A. He didn't think there was anything the matter. He said no, he didn't think there was anything the matter; that perhaps I had caught a cold.

Q. Well, when you found out that you had not caught cold, what then?

A. After his wife had given birth to the baby I was attending Mrs. Dinshah in her room, and Colonel Dinshah came in at the time and he said to his wife, "There is going to be another addition in our family"; and Irene, his wife, didn't say anything, but he said it would not last long. And Mrs. Dinshah objected to this—he said he would give me an operation, and she objected to the operation. She said to me one day, "If you want to give birth to that baby I will adopt that baby, or I will divorce Colonel Dinshah and you can marry him so that the baby will have a name."

(I would not exchange my good Irene for any number of Geraldines.)

Q. Do you know whether Dinshah knew about his wife's offer in that regard or not?

A. No, I don't know.

Q. He was not present when she made that offer to you?

A. No.

Q. Miss McCann, what was done to bring about a miscarriage?

A. Colonel Dinshah used an instrument to abort me, over in his bedroom, on his operating table. He first—

(Where did she a stenographer learn about abortions and operations? How would an unsophisticated working girl know what the purpose of any "instrument" was?)

Q. Now it will be necessary for you, Miss

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

McCann, to tell these gentlemen all about it. I want you to tell them exactly how it happened.

A. After this first operation, it wasn't a successful operation and I flowed for one month. I had a sort of hemorrhage for one month after that. Nothing was done, but I was in continual agony. I was nauseated all the time, and I felt my body weakening, and I had heart attacks from loss of blood. That was after—

Q. Pardon me, Miss McCann. I want you to tell these gentlemen how that abortion occurred; I know it is not pleasant, but I want you to tell them; and when.

A. The first abortion I would judge would be about the 15th of November that Colonel Dinshah ordered me up to his bedroom, where he had this operating table, and he used this instrument to abort me, and he said there was nothing the matter, I was just nervous; he could not see anything there. And then after that I felt sick, and then I went over to the residence. That was the first.

Q. And where and when was the second operation performed?

A. The second operation was performed in the same place, over in his bedroom.

Q. What kind of an instrument did he use, do you know?

A. No, I don't know. I only know it was an instrument about eight or nine inches long.

Q. And did you say when—do you know the date, or the approximate date, of the second operation, Miss McCann?

A. Well, this was about the—I would judge

Digitized by Google

around the 22nd of December, because it was close to Christmas.

Q. And what was the result of that operation?

A. That second operation wasn't successful for about a week or so. On the first of January of this year we had gone on a journey and we had gone over a very rough road and I took sick. That night about eleven or twelve o'clock I felt the labor pains coming on and I moaned in bed all night, and I asked his wife—I called his wife and I said, "Will you call Dinshah? I am very sick." And she said, "No; he is tired; let him sleep." I stayed in bed all night, moaned in bed until seven o'clock in the morning. I said, "I can't stand this any longer." I got out of my bed and I put on my kimona; it had just snowed; snow was lying on the ground; I put on my bedroom slippers and my kimona and I went over to the large building. Just as I got to the foot of the stairs I remember of taking a pain, and I said I was very sick. He said, "Go back to your bedroom; I will come over there after while." I came back to the bedroom and I laid in bed and the hemorrhage started. No one was there to attend me. Harry Saunders had just come off of the train. The room was very cold, and the blood was flowing, and I looked after myself. On both sides of the bed I had some of these Kotex pads. I was taking care of myself. I had newspapers and everything to stop the blood. Finally I asked—his daughter, Kashmira, come up; I asked his daughter Kashmira if she would not go and call him. She left the room and went out of the building altogether. Then I stood —the first thing I know I went to stand up to help

Digitized by Google

myself, and something came out in this hemorrhage. I noticed it was a white piece of matter, very hard. I put my finger on it even to feel it, and I didn't know what this matter was. His daughter Kashmira came up and I pointed it out to her and said, "Look; what is that?" And she said, "It is this"— She went to the telephone; she called her father; she spoke to him in a foreign language and told him to come over, I guess, evidently, because he came over a short time afterwards. He stood at the foot of the bed; he folded his hands, and he didn't touch me; and he told his daughter Kashmira to take this, what he called it, to take them out and bury them; and she remarked and said, "I always get these bloody jobs." And Colonel Dinshah left me, went over to his office, and I was left alone, and after this, right after this miscarriage, I got up and I went to the bathroom myself and I attended to myself and washed myself to go downstairs to breakfast, and I believe I went down to breakfast that morning.

(By cleverly making Irene and Kashmira accomplices, the witness knocked out the value of their defense testimony .Who coached her to that vile game?)

Q. Did you eat any breakfast that morning?

A. No. I went to the table, though.

Q. Did you see anyone there besides any member of the family?

A. Not that morning, no.

Q. How soon after that was it that you saw anyone besides a member of the family?

A. It was, I think—I believe it was the next day. I had been very tired of lying in bed, and I came downstairs with my kimona and my bedroom slip-

Digitized by Google

pers into the dining room. No one ever came into the house, so I thought it was perfectly safe to come downstairs and get a change of air downstairs. And I sat behind the table. Harry Saunders entered the room and he just gasped when he saw me, and he said—

(Why Harry Saunders all the time? The plumbers were working right on the premises; refer to affidavit of Robert Austin.)

Q. Well now, not what he said. That would be hearsay, unless—was Dinshah there at the time?

A. No.

Q. Well, that would not be competent. Why didn't you leave this defendant and go back to your people?

A. He had turned me against all my people, and he threatened me to leave. If I ever left he said he would follow me, no matter where I went, and he would shoot me.

(Again the game.)

Q. Do you know whether or not the defendant made a practice of carrying weapons with him wherever he went?

A. Yes; he carried two revolvers.

Q. Now you have said that on the night that he committed this outrage on you, that there were two guns on the table?

A. Yes.

Q. I want you to look at that holster and that gun and say whether or not you recognize that as one of the guns.

A. Yes, that is one of his guns.

(She was looking at the jury and the revolver was in the holster; and how did that Wildwood gun come into Government hands?)

Digitized by Google

Q. Did this man at any time claim that he possessed supernatural powers?

A. Yes.

(Bosh! Salem witchcraft! Was that too in the Indictment?)

Q. What were his representations to you in that regard, Miss McCann?

A. After I wrote my brother, this letter to my brother, and this letter was discovered, he was very angry about me writing this letter to my brother,, and he said if I would leave him quiet that night he would project his astral body into the ether and would dissolve the letter so it would never reach my brother.

Q. Did he at other times speak of this ability, or claimed ability, to leave his body and to go abroad in his astral body?

A. Yes. He said many times he had gone to the moon to get his brothers who had wandered away.

("Luna" does mean the Moon; might be moonshine also.)

Q. Do you know whether or not that was a fairly common topic of conversation in the family there?

A. Yes.

Q. Miss McCann, did this man at any time ever tell you about alleged practices on the part of high native officials in India with respect to boys?

A. I beg your pardon, Mr. Stearns.

Q. I say, did this man ever at any time while you were with him tell you about alleged practices on the part of high officials of India with regard to boys?

A. Yes.

(Was this also in the Indictment? Is that the girl's talk ?)

Digitized by Google

Q. What did he say to you in that regard?

A. He told me that the maharaja of India had used boys, and he said that he had many times used boys, committed the crime of sodomy.

(Another charge; more serious. Her answer shows she was well-trained by a mind behind; as if not enough to state, she actually defines the "crime" in legal phraseology.)

Q. I want you now to tell these gentlemen, Miss McCann, about this letter that you got Harry Saunders to send away for you. Just tell them about that incident.

A. During this time I was pregnant I was very sick. After these operations I felt—well, I was just desperate. I wanted to get home to my people. And my brother wrote me a letter asking me to come home, and I was forbidden to answer this letter, but, nevertheless, the first chance I got I started to write to my brother telling him I wanted to come home, and no sooner would I get the letter started than his daughter would walk in, or something, and I would have to put this letter away. And one time when I was in Philadelphia Harry Saunders saw that I was sick. He said, "What is the matter?" I told him I was lonesome for my people; I wanted to go home. He said, "If you write this letter I will post it for you." And I said, "Well, I don't want to break the law of this Institute." I knew we were forbidden to write our people. And finally I wrote this letter to my brother saying I was coming home shortly, and I gave it to Harry Saunders to mail for me, and Harry posted this letter for me, and I understand now that he also wrote a letter to my brother and enclosed it in my letter, and in this letter

Digitized by Google

was stated that the correspondence was to come to Harry Saunders' address in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. And it seems on a—shortly after I had this miscarriage, it was about three or four days later when this letter was, Colonel Dinshah found out about this letter from some one else that I had written to Harry Saunders. Shall I explain the letters to Harry Saunders?

(Read that decoyed letter further on; even in that she says "Col. Dinshah has been very good to me; I don't want to part.")

Q. No; that will be gone into a little bit later on, Miss McCann. I want you to tell the jury, however, what occurred as regards Dinshah after he found that you had sent this letter.

A. This letter?

Q. What did he do about this letter proposition?

A. The letter to my brother?

Q. Yes.

A. That letter wasn't discovered until the letters from Harry Saunders were discovered.

Q. What was done then? What did he do with respect to yourself and Harry Saunders? That is what I want.

A. The morning—one morning after this miscarriage I had gone over to the office and I was sitting opposite Colonel Dinshah. He was reading his mail. His daughter Kashmira entered with the mail from the postoffice, and I noticed that something was wrong and something strange around the place. Finally Kashmira—Colonel Dinshah called me upstairs to his room and he said to me, "Did you write a letter to your brother?" I said, "Yes." "To whom did you give that letter to post?" I said,

Digitized by Google

"Well, I don't want to tell." He said, "Well, you might as well tell me." He said, "Mrs. Saunders," he said, "is quite angry about this letter that you wrote to Harry Saunders, and she is going to have a divorce over this, and," he said, "you are going to be co-respondent in it." I said, "There was no harm in these notes. I just wanted Harry to send out these letters for me to my brother." And he said—he called Harry Saunders into the office and he told me to wait on the stairway and to listen. He called Harry Saunders; he asked Harry if Harry had posted letters for me. Harry Saunders said no, he hadn't. He said, "Now, Harry, you have told many lies to me. Now you tell the truth now about these letters." He said, "No, Colonel," he hadn't posted any letters for me. He called me down to the office and he said, "Miss McCann, did you ever give any letters to Harry Saunders to post to your brother?" And I said, "Yes, I did." And Harry Saunders turned to me and said no, he had never posted letters for me. I said, "Yes, Harry, you did"; and then he said, "Yes, I did post letters for her, for Miss McCann, but I promised her I would not tell." And then Colonel Dinshah typed a letter to Mrs. Saunders asking Mrs. Saunders to come to the premises with these notes that she had in her possession, and I believe he gave this note to Harry to bring to his wife. The next morning on the nine o'clock train Mrs. Saunders and Harry Saunders arrived in Malaga and she was ushered into the presence of Colonel Dinshah and his wife and daughter and my presence at the time. Harry was sent outside to do some work. Mrs. Saunders sat down and she said

Digitized by Google

Spectro-Chrome Institute—Secretarial Room—Geraldine Faced Catholic Church, At Work. EXHIBIT 34

Digitized by Google

EXHIBIT 35

Spectro-Chrome Institute—Spectroscopy and Design Room, Facing Entrance Spy Lenora Houston saw only "Surgical case!"

Digitized by Google

that she had found these letters, two letters that I had written to Harry, on the buffet in the dining room, and she drew out of her purse one of the notes I had written to Harry, and Colonel Dinshah read the note and he snapped his finger on the top of the paper and said, "Madam, there is nothing in these letters to think evil of the girl. The girl is all right." And she didn't like this anyway, and she drew out another letter, out of her purse, and she handed it to Colonel Dinshah, and he said, "There is nothing in this letter to damn the girl at all." And he said, "This girl has been in my employ now for ten months, approximately ten months, and," he says, "she has never told me a lie once. You can believe anything the girl tells you." And so he asked me—Colonel Dinshah turned to me and said, "Explain to Mrs. Harry Saunders why you came to write these letters." I tried to explain the best way I could to Mrs. Saunders, because I didn't want Mrs. Saunders to know the condition I had been in. So I told her I was lonesome for my family; in this note I said I was lonesome; and of course Mrs. Saunders condemned this note, but I didn't mean anything by that note. I was just desperate, and I meant I was lonesome for my family and I wanted to come home; and I said to Mrs. Saunders, "I was lonesome for my family and knowing it was against the rules of the Institute I wrote letters, I had given these letters to Harry Saunders to post for me;" and that was all cleared up. And these notes—

(Why the negro? There were dozens of whites she knew and some right there.)

Q. What did this man do—pardon me; what were you going to say?

Digitized by Google

A. Pardon me. That is all right. Then he called Harry Saunders into the office and he said to Harry Saunders, "Harry Saunders, did you ever touch this girl?" And Harry said no. He drew a revolver from the desk and said, "If you had touched this girl this is what you would get." Then he turned to me and he said to me, "Did Harry Saunders ever touch you?" And I said, "No." And he said to Mrs. Saunders, "You can believe the girl, Madam. She is telling the truth." Then he told Harry he didn't want him any more, that he must keep off of the premises; that he didn't want him on the premises any more. In fact, he discharged Harry. After Harry had gone and he was discharged Colonel Dinshah took these two notes of mine and said, "They will come in for future use; they have come into my possession." And he forced me to sign a written confession saying I had never had any relations with Harry Saunders and nothing to do with Harry Saunders, and he has those two notes and the confession I wrote showing I had never had any relations with Harry Saunders.

Q. Did he give you a copy of this statement he caused you to write?

A. No; he kept the copy and the two letters, and he pinned them together and put them in his safe.

(What copy? It was all in her writing; there was no copy.)

Q. You saw him put them in his safe, did you?

A. Yes.

Q. Did he suggest why he might want them, or not?

A. No; he just said he would keep them for

Digitized by Google

future use.

Q. From that time on until you returned to your people or were taken by them from Dinshah, did you see Saunders?

A. No.

Q. Do you know whether or not Dinshah had in his possession the letter that you received from your brother in reply to the one that was smuggled out and written to him by you?

A. No, I don't.

Q. He didn't get that?

A. No.

Q. Does he have any other of your correspondence, do you know?

A. Letters, you mean, from my people?

Q. Yes.

A. Yes; I believe he has some correspondence from my aunt, Mrs. Hayes; some correspondence from one of my other aunts; and a written letter from my brother asking me to come home.

Q. Didn't he turn your mail over to you?

A. No.

(She read and answered herself.)

Q. Did he keep the mail himself?

A. Yes.

Q. I want you to tell these gentlemen why it was that you believed it necessary to smuggle these letters out through Harry Saunders in order that you might properly reach your people.

A. All my letters that were written to my people were dictated, in fact written by him; all the conversation was his own work; and I was forced to sign these letters to my aunt, and therefore I could never

Digitized by Google

write in a letter saying I wanted to come home; so I wrote this letter by hand and I delivered it to Harry Saunders.

Q. Why didn't you write these letters yourself and mail them while Dinshah was gone?

A. I was never—I was never alone. His wife and daughter were always with me, and I never went to the postoffice.

(Lie! Read the affidavit of Postmistress Bertha Richman.)

Q. Well, you sometimes went down to the grocery store there, and the postoffice, alone?

A. Before I ever went I was always taken and threatened that if I ever left him he would follow me and he would shoot the official and me.

THE REPORTER: Shoot what?

THE WITNESS: The official and me.

(Everything was shooting! She shot some bombs alright!)

Q. (By Mr. Stearns) You don't mean, Miss McCann, you were not physically able to have written those letters if you had seen fit? That is, you were not under constant supervision of those people, were you?

A. I had no will power of my own. I somehow or other, whenever I had the desire to go away I felt something that was drawing me back. I didn't have any will power to act and stand on my own feet. All my personality was gone. I felt a weak feeling, as if I had no control over my movements; somebody else was controlling me.

(This was just a clue taken from the opening statement of Mr. Stearns. Was that a girl talking or a lawyer?)

Q. Did you willingly submit at any time to this

Digitized by Google

man's embraces?

A. No. He was always repulsive to me.

Q. He was always repulsive to you?

A. Yes.

(She hated me so much, she mailed me with the family a Valentine on February 14, 1925 from Vineland!)

Q. Now then, Miss McCann, how long did you continue—after this miscarriage that was brought about, as you have testified, how long did you continue in that household?

A. It was in January I had the miscarriage and I came to Portland on April 30th.

Q. I am a little bit ahead of you—of the train of events here, I think. While you were yet at Malaga, I think it would have been about perhaps the 10th of October, 1924, do you remember a lady coming to your house selling stockings?

A. Yes.

Q. Is this the lady who sits here (indicating)?

A. Yes.

Q. The first time you saw her was when?

A. It was in I think October.

Q. Well, where was it?

A. We had come from—Colonel Dinshah and his daughter Kashmira and I had come from Camden, New Jersey, and as we approached the premises she was sitting on the front doorstep.

Q. You first saw her in the little house?

A. No.

Q. Where you made your living quarters?

A. No; in the office building.

Q. In the office building?

A. Yes. There was a large driveway comes

Digitized by Google

around the front of the office, and as we approached the front driveway this lady was sitting on the doorstep of the office building.

Q. And did you later see her at the postoffice at Malaga?

A. Yes.

Q. Now then, on the return trip who, if anyone, accompanied you?

A. Colonel Dinshah.

Q. The two of you were then alone together on that trip?

A. Yes.

Q. And who paid the fare throughout the entire trip?

A. Colonel Dinshah.

Q. Who purchased the ticket?

A. Colonel Dinshah.

Q. Did he purchase the tickets, your ticket, with your money, or did he provide the money himself?

A. He provided the money.

(Does the Government expect Secretaries to buy their own tickets from their salaries?)

Q. Did you have berths, just ordinary berths, on the train or not?

A. No; we had a compartment.

Q. You say the two of you had a single compartment?

A. No; it was what you call a drawing room.

Q. How many berths were in that drawing room?

A. There were two berths.

(She forgot a Drawing Room has 3 berths.)

Q. And where was the drawing room arrange-

Digitized by Google

ment made, and by whom?

A. By Colonel Dinshah before we left Malaga, New Jersey.

Q. Did the two of you sleep in the same compartment?

A. Yes.

Q. Now did you at any time during that trip occupy the same berth, Miss McCann?

A. Only during intercourse; that was all.

Q. How was that?

A. When he had relations with me; that was the only time.

Q. That was the only time?

A. Yes.

Q. How many times between Chicago and Portland do you recall having had improper relations with Dinshah?

A. About three times.

Q. What arrangement was made by either of you with respect to leaving the drawing room door open?

A. Colonel Dinshah had curtains put up.

Q. You mean by that that the drawing room door was taken down or left open?

A. No; the drawing room door was left open.

Q. Who made these arrangements?

A. I understand Colonel Dinshah made them himself.

Q. Well, you didn't make them, did you?

A. No.

Q. And were there curtains in front, hung in front of the berths?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. And how about the doorway? Was there a curtain?

A. The doorway was left open.

(Intercourse with open door!)

Q. Well, was there any curtain hung over the doorway, or not?

A. No.

Q. That is between—now let's get this straight—between Chicago and Los Angeles there was no curtain over the doorway?

A. No.

Q. But there were curtains hung in front of the berths?

A. Yes.

Q. Just as they would be in the main Pullman?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you know whom he made that arrangement with?

A. I understand he made the arrangement with the porter coming from Los Angeles to Portland. Coming from Chicago to Los Angeles I believe he made it previous to our going, by mail. I believe he arranged for the curtains with the ticket agent in Chicago.

Q. And when did you arrive in Portland?

A. The 30th of April, this year.

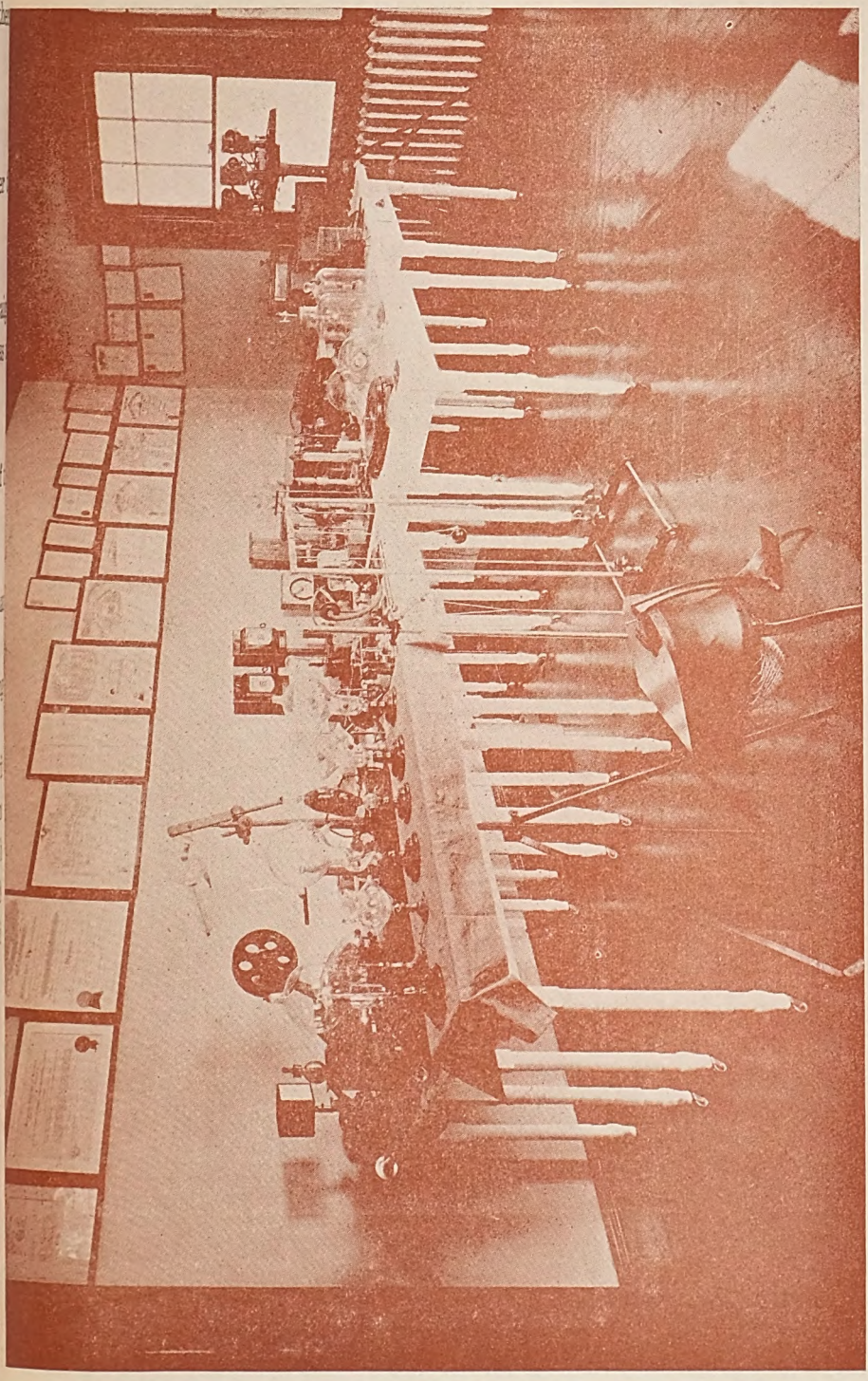
Q. Where did you go after coming to Portland, Miss McCann?

A. To the Portland Hotel.

Q. Why didn't you go out to your people?

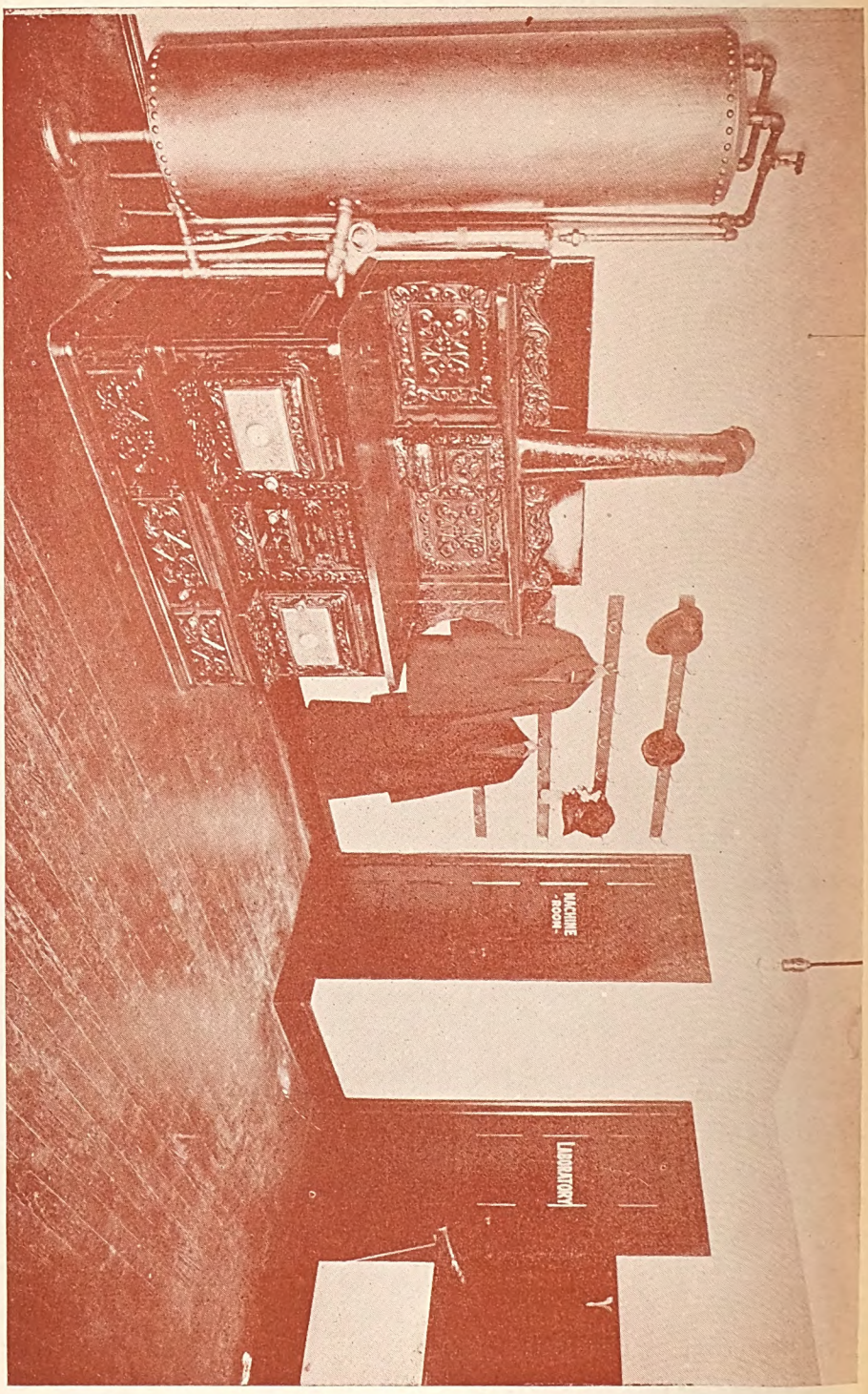
A. Colonel Dinshah would not permit me. He forbid me to go to my house, and he forbids kissing, and I asked him as a special favor could I kiss my

Digitized by Google



Spectro- Chrome Institute—Part of Physics Room. EXHIBIT 36

Digitized by Google



Spectro-Chrome Institute—Part of Caloric Room.

Digitized by Google

people when they came down to see me, and he said no, I could shake hands with my people, and that was—

Q. You say you asked him if you could kiss them?

A. He didn't allow kissing, and I asked him as a special favor if I could kiss my little brothers and sisters who came to see me, and he said no, I could shake hands with them.

(Compare that with her prior statement about kissing.)

Q. Did you leave Dinshah of your own accord and go back to your own people after you came here to Portland?

A. Came here?

Q. Yes.

A. No. It was at four o'clock in the afternoon; we were busy getting the apparati ready for the demonstration of his equipment that evening. At seven o'clock his students arrived and his lecture continued until about eleven or twelve o'clock, and Colonel Dinshah sent me to get a drink of water. As I came upstairs to the room to get a drink of water I met a man at the door as I entered the room, and I was quite astonished to see him so close to my door but I didn't know who he was or what he was, so I didn't bother as I went into the room. I got the drink and came out, and he was standing close to the door again. As I came out through the hallway in the Portland I met a lady. She asked me if I was Geraldine McCann. I said yes. She said she wanted to see me. I said, "You come down to the classroom. I am bringing this drink of water down; I will talk to you downstairs." And she would not

Digitized by Google

come downstairs. At two o'clock in the morning after Colonel Dinshah's lecture I gave him the money I had drawn from the Association and we started for the rooms, and as I came to my room I opened the door and I walked in. I closed the door, and just as I got into the room my brother came from another room, and he just came over and he threw his arms around my neck, and he tore the cap off of my head, and he could not control me, I guess, because I was sort of wild. The telephone rang and I went to answer the telephone, and my brother struck me and he knocked me down and carried me out and that is all I remember until—

(That was the same brother to whom she wrote through the negro—he had to knock her down to take her! Some love!)

Q. You say you had a cap on your head?

A. Yes.

Q. Was that cap in any way similar to the cap the defendant is wearing at the present time?

A. No.

Q. What kind of a cap?

A. A black tam.

Q. What was the purpose in wearing this cap?

A. He said that the cap was worn to keep the thoughts of other people from entering your mind; to keep what he called the aura in.

Q. Were you to wear that cap at all times, or not?

A. Yes; I wore the cap all the time.

Q. Do you know whether the defendant himself made a practice of that?

A. Yes; he always wore his cap.

Digitized by Google

(Quakers and Jewish Rabbis, Roman Catholic Cardinals and others wear caps. Since when did the U. S. Government include cap-wearers among White Slavers?)

Q. By the way, Miss McCann, after you went away with this man did you have the hair removed from the private parts of your body?

A. Before I left here?

Q. No; after you left.

A. Yes.

Q. What was the purpose?

A. He said it was sanitation. Colonel Dinshah said it was sanitation.

Q. It was for sanitation?

A. Yes.

(Since when did sanitation become included as a mark of White Slavery?)

Q. Now you testified about an alleged sacred garment, Zoroastrian garment; I hand you this garment, which would be Government's Exhibit 2 for Identification, and I will ask you if that is the garment you testified about?

A. Yes.

Q. I want you to show that garment to these gentlemen and point out the peculiarities of the garment, if you will, please.

A. This garment has in the corner here, it has what they call a triangle; I believe it means what they call the Holy Trinity; and it is made, I think, symbolic of some part of their religion. It is made in seven pieces, I understand. And this here is a little pocket here in the front; it is supposed to contain a rice or a pomegranate seed, showing prosperity; and, as you notice, the garment is made very large, showing generosity; and there is one other

Digitized by Google

part of it; and there is a cord goes with that.

(Was proselytism in my Indictment? Was not the whole case trumped for some ulterior motive?)

Q. What cord, Miss McCann?

A. I never had the cord. I wasn't fully inducted.

Q. Well ,what does that cord signify?

A. Chastity.

Q. What is that?

A. It is supposed to signify chastity.

Q. Was there any other ceremonial or ritual that went with the placing of that garment upon you?

A. Yes, they have. It is kneeling in the bathtub and pouring water over your head and saying some prayers in some foreign language.

Q. Do you know what foreign language?

A. I believe it is Gujarati language.

(The Zoroastrian Scriptures are in Zend)

MR. STEARNS: We are offering this garment as part of the case.

MR. BECKMAN: No objection.

Q. (By Mr. Stearns) I want you to tell these gentlemen, in all your life have you ever had sexual intercourse with any man other than the defendant?

A. No, never.

MR. STEARNS: You may take the witness.

CROSS EXAMINATION By Mr. Beckman:

Q. Miss McCann, how long had you been with your Aunt Mary Hayes before you went away with Colonel Dinshah?

A. About five months.

Q. Before that time you were living with your aunt, Miss Shaughnessy, were you not?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. Did you have some trouble with your aunt, Miss Shaughnessy?

A. Yes.

Q. You didn't get along with her?

A. No. I will tell you, explain to you how it was.

(Yet she sent $30 a month to this same aunt!)

Q. Wasn't it—didn't it have something to do—

MR. STEARNS: Just a minute.

MR. BECKMAN: Just a minute. I am conducting this examination.

MR. STEARNS: Well now, if your Honor please—just a moment. The witness said that she would explain how that was. Now please permit her to.

MR. BECKMAN: She answered my question. I am interrogating her again. I am asking the witness if the trouble didn't have something to do with running around with boys a little too much.

THE WITNESS: No, never.

Q. Wasn't that the trouble?

A. No. I never went with any boys in Portland.

Q. Never went with any boys?

A. No.

(Their long list in the girl's handwriting is in Irene's possession.)

Q. How long did you live in Portland?

A. I had just lived in Portland about—I came to Portland in 1923.

Q. And then it was about a year afterwards that you went away with the Colonel?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. Or about ten months. I see. And during all this time you didn't go with any boys?

A. No.

Q. All right. Go ahead and tell the jury, then, what the trouble was between yourself and Miss Shaughnessy.

A. During 1923 I was back in the eastern part of Canada, in Eganvile, Ontario, with my grandparents. I was sent back there after my father died, and Miss Shaughnessy, my aunt, came back to Eganville with my mother and took all of our family out to Portland, Oregon, to my aunt, Mrs. Hayes' house on East Seventh Street North. She only had a five-room bungalow, but she made out, fixed everything for us. There were eleven of us at the time. And after we got out to our house we were situated on Weidler Street, everything was all right. I used to go over to Aunt Mary's in the afternoon for a little recreation, and Miss Shaughnessy objected to me going to Mrs. Hayes' because Mrs. Hayes wasn't a Catholic and I was a Catholic, but she objected to that, and that was all. In the afternoons I used to go over to Aunt Mary's, walk over with two little brothers and sisters, and then it got so that she turned the whole family against me. I had raised all these children, practically raised the family, and I had a great devotion for the children. I noticed they were all getting very cool; they were all sarcastic and mean to me; and I think it was owing to Miss Shaughnessy, that she did that.

(Was I victimized because of that "religious trouble"?)

Q. Oh, Miss Shaughnessy then is the one that turned the children against you; is that it?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes; for no possible reason except that I went over to my Aunt Mary's, and just for the reason that she was not a Catholic, and—

Q. It was just religious trouble, then, as I take it?

A. That was all; and—

Q. You were a Catholic and Miss Shaughnessy was, but Mrs. Hayes wasn't?

A. Yes.

Q. And Miss Shaughnessy turned you, tried to turn you against Mrs. Hayes because she wasn't; is that it?

A. Yes.

(Yet she said, "Colonel Dinshah turned me against my relatives!")

Q. Then you went over to Mrs. Hayes and left Miss Shaughnessy on account of it?

A. I went over to Aunt Mary's in the afternoons; then when I used to come home at night Miss Shaughnessy used to lock the doors and bar me out because I used to go to Mrs. Hayes', and they barred the doors one night and took the key and never let me in, and one night after one of our friends—I had a little girl friend whom my aunt objected to me even speaking to or being nice to, and the little girl was in trouble and I wanted to be kind to the girl, and I didn't see any reason why I should throw the girl down, and she evidently heard from other people I had spoken to this girl and she locked me out.

Q. Were you coming in pretty late at night; is that it?

Digitized by Google

A. I never came home alone at night. Whenever I came home I was always accompanied by my aunt, Mrs. Hayes.

Q. You said your mother was in the asylum up in Vancouver?

A. In Alberta she was.

Q. She was suffering from some delusion, wasn't she, at that time?

A. My mother was pregnant at the time, and she contracted what they call pregnant poisoning, and she went to the Holy Cross Hospital and she was operated on by one of our Catholic doctors on a criminal operation, and after the second operation was performed my mother was unconscious for a time and they sent her up to the asylum in Ponoka, Alberta, and she has been there, but she is entirely cured now and she is living with my brothers and sisters.

(I see! That is where abortion came in! It runs in the family's mind. Catholic doctor performed two abortions on her mother; that explains where Miss McCann's knowledge emanated.)

Q. You say there was a criminal operation performed on your mother?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Another abortion?

A. She had pregnant poisoning. The doctor told her that the child would never be healthy and either one would die, and he advised an operation.

Q. So then there was an abortion performed on your mother, as I understand it?

A. Yes.

Q. I see. And then your folks attempted to bring her down into this country, didn't they?

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A. Yes; she came down to Portland.

Q. And she was deported back on account of her mental condition; isn't that true?

A. Yes, that is right.

(The affidavits would indicate Miss McCann should also follow.)

Q. Your mother has another sister that is also in the insane asylum, hasn't she?

A. Yes.

Q. Is she still there in the insane asylum?

A. Yes.

Q. Is she suffering from delusions also?

A. No. She had an operation for appendicitis when she was a young girl. She had never been very healthy, and after her grandmother—why, her mother died—she was such a devoted girl to her mother that she became demented on account of it.

Q. There is another brother of those—of your mother, that is also insane, was he not, or almost that way?

A. No.

Q. Didn't you make a statement to that effect to either Mrs. Dinshah or Kashmira?

A. No.

(She told my family an uncle also was unbalanced and relatives were endeavoring to get him into an asylum.)

Q. Now you went to this public lecture of Colonel Dinshah's in June, 1924, with your Aunt Mary Hayes, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. You and your aunt were there and a great many other people were there?

A. Yes.

Q. You liked the lecture well enough, or your

Digitized by Google

aunt did, at least, to determine to take this course that the Colonel gave; isn't that right?

A. Yes; I thought it would be a very good course. He said to me later on that he could cure my mother, and I was more anxious to cure my mother than for the course. I wanted to take this course to cure my mother.

Q. But he didn't at that time hold out any promise that he would cure, at the time you took the course? This was later, wasn't it?

A. No; he said he would do the best for my mother.

Q. Now you had had a course in business college and had studied stenography to some extent, and had some proficiency in that, had you not?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were taking this course for some days before there was anything mentioned about you being the Colonel's secretary, weren't you?

A. No.

Q. How?

A. No. The first night I spoke to Colonel Dinshah he offered me a position as his secretary.

Q. Well, do you mean he offered you a position as secretary before you started to take the course?

A. Yes.

Q. And what did you have to say then?

A. He just asked me if—how I would like to take his work, and I said, "Well," I said I hadn't got the hundred dollars to spend at that time; and he said, "Well, how would you like to come as my assistant?" And I said, "Well, I will have to just talk it over. I don't know yet."

Digitized by Google

Q. Now you paid seventy-five dollars, though, didn't you, for this course?

A. That was later on.

Q. That was about the time you started in on the course, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. That seventy-five dollars was, a part of it at least was money you had taken from some of your mother's funds, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. And you afterwards told the Colonel about that?

A. Yes.

Q. He arranged for you to get the money back so you could cover that up; isn't that right?

A. Yes.

Q. You knew, of course, you should not have done that at that time?

A. Colonel Dinshah, he asked me about my people; he asked me to tell all about my people; therefore I didn't hide anything from him. I told him my mother needed this money and I had taken this money out. I intended when I went to work to put the money back in the bank, this money I had taken out, and I mentioned to Colonel Dinshah that fact, and he said, "Do not worry about that; I will give you a check to cover the fund and I will take it out of your salary later on."

(Is misusing an insane mother's money a sign of high character? I helped to reform her and see what I got!)

Q. So he gave you a check back then, didn't he?

A. Yes, he did.

Q. Now as a matter of fact, Miss McCann, aren't

Digitized by Google

you wrong about that? There wasn't anything said about any secretaryship until some days after you started this course?

A. Colonel Dinshah mentioned it to me the first night; he asked me to come as his assistant.

(Assistant and Secretary are different; assistant may be any helper; Secretary is a trusted responsible person.)

Q. You didn't come as his assistant the first night?

A. No.

Q. How many nights afterwards did you come as his assistant?

A. He had two courses, had two lectures after that, public lectures, and then his course started. The day his course started I went down and signed his application papers, and then after—well, at noon—well, I was going to business school; I used to go over to the Portland Hotel and was with his wife and daughter and helped him a little bit with his work.

Q. How many times did you go down there with his wife and daughter and help do the work?

A. About a week.

Q. He told you to go there with his wife and daughter so that you could get acquainted with the nature of the work, didn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. So that you could understand what you were expected to do before you became his employe; wasn't that right?

A. Yes.

Q. You saw them there in the sort of attire that you speak of, didn't you?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. And they told you about the requirements, didn't they?

A. Yes.

Q. So you were not being deceived in any way about what was expected of you?

A. No.

(She knew all; where was the kick?)

Q. You knew before you ever left here about the correspondence, didn't you?

A. No. He said to me I could write to my mother, my grandfather and my aunt Mary.

Q. He told you, didn't he, the reason why he didn't want his employes to be corresponding promiscuously with relatives?

A. No, he didn't. He said I would have too much work to do, therefore didn't want me to keep correspondence up with eight and ten people; it was a waste of time, he said.

Q. He also told you, didn't he, Miss McCann, that on account of the fact that he had a great deal of opposition from different people, and that on account of the fact that he had been attacked by the American Medical Association, that he didn't want any of the secrets of his business, or the details of his business, to leak out?

A. Yes.

(Is it White Slavery to have business secrets?)

Q. You knew that?

A. Yes.

Q. He not only said that to you, but he spoke of that openly in the class before all there assembled, did he not?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. And you knew that that was one of his reasons, among others, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. And he told you that he required all his employes to do that, didn't he?

A. Yes.

(If men employees also did that, where was the insinuation?)

Q. So then you knew before you left here, and your aunt knew as well as you did, that any correspondence that you had would have to be in a way censored by him, and that the letters coming to you became the property of the Institute; isn't that right?

A. No; I didn't believe that.

Q. You didn't understand that?

A. No. I thought I would be able to write to my grandfather in my own handwriting and in the terms that I used myself.

Q. Well, didn't you do that?

A. No.

(How much more trouble would I have had with unrestricted correspondence?)

Q. Colonel Dinshah told you, did he not, that the work there was very hard and that you would practically not have any social relations with people while you were there?

A. Yes.

Q. And if you wanted to take up that work that it was almost like going into a monastery?

A. Yes.

(Do White Slavers live in monasteries?)

Q. And you understood it before you even left

Digitized by Google

here?

A. Yes.

Q. And he had you sign a contract to that effect (passing paper to witness)?

THE WITNESS: There is another page of this. This is not the one I signed.

Q. Is that your signature on the bottom of it?

A. Yes. I signed another one, though, where there were witnesses on the bottom.

Q. Yes, but did you sign that?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: I will read this to the jury. It is Defendant's Exhibit 1:

"In view of your employing me in the capacity of an assistant secretary, I hereby unreservedly agree to your rules as follows:

"1. That I shall maintain no correspondence or social relations with any persons connected with your business or otherwise and shall not send, receive or endeavor to send or receive any communications of a personal character from any friend or relative not connected with your work and that any mail coming to me shall be the property of the Spectro-Chrome Institute to be dealt as such.

"2. That I shall abstain totally from the use of all meat, fish, eggs, tea, coffee, tobacco and intoxicants.

"3. That I shall refrain from the use of laces, furs, feathers, silk stockings, high heels and handbags and in every respect shall conform with your teachings regarding dress in wearing full-sleeve and full-neck business suits.

"4. That I shall receive no gifts, contribu-

Digitized by Google

tions, gratuities and presents of any character from any person, friend, relative or otherwise.

"5. That I shall totally abstain from the use of artificial beautifying measures, such as curl papers, hairnets, waves, switches, bobbed hair, frills, powders, cosmetics, rouges, lipsticks and the like.

"6. That I shall travel constantly whenever and wherever required and that my traveling, hotel and laundry expenses shall be paid by you.

"7. That violation of any part of this agreement shall be deemed sufficient cause for prompt dismissal on the spot without warning and without payment of any traveling expenses to return to any specified destination.

"8. That my compensation shall be $15.00 (Fifteen Dollars) per week, payable weekly, plus all traveling, hotel and laundry expenses."

Signed Geraldine McCann, June 12, 1924. To Spectro-Chrome Institute, Portland, Oregon.

(Is there any come-along, pursuasion, inducement or enticement in such contract?)

Now Miss McCann, Colonel Dinshah at this time told you, did he not, that this was not the complete form of the agreement, that he didn't have it there but that they drafted this from memory; isn't that right?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And this agreement your aunt saw, didn't she?

A. No, I don't believe she did.

Q. Well, you told her about the mail, and about the vegetarian diet, and all that, didn't you?

A. Yes, I understood that, but I didn't know

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

about so much correspondence. I said that I would not write to all those people, providing he would let me write to my Aunt Mary, my grandfather and my mother.

Q. Well, you read this first paragraph over, didn't you, before you signed it?

A. Yes.

Q. You read it over, so you knew then before you left here that you were going to a place where you were very much restricted and that you would not be able to live the life you formerly had?

A. No.

Q. You knew that you were to abstain from a lot of the things that young ladies like?

A. Yes.

Q. You were willing to do that?

A. Yes.

Q. And you knew from the Colonel's statement his reasons regarding the correspondence, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman) You understood, then, that from him, that he made statements as to the reasons why he didn't want you to write promiscuously to your relatives? You understood that, didn't you?

A. No. He promised me because my mother was in ill health I could write to her.

Q. Did you write to her?

A. Yes; he promised me that, but I never wrote to her.

(That was the fault of her own laziness.)

Q. Now you signed another agreement, didn't

Digitized by Google

you, before you left?

A. Yes.

Q. The full agreement?

A. Yes.

Q. I show you Defendant's Exhibit 2 for Identification and ask you if that is the second contract you signed.

A. Yes, this is the second one.

MR. BECKMAN (Reading): "Employment Rules of Spectro-Chrome Institute.

"As Spectro-Chrome Institute openly teaches certain principles for sanitation and health, it is incumbent that its officers and other employes closely follow such lines to avoid bringing ridicule on the Institute and themselves and depreciating their efficiency and health. With that end in view the following rules have been adopted and they shall apply to all without exception:

"1. Officers shall abstain altogether from flesh, fish, eggs, tea, coffee, tobacco, alcohol, chewing gum, narcotics and the like; minor employes conform to this rule while on the premises of the Institute and will be expected to conform as much as practicable in their daily life outside.

"2. Employees working in the experimental laboratory of the Institute shall wear proper head cover at all times while on the premises.

"3. Biting nails, licking stamps or envelopes and such other unclean habits shall be avoided.

"4. Artificial hair nets, hair bleachers, hair dyes, skin pomades, cosmetics, face powders, rouges, lipsticks, and the like, shall be avoided by employes on the premises of the Institute or outside at all

Digitized by Google

times; also, hair switches, ear puffs, high heel shoes, corsets, peekaboo waists and similar so-called 'dictates of fashion' which do not conduce either to health or happiness of humanity shall be strictly abstained from inside or outside of the Institute. This rule includes silk stockings and furs.

"5. A proper business costume is preferred to any other; all employes shall wear such business costume in conformity with the above rules and if short (or long) sighted and in need of glasses shall wear only those that have no springs to pinch the nose.

"6 Female employees with bobbed hair shall let them grow again and attend to its thorough cleanliness; they may wear skirts or knickerbockers but shall not carry dangling reticules or money purses; they shall wear any business costume having proper and safe pockets to carry the deposits of the Institute.

"The following business rules shall be likewise observed:

"7. All mail coming into the Institute's offices or addressed to anyone at the Institute shall be promptly sent unopened to the Central Office of Spectro-Chrome Institute.

"8. No employee shall send or receive any personal mail or transact any personal business through the addresses of the Institute and shall not use any stationery of the Institute for personal requirements.

"9. All communications received at the offices or addresses of the Institute, whether such communications be addressed to any individual person-

Digitized by Google

ally, in private, care of, or otherwise, shall be as belonging to the Institute's work and shall be dealt with accordingly. Personal visitors shall not be received at the Institute.

"10. The wires of the Institute shall not be used for any purpose outside of the Institute's business and no messages of a private or personal character shall be allowed over them incoming or outgoing except those pertaining strictly to the business of the Institute. Calls of a personal character coming to any employee shall be answered by "I am sorry; I cannot receive a personal message on this wire" and the line forthwith disconnected.

"11. No employee shall act in the capacity of a Spectro-Chrome Therapist to any person outside of their own immediate family and then too without compensation.

"12. No employee shall maintain any business connection outside of their connection with the Institute, either for monetary gain or otherwise; the Institute needs and expects their entire devotion.

"13. No employee shall come into or maintain so-called social relations with any of the students, graduates or connections of the Institute with whom they come into touch through their connections with the Institute.

"14. No present, gift, contribution, fee, gratuity, either as money, articles of food or any other human articles of necessity or luxury or any tickets for entertainments, theatres, concerts, dances or otherwise shall be accepted by any employee inside or outside of the Institute from any person, student, graduate or business connection of the Institute.

Digitized by Google

The strictest neutrality in this and such matters is essential to the maintenance of the integrity and honesty of purpose of the publication of the magazine Spectro-Chrome, the property of the Institute.

"15. Violation of any rule shall be deemed automatic resignation and the employee shall be paid to date and forthwith removed from working in the Institute in any capacity.

"16. The President shall be the only executive who shall have the right to judge in this as any other matter pertaining to the Institute.

"I, the undersigned, carefully read the above Rules, and on my honor give my faithful promise to abide by them while in the service of Spectro-Chrome Institute.

"(Signed) Geraldine McCann.
"Portland, Oregon, June 17, 1924."

(This strict disciplinary contract under which all work in Spectro-Chrome Institute, differs in no way from those of motion picture producers, stage managers and the like. Since when has it been understood that a business contract is White Slavery? White Slavers offer gold bricks, silver stairs, tapestries, diamonds and fairy palaces; here, the contract is more than enough to frighten away anyone not meaning strict business. Yet this same contract the Government twisted to mean "absorbing the personality of the girl" and the like. Who compelled her to sign it? She was free to accept it or reject it—and how about Harry Saunders and other male employees signing the same contract? Was it for that reason that the prosecution made the girl speak about "unnatural practices?" Who concocted that diabolical outrageous allegation?)

Q. Now your Aunt Mary Hayes saw that part, didn't she?

A. That contract was signed—well, I typed that myself and signed it at Malaga, New Jersey, before I came out here. The date Portland, Oregon, was

Digitized by Google

put on it, but I signed it in Malaga.

Q. Now did your Aunt Mary Hayes see the other one?

A. No.

Q. You told her about the most of it, though, didn't you?

A. Well, Colonel Dinshah told me what I was to do. He told me the custom and the diet, and she knew that herself without seeing the contract.

Q. Yes; she knew about the correspondence, too?

A. No. He told her that I could write to those three persons I mentioned before: To my mother and Aunt Mary and my grandfather.

Q. And you did write to them?

A. I was never allowed to write a letter to my Aunt Mary except it was dictated to me.

Q. You didn't? Now didn't you write a letter to a friend of yours, or of your family's, up in Canada, before you left here, a Mr. McQueen?

A. Yes.

Q. And in which you said that you were going to get a job and were to receive one hundred dollars a week?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. You were just drawing on your imagination a little bit then, weren't you?

A. No. Colonel Dinshah told me so, and this man was a friend of my father's; he is manager of a big insurance company; and he was sort of a guardian of mine, and therefore I wrote him and told him of my plan.

Q. Now you knew you were only getting fifteen dollars a week?

Digitized by Google

A. He told me I was going to get one hundred dollars a week.

(Told her? What does the contract specify?)

Q. Well, you knew you could not get one hundred dollars a week unless you acquired proficiency, enough proficiency to earn it?

A. The only reason why he didn't give it to me was because he said I would have to pay an income tax.

Q. Oh, he told you that before you left?

A. After I went to Malaga he didn't give me a hundred dollars, because I would have to pay an income tax.

(So she would like to cheat the Government!)

Q. Did your Aunt Mary know that you were to get a hundred dollars a week?

A. Yes.

Q. Before you left here?

A. Yes.

Q. Your Aunt Mary knew that you were not able to earn a hundred dollars a week, didn't she?

A. Yes, I was. With efficiency I would be able to.

Q. You were just out of business college, weren't you?

A. Yes, but I knew enough about business.

(Some business woman!)

Q. To earn a hundred dollars a week?

A. Later on I would.

Q. In just a short time?

A. Yes.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) Now when your friend, Mr. McQueen, found out about that, he became

Digitized by Google

alarmed and sent down here to somebody or other, didn't he, and there was some investigation about your going away, wasn't there?

A. Not that I know of.

Q. You don't know anything about that?

A. No. I only know—

Q. Isn't it a fact that the Colonel then didn't want to take you when this matter came up?

A. He said he would not take me unless—I was a Canadian citizen and I was under age; he could not take me unless my aunt signed a written statement that I could go.

Q. Your aunt then signed a written statement?

A. Yes.

Q. Were you there at the time?

A. Yes.

Q. And you signed it, too?

A. Yes.

"Portland, Oregon, June 23, 1924.

"I, Mary S. Hayes, do hereby certify that Mary Geraldine McCann is under my guardianship and that from this day on I have given my permission to her to accompany Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, President of Spectro-Chrome Institute, on his travels as Assistant Secretary to him.

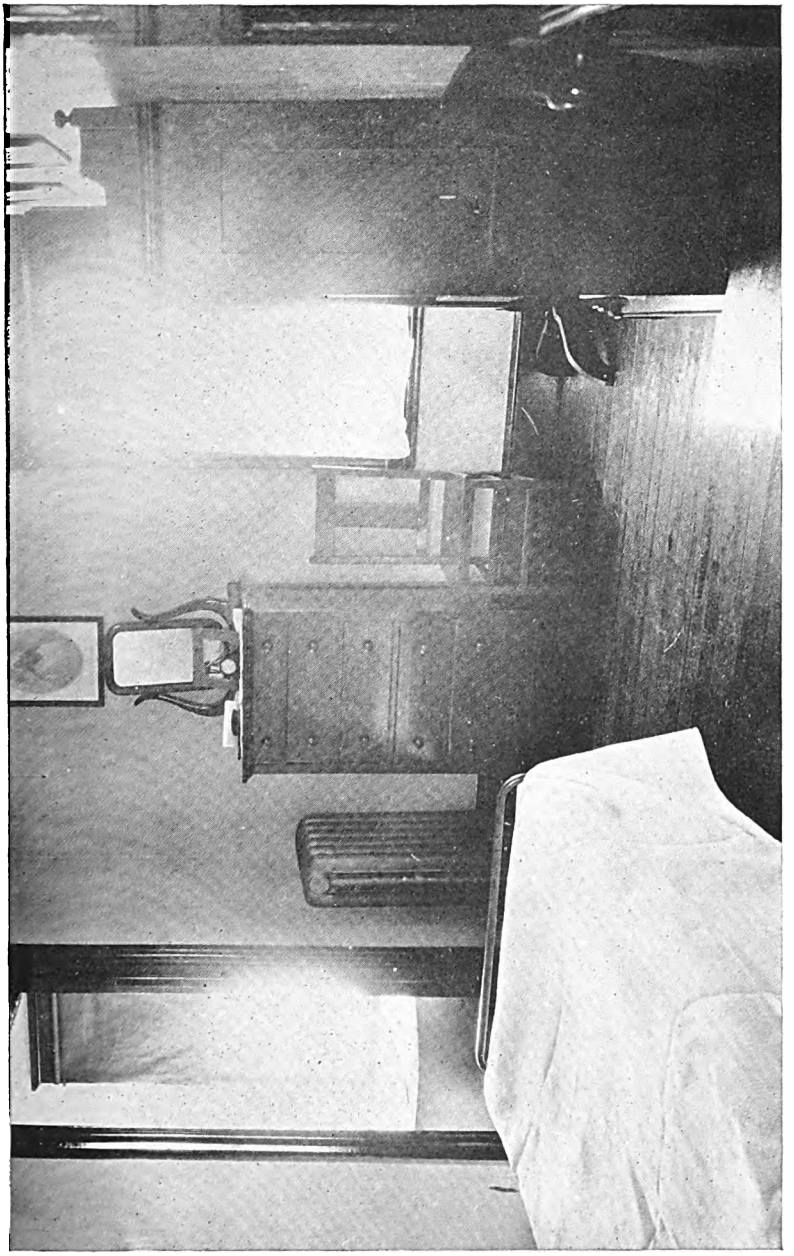
"I further certify that she is over nineteen years of age, and her signature is appended herein.

(Signatures) Mary S. Hayes
Mary Geraldine McCann
Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali."

MR. BECKMAN: And it is subscribed and sworn to before a Notary Public.

Q. Now Mary S. Hayes wasn't your guardian,

Digitized by Google



Spectro-Chrome Institute—Bedroom Of Irene Grace Dinshah
In This Room, Cyrus Was Born, October 25, 1924. Geraldine McCann was present.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

was she?

A. Yes.

Q. Had any guardianship papers been taken out making her your guardian?

A. My mother had given her a guardianship paper, and I also had a legal guardian besides, an official guardian besides that.

Q. But she wasn't then any official guardian of yours?

A. I believe from now on, since I came home, my mother gave my Aunt Mary a paper giving her guardianship over we children.

Q. Since you came home this last time?

A. Yes.

(Then Mary Hayes swore a lie about the guardianship.)

Q. Your mother could not give anything before that, though, could she?

A. Yes; mama had given it to her when my Aunt Mary was up in Canada.

Q. Wasn't your mother at that time confined to the asylum?

A. She was in the Ponoka Asylum, in Ponoka, Alberta, at the time. I believe she had come out at the time, if I am not mistaken. I believe she was out at the time.

Q. Now didn't you, shortly after you left here, didn't you tell Colonel Dinshah and his wife and daughter that you were very unhappy at home with Mrs. Hayes and you were glad to get away from home, and that she didn't treat you very well?

A. No.

Q. You were very fond of your Aunt Mary Hayes?

Digitized by Google

A. I never had—Aunt Mary was always good to me.

Q. And she was good to you up to the time you left?

A. Always.

Q. You were very fond of her?

A. Yes.

Q. And that affection had always continued while you were away until you came back; is that right?

A. No. Colonel Dinshah told me my Aunt Mary knew what I came for, and therefore I turned against her.

Q. Oh. That was in September that you turned against her?

A. Yes.

Q. You felt perfectly all right toward her until September, when this thing was supposed to have happened?

A. Yes.

Q. Now you had hardly got to Malaga when your Aunt Mary sent a telegram withdrawing her permission for you to stay there; do you remember that?

A. Yes.

Q. Why didn't you go back then?

A. I told Colonel Dinshah I wanted to go back, and he said I cost him over a thousand dollars for the trip East and he said I could not go home until I paid him back the thousand dollars I owed him.

(This idea she stole from a book in my reference library: "Panders and Their White Slaves" by the Hon. Clifford G. Roe, former Asst. State Attorney of Chicago, Ill. Harry wanted it to take home.)

Digitized by Google

Q. Oh, I see. So it was on that account that you could not come back?

A. Yes. He said that she never sent the money; when she sent the money I could come—I could go, rather, to Portland.

Q. Well, did you answer your aunt's telegram?

A. The telegram was sent to Colonel Dinshah. Colonel Dinshah dictated the telegram and I wrote it in my handwriting, and I believe it was brought to—

Q. You wrote it right there under his dictation?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you want to write it at the time?

A. The time I wanted to come home, but he would not let me come home, so he made me write the telegram saying—

Q. He stood right there in front of you and dictated it to you?

A. Yes.

Q. And you took it down word for word?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were doing this against your will at the time?

A. I wanted to come home, but on account of him telling me I could not go home until I had this money, that was the only alternative.

Q. I see. Did you see the telegram that came from the telegraph office?

A. Yes.

Q. That is the telegram?

A. Well, that was the wording, yes.

Q. The station agent's handwriting, isn't it?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

(Refer to affidavit of E. H. McCarty, Station Agent.)

MR. BECKMAN: I offer this in evidence as Defendant's Exhibit 4. Received at Malaga, 6:55 A. M., 7/17.

THE COURT: What is the date?

MR. BECKMAN: 6:55 A. M., 7/17, dated 7/16, 1924.

THE COURT: That would be August.

MR. BECKMAN: "Portland, Oregon. Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, County Estate, Malaga, New Jersey. Withdraw my permission for Gerald McCann to work for you. Immigration reasons. Send her back at once. Mary S. Hayes."

(Who vitiated the mind of Mary Hayes? Her letter of July 13, 1924 was different.)

Q. Didn't Colonel Dinshah offer you then the money to go back?

A. No.

Q. I show you Defendant's Exhibit 5 and ask you if that is the telegram you sent in reply to your aunt, Mrs. Hayes?

A. Yes.

"July 17, 1924.

"Mrs. Mary S. Hayes,
1016 East 7th St. North,
Portland, Oregon.

"Colonel Dinshah handed me your telegram. He offered my expenses back to Portland. As I am satisfied and happy with his family I see no reason to leave my position and obstruct my career. I choose to stay here and positively refuse your request to return under any circumstances.

Digitized by Google

"Geraldine McCann.

"c/o Colonel Dinshah

Malaga, New Jersey."

Q. Now this was just ten days after you had got there, wasn't it, Miss McCann—ten days after you got to Malaga?

A. Yes. I don't know just what time it was, but it was sometime after we moved to Malaga.

Q. Now then, when he was dictating this to you he had offered you your expenses back to Portland, he wasn't telling the truth; is that true?

A. Yes. He said to me—he told me that I owed him so much money he could not give me the money.

Q. And you were perfectly willing then to sign this telegram and send it to your aunt, although it didn't convey the truth?

A. I signed the telegram because I thought I would be able to get back later when I would make enough money.

(She had more than $200 in December 1924; why did she stay for and after the Harry affair?)

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) You received a letter about that time, did you not, from Mrs. Hayes?

A. I believe I did.

Q. By the way, what were the immigration reasons mentioned in this telegram of your aunt, do you know?

A. No, I don't know.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) I hand you this letter, Defendant's Exhibit 6.

A. (After perusing said letter.) Yes, that is it.

Q. You received this letter from your Aunt Mary Hayes?

Digitized by Google

A. The letter was opened before I saw it.

Q. It was? But you saw it, though?

A. Yes.

Q. And this was the envelope that it came in, was it, attached to it?

A. I presume it was. I don't recollect.

MR. STEARNS: Are you offering that letter?

MR. BECKMAN: I am going to.

MR. STEARNS: We object to that offer at this time, your Honor. I don't think this letter is material at all at this particular juncture of the case. Perhaps it will be when Mrs. Hayes takes the stand.

THE COURT: I don't know. It is part of the transactions between this lady and the defendant. The defendant received the letter and opened it, she says.

MR. STEARNS: Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: Yes. I offer it in evidence now. (Reading.)

"Sunday, July 13/24

Portland, Ore., 1016 E. 7th St. N.

"Dearest Geraldine:

I received your very short letter and glad that you arrived there safely and in good health.

"I hope you have finished moving by this and that none of you are tired out.

"Ed and I motored to Tacoma with the Supt. and his wife and stayed for three days with Alice. We had a splendid trip and met Tom, Dolly and the girls who were at Puyallup, nine miles from Tacoma. The girls are lovely and looked progressive. They are good dancers. They all intend coming to Portland to live.

Digitized by Google

"Tell Dinshah that everybody is clamoring for slides and the doctors for large bulbs.

"Now my dear, I am glad you are happy and since everything is Jakeloo with you I will just hold that money you gave me.

"Give Irene, Kashmira and Dinshah my best regards. With love and many hugs, for Aunt Mary loves Danie in the same old way. Let me have a good, long letter soon.

"Devotedly,

Aunt Mary."

(What happened to Mary Hayes between July 13 and July 17, 1924?)

Q. Now before you left, Miss McCann, did you and your aunt have any sort of a password between you?

A. Yes.

Q. Was Jakeloo the password?

(Do clean, innocent, unsophisticated girls understand about "Passwords"? Was Mary Hayes a member of some throat-cutting secret organization? Was the girl her accomplice?)

A. Yes.

Q. And what did "Jakeloo" mean?

A. I didn't know whether I would be able to stay in this place long enough. I didn't know whether I could undergo all these things I had signed in the contract; I could not say; and I told Aunt Mary whenever I thought I could not keep up to his regulations that I would write her the word "Jakeloo," meaning I could not stand it any longer and I would come home. That is why she wrote that in the letter.

Q. When did you write the letter to her saying everything was Jakeloo?

A. I never wrote her a letter saying everything

Digitized by Google

was Jakeloo.

Q. But she wrote this word "Jakeloo" to you then?

A. Yes.

Q. Although, as I understand, the compact between you was that if you didn't like the way things were there, then you would send the password yourself?

A. Yes.

Q. But you had not done so and she sent it to you; is that it?

A. I wrote her a letter from San Francisco saying that I was well and happy, and she judged that everything was all right.

Q. Now there wasn't anything wrong of any kind on July 13, 1924, was there?

A. No.

Q. The fact of the matter is, you had only been there about three days at that time?

A. That is about all.

Q. And you didn't know at that time very much about what work you would have to do?

A. No.

Q. In the future?

A. No.

Q. Now when you left with the Colonel for the East Colonel Dinshah had left some of his equipment and bulbs with your aunt, had he not; she to be some sort of an agent for him here?

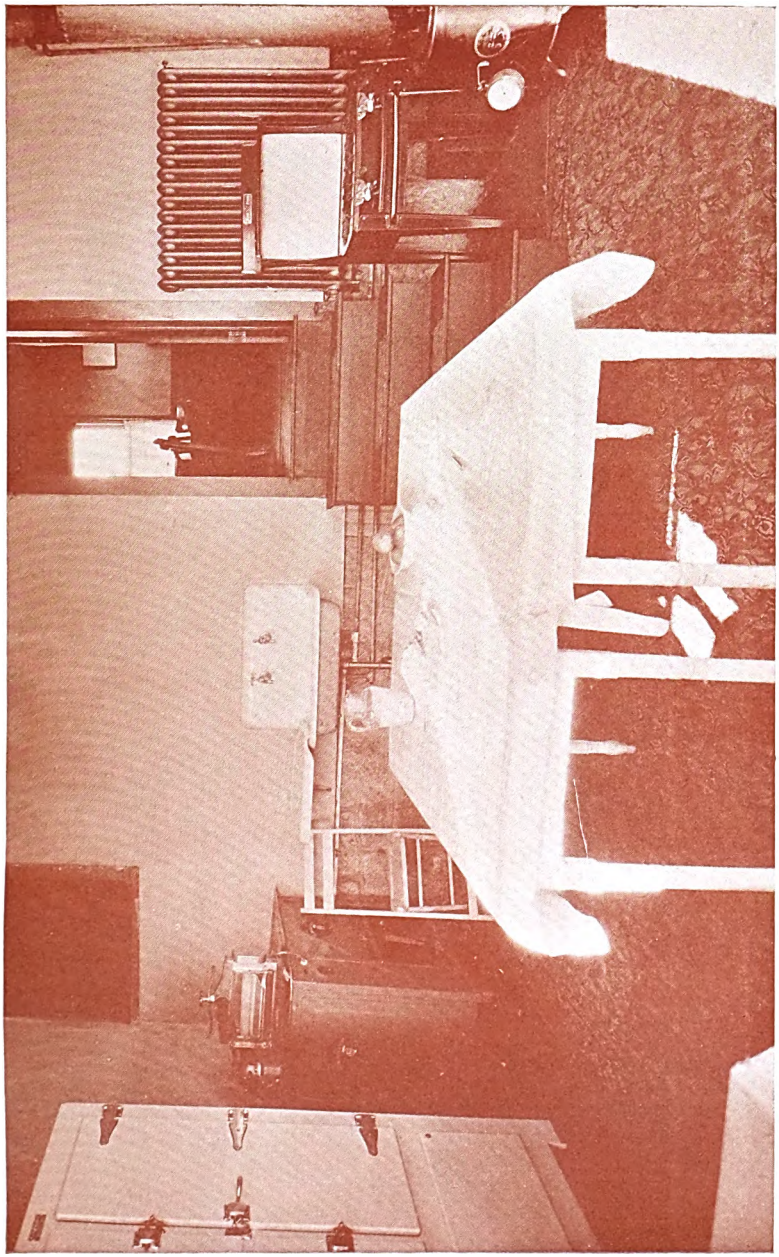
A. Yes.

Q. Distribution agent?

A. Yes.

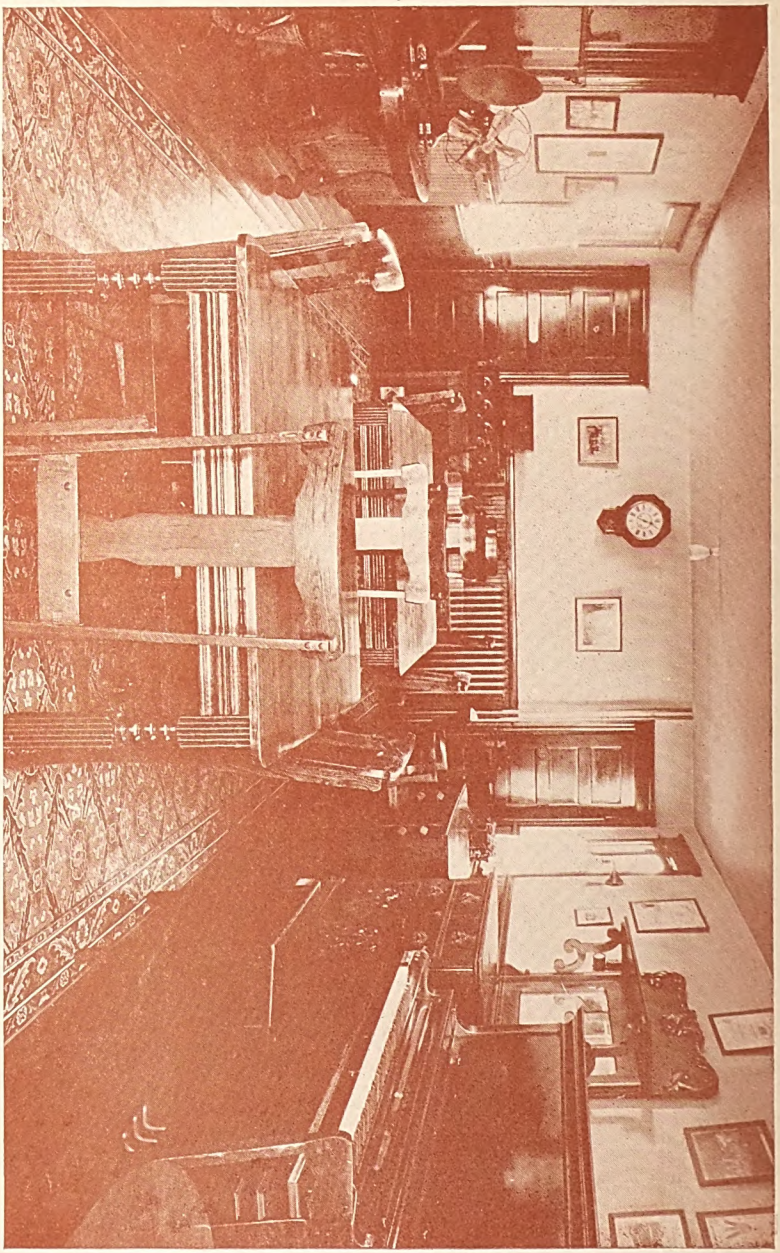
Q. And she was to sell these bulbs and remit to

Digitized by Google



Spectro- Chrome Institute --Culinary Room. EXHIBIT 32

Digitized by Google



Spectro-Chrome Institute--Recreation Room. EXHIBIT 39

Digitized by Google

the Institute at Malaga, wasn't she?

A. Yes.

Q. And she failed to remit?

A. Yes.

(Had Mary Hayes misappropriated those funds?)

Q. And the Colonel, as well as yourself, wrote her a number of letters about it, and she refused to remit any money; is that right?

THE COURT: I don't think that has anything to do with this case, whether she did or not.

MR. BECKMAN: Well, if your Honor please—

THE COURT: We are not trying Mrs. Hayes.

MR. BECKMAN: No, we are not trying Mrs. Hayes, if your Honor please, but, as I said in my opening statement, I propose to show just how this whole prosecution came about.

Q. Didn't the Sheriff of the County in which Malaga is situated, didn't he come there to Malaga where you were a short time after you came there?

A. Yes.

Q. How many days afterwards?

A. I don't remember.

Q. Was it before or after you sent this telegram to your Aunt Mary Hayes?

A. It was after I had.

Q. And didn't Colonel Dinshah offer them in your presence the money to go back?

A. Colonel Dinshah wasn't there when Sheriff Leap came to the house.

Q. But he told you that he was the Sheriff of the County, didn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. And you wanted to go back then?

Digitized by Google

A. He came with an official telegram from—signed from Police Jenkins, of Portland, Oregon. He said—he read the telegram, parts of the telegram; he didn't read the end of it. He said, "Aunt is worried over the girl." That is as far as he read. I asked him what aunt it was, because I had two aunts in Portland. He said he didn't know. And I said, "No, there was nothing wrong; everything was all right." I said I was satisfied where I was. And he didn't read the end of the telegram.

Q. Now this was, you say, after you sent this telegram to your aunt?

A. I believe it was.

Q. Yes; and you knew that he was the County Sheriff, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. And you didn't tell him that you wanted to go back?

A. Colonel Dinshah's wife and daughter were there at the time.

(Were Colonel Dinshah's unarmed wife and daughter—each weighing 90 pounds—more powerful than the armed Sheriff and his Undersheriff?)

Q. Well, was there anything to prevent you from telling him you wanted to go back, if you did want to go?

A. Yes. I knew I owed him money and I could not go back.

Q. Now right after that Mr. Clark, of the Department of Justice, came, didn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. And the Colonel was there then, wasn't he?

A. I believe Mr. Clark came twice. The first time he came Colonel Dinshah was in Detroit.

Digitized by Google

(Clark was there only once in 1924.)

Q. Yes.

A. And he didn't tell who he was. He just said he wanted to see Colonel Dinshah, and we told him he wasn't there, and he went away.

Q. And he came back then when the Colonel returned?

A. Yes.

Q. Didn't Colonel Dinshah then offer you two hundred dollars to go back?

A. No, I don't believe he did.

Q. Don't you remember being there and the Colonel offering the two hundred dollars and offering to place it in Mr. Clark's hands?

A. No.

(Let the Government read the report of Clark.)

Q. You don't remember that?

A. I didn't speak to Mr. Clark at all. Colonel Dinshah did most of the talking, brought out my naturalization papers and told Mr. Clark my whole history of my family.

Q. And you don't remember the Colonel offering to pay the two hundred dollars for you to go back home, if you wanted to go?

A. No.

Q. You don't remember that?

A. No.

Q. You don't remember it. Now when did the Colonel go to Detroit, Michigan?

A. I do not remember whether it was in the last of July or the first of August.

Q. And he was gone for about four weeks, wasn't he?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes, he was.

Q. Now while he was gone didn't your Aunt Mary Hayes write you another letter about your coming back?

A. No.

Q. And Mr. Wright, of Portland, Oregon, had written, had he not, about some things that your aunt was saying about the Colonel in Portland?

A. Yes, I believe he did.

Q. Yes, and that letter was sent on to—and then that letter was sent back to you, wasn't it? Rather it was sent back to Malaga and was exhibited to you by the girls?

A. What letter was that?

Q. Well, that was sometime in August, 1924, when he was in Detroit.

A. No, I never saw Mr. Wright's letter.

Q. You are sure about that?

A. No. All I remember of him saying was that my Aunt Mary was not delivering the bulbs to the students.

Q. And you don't remember them saying anything to you about the fact that she was talking about Colonel Dinshah and saying he had a harem, and so forth and so on?

A. No.

MR. STEARNS: Now if your Honor please, I don't think this is proper cross-examination. Counsel will have a full opportunity to examine Mrs. Hayes, if she is called to the stand.

THE COURT: He is asking now, as I understand his question, whether the defendant told her that.

Digitized by Google

MR. STEARNS: No, your Honor.

MR. BECKMAN: No, if your Honor please.

THE COURT: She says she never saw the letter.

MR. BECKMAN: Counsel does not understand the purpose of it. I suppose I will have to explain the purpose of each step I take, but what I propose to show is this: That the Colonel received a letter from Mr. Wright stating as to what Mrs. Hayes was doing here, talking about him having a harem, and so forth, and he sent it back to Malaga, this girl saw it, and she wrote again to her aunt while the Colonel was away. That is what I am trying to bring out.

MR. NEUNER: The witness answered, if the Court please, she didn't see this letter. They are evidently trying—

THE COURT: Let me see the letter.

MR. BECKMAN: Mark this for identification.

(Letter dated August 7, 1924, W. Caven E. Wright to Col. Dinshah P. Ghadiali, consisting of three typewritten pages, was thereupon marked DEFENDANT'S EXHIBIT 7 for identification.)

Q. I will show you Defendant's Exhibit 7 for identification, and ask you whether you saw that letter?

A. No, I never saw that letter.

(This letter is printed elsewhere in this volume.)

Q. You never saw that letter? Let me have the letter she wrote. Did you write to Mr. Wright yourself regarding Colonel Dinshah?

A. I don't remember.

MR. BECKMAN: Mark this for identification.

Digitized by Google

(Duplicate carbon of letter dated August 18, 1924, signed Geraldine McCann, Assistant Secretary, addressed to Mr. W. Caven E. Wright, S.C.T., was thereupon marked DEFENDANT'S EXHIBIT 8 for identification.)

MR. BECKMAN: Mark this.

(Duplicate carbon of letter dated August 18, 1924, signed Geraldine McCann, addressed to Mrs. Mary S. Hayes, S.C.T., was thereupon marked DEFENDANT'S EXHIBIT 9 for identification.)

MR. STEARNS: I can't imagine what counsel's claims are.

MR. BECKMAN: Take a look at it. I haven't offered it yet, Mr. Stearns.

THE WITNESS: I don't remember this letter. However, it looks like my signature.

Q. Is it your signature?

A. It looks like it. I don't remember the letter, though.

Q. Well, don't you know your own signature when you see it?

A. No. Mrs. Dinshah writes very similar to me. (Now charge Mrs. Dinshah with forgery also!)

Q. Yes; and this you think might be her writing and not yours?

A. Well, it might be. There were times when Colonel Dinshah could not tell our signatures apart.

Q. Is that so. Well, do you recall of having a letter come there from Mr. Wright and at the time that the Colonel was away in Detroit, and that you wrote to Mr. Wright at that time?

A. No; I never handled his mail. His mail—his

Digitized by Google

daughter got the mail from the postoffice and it was forwarded to him in Detroit.

Q. I will show you Exhibit 9 for the defendant.

A. (After examining same.) That is my letter.

Q. Is that yours?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: I offer it in evidence.

MR. STEARNS: Well now, if you please.

MR. BECKMAN: You have seen it. You may object, if you want to.

MR. STEARNS: I would like to ask the witness one question. This appears to be a copy, carbon copy of a letter.

THE WITNESS: Yes.

MR. STEARNS: Were you in the habit of signing your carbon copies?

THE WITNESS: Yes.

MR. STEARNS: No objection.

MR. BECKMAN: (Reading.) "Malaga, New Jersey"—

THE COURT: Just a moment. I want to understand about that signing of carbon copies.

MR. BECKMAN: All right.

THE COURT: Do I understand the witness to say that she not only signed the letters that she sent out but she signed the carbon copy that was kept in the office?

A. Yes.

THE COURT: At Malaga?

A. Yes.

THE COURT: What was the purpose of that? Was that explained to you, the reason for it?

A. Well, so he could use it in future; so he would

Digitized by Google

have the signature then.

(All correspondence of Spectro-Chrome Institute is signed in duplicate, the carbon sheets thus becoming Originals when the necessity should arise.)

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) All correspondence was done that way, was it not?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: That was the rule of the Institute.

MR. STEARNS: The rule of Mr. Dinshah, in other words.

MR. BECKMAN: No, I don't mean that. I said the rule of the Institute.

"Malaga, New Jersey,
August 18, 1924,
12-37.

"Mrs. Mary S. Hayes, S.C.T.,
1016 East Seventh Street North,
Portland, Oregon.

"Dear Aunt Mary:

"You well know that I accepted the position as Assistant Secretary of the Spectro-Chrome Institute of my own free will and accord, realizing the advantages it presented of advancing in a business career of a noble, humanitarian nature.

"I am perfectly at liberty to stay or leave, but, as I am contented and happy I shall remain with the Institute.

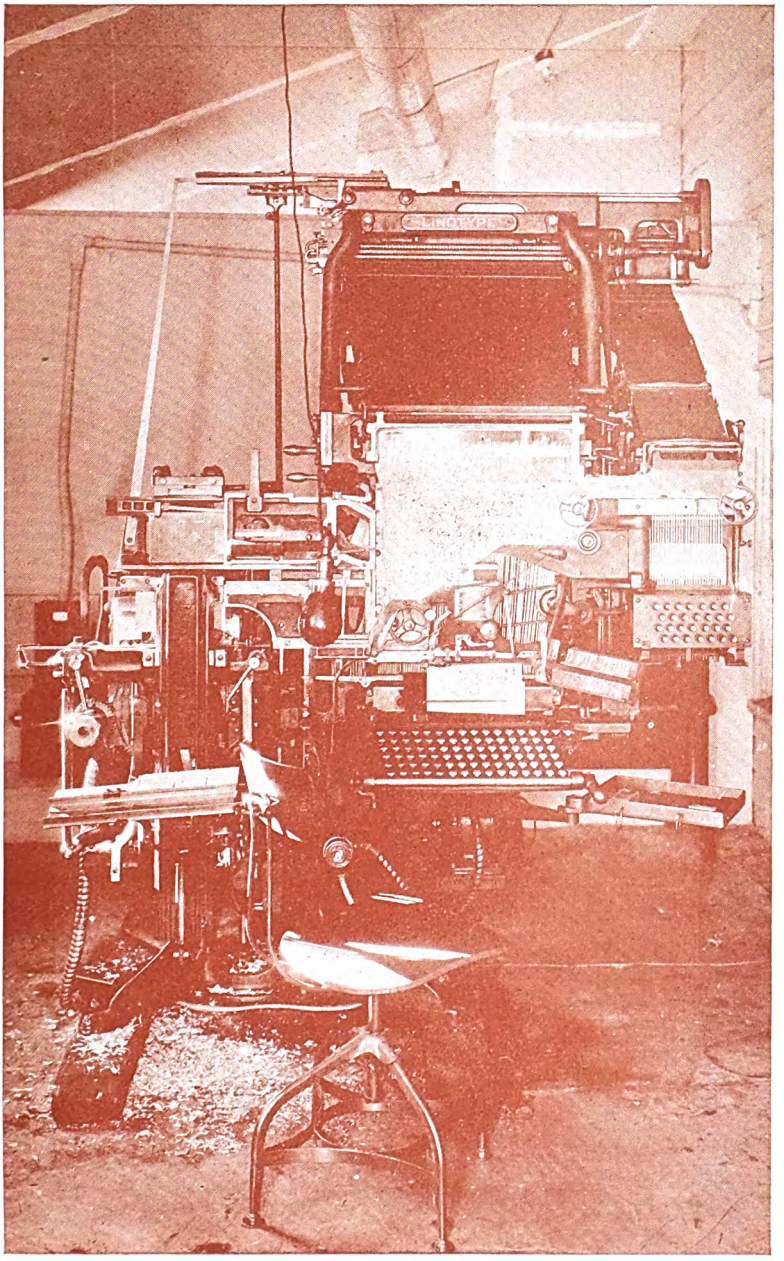
"This is my own unbiased decision.

"Yours Spectro-Chromically,
(Signed) Geraldine McCann."

THE COURT: What is the date of that letter?

MR. BECKMAN: August 18, 1924.

Digitized by Google

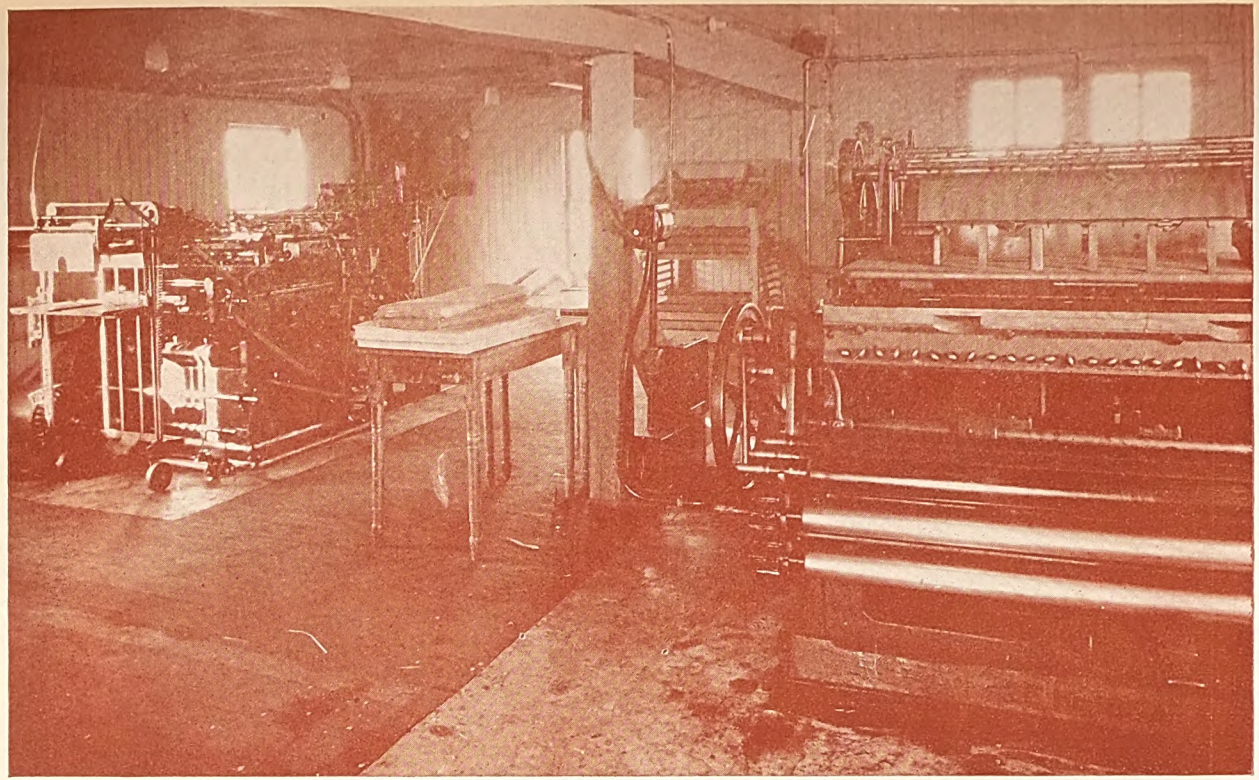


SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE

PRINTING PLANT

Part Of Composing Room

Digitized by Google



SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE—Part Of Printing Plant Where Geraldine McCann Frequently Had Long Chats With The Printer Henry A. Fehringer, A White Man. She Denied It On The Witness Stand. Perhaps, She Could Perceive Only Black!

Digitized by Google

Q. Now Miss McCann, at this particular time Colonel Dinshah was in Detroit, was he not?

A. Yes.

Q. And do you not recall that after you wrote this, your letter, together with Mr. Wright's, was sent up to him?

A. Sent where?

Q. Sent to Detroit.

A. Yes. I don't remember Mr. Wright's.

Q. Isn't it a fact that you had been told by the Colonel to make your own decision about it and let him know?

A. No.

Q. It is not, eh?

A. A letter came to Mrs. Dinshah from Detroit, from Colonel Dinshah. In the letter—she read parts of the letter, saying that he had read a very saucy letter from Aunt Mary and that he wanted to put all this trouble that she had caused him to an end over these bulbs, and he advised me to write a letter to her, and to write a very nice friendly letter to my Aunt Mary, and Mrs. Dinshah objected to the letter. She said that was a letter that would invite more correspondence; write a snappy letter and put it to an end; and she said she would write a letter, and she wrote the letter for me and I signed it. She said if it ever came up any trouble was caused by such a snappy letter that she would explain it. She used the word "humanitarian," a word I had never heard before.

(Hear this business woman talking!)

Q. You never heard that word before?

A. No, I never used that word before in my life.

Digitized by Google

That was her term.

Q. Oh, I see. Then did you get a letter from Colonel Dinshah yourself regarding this letter that you sent to your aunt?

A. I don't remember that I did.

MR. BECKMAN: Mark this for identification.

(Letter dated August 21, 1924, Dinshah to "My Dear Geraldine," marked DEFENDANT'S EXHIBIT 10 for identification.)

Q. I will show you Defendant's Exhibit 10; did you receive that letter?

A. I don't recollect this letter.

(This letter is printed elsewhere in this volume.)

Q. You don't recollect it?

A. I don't recollect seeing the letter.

Q. Didn't you get that letter back along with that other one that you wrote to your aunt I just showed you?

A. Mrs. Dinshah got that letter, and posted that letter at Malaga, New Jersey.

Q. You don't remember getting that letter, then?

A. No, I don't recollect this.

Q. Will you say you didn't get it?

A. No, I don't recollect of ever reading this letter.

Q. Well, you don't recollect reading it?

A. No.

Q. Well, will you say positively that you didn't get it?

THE COURT: Oh, she says she can't remember. That is all she can say.

MR. BECKMAN: All right.

THE COURT: What is the number of that?

Digitized by Google

MR. BECKMAN: That is Exhibit 10. I will offer it.

THE COURT: I don't want to be apparently interfering with counsel's theory of the trial of this case, but I am at a loss to understand what bearing all this testimony has on this case, in as much as there is no claim on the part of this young lady that she was dissatisfied until after the Wildwood experience.

MR. BECKMAN: Well now, if your Honor please, this witness has said, just a while ago—

THE COURT: On cross-examination she said that she didn't go home because she didn't have the money, or he would not give her the money, or something of that kind.

MR. BECKMAN: Yes, I understand that. Now I also expect to prove later that she did get the money —could have had the money to go home at that time.

THE COURT: You can prove that, if that is the fact. Ask her about it.

MR. BECKMAN: If she wanted to go. But it is very pertinent to her state of mind during all of that time and will dovetail in with things that will come in later.

THE COURT: I am just at a loss to understand how it can be very material, in view of the fact there is no claim on her part she wanted to go home or was dissatisfied until later, with the arrangement.

MR. BECKMAN: She just said a few minutes ago she was.

THE COURT: I know; on your cross-examination she did.

MR. BECKMAN: Yes.

Digitized by Google

THE COURT: But not on direct-examination.

MR. BECKMAN: No; on direct-examination she was perfectly satisfied.

THE COURT: You developed that yourself. Now you are attempting to break down testimony you developed on cross-examination.

MR. BECKMAN: Not at all. I am just trying to show the girl probably changed her mind every five minutes; that is all.

THE COURT: Well, go ahead with the examination. Don't take up any more time on that than you think absolutely necessary, because I can't see very clearly how it has much to do with this case.

MR. BECKMAN: All right. Well, we will leave this one for the present. What is the next one? (Counsel passes paper to Mr. Stearns.)

MR. STEARNS: This letter is objectionable, if your Honor please, as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial at this time, as I view the case. Later on it will appear in the government's testimony, I apprehend, the reason for the aunt's doubts and apprehensions, and when that is shown, if we put the aunt on the stand, I presume these letters will become material.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) Now when did you say the Colonel got back?

A. The 9th of September; the 9th of September, 1924.

MR. BECKMAN: From Detroit. Now mark this for identification.

(Letter dated August 29, 1924, signed "Geraldine," addressed to "Miss Sophia Shaughnessy," was thereupon marked DE-

Digitized by Google

FENDANT'S EXHIBIT 11 for identification.)

Q. Did you write a letter to your aunt, Miss Sophia Shaughnessy, on August 29, 1924?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: I offer it in evidence, if your Honor please. Any objection?

MR. STEARNS: Yes. That is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and I don't see that that is either in the cross-examination or in the case at this time.

THE COURT: Let me see it. (After examining letter.) What has this to do with the case?

MR. BECKMAN: It has this to do with it, if your Honor please: She just said a minute ago she was under his domination; now she is writing letters to her folks when he is away at Detroit. Then she said she could not get away, and that she didn't hear anything about her aunt writing or telling things about the Colonel, but now she says in this very letter that because of the troubles and scandals that Mrs. Hayes caused she didn't want to go back.

THE COURT: Show the circumstance under which it was written then—dictated by somebody, she said.

MR. BECKMAN: She said she wrote it.

THE WITNESS: The letters were dictated. I never wrote any letters.

THE COURT: She testified on cross-examination she never sent out any letters but what were dictated by someone else.

MR. BECKMAN: There is no dictation upon here, is there—any dictation marks, Miss McCann?

THE COURT: It shows on the face of it.

Digitized by Google

(This letter is printed elsewhere in this volume.)

THE WITNESS: How could it?

THE COURT: It shows on the face. What is the use taking time with that?

MR. BECKMAN: What is shown? No, there is nothing there.

THE COURT: I say, it shows on its face whether there are any dictation marks on there.

MR. BECKMAN: Yes.

THE COURT: Well, what do you ask her for?

Q. (By Mr. Beckman) Well, who dictated this letter then?

A. Colonel Dinshah.

THE COURT: Who did?

A. Colonel Dinshah.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) Wasn't Colonel Dinshah in Detroit at that time?

A. All the letters were written, were sent to him; all the letters I received were sent to him and he wrote the answer back I was to write.

Q. So he wrote the answer word for word and you copied it; is that right?

A. I copied everything he wrote, and if he didn't someone else did.

Q. So then this is not your language but you copied it all; is that it?

A. Yes.

Q. You were writing other letters to your other relatives, weren't you, along about that time?

A. No other relatives.

Q. Did you write any letter to your grandfather McCann?

A. That was dictated also.

Digitized by Google

Q. Dictated word for word?

A. Yes. He wrote them in his own handwriting and I copied them.

Q. Who wrote it in his own handwriting; the Colonel?

A. Yes; Colonel Dinshah wrote them in his own handwriting.

Q. And do you remember when that was?

A. No, I do not. I only know that some mail came from Portland, Oregon, addressed to me from my grandfather, and he said that he would write the letter to my grandfather, and he wrote it and I typed it.

Q. This was on October 9th. This was after all this trouble happened in Wildwood?

A. I don't remember exactly when it was.

Q. Now you were describing this hedge that you said was in front of the road there. There is not anything that really obstructs any view from the road there, is there, Miss McCann?

A. No.

Q. The road in front of the Institute is one of the main traveled highways, isn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. Called the Harding Highway?

A. Yes.

Q. And the Institute is just about a quarter of a mile from the railroad station, isn't it?

A. Yes; just across a field.

Q. Just a short walk across a field, isn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. And the town of Malaga is also just about a quarter of a mile from the Institute?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. You often went up there alone to the postoffice, didn't you?

A. Only twice.

THE COURT: What is that?

A. Only twice.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) Only twice?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you go oftener than that up to the postoffice and get the mail of the Institute?

A. No.

Q. No more than twice?

A. No.

(Downright falsehood. Refer to affidavit of Postmistress Bertha Richman.)

Q. When were the two occasions you did go?

A. I do not remember exactly when it was.

MR. STEARNS: I didn't hear that. Pardon me, Miss McCann; would you mind speaking out a little louder?

THE WITNESS: Yes; surely.

MR. STEARNS: It is awfully hard to hear in this room.

THE COURT: What time did she say she went to the postoffice?

THE WITNESS: I do not remember the mornings.

THE COURT: Oh, you don't remember.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman) You don't remember?

A. No.

(Her memory fails at the psychological moment.)

Q. Did you know Miss Nichols, the assistant postmistress there?

A. I knew her by name, because I have been in

Digitized by Google

there with his daughter Kashmira.

Q. Yes; and you knew the other lady that was the postmistress?

A. Yes.

Q. I forget her name; Mrs. Richmond, I guess it was.

A. Yes.

Q. You were acquainted with the two young men there in the uniform of the New Jersey police, were you not?

A. No.

Q. You saw them there often?

A. Only when we were perhaps down on our bicycles on the road, why, I would go with his daughter Kashmira down there. I saw them at odd times.

Q. You spoke to them, didn't you, whenever you would see them?

A. No; I never came in contact with them at all.

Q. You didn't?

A. No.

(Lie! Inquire of Corporal Morris Cohen of Malaga, N. J. State Police Sub-Station. He talked to her for long periods very frequently, at the Post Office and at the garage of W. E. Smith; refer also to affidavit of Postmistress Bertha Richman.)

Q. You knew they had a station there, though, didn't you, right next to the postoffice?

A. Yes.

Q. They were there every day?

A. No, they were not there. They used to be out on their motorcycles.

Q. But they would be there every once in a while, wouldn't they?

A. Well, I was never down there alone. When

Digitized by Google

I was down there they were never there.

Q. Oh, you never saw them there, then?

A. No; they were very seldom there.

Q. Then how do you know they were there at all, if you never saw them?

A. Because it was written outside the door "Substation of the Police."

Q. Then you never saw them at all?

A. Yes, I did see them.

Q. If you were in trouble and wanted to get away why didn't you go and see them and tell them about it?

A. Because I was ashamed.

Q. Because you were ashamed to, eh?

A. Yes; I was ashamed to tell anyone. I thought perhaps I would be able to get away without it being known, because Colonel Dinshah told me after this trouble that if ever I told he would blackmail me before the world and disgrace my family, and I had sisters and brothers and I wanted to consider them all.

Q. So it was because you didn't want to be disgraced then?

A. Yes, sir.

(She could not have disgraced herself more than by these arrant lies. She need not have said anything to anybody except, "Please help me to go home.")

Q. And that was the same reason that you never told anyone else around there about it; is that it?

A. I thought I would be able to get away without it being made public.

Q. Yes. Now Miss McCann, you told me, I believe, that you were a Catholic girl?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. Isn't it a fact that just a quarter of a mile away from Malaga or from the Institute, and facing the Institute—you can't help seeing it from the front of the Institute—there is a Catholic church there?

A. Yes.

Q. You could have gone to the priest there, could you not, and told your troubles?

A. Well, Colonel Dinshah objected to my going to church.

(We are religious people, but she hated the name of religion and made fun of it.)

Q. Well, he wasn't there all the time, was he?

A. I never knew any of the priests, or never knew anyone. I only heard some one say that was a Catholic church. I never had been inside of it.

(She passed it very often; refer to affidavit of E. H. McCarty.) ....

Q. There were times when the Colonel was away for a considerable length of time, weren't there?

A. Very seldom.

Q. Isn't it a fact that he was gone for several weeks in the—when was that, February or March of 1925? Wasn't he gone in March for some length of time?

A. Yes; he had gone to Chicago.

Q. Yes. You could have gone then, couldn't you?

A. Colonel Dinshah said he was coming to Portland in April, and I thought I would wait until that time, and I thought I would get away without any disturbance of any kind.

(She created disturbance enough to rock Gibraltar.)

Q. You thought you would get away then, easily, eh?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. You could have gone before that. Wasn't he away at other times when you were there and he was gone?

A. Very seldom.

Q. Well, he was, though, at times, wasn't he?

A. Perhaps an odd day was all.

Q. Yes. You could have gone to some one then, could you not?

A. I didn't want to tell anyone. I wanted to get away to my own people where I would not be disgraced from what happened.

Q. Oh, I see. You would rather bear with all this than tell anybody about it; was that it?

A. I knew Colonel Dinshah was coming to Portland. He promised me the next time he was coming to Portland he would take me, and I would go to my people and spend a day, and then I had intended to stay.

(So her own intentions were wrong from the beginning!)

Q. But, as a matter of fact, you didn't go to your people, though, did you?

A. When I came out here he objected to my going.

Q. Oh, I see.

A. I was under some kind of a spell coming on the train. Before I left Colonel Dinshah promised me I could come to see my people; then as the time drew close to come to Portland he said I could not go, and I was under some trance; I had no will power of my own; something held me back.

(This "trance" business she stole from my printed records and my magazine Spectro-Chrome of June 1923,

Digitized by Google

page 295. She had access to all my records and even the safe; her knowledge she utilized in charging me.)

Q. How often do you get under those trances, Miss McCann?

A. I was under sort of a—as though it was kind of a trance most of the time while I was in his employ.

Q. Oh, you were?

A. I had no will power of my own, and no personality.

Q. Were you in a trance—you rode around on bicycles quite often, didn't you?

A. Yes.

(This experiment is described on page 295 as stated above and the girl copied it.)

Q. Were you in a trance then?

A. Somewhat; yes.

Q. You were. You didn't run into anything, did you?

A. No.

Q. Didn't the Colonel teach you to drive his automobile?

A. Yes.

Q. And got you a driver's license there?

A. Yes.

(Does a White Slaver teach his "victim" how to use the means of getting away, the day after ruining her?)

Q. You drove that alone, didn't you?

A. No.

Q. Never drove it yourself?

A. No.

Q. At any time?

A. Yes, I did, once to the postoffice.

(Big lie! Refer to affidavit of Postmistress Bertha Richman.)

Digitized by Google

Q. Yes. Were you in a trance then?

A. I don't mean a trance; I mean that I had a lack of will power. I could not go and come as I chose.

Q. That has been your trouble a good part of your life, hasn't it?

A. No.

Q. Now when you came here to Portland—you were speaking of lack of will power—isn't it a fact that when the class opened here in Portland when you came back here that you were there and there were a lot of other people there that you knew?

A. Yes.

Q. Yes. And didn't you lecture there along with the Colonel—have something to say about the work?

A. No.

Q. You didn't?

A. No.

Q. You didn't make a speech there yourself, did you?

A. Not that I remember. I remember Colonel Dinshah talking about my Aunt Mary, and because I didn't talk he asked me what was the matter that I could not speak for myself.

Q. Don't you remember that the Colonel then and there said to those people all there assembled, a number of whom were friends of yours, at the Portland Hotel here, that Mrs. Mary Hayes had said some very detrimental things about him and about his forcibly taking you away, and so forth and so on, and that you were there and that you could go if you wanted, any time you wanted?

A. No, I don't remember that.

Digitized by Google

Q. You don't remember that?

A. No.

(False; the testimony proves she spoke and what she spoke.)

Q. Do you remember telling a lot of people there that you were happy and well satisfied there in Malaga?

A. No.

Q. You don't remember that?

A. No.

Q. Were you under a trance then?

A. Yes.

Q. Now you often went over to Vineland, didn't you, Miss McCann?

A. Yes.

Q. And you went over there with Kashmira?

A. Yes.

Q. In the automobile?

A. Yes.

Q. You were not afraid of Kashmira, were you?

A. Yes. She had the same influence over me as her father had.

Q. This little girl sitting back here, did she have influence over you, too?

A. Yes.

(Geraldine weighs 126 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches; Kashmira is 90 pounds and only 4 feet 7 inches.)

Q. Did Irene have the same kind of influence over you, too?

A. A slight bit; not very much—not as much as her, the daughter.

(Ungrateful girl! Irene's influence saved her from being sent back when the Dear H- affair was exposed.)

Q. Does your Aunt Mary Hayes have some influ-

Digitized by Google

ence over you, too?

A. No.

Q. Now you went over there and took music lessons, didn't you?

A. Yes, because his daughter, Kashmira, always went with me. He never let me go any place except his daughter was with me. Even if I would go out to pick anything out of the garden she had to follow me. So she wanted to take music lessons, and so I would be with her he let me take music lessons, too.

Q. So you all—the two of you, then, took music lessons for several months; is that right?

A. Just about—we took for about three months, but I missed most of the lessons.

(False. Refer to affidavit of music teacher Bessie E. Kulp.)

Q. Now you went over to Vineland with her and freqently were around there alone in the streets of Vineland, were you not?

A. No.

(Utter falsehood. Refer to affidavits of Vineland residents.)

Q. Didn't you sometimes go there and do some shopping?

A. No; I never went alone to Vineland.

Q. Never alone?

A. Never.

Q. Well, while Kashmira was taking lessons weren't you sometimes doing some little errands there in Vineland?

A. No.

Q. Never were?

A. No.

Q. You were always with Kashmira?

Digitized by Google

A. Always with Kashmira, yes.

Q. Never away from her?

A. Very seldom did I leave her. She always came with me wherever I went off the premises.

(Another bunk.)

Q. Did you leave her at all when you were at Vineland?

A. No; she always came with me.

Q. You girls rode around on bicycles together? Each one had gotten a bicycle?

A. Yes.

Q. Sometimes you went out automobile riding together?

A. No.

(Another lie! She went with Kashmira frequently.)

Q. Never did, eh?

A. No.

Q. Now let's get down to this, to what occurred there in Wildwood. Do you remember of going with the Colonel and his family first to Atlantic City?

A. Yes.

Q. And Ocean City?

A. Yes.

Q. And then afterwards you took a trip down to Wildwood?

A. Yes.

Q. You were all there first, weren't you?

A. Pardon?

Q. You all went there and Colonel drove you all down to Wildwood in the machine?

A. Yes; we went there once before we went there to stay for the holiday.

Q. Yes. And while you were there the first time,

Digitized by Google

why, the matter came up of staying there for a vacation; isn't that right?

A. He suggested it would be a nice place for a vacation.

Q. Who suggested that?

A. Colonel Dinshah.

(Refer to affidavits of the apartment owners, Charles J. and Eleanor Kinsell. Her Wildwood story is "wild" in its conception.)

Q. And then a couple of days afterwards, why, you went down there on this trip to this particular place?

A. I don't remember whether it was before he went to Detroit or after he came from Detroit when this occurred. I only know we were there once before we went there for the holiday.

Q. Then what time of the day did you get there, did you say?

A. Well, I think about three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

Q. In the afternoon?

A. Yes.

Q. And after you got settled did you stay there the rest of the day?

A. Yes.

Q. Or did you go out somewhere?

A. No; we stayed there.

Q. Where was the Colonel during that time?

A. He was in the apartment also.

Q. He was in the apartment?

A. Yes.

Q. All the time?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. Now what time did this trouble occur that you spoke of, what time of evening?

A. About nine o'clock at night.

Q. About nine o'clock at night. What attire were you wearing then?

A. I was in a pair of gray breeches and a blouse and a pair of slippers, and—

Q. And Mrs. Dinshah at that time was just about to have a child, wasn't she?

A. Yes.

Q. And she was in there lying down in the room that you said that you were to have?

A. No. She was lying in the opposite apartment to Colonel Dinshah.

Q. Yes. And you went over into the room that she originally intended to occupy; is that right?

A. To make the bed, yes.

Q. Yes; and it was then this attack occurred on you?

A. Yes.

Q. What was it you say that the Colonel did?

A. I brought him the glass of water. He was apparently dressed, and he jumped out of bed and he struggled with me around the room, and I ran to this front room and the door was locked.

Q. The door was locked?

A. Yes.

Q. You entered—you didn't enter that first room, front room, originally, then, eh?

A. Yes.

Q. The Colonel, then, could not have locked it?

A. I don't know who locked it.

(She must have gone through the pores.)

Digitized by Google

Q. You say you screamed?

A. Yes.

Q. Were there people living below there?

A. I don't know.

Q. You don't know?

A. No.

Q. Did you scream very loud?

A. Yes.

Q. Once or more than once?

A. Well, many times; I was so anxious to get away, I don't know how many times.

Q. You don't know how many times you screamed?

A. No.

(Refer to affidavits of Charles J. and Eleanor Kinsell.)

Q. And you say he caught you before you got out of the room?

A. Yes.

Q. And how long after that did the rape occur? He took hold of you then, did he?

A. Well, after he put me back in the middle room, it occurred after that.

Q. After that. You said he threatened you with a gun?

A. He had a gun in his hand; yes.

Q. He had a gun in his hand?

A. Yes.

Q. This was when you first came in there, or when you got into the back room?

A. When I raced to the front door.

Q. When you raced to the front door?

A. Yes. I went out and said I would tell his wife, Irene, and I went to scream, and he said this

Digitized by Google

is what I would get if I shouted.

Q. And then he took you into the back room; is that it?

A. Into the center bed room—the center room.

Q. Yes, the center bed room. Now what did he do to you then when he took you into the center bedroom?

A. When he went to attack me I screamed, and he knocked me out. I kind of fainted, and I don't remember anything else except that he was forcing me.

Q. Oh, you don't remember anything else. Do you remember how long afterward this occurred, how long after he first attacked you?

A. No, I don't remember. I was just so anxious to get out and so crazed to get out I don't remember any time.

Q. You don't remember how long you struggled then, do you?

A. No.

Q. You said he threw you on the bed; do you remember anything after that?

A. Yes; I remember when he was forcing me.

Q. He was?

A. Yes.

(She has a gutta percha memory!)

Q. You said you had on riding breeches then at that time?

A. A pair of gray knickers.

Q. Did you have on any puttees of any kind or just socks?

A. Just socks.

Q. Just socks. Now these knickers that you had

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. Now when did you next remember anything, how long afterwards?

A. After he forced me I shouted and said, "Oh, you are kililng me," and he struck me again. I don't remember anything else, except when he was standing by the side of my bed and I was lying crosswise on the foot of the bed.

Q. Where did he strike you?

A. Under the chin.

Q. Under the chin?

A. Yes; across the head.

Q. With what?

A. His hand.

Q. Knocked you out again, eh?

A. Yes.

(Charges of Battery and Assault added to Rape; they were not in the Indictment. The Government should publish the Grand Jury proceedings to defend the Department of Injustice.)

Q. Were you conscious when you were forced, as you say?

A. I only came to consciousness when he was forcing me.

Q. When he was forcing you. Now then, after this attack occurred then what did you do, after you got knocked out the first time?

A. After he forced me I turned on the side of my bed and as I turned around I saw the bed was covered—

Q. I can't hear you, Miss McCann.

A. As I turned around I saw that the bed was covered with blood, and he lifted up a white night dress I had and he said, "Look at this nice red blood."

Digitized by Google

He said, "You have never seen such red blood as this, and you never will probably see it again." And he said his daughter Kashmira brought in my night dress. And then he left the room, and as I went to get up off the bed to go into the other room, trying to get out, I could not get up because I was so exhausted. He came back with a wet handkerchief and a dry handkerchief, and he gave me the wet—the dry one, because he didn't want this bed to be smeared up with all this blood. He took the wet handkerchief and he washed the blood stains off the sheet.

(It is enough to make a sane man see blood!)

Q. Isn't it a matter of fact, Miss McCann, on the Saturday night you got there you and the girls went to a moving picture show?

A. No.

Q. It is not?

A. No.

(Refer to affidavits of Charles J. and Eleanor Kinsell.)

Q. And the very next day, Sunday, you all went in bathing in the ocean, didn't you?

A. The next morning, yes.

Q. How long did you stay in bathing the next morning?

A. I don't know. It was too cold. I took a chill and I had to come in.

Q. You were in the ocean, though, for a while, weren't you?

A. Yes.

(Was she in a trance in the ocean also?)

Q. Now when was the next time that the Colonel abused you sexually, you say?

Digitized by Google

A. It was that same—the next night, Sunday night.

Q. The next night?

A. Yes.

Q. The same place?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you willingly submit the second time?

A. No. His wife came out—it was their anniversary and she had been in the room. The door was closed. She sent me in later with some newspapers to Col. Dinshah, and he said he was going to finish it that night.

Q. You say she sent you in with some newspapers?

A. Some newspapers to Colonel Dinshah's bedroom.

Q. And you went in with them?

A. Yes.

Q. Where was he at that time?

A. He was in his bedroom.

Q. Did he get out of bed?

A. No. As I approached the bed he said he wanted me that night and he was going to finish the job.

Q. Oh. And did you stay then with him?

A. He forced me to stay; yes.

Q. He forced you to?

A. Yes.

Q. How did he force you?

A. He just grabbed me and took me and tried—started to undress me, put me on the bed.

Q. The door was open then, wasn't it?

A. No. The door was closed, as far as I remem-

Digitized by Google

ber.

Q. Who closed it then?

A. I don't know.

Q. Didn't you close it?

A. No.

Q. How do you know it was closed then?

A. Because when I came into the room I believe Colonel—I don't remember the second night very vividly. All I remember was that he forced me. But as far as I remember the door was closed the second night.

(The India Rubber memory comes handy!)

Q. You said he was there in bed when you came in?

A. I believe he was.

Q. Yes. Then if anybody closed the door you must have closed it?

A. No, I didn't close the door. I remember that very vividly. I didn't close the door. I only know it was closed.

(Those vivid flashes of reminiscences show her power in going through a closed door.)

Q. Oh; someone else closed it then?

A. Someone else might have closed it.

Q. They might have closed it?

A. Yes.

Q. Well, do you know it was closed?

A. Yes, I remember it was closed, because he took me into the front bed room. It was closed.

Q. Did you struggle against him then?

A. He told me I had to sleep in that bed room. It was useless to struggle with him.

Q. I see. Did he have any further relations with

Digitized by Google

you after that at Wildwood?

A. Two nights after that.

Q. And that was in—that would be then Tuesday night; is that it?

A. Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday; yes.

Q. And what time of night was it then?

A. I don't remember. I know it was after dinner.

Q. And did you come willingly that time?

A. No; I never went willingly.

Q. Never went willingly. Well, did he walk you in or push you into the room, or force you in?

A. I went into the room.

Q. What?

A. I don't remember that. I only know that he forced me to go.

(This is the limit of humbug.)

Q. Well, how did he force you?

A. He said I never could get away from him, now he had me.

Q. And that is the way he forced you then?

A. Yes.

Q. Well, did he ever have any further relations with you while you were at Wildwood?

A. No.

Q. That was all, then?

A. No. The morning after that, two mornings—the morning after that then my menstrual period came and he would not touch me then.

Q. Then when did the next occur?

A. I don't remember. It was sometime about seven or nine days after. I know it was—he never

Digitized by Google

approached me for about eight or ten days after my period, sick time.

(Yet in her testimony of open door intercourse on trains, she asserted her period was just finished.)

Q. Your period was when, do you say?

A. About—it came about Wednesday or Thursday.

Q. It lasted for several days?

A. Yes.

Q. And then it was sometime then after you got to Malaga. Would you say about ten days after you got back?

A. Yes.

Q. Or when?

A. About that time.

Q. Yes; and where did it occur?

A. In his bedroom.

Q. That is on the second floor of the Institute?

A. Yes.

Q. The day time or night time?

A. The night time.

Q. Where were the other two girls?

A. Over in the residence.

Q. They knew you were there?

A. Yes.

Q. And when after that?

A. I don't remember. Various times, though.

Q. Every other day?

A. No.

Q. Not as often as that?

A. No.

Q. When was the baby Cyrus born?

A. The 25th of October.

Digitized by Google

Q. The 25th of October?

A. 1924.

Q. And your relations continued on up to that time, did they?

A. Yes.

Q. How often?

A. I do not remember exactly.

Q. You don't remember?

A. No.

Q. You didn't resist then, did you?

A. Yes; I always did.

Q. He exercised no compulsion over you, except what he might have said, then, after that?

A. It was useless to struggle against him.

Q. You were trying to struggle, though, weren't you?

A. Yes.

Q. All the time?

A. Yes.

Q. When did you start writing these notes to Harry Saunders?

A. I had been to his class, to Colonel Dinshah's class, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, somewhere in December of 1924; he had his class there.

Q. Yes.

A. And I was pregnant at the time, and I had already had I think one operation performed, and I was very sickly, and I wanted to come home to mamma or to my auntie, and I knew I had no way of getting out some correspondence, and Harry Saunders came and he asked me one day what was the matter with me, and I said, "I want to go home to my people." He said, "If you will write the letter I will

Digitized by Google

post it for you." And I said, "No, I can't do that. I don't want to do those things." Finally I wrote this letter to my brother. Harry Saunders kept writing me notes back and forth, and I—he wrote some things in a note to me about taking me in his arms, and I was desperate at the time; I didn't care what happened to me; and only I would not stop at any ruse to get away; if he would only post these letters for me I would not care what he did, what I did or what I wrote in the letter. I wrote some queer things, but I didn't care what I wrote as long as I could get away, and I wrote these little notes to Harry Saunders so he would post my letters.

(So that was the reason why she had to write to the negro, "will tell you if you hold me too tightly.")

Q. How many notes did you write to Harry Saunders?

A. About four.

Q. Now you say you wrote all of these in December?

A. Between the time that I was pregnant and the time I had the miscarriage; yes.

Q. When did you become pregnant?

A. Around the first of November, 1924.

Q. So those notes were written in November or December; is that it?

A. Yes.

Q. Now Harry Saunders was working around there at the Institute, wasn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. His job was to take care of this apparatus when you went on trips, and set it up and to take care of the automobiles, and work around the place,

Digitized by Google

wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. And he went home every night?

A. Yes.

Q. Anything you wanted to say to him you could have said to him without writing a note to him?

A. No. I never got any time to talk to Harry. I had to write it in notes and give it to him. When he came with the milk in the morning, or vegetables in the kitchen, I handed him the notes.

(Compare this with her later testimony.)

Q. Oh, you never had time to talk with him?

A. Very little time.

Q. But you did go down often and talk to him at the barn, didn't you, at the garage?

A. No. The only time I ever spoke to him was once unpacking the car. I was not out of sight.

Q. Didn't you ride back and forth with him to Philadelphia?

A. Never alone.

Q. What?

A. I never rode alone with Harry Saunders.

Q. Now you went to the Wilmington class, didn't you, with the Colonel, and sometimes with some of the others?

A. Yes.

Q. That was from October 20th to the first of November?

A. I don't remember exactly what time it was. I only know I went to Wilmington, Delaware.

Q. Yes; and do you remember the convention that occurred in Philadelphia?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. That was from the last of November—from the 28th of November to the 30th, wasn't it, do you recall?

A. Yes.

Q. And then after that there was a class from the 3rd of December to the 17th?

A. Yes.

Q. You were attending that every day?

A. Yes—not every day; no.

Q. And you drove back and forth in the automobile?

A. Yes.

Q. Sometimes you drove with Harry?

A. Never alone, no.

Q. Never alone. You saw a good deal of Harry, though, didn't you—got to talk to him alone?

A. No, I never spoke to Harry Saunders alone.

Q. Never spoke to him?

A. No.

(O, what a lie! She did not mean the jury to understand that when she said she would tell Harry if he held her too tightly that the scene would be staged like a pantomime before an eager audience.)

Q. Miss McCann, I want to go back to the time that you were at Wildwood. This particular house that you lived in, that was right next to the—that was right next to the board walk to this place, wasn't it ?

A. Yes.

Q. And this board walk was a big wide promenade about thirty feet wide, was it not?

A. Yes.

Q. And many people passed back and forth on this board walk?

Digitized by Google

A. No, it was very late in the season.

Q. It was a rather large summer resort, wasn't it?

A. Fairly large.

Q. And the window of your room opened onto the board walk or above it?

A. No, it opened out onto the porch.

Q. Well, the porch opened out onto the board walk, didn't it?

A. No, it was on the third story.

Q. Right above the board walk?

A. No.

Q. Wasn't it on that side that the board walk was on?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, the—you say this assault happened on Saturday and Sunday morning, I believe you said you were in bathing?

A. Yes.

Q. Sunday afternoon you went out automobile driving, didn't you, with the rest of the family?

A. Yes.

Q. And the Colonel taught you Sunday afternoon how to drive the automobile or gave you some lessons in driving this automobile?

A. Yes.

Q. Down at Cape May, New Jersey?

A. Yes.

Q. You spent practically the afternoon with him, didn't you?

A. I drove around some with him.

Q. You drove yourself a little bit, didn't you, while he was teaching you to drive?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. Did you go to a movie that night?

A. No.

(False. Refer to affidavits of Charles J. and Eleanor Kinsell.)

Q. Now, shortly after that the Colonel took you to Atlantic City with the rest of the family, didn't he?

A. No, I don't think he did.

Q. He didn't take you there?

A. No.

Q. Didn't he go shortly after that, drive over there with you and the rest of the family, and get you a ride in an aeroplane at Atlantic City? Do you remember that?

A. That was some time later.

Q. I said, shortly after you were at Wildwood.

A. Yes.

Q. About September 27th?

A. I don't remember the date.

Q. You took a ride in an aeroplane then, didn't you, up from Atlantic City shortly after the time you were at Wildwood?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, you spoke yesterday of being under a spell from time to time. Was this while you were under a spell or were there some times you were not under a spell?

A. I always felt that way.

Q. Were you under this spell in November and December?

A. Yes.

Q. Were you under this spell when you were

Digitized by Google

writing notes to Harry Saunders?

A. Yes, I was.

(Trance love-making! Had I really any "power" over her, would she have been allowed to defile herself by offering love to my negro servant?)

Q. Now, when was it you first thought that you had become pregnant?

A. November the 1st, around that time.

Q. Had you—how long before that had you menstruated, Miss McCann?

A. October.

Q. What time in October, do you remember?

A. No, I do not remember the date.

Q. Was it the middle of the month?

A. I don't remember.

Q. Then how did you know that you were pregnant on the first of November?

A. I only know that on the 7th of November, I came some on the 7th of November.

Q. Then it was about the 7th of November that you had the first intimation that you might be pregnant, is that it?

A. Yes.

Q. And you went there immediately and told the Colonel about it?

A. Yes.

Q. And you found these other symptoms that were present at that time, did you?

A. Yes.

Q. Now then, how long after that did this operation on you take place?

A. The first operation was performed, I think, about the 15th of November.

Digitized by Google

Q. The 15th of November; that was within about one week after you first had an intimation that you might be pregnant, was that it?

A. Yes.

Q. And that operation, you say, was performed up in the Colonel's room?

A. Yes.

Q. And on a table that the doctors usually have?

A. Yes.

Q. And as I understand it, he used a long instrument?

A. Yes.

Q. What did the instrument look like?

A. I don't remember the instrument, he kept it behind his back; I only saw the instrument, he kept it behind his back.

(She had X-Ray eyes!)

Q. And you just caught a fleeting glimpse of it, is that it?

A. Yes.

Q. How long did this operation take?

A. I don't remember; I know I suffered, I don't remember any time.

Q. You don't remember how long a time it took?

A. No.

(Forgets such a vital point!)

Q. And after he got through, did you bleed?

A. No.

(Bloodless surgery!)

Q. He didn't use anything but this instrument, is that it?

A. That is all.

Q. And how long afterwards did you start bleeding?

Digitized by Google

A. The next morning.

Q. The next morning; and how long did you bleed?

A. Until the next operation, about—over a month.

Q. Then you bled constantly, every day, for a month?

A. Yes.

Q. Profusely?

A. Yes.

Q. Very heavily every day?

A. Yes, all the time.

Q. And that would be from November the 16th, that was the day after you say this took place, until about December 16th you bled every day very profusely?

A. To the 22nd, close to Christmas.

Q. Well then, you bled every day, as I understand, until he performed the second operation?

A. Yes.

Q. Were you very weak?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, during all this time were you doing your work around the Institute there, your secretarial work?

A. Yes.

Q. You had a lot of letters to get out?

A. Yes, a lot of work to do.

Q. And you went to this Philadelphia class, didn't you, rather, the convention at Philadelphia?

A. Yes.

Q. And that was from the 28th to the 30th of November, wasn't it?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. And you spoke there at this convention, didn't you?

A. Yes, I believe I did.

Q. Didn't you—the Colonel had taught you how to speak in these classes, hadn't he?

A. No.

(Perhaps Aunt Mary Hayes the dramatic teacher taught her.)

Q. You just knew that yourself then?

A. He called upon me to make a speech to the class at Portland, Oregon; that is all he said.

Q. But you did get up and address that audience?

A. Yes.

(First she had testified to the contrary.)

Q. There were a good many people there, weren't there?

A. Yes.

Q. Now then, wasn't there a class in Philadelphia in spectro-chrome therapy that took place from the 3rd of December until the 17th?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were there a number of times?

A. Yes.

Q. You alternated with Kashmira, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were there as many as five or six times?

A. At first I didn't go at all, the first week I had to stay at home because I wasn't able to go to the classes. The second week he had me go.

Q. I see. You went every other day for about

Digitized by Google

five or six days then, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. What time of day would you go?

A. I don't remember, some time in the afternoon I judge.

Q. And the classes would last until late at night, wouldn't they, sometimes until midnight, sometimes, before the Colonel would get through lecturing?

A. Yes.

Q. And then you would all come back in the automobile?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, during this time when you would be home the Colonel and Kashmira would be in Philadelphia, is that right?

A. Yes.

Q. And you would be there alone with Mrs. Dinshah and the little baby?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. The baby then was very small, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. Required the constant attention of Mrs. Dinshah?

A. No.

Q. Was anyone else there taking care of the baby then in December?

A. Yes, I did.

(It would appear Miss McCann was the whole cheese.)

Q. Now, during all this time you were very anxious to get away, were you?

A. Yes.

Q. You were desperate to get away?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. And you didn't have the means to get away?

A. I was sick, I wasn't able to get away.

Q. Did you have any means to get away?

A. No.

Q. Is it not a fact that on December 9th, 1924, you deposited to your own checking account in the Pitman Trust Company the sum of a hundred and ninety-five dollars?

A. Yes.

Q. And that thereafter you put in thirty dollars a month out of your pay?

A. Yes.

Q. And that the other thirty dollars a month you sent home?

A. Yes.

Q. So then on December 9th and thereafter you had a hundred and ninety-five dollars in the bank?

A. Yes.

Q. In your own checking account?

A. Yes.

Q. Subject to your own check?

A. The check books were not kept by me, they were kept locked in the safe.

Q. They were kept locked in the safe; you couldn't get any other checks if you wanted to get them?

A. No.

(Look at this self-styled efficient business woman, worth at her own estimate $100 a week, talking about checks!)

Q. You couldn't go down to Pitman and get a check book there if you wanted to?

A. I could, but I had no way of getting there.

Q. Oh, you didn't have the necessary money I

Digitized by Google

suppose to go from Malaga to Pitman, fourteen miles away?

A. No.

(Refer to affidavit of E. H. McCarty.)

Q. You couldn't get it?

A. No.

(Refer to affidavit of Oscar Davenport, Treasurer, Pitman Trust Company.)

Q. There wasn't any automobiles there you could use, either?

A. The car was in the garage.

(She had the duplicate keys of the car, the garage had no lock; refer to affidavit of Lenord Roberts.)

Q. Why didn't you go and get the mail then?

A. I didn't get the mail.

Q. Who got the mail the fourteen days or more the Colonel was in Detroit and Cleveland and Chicago?

A. I did.

Q. You did?

A. Yes.

Q. For about fourteen days, didn't you?

A. About that.

Q. You drove the car down there and got it, didn't you?

A. Yes.

(Compare this with her prior statements.)

Q. Now, after the Colonel came back from the Philadelphia class he started working on the Itisometer, didn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. And he spent nearly all of his time in his laboratory for about two months, didn't he?

A. No.

Digitized by Google

Q. Is it not a fact that he was practically all the time there at his laboratory?

A. No.

Q. It wasn't, eh? And didn't they take his meals over there to him nearly all that time?

A. Yes.

Q. During that period of time?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, weren't you pretty well acquainted with some of these people in Philadelphia that were attending this class?

A. No.

Q. Didn't Dr. Kate Baldwin,—didn't you know her pretty well?

A. I didn't know any of the students very well.

Q. You had met her a number of times before that, hadn't you?

A. In the classroom, yes.

Q. And she is a Philadelphia physician and surgeon, is she not?

A. Yes.

Q. Senior surgeon at a woman's hospital there?

A. Yes.

Q. And a woman of mature years?

A. Yes.

Q. And considerable reputation there in Philadelphia?

A. Yes.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) Now, Miss McCann, did it occur to you that you might appeal to Dr. Baldwin if you were in trouble the way you were?

A. I never talked to Dr. Baldwin alone; I never spoke to her excepting—

Digitized by Google

(Absolute lie! Geraldine dined with Dr. Kate W. Baldwin in Malaga over a dozen times; she knew her very well; she acted as Assistant Secretary in meetings of Chief Executive Council where Dr. Baldwin was present as vice-president; Geraldine was a charter member of American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists with Dr. Baldwin. Refer to affidavit of Kate W. Baldwin.)

Q. (Interrupting.) You talked to a good many of the people around there, didn't you?

A. No.

(Lie also. Refer to the numerous affidavits of the Philadelphia Class students.)

Q. Sometimes when the Colonel was not there?

A. No.

Q. You had plenty of time to talk to Harry Saunders around there, didn't you?

A. Very little.

Q. When the Colonel was busy?

A. I very seldom spoke to Harry Saunders.

Q. Very seldom spoke to him?

A. Only at the times I would be handing him a paper or something like that.

Q. How did you come to start writing notes to Harry Saunders?

A. The time I wrote this letter to my brother I sent that to Mr. Saunders.

Q. Well, what month was that?

A. I don't know, about November or December.

Q. You don't remember whether it was November or December?

A. No, I don't.

Q. Well, how did you come to write to him in the first place?

A. I don't know just how I wrote to him. I wanted to get away and I put anything in the letter.

Q. Well, was he making love to you?

Digitized by Google

A. No, he was not.

Q. He was not? I will show you Defendant's Exhibit 12 for identification. Is that one of the notes that you wrote to Harry Saunders?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: I will offer it in evidence, if your Honor please.

MR. STEARNS: No objection.

(The writing was thereupon admitted in evidence marked DEFENDANT'S EXHIBIT 12, and is as follows:)

"Dear H—

"Oh you're a peach not to write me a long note. I was expecting one as I am not as happy as you think I am. That's all bunk. I am only trying to look pleasant so that I won't make every one here sick. You thought you would make me mad. If all you wish is to take me in your arms then some day you may have the pleasure but remember nothing else. What on earth were you and the C. talking about that would interest me. Your wife sure must be spiff to think she would be so good to a silly thing like me. But Gee! Harry if you only knew how hungry I am (maybe it is for love) but at present it is for something real to eat. I dream of nothing but bacon and eggs, how naughty. We have split peas, rice, green peas, etc., till the name vegetable disgusts me. No wonder your family wouldn't become vegetarian. I wouldn't only I have to.

"Will write again. Answer me a longone."

THE COURT: What is the date of that?

MR. BECKMAN: There is no date on it, your

Digitized by Google

Honor. Do you remember the approximate date you wrote that, Miss McCann?

A. No, I don't.

Q. You don't know whether that was in November or December?

A. I was very sick when I wrote that letter.

Q. You were very sick?

A. Yes.

Q. And was this about the time of the Philadelphia class, do you recall?

A. It was around that time; I don't know exactly what time it was.

Q. He wrote you notes, too, didn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. And what did you do with the notes when you got them from him?

A. I handed them back to him.

Q. Oh, you handed them back?

A. Yes.

Q. And where did you hand them back to him?

A. He used to give me the notes when he brought the vegetables in the morning and I used to give him back the note the morning after.

Q. And you didn't give him any of these notes when you were in Philadelphia?

A. No.

Q. You said here—you say "Oh, you are a peach not to write me a long note"?

A. Yes.

(A peach of a negro! That girl carried the simile too far.)

Q. Didn't he write a note long enough to suit you?

Digitized by Google

A. The notes he wrote me were all concerning my people.

Q. The notes didn't have anything else in them excepting concerning your people?

A. No.

Q. All of his notes?

A. Yes, they all.

Q. Nothing else but that?

MR. STEARNS: She said yes, they did.

(He always butted in to warn her; perhaps because she was his witness.)

MR. BECKMAN: Now, Mr. Stearns—

THE COURT (interrupting): Don't interrupt unless there is some basis for it.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) Now, when did he mention about taking you in his arms, Miss McCann?

A. He wrote me a note asking if I would let him take me in his arms and he spoke about others, so I thought it over for a few days and I thought that, "Now if I write that in a letter to Harry Saunders, anything to please him, he will post my letters or he otherwise won't."

(I wonder whether other women in America would accept that version.)

Q. Then what you testify now is different from what you said before, than your previous testimony; there was nothing in it except sending letters, isn't that true?

A. I said that I wrote other things besides that.

Q. What else did you write then, Miss McCann?

A. Harry Saunders wrote me and said that he could take me in his arms.

Q. Did he take you in his arms?

A. No.

Digitized by Google

(That negro Harry Saunders must be an angel to resist such a temptation, especially when the girl wrote, "if all you wish is to take me in your arms, then someday you may have the pleasure." I wish I had a jury of women!)

Q. You have got another statement here, "What on earth were you and the C. talking about that would interest me?" Why were you interested in any conversation between him and the Colonel?

A. Because he wrote me a note saying that he had something to tell me, something that came up.

Q. There is also some reference in here about Harry Saunders' wife, "to think she would be good to a silly thing like me." She was going to be good to you?

A. Harry Saunders told me that if I ever wanted to go away—he told his wife all about my trouble—and if ever I wanted to go away that his wife would assist me and take me to Philadelphia with her.

Q. Oh, I see. Now you say here that you are rather disgusted with the vegetable diet. Was that your principal cause of complaint then?

A. I was sick at the time and I wanted something substantial to eat.

Q. You were hungry for ham and eggs, were you?

A. Yes, sir.

(Another falsehood. Refer to affidavit of Walter H. Schwanhausser; she ate always with appetite.)

Q. I see.

MR. STEARNS: Speak up, Miss McCann; these jurors can't hear you.

(How could she speak? A dry throat indicates inner perturbations.)

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) I will show you Exhibit

Digitized by Google

13. Was that part of another letter that you wrote?

A. Yes.

"will tell you if you hold me too tightly. Why say to me 'try to love me, love comes without trying that's the strange part of it. I fell in love once without trying to and now I can't fall out again. Now don't get wild and say you always get what you want because I know something that you won't get unless it is given.

"Of course I am not tired of you writing me notes. You know it is something that keeps me alive. I am waiting patiently for my brother to answer me. You never showed me what you wrote him. Bring it tomorrow. My what a big raise in salary you got. The salary isn't what bothers me. I can't work because I am unhappy. I said or rather resolved yesterday that the next scrap and I will say I want to leave. Oh that wondrous day. How happy I will be! But how unhappy you will be but I will write you wonderful letters. You will be glad I am away to receive such wonderful letters. My brother will never knowingly betray me. If he does it will be through an error or misunderstanding. Did you know I dreamt that you came as far as Chicago"

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) You and Harry discussed a great many things together, didn't you, Miss McCann?

A. Yes.

(Compare this with her prior testimony.)

Q. When did you do—did you have all this discussion with him?

Digitized by Google

A. At the time when we were unpacking the apparatus in the car?

Q. Oh, that was when you were coming home from these classes?

A. Yes.

Q. Now then, your testimony that you gave before was all a mistake then, that you had never talked to him except when he was delivering the vegetables?

A. I talked to Harry on several occasions, sometimes we were packing books, sometimes we were in the bulb room fixing bulbs, sometimes he was helping me unpack, and sometimes when he brought the vegetables.

Q. Then there were lots of opportunities then that you had to talk to Harry Saunders?

A. Yes.

(How now?)

Q. You say here, "will tell you if you hold me too tightly." Had he been holding you tightly or otherwise?

A. No, I put that in there after he asked me if I would tell him if he held me too tightly.

Q. And you said you would let him know if he did?

A. Yes.

Q. And had he made love to you?

A. No.

(What else was needed to love-making?)

Q. Well, then, why was it you put in this letter here, why did you say to him, "try to love me; love comes without trying"?

A. He never made love to me except in one let-

Digitized by Google

ter, something about jewelry, he would give me jewelry.

Q. Oh, he said he would give you jewels?

A. He never spoke to me in loving terms.

Q. Did he make any improper proposals to you in any of those letters?

A. No.

(This enlightens me more about American language that an offer to hold a girl tightly in one's arms is not an improper proposal.)

Q. Did he offer to take you to a hotel?

A. No.

Q. He just offered you jewels?

A. Yes, had some with him.

Q. He wanted you to come with him then?

A. I didn't know what was in these letters, but the minute he wrote that, that he would give me jewels, I thought perhaps it was another trap; therefore I stopped writing.

Q. Now, did you think you were in the trap after you wrote this letter or before you wrote this last letter you wrote?

A. I don't remember.

Q. You don't remember. Now, you have got in here, "Now don't get wild and say you always get what you want, because I know something that you won't get unless it is given." Had he made some improper proposal to you in that connection?

A. No, it was only regarding taking me along with him.

Q. Oh, I see. And you also told him that you were not tired of him writing you notes?

A. Yes.

(She wanted the gentleman to continue.)

Digitized by Google

Q. This is marked page 3 and 4. That is rather a long note you wrote to him, isn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. How many pages?

A. I don't know how many pages there were.

Q. Where were you when you wrote these notes?

A. I wrote them at various times. It took me quite a long time to write them; I wrote them whenever I got the opportunity.

Q. I see. Now, you say in here that "the salary isn't what bothers me. I can't work because I am unhappy. I said or resolved yesterday that the next scrap and I will say I want to leave." You had never said before then that you wanted to leave?

A. Not to Harry Saunders.

Q. Well, Harry Saunders would not have anything to do with your leaving, would he?

A. Yes.

Q. He would? What did he have to do with it?

A. He was the only one I saw, therefore he would be the only one I would tell about leaving.

Q. Well now, Miss McCann, is it not a fact that Mr. Fehringer, the printer, had been working there for sometime?

A. Yes.

Q. And he was a white man and he lived in Philadelphia and came there after you came there, didn't he?

A. He didn't work there.

Q. I know, but when he came to work for the Colonel, he lived in Philadelphia, didn't he?

A. I suppose so.

Q. And he lived in Millville and commuted back

Digitized by Google

and forth?

A. Yes.

Q. And it was your duty to go down there to the printing plant quite often and page the magazine?

A. I was never alone with him, I always went with some one.

Q. Didn't you go down there once in a while yourself?

A. No.

Q. You could have gone down?

A. I never was allowed to go down alone.

(False. Refer to affidavit of Henry A. Fehringer.)

Q. How about the time that the Colonel was away at these classes, couldn't you have gone down then?

A. No, I never went down.

Q. You could have gone if you had wanted to?

A. Dinshah always telephoned me to bring them up.

Q. But you couldn't have gone down yourself if you had wanted to?

A. I was not allowed to.

Q. I will show you here Defendant's Exhibit 14. Does that photograph there show the relative position of the buildings on the Colonel's estate at Malaga?

A. Yes.

Q. That building in the foreground is the printing plant?

A. Yes.

Q. And the front building in the background is the Institute?

A. Yes.

Q. And the building in the rear is the garage?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. Now, this printing plant was not very far away?

A. It was quite a distance down to it.

Q. If you wanted to, you could have gone down there and seen Mr. Fehringer if you wanted him to help you out?

A. I never did any errands, the daughter always did that.

Q. Although you did carry the mail or go down and get the mail for a couple of weeks, though, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, you were speaking here about resolving to go away. Were you under any spell when you were doing this resolving?

A. I had always wanted to go away, but I had no will power to get away.

Q. You had no will power to go and get your money at Pitman and go away if you wanted to get away, did you?

A. No.

Q. Weren't you during all this period doing a great deal of work there for Colonel Dinshah in the way of correspondence and in the way of learning how to write for the magazine and all those things?

A. Yes.

Q. Were you working pretty hard during the time from November 15th until December 23rd?

A. Yes, ordinary routine work.

Q. That required a good many letters a day?

A. I did many other things besides letter writing; I did some house work.

Digitized by Google

Q. You did some house work, too, did you?

A. Yes.

Q. And you alternated with the other girls too, didn't you?

A. No.

Q. Well, there was a lot of other work around there in the laboratory, wasn't there, too, indexing?

A. Yes.

Q. And you did that, too?

A. Yes.

(She was the only employee who worked; all others were simply loafing!)

Q. Now, as I understand it, during the time that you went down to Philadelphia to this class they would drive back rather late at night, wouldn't they?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were, during that time when you were attending this class, you were on your feet most of the time?

A. Yes.

Q. Now tell us again what happened on December 23rd?

A. I don't know just what date it was that I had the second operation performed.

Q. Yes, this was December 23rd, wasn't that the date you said it happened?

A. I don't know the exact date; it was somewhere around that time.

Q. Yes, a day or two one way or the other?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, what did the Colonel do the second time then?

A. He used the same instrument.

Q. How long did this operation continue?

Digitized by Google

A. I don't know how long.

(Again the convenient memory lapsed.)

Q. Did he hold the instrument behind his back then too?

A. Yes.

(Again the X-Ray eyes!)

Q. It happened upstairs, you say, in the laboratory?

A. Yes.

Q. Or in his room?

A. Yes.

Q. How long—you don't know how long it took then, eh?

A. No.

Q. Did it hurt you?

A. Yes, terribly.

Q. You didn't faint?

A. Dinshah had to hold me down.

Q. Had to hold you down?

A. Yes.

(Dinshah held the instrument behind his back; had to hold her down; yet, he performed an operation!)

Q. Why? Did you try to jump and get away?

A. It was useless, I was in a state of collapse.

(Useless struggle and collapse; how do they combine?)

Q. You were? After this operation was performed—what time of day was it?

A. It was after the office hours.

Q. Late at night?

A. No, it was around six or seven o'clock.

Q. And then what did you do then? Go over to the other building to your dinner?

A. Yes.

Q. Eat dinner?

Digitized by Google

A. No.
Q. Didn't eat anything?
A. No.
Q. You sat at the table though, did you?
A. Yes.
Q. And what time did you retire that night?
A. I don't know exactly what time.
Q. You did do some work after that?
A. No.
Q. Now, after this second abortion did you continue to flow?
A. Yes.
Q. Very heavily?
A. Yes, more than the first time.
Q. I suppose you changed a number of cloths daily?
A. Yes.
Q. All during that time from November to January 2nd?
A. Yes.
Q. Then did you do any work around there during that time from December 23rd or thereabouts until January the 2nd?
A. Yes.
Q. What did you do?
A. Just the orderly work of the business part of the day and the house work the rest of the day.
Q. You just went right through your regular routine then?
A. Yes.
Q. From the second operation until January the 2nd?
A. Yes.
Q. Although you were flowing very copiously

Digitized by Google

all during this time?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you remember what you did on Christmas day?

A. Yes.

Q. Didn't you and Kashmira go to the theater in Philadelphia on Christmas day?

A. Yes.

(She must have had the strength of a giant to enjoy two theatrical shows in one day on X-mas, in spite of a heavy flow lasting months!)

Q. And that is about twenty-eight or thirty miles away?

A. Yes.

Q. Drive over there?

A. We went by train.

Q. And then went to the show, were there several hours and came back?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, it was on January 2nd I believe you said that you passed this fetus?

A. Yes.

Q. And you had labor pains?

A. Yes.

Q. How long did these labor pains last?

A About nine hours.

Q. Were they very heavy, constricting pains?

A. Yes, I had them continuously from eleven o'clock at night until eight the next morning.

Q. From eleven until eight?

A. Yes.

Q. And Kashmira was there in the same room, wasn't she?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. She and you slept in the same room?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you say anything to her about it?

A. Yes, I told her I was sick and I moaned all night.

Q. Did you moan very loud?

A. Yes.

Q. And did she awake and say anything to you about it?

A. No, she went to sleep. She woke several times, she said she couldn't sleep for the noise, and then turned over and went to sleep again.

Q. Did she know what was the matter with you?

A. I presume she did.

Q. Did you tell her?

A. No.

Q. You didn't tell her? Well then, from eleven o'clock at night, as I understand it, until seven or eight o'clock in the morning you were in labor, is that it?

A. Yes.

Q. And then you gave birth to this fetus, is that it?

A. Yes.

Q. How big was this fetus?

A. About two or three inches.

Q. And it was a hard white substance, was it?

A. Yes.

Q. You bent over and touched it, did you?

A. Yes.

Q. And it was hard to the touch?

A. Yes.

Q. I show you Defendant's Exhibit 15.

Digitized by Google

A. Yes, that is it.

Q. Is that the bedroom that you and Kashmira occupied?

A. Yes.

Q. And that is the way it looked at the time you were there?

A. Yes.

Q. The dressers and bed?

A. Yes.

Q. You slept in one bed and Kashmira in the other?

A. Yes.

Q. And right in this bed—or I mean right in the room there is a door leads onto a porch?

A. Yes.

Q. That door was never locked either, was it?

A. No.

Q. Now, at seven o'clock in the morning then you got up out of bed, did you?

A. Yes.

Q. And gave birth to this? Well, did you remove it then and afterwards clean up the mess?

A. Seven o'clock in the morning I couldn't stand it any longer, I asked her if she would go over. So at seven o'clock in the morning I got up and put on my kimona and my bedroom slippers and I went over to the other building and told him there I was sick, and he sent me back and said he would be over in a short time.

Q. This was seven o'clock in the morning?

A. Yes.

Q. And then he came over after this happened, is that it?

A. I stayed there for almost another hour before

Digitized by Google

he came over.

Q. Do you mean after this thing was born, whatever it was?

A. It did, was born before he came.

Q. Did you have any afterbirth?

A. Yes.

Q. That came afterwards, did it?

A. Yes.

Q. Who took that from you?

A. I took it myself.

Q. You pulled it out yourself?

A. Yes.

(She said she was pregnant on November 7, aborted on November 15, again aborted on December 23, yet had an afterbirth! I needed a jury of women.)

Q. Did you go and remove all the mess then afterwards?

A. Kashmira did.

Q. Now, you were telling on your direct examination about making some kind of a confession under the dictation of the Colonel.

A. Yes.

Q. Did you make this confession there where he was, or did you go over to some of the other buildings and make it?

A. I wrote it in the office building under his supervision.

Q. Was he there at the time?

A. Yes.

Q. Did he dictate two or three words to you and then you would put them down, and then he would dictate two or three more and you would put them down, is that the way he dictated it?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, at the time that this woman, Mrs. Saun-

Digitized by Google

ders, came over there you were called in before Harry, weren't you?

A. Yes.

Q. And Mrs. Saunders was very angry, wasn't she?

A. Yes.

Q. She wanted to get a divorce?

A. She did not. Dinshah told me she was going to name me and I asked him what in, and he said a divorce case.

(False again. Refer to affidavit of Priscilla Saunders, Harry's wife.)

Q. But is it not a fact that she said that while you were there?

A. No, she didn't.

Q. And you wanted the letters back?

A. She gave the letters to Colonel Dinshah and asked him if he would keep them.

Q. She wanted them back, didn't she?

A. I believe she did.

Q. Now, your writing of these letters had caused considerable trouble in the family of Saunders, hadn't they?

A. Yes.

Q. And didn't Colonel Dinshah then tell you he was going to send you home?

A. No.

Q. Didn't he say in the presence of those people that he was—he had offered you money several times to go and he was going to give you the money again to go?

A. No.

Q. Didn't he say anything about sending you home?

Digitized by Google

A. No.

Q. Now, is it not a fact, Miss McCann, that you begged him and pleaded with him to be allowed to stay and said that if he discharged you that you would not go to your home, that you would go to Philadelphia?

A. No.

Q. Or anything like that?

A. No.

Q. And is it not a fact that this so-called confession that you signed was something that you wrote over in the building where you lived and slept?

A. No.

Q. Is it not a fact that the Colonel was insistent on discharging you and that you begged to stay there, and that he finally said to you, "Well, then, you go and write your version of it and I will see what I will do about it"?

A. No, Colonel Dinshah asked me if I had not and I said no, and he said, "Well, you must make a confession for future use."

MR. BECKMAN : I overlooked offering Exhibit 15 in evidence, the second picture.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) I show you Exhibit 16. Is this the so-called confession that you wrote?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN (reading):

"Malaga, New Jersey,
Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1925.

"I, Geraldine McCann, received a letter from my aunt and brother to the effect that it was my duty to come home and attend to my Mother who has just been released from a Canadian

Digitized by Google

asylum. This worried me greatly, and feeling in this mood I went to Harry Saunders an employee of the Spectro-Chrome Institute, where I am employed and told him of this affair. The following morning I received a note from him saying that he loved me, and advising me to write to my brother, that he would mail it for me. Knowing this to be a wrong procedure, for in writing this letter to my brother, and the notes to Harry Saunders I was violating my agreement which I had signed before departing from my home to join the Spectro-Chrome Institute. Nevertheless I wrote the letter, and gave it to Harry Saunders to post for me, which he acknowledged doing so the following morning. The answer to these letters were to be received at his home, and given to me in secret. I received another note from Harry Saunders offering me money, which I declined to take, but not withstanding all this I asked him to write me another note, encouraging him in these love notes.

"On Monday, January 5, 1925, Mrs. Priscilla Saunders wrote to Colonel Dinshah, President of the Spectro-Chrome Institute informing him she had letters written by me to her husband, Harry Saunders. The Colonel sent Harry home to get his wife to come and see him about the matter. The two arrived on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. Mrs. Saunders was ushered into Colonel Dinshah's presence and gave him these notes to read. I came into the room afterwards and explained to Mrs. Saunders how I

Digitized by Google

came to write these notes to her husband, and acknowledged my indiscretion in writing these foolish notes, which ended in such trouble for many other innocent people with whom it was not connected.

"I am writing the above confession to Colonel Dinshah as an apology for my misbehaviour and disloyalty to him and his family in bringing both he and his family into unnecessary trouble. I only ask him for another chance, and if given it, I resolve to act more prudent in the future and never have such a misdemeanor occur again. Moreover I resolve to live up to my agreement in the future, and to prove a faithful employee of the Institute. I hereby state that I have written this without any compulsion or force of any character, and for the purpose of inducing Colonel Dinshah to continue me in my present position, and to help me along in my career as he always has done.

"Geraldine McCann.

"Witness:

"Irene Grace Dinshah
Kashmira Dinshah."

Q. Now you say this was dictated to you by the Colonel?

A. Yes.

Q. You were sitting at a desk writing it, were you?

A. At his office desk.

Q. What was he doing, standing up or sitting down?

A. He was sitting down.

Digitized by Google

Q. Right at the side of you?

A. Yes.

Q. You were writing this against your will?

A. Yes, because I knew it was not the truth.

Q. Oh, you knew it was not the truth?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were writing it against your will?

A. Yes.

Q. And he was forcing you to?

A. Yes.

Q. So he dictated this to you a few words at a time?

A. Yes.

Q. Just about like this, "I, Geraldine McCann," and then you would write, "I, Geraldine McCann"?

A. Yes.

Q. All the way through?

A. Yes.

Q. Harry Saunders was discharged right then and there, wasn't he, when this was found out?

A. Yes.

Q. And was ordered off the premises?

A. Yes.

Q. And as long as you were there he never came back?

A. No.

Q. Oh, yes, you also attended this class at Wilmington, Delaware, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. With the Colonel?

A. Yes.

Q. Alternating with another girl that was there at the time?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. And that was between the 20th of October and the 2nd of November, wasn't it?

A. I don't know exactly what time it was.

(She remembered only what suited her and those who coached her.)

Q. I see. Now, on those trips you would go in the automobile to Wilmington, about thirty miles away?

A. Yes.

Q. And sometimes you and the Colonel went and sometimes the Colonel and Kashmira; is that right?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, what would they take along with them in the machine, all their apparatus?

A. Well, the apparatus usually went in the—in the truck. The first day of the class after he came back and forth from Wilmington he went in his Oakland car to Wilmington.

Q. Now, what was the condition of your health after January 2nd? Did you get better then?

A. No, I had heart attacks ever since that.

(I ought to have them with her lies.)

Q. You have had them ever since?

A. Yes.

Q. Would they occur very frequently?

A. I couldn't walk up the stairs, I had to sit down in the middle of the stairs, I couldn't get to the head of the stairs without stopping.

Q. When did you have this?

A. I had that until I came to Portland.

(After that, perhaps Lee C. Anderson, the negro practitioner, remedied the attacks.)

Q. Now, you went to the class at Baltimore,

Digitized by Google

didn't you, two or three times?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. In February, or the latter part of February?

A. I didn't have a class in Baltimore.

Q. You didn't do your demonstration then?

A. Yes.

Q. And you went—on one occasion you went with Kashmira and Lenord Roberts, didn't you?

A. I went in the Chevrolet car behind Colonel Dinshah.

Q. You went in the Chevrolet car behind Colonel Dinshah?

A. The chauffeur drove the Chevrolet car and I was with him.

Q. Did you drive it part of the time?

A. Yes.

Q. Then Lenord Roberts was the man that took the place of Harry Saunders, wasn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. He was a white man?

A. Yes.

Q. A young man?

A. Not very young.

Q. You didn't confide any of your troubles to him, did you?

A. No, I didn't tell him any of my troubles.

(Why would she? He was only a white man like Henry A. Fehringer.)

Q. Now, you went to Hartford and Providence and Boston with the Colonel, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Had you ever been up that way before?

A. No.

Digitized by Google

Q. Do you recall the Colonel driving you to New York when you first came there?

A. Yes.

Q. So you could see the place?

A. Yes.

Q. You were very anxious to make this trip, weren't you, through Providence and Boston and up that way?

A. Well, I had been kept at home all the time to do all the servile work.

Q. What servile work were you doing?

A. I did everything; I did the scrubbing and mopping and cooking and everything.

(She was the chief cook and bottle-washer.)

Q. Every day?

A. Both Kashmira and I did the cooking.

Q. And you did all the scrubbing and the mopping?

A. Yes.

(She is showing her worth.)

Q. They didn't do anything. Now, were you doing all this scrubbing and mopping from November 15th until January the 2nd?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, this trip to Hartford and Providence was taken by automobile, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. You went to Hartford first?

A. Yes.

Q. And then spent two days there?

A. Yes.

Q. And stopped at hotels there?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. And then to Providence?

A. Yes.

Q. And then to Boston?

A. Yes.

Q. What time did you leave Boston?

A. I don't exactly know the date.

Q. It was early in the morning, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. You drove all day to get back to Malaga that night?

A. Yes.

Q. There wasn't anything in the way of immoral relations occurred on that trip?

A. Yes.

Q. Where was that?

A. Providence.

Q. At Providence?

A. Yes.

Q. Whereabouts at Providence?

A. In the Hotel Biltmore, the Providence Biltmore Hotel.

Q. Now, at this particular hotel the rooms had been reserved ahead of time, hadn't they?

A. I believe they were.

Q. You had a separate room and bath for yourself there?

A. Yes.

Q. And the Colonel had one for himself?

A. Yes.

Q. And then they had another room for the demonstration purposes, is that right?

A. Yes.

Q. And was your room on another floor, wasn't

Digitized by Google

it?

A. I don't believe it was; I think it was on the same floor.

Q. Some distance anyway from the Colonel's room, wasn't it?

A. No, I don't think so.

Q. How do you know it wasn't?

A. Well, I judge—I think it was rather close to Colonel Dinshah's.

Q. It was not an adjoining room though, was it?

A. No.

Q. You never did have adjoining rooms?

A. No.

Q. Whenever he would travel with you at any time they always provided you with a separate room and bath, didn't they?

A. Yes.

Q. And not adjoining his own room?

A. Yes.

(Where would I be with adjoining rooms?)

Q. Now, when did these immoral relations take place? Was that in your room or his room?

A. In his room.

Q. You came over to his room?

A. I had to come to his room to give him the money that I had gathered from the associations.

(Could that money not have been delivered in the lecture room?)

Q. You had been put under a bond, hadn't you?

A. Yes.

(Do White Slavers exact a fidelity bond of $2,000 and do Insurance Companies pass them blindly? One of Miss McCann's references on the bond was C. P. McQueen her father's friend.)

Q. Now, that was a long trip, wasn't it, from

Digitized by Google

Boston to Malaga?

A. Yes.

Q. Over five hundred miles?

A. Four hundred and nine miles to Malaga.

(Would it not be better for an evil-minded man to take a girl to a roadside inn, instead of wasting his energy through a fast nonstop ride of 409 miles?)

Q. And it was all driven in one day?

A. Yes.

Q. So as not to be stopping on the way at night, is that right?

A. He wanted to get back in time to get his apparatus ready to leave on the next tour.

Q. Well, the next tour was Portland, wasn't it?

A. The tour after that was Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland.

Q. How long afterwards?

A. About a week afterwards, that trip.

Q. And on that trip to Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland, that lasted several weeks, didn't it?

A. To Chicago?

Q. Yes, it lasted two or three weeks, didn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. During that time you were alone there with Mrs. Dinshah?

A. Yes.

Q. And the baby?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were handling the work there at the office, weren't you?

A. No.

Q. Who was handling it?

A. Mrs. Dinshah.

Q. You were not doing anything with it at all

Digitized by Google

then?

A. No.

Q. Were you doing any of the association work or secretarial work at that time?

A. There was very little work done while Dinshah was away. I never attended to any letters except they were approved by Colonel Dinshah.

(She only scrubbed and mopped!)

Q. Were you doing any at all?

A. Very little, not while he was away.

Q. Weren't you writing an article for the magazine while he was away?

A. Yes.

Q. And you wrote this article and when he came back he edited it and it was printed in the magazine, wasn't it?

A. Colonel Dinshah added a lot more to what I wrote.

Q. He didn't dictate it to you though, did he?

A. No.

Q. You wrote it first and then he scratched out a lot of it, eh?

A. Yes.

(All the paragraphs material to the issue and printed elsewhere in this volume, were in her own writing and composition as shown on the recorded manuscript.)

Q. This purported to be an account of your trip to Hartford and Providence and Boston?

A. Yes.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) You were not under any spell when you were writing that, were you, Miss McCann?

A. I always felt that way.

(She can spell just that one word.)

Digitized by Google

Q. You always felt under a spell?

A. Colonel Dinshah told me before he came back from these tours I must have an article ready for his magazine.

Q. He said you must do it?

A. Yes.

Q. You were writing that under compulsion, too, then?

A. I was.

Q. Now, you say the place at Malaga is all hedged in, on your direct examination. Do you mean that?

A. It was hedged down close to the road.

Q. The hedge is not such as to prevent anyone from seeing the place if they passed by?

A. No.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) Is that the way the place looked when you were there (handing the witness Defendant's Exhibit 18 for identification)?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: I will offer it in evidence. Then the house and all could be—and all the buildings could be plainly seen from the road by anyone passing by?

A. That is taken as a sort of a side view right by the hedge as you pass the roadway, right along the hedge; you can't see the building from the roadway.

Q. After you pass the hedge you can see it?

A. Yes.

Q. That is the Harding Highway right there in front, isn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. The main traveled highway to Atlantic City?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. You were speaking on your direct examination about Mrs. Houston coming there to sell stockings?

A. Yes.

Q. And wanted to talk to you and then you went down afterwards to the postoffice there at Malaga and met her there?

A. Yes.

Q. Some one wrote you a letter, didn't they, a decoy letter of some kind or another to get you down there?

A. The telephone rang at Colonel Dinshah's residence and I answered it and they said there was a registered letter to be delivered to addressee only, and when I went down to get the letter Colonel Dinshah said I was to go with Kashmira with me and I signed for the letter and it was some party I didn't know, and Mrs. Houston came up and said she wanted to speak to me and she said she was never allowed to speak and it was her object, that every time she had tried to talk to me, Mrs. Houston—

Q. (Interrupting) Mrs. Houston did talk to you some time?

A. Kashmira intervened twice for Mrs. Houston.

Q. Yes, but during that time you were there for quite a while, weren't you?

A. Not very long.

Q. Yes, but weren't you there in a separate room, with Kashmira outside for a while?

A. Kashmira was on the porch.

Q. But wasn't the door closed?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. Now, how long did you talk to this Mrs. Houston?

A. First she told me that she was a stocking agent, and afterwards I learned she was from the Department of Justice.

Q. She told you she was from the Department of Justice?

A. Yes.

Q. She told you that she had been sent there by your aunt?

A. Yes.

Q. And your aunt wanted her to help you because you were in trouble?

A. Yes.

(Why did she miss such a glorious opportunity, as it was right after returning from Wildwood?)

Q. Told you that your aunt would pay your way back if you wanted to come back?

A. I don't remember that.

Q. You don't remember that? And you knew she was there to help you, didn't you?

A. I didn't know, she didn't show me her badge of the Department of Justice and I didn't know what she was.

Q. Now you didn't tell her, however, anything about your troubles or experiences, did you?

A. No, I didn't, I was ashamed to tell them.

Q. She came there about October the 6th, didn't she?

A. Around that time.

Q. Now, you were telling us yesterday about how you were inducted into the Zoroastrian faith. Now, Miss McCann, is it not a fact that you often tried to

Digitized by Google

get the Colonel to induct you into that faith and he wouldn't do it?

A. No, I objected to the faith because of the cap, I didn't like to wear a cap.

Q. You liked it all but the cap?

A. I didn't like the religion, I had my own religion.

Q. You were not practicing it, though, were you?

A. He wouldn't allow me to do it.

(A religious person can not be kept away even behind bars.)

Q. You wanted to very earnestly, but he wouldn't let you do it, is that it?

A. Yes.

Q. The church was just right across the field from the Institute, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. And every time you looked across from the front of the Institute there and looked toward the railroad station you couldn't help but see that church right there, could you?

A. Yes.

Q. And every time you went down the road past Malaga and down to the station you would have to pass it, wouldn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, you have heard the Colonel and you have heard the girls tell about the Zoroastrian faith, haven't you?

A. Yes.

Q. And that is how you know about it?

A. Yes.

Q. And that is all you do know about it?

Digitized by Google

A. That is all except what—

Q. (Interrupting) And you were not ever inducted into that faith at all, were you?

A. Yes, I know many of those prayers.

Q. You know their prayers, but were you inducted into their faith?

A. Partly.

Q. Well, what did they do when they inducted you?

A. We kneeled in a bathtub and you were all dressed in white with a cap over your head and said some prayers.

(The liar! She saw the ablution ceremony performed on my wife, after the birth of Cyrus.)

Q. Did they do that to you?

A. Yes.

Q. When was this done?

A. Shortly before I came to Portland, Oregon.

Q. Was this done against your will?

A. Yes.

Q. Didn't you tell a lot of people around Malaga there and even in Philadelphia that you liked the place there and you wanted the Colonel to adopt you but he wouldn't do it?

A. No.

(Again the mean untruth. Refer to the affidavit of Henry A. Fehringer.)

MR. BECKMAN: No. He didn't attempt to do that at any time?

A. No.

Q. What were these prayers that you were taught to say?

A. They were three or four different kinds of prayers.

Digitized by Google

Q. Can you say them?

A. Yes.

Q. All right, say them.

A. One of the prayers was—(The witness said something in a foreign language).

Q. What does that mean?

A. I don't know.

Q. Is it not a fact now that you asked the Colonel on the way out here about some of these prayers, what he was saying, and he translated them to you?

A. He translated parts of the words to me, but it was sort of disconnected; therefore I couldn't get the proper meaning out of the words.

(We discussed many philosophical matters at the dinner table and she picked several broken phrases. Evidently, she must have been preparing the ground for this plot.)

Q. That is the only one that you know then, eh?

A. Except grace before and after meals.

Q. Did he always say grace before and after meals?

A. Yes.

Q. Invariably?

A. Yes.

Q. And he had a manner of saying his prayers every morning, too, didn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. You were telling about this shirt that you got that is in evidence here. Now is it not a fact, Miss McCann, that this was loaned to you before you went away because you didn't have any other night shirt at the time to wear?

A. I never wore that shirt until before I came out here from my home.

Q. That is what I am speaking about, they just

Digitized by Google

let you have it to come out on this trip, it had no religious significance at all, did it?

A. Yes, it did; he told me on the 28th of November I will be fully inducted into the faith and I will receive a sudra for that.

Q. Did you want to go into that faith?

A. No, but he said he would induct me into it. I didn't pay any further attention to it because when I came to Portland I intended to leave him.

Q. Oh, you intended then, Miss McCann, when you left that you were going to leave him as soon as you got to Portland?

A. Yes.

Q. And that was on your mind all the time, that you were going to do that?

A. Yes.

(How could good thoughts enter a mind so full of trickery, deceit, chicanery and falsehood, which was planning to bite the hand that fed her?)

Q. That was all notwithstanding this spell that kept your mind weak, you had nevertheless resolved to leave him when you got to Portland, is that right?

A. When I came to Portland I was to live with my aunt.

Q. One of the very first things you did when you got here was to call your aunt, Miss Shaughnessy, over the phone, didn't you?

A. No.

Q. Didn't you call her over the phone?

A. No.

Q. Don't you remember of calling your aunt, Miss Shaughnessy, and making an appointment for her to come—

Digitized by Google

A. (Interrupting) No, Miss Shaughnessy called me on the telephone.

Q. How did she know you were here?

A. Colonel Dinshah had sent her a letter saying that we were coming to Portland.

Q. Did you see the letter before it was sent?

A. Yes, I believe he sent her one of the letters of his expected emigration.

(That shows I had no secret from her.)

Q. That he dictated to you?

A. It was a multigraph letter.

(Miss Business Efficiency forgot that a single personal letter is not a multigraph.)

Q. Did you write to your aunt, Miss Shaughnessy, at the time?

A. I don't remember if I did or not.

Q. Exhibit 19. Do you recall writing that letter to your aunt, Miss Shaughnessy?

A. Yes.

"Malaga, New Jersey, April 16, 1925, 12-30.

"Miss Sophia Shaughnessy,
341 Weidler Street,
Portland, Oregon.

"Dear Shon:

"Yesterday I mailed you a copy of 'The Principles of Light and Color' printed by Spectro-Chrome Institute.

"I am now helping in getting up such kind of work.

"In the April magazine you will find an Article written by me. It will be published and mailed this Saturday.

"You will be pleased to know that I am happy in my career in which I am making rapid prog-

Digitized by Google

ress, and making $15.00 (Fifteen Dollars) per week, plus my boarding, clothing and traveling expenses. This you will admit for a new helper is surely a good salary. I send you $30.00 (Thirty Dollars) a month and the remainder of my salary is deposited in my bank account.

"This week I am to accompany Colonel Dinshah on a quick tour to the Pacific Coast. As his wife, Irene Grace Dinshah, has a six-months-old baby to attend to, she and his daughter, Kashmira, cannot accompany him as usual, having many duties here.

"We shall arrive in Portland, Oregon, Thursday, April 30, and will be very busy arranging the experimental apparati in the class, from the moment of arrival to our departure. Our stay in Portland will be only two days.

"However, you may call me on the telephone at Hotel Portland and I shall let you know at what time you may see me there.

"Affectionately yours,

"Geraldine."

Q. So your aunt knew that you were coming, didn't she?

A. Yes.

Q. And she called you up?

A. Yes.

Q. Did she come down to see you?

A. She came to see me, but I had already gone.

(How could that be?)

Q. I see. Now, you got here at four o'clock in the afternoon, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. Did the Colonel want to bring you back here to Portland?

A. No.

Q. He was intending to come alone, wasn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were urging him to let you go so you could see your people?

A. Yes.

Q. And he then consented to take you so you could go and see your people, isn't that right?

A. Yes.

(Then, Counts Four, Five and Six of the Indictment, should have been dismissed by a directed verdict. Did the jury give this any consideration?)

Q. Were your feelings toward him at that time quite bitter?

A. Yes.

Q. And your feelings likewise towards Kashmira and Mrs. Dinshah rather bitter?

A. Yes.

Q. You treated them rather coldly, did you?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were very anxious to get away from them?

A. I wanted to get away, yes.

Q. I see. However, you did?

A. I couldn't say that in public.

Q. Now, you urged Colonel Dinshah to let you go with him, is that right?

A. Yes.

Q. His purpose in making this trip was to demonstrate his Itisometer at various points along the Pacific Coast, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. To demonstrate it at Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland and Seattle, is that right?

A. Yes.

Q. He had had students there at those various places?

A. Yes.

Q. You were going along to assist him?

A. Yes.

Q. He was carrying along with him quite a large amount of delicate apparatus, wasn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. How many packages were there?

A. There were about thirteen packages.

Q. And they consisted of electrical instruments and glass bulbs and other glass instruments, didn't they?

A. Yes.

Q. That he used in making his demonstrations, is that right?

A. Yes.

Q. They were very fragile?

A. Yes.

Q. And they were, some of them, very expensive too, weren't they?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, didn't he object to taking you on account of the fact that it was quite expensive to take you around on that trip?

A. No, he had a letter from my Aunt Mary asking me to come home. He objected to my going to Portland.

Q. Your Aunt Mary had written to him to let you come home, is that right?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. And he answered it finally and said he would take you, didn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. Then he was taking you back then persuant to the requests of your Aunt Mary?

A. No, I persuaded him.

Q. Oh, you persuaded him to? Were you under a spell when you were persuading him to let you come back?

A. They all talked to me one night because I wanted to go to Portland and I said he promised to take me to Portland the next time he came and he must keep his promise.

Q. Then he said he would keep his promise, did he?

A. Yes, after I persuaded him for a long time.

Q. You succeeded then in persuading him to bring you back?

A. Yes.

(All which conclusively automatically should have dismissed Counts Four, Five and Six of the Indictment. And then again, what about the will-power and personality of a girl who can pursuade me to doing something which I had flatly refused? Was she in a trance or was I under a spell?)

Q. (By Mr. Beckman) Exhibit 21. Is that the letter that your aunt, Mrs. Hayes, wrote?

A. Yes.

"1016 East 7th St. North.

"Portland, Oregon, March 31st/1925.

"Miss Geraldine McCann:

"Malaga, New Jersey.

"My dear Geraldine:

"Although you have not written me for six or

Digitized by Google

seven months I am writing you again.

"Now Geraldine dear, since your mother is very ill and you are actually needed at home with the children I am now asking you both on your mother's behalf and mine to come at once.

"If there is any reason why you cannot come let me know immediately.

"With love and fondest wishes to my own sweet Danie,

"Affectionately,

"Aunt Mary Hayes.

"Mary Hayes."

Q. Now, it was on account of that letter then that the Colonel agreed to take you, and your persuasion?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, you were to assist him then on this trip?

A. Yes.

Q. As far as he knew, you were going to make the round trip and come back?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you remember doing a lot of work on the way out, that is, between Philadelphia and Los Angeles?

A. Yes.

Q. You were working practically all the time, weren't you?

A. Yes, I typed letters on the trains.

Q. That was until you got to Los Angeles?

A. Yes.

Q. And the Colonel was also busy himself, wasn't he, in working on some treatise on some subject or other?

Digitized by Google

A. We were getting some of the application blanks for signatures and mailing the different blanks.

Q. And the Colonel, in addition, was in the preparation of a book that he was writing?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, you and the Colonel traveled in a drawing room, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. And you said arrangements were made to have the door of that drawing room open?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, as a matter of fact that was done, was it not, to save expense?

A. From what I know it was.

(Now she is speaking the truth.)

Q. This door was kept open and the curtains were put on the drawing room like they are in the berths out in the rest of the sleepers?

A. Yes.

Q. And the whole of the sleeper, it continues straight on and ran right into the drawing room, wouldn't it?

A. What do you mean?

Q. What I mean is, that the drawing room is right at the end of the aisle of the sleeper?

A. Yes.

Q. And if you walked down the aisle and kept straight on going you would walk right into the drawing room, wouldn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, this curtain was across the entrance, was it, across the entrance of the drawing room?

Digitized by Google

A. No, it was over the berths.

Q. You said in your direct-examination that sexual intercourse took place on this trip from Chicago to Los Angeles?

A. Yes.

Q. When was that, the first night out?

A. I don't know; I don't remember. It was the second night.

(How did her memory remember the second night?)

Q. Also the third night out?

A. I don't know exactly what time it was; I know it was only twice.

Q. Was it in your berth or in his berth?

A. In his berth.

Q. It was against your will?

A. When I came down to go into the bathroom he caught me as I came down.

Q. Answer my question; was it against your will?

A. Yes.

Q. Could you have made an outcry?

A. No.

Q. You couldn't? How late at night was it?

A. I don't remember what time.

Q. Do you know the location of the button that rings for the porter?

A. No.

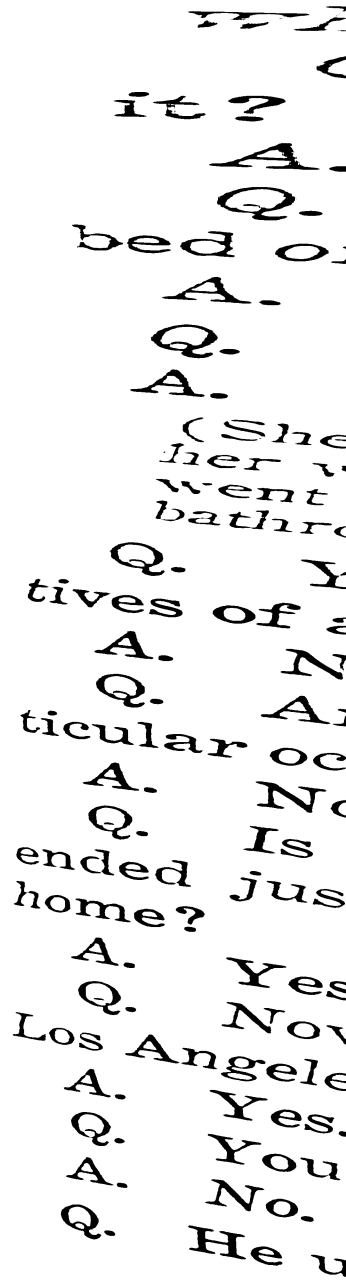
Q. You don't know that?

A. No.

Q. You don't know where the button is in the berth that rings for the porter?

A. Yes, I do.

Q. You didn't use the button?



Digitized by Google

A. He told me that if I did he would shoot me.

(That useful gun! I would shoot her in the Pullman! New charges of meditated murder!)

Q. Did he have his gun out then?

A. Yes, he always kept his gun under his pillow when he slept.

Q. So you were afraid of the gun then, was that it?

A. Yes.

Q. After this happened did you stay there in the bed or did you go back to the ladies' room?

A. I went back to my own berth.

Q. You climbed up to your own berth then?

A. Yes.

(She said she came down for the bathroom, I compelled her with open door to intercourse in my berth, then? She went back into her berth—She did not go into the bathroom!)

Q. You said the Colonel never used any preventatives of any kind?

A. No.

Q. And did you become pregnant after this particular occasion on this trip?

A. No.

Q. Is it not a fact that your menstrual period ended just the day before you took this trip back home?

A. Yes.

Q. Now then, you say it occurred again between Los Angeles and San Francisco?

A. Yes.

Q. You made no outcry then?

A. No.

Q. He used the gun on you again, I suppose?

Digitized by Google

A. Pardon?

Q. He used the gun on you again?

A. It was useless to try to struggle.

Q. You didn't try to struggle at all then?

A. No.

Q. So you were in a very much disgusted frame of mind when you got to Los Angeles, weren't you?

A. Yes.

Q. You were very anxious to get home, weren't you?

A. When I left Malaga, New Jersey, he had promised me that I could. As the time drew near he forbade me to visit my people.

Q. He had forbade you to visit your people before you got to Los Angeles, didn't he?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, how long did you stay in Los Angeles, Miss McCann?

A. About two days.

Q. Two days?

A. Yes.

Q. And what hotel did you stop at?

A. Hotel Lankershim.

Q. They were separate rooms there, weren't they?

A. Yes.

Q. And they were not connecting rooms?

A. No.

Q. Different floors, weren't they?

A. I don't remember that.

Q. You don't remember that? Your Uncle, Mr. Thomas Shaughnessy, came to visit you, didn't he?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. He and his family?

A. Yes.

Q. And they visited you alone with the Colonel not there at all?

A. No, he sat there all the time they were there.

Q. You mean to say here and now that your Uncle Thomas—when your Uncle Thomas Shaughnessy came there and his family that you didn't get to talk then, with the Colonel absent at all?

A. I had never seen my Uncle Tom Shaughnessy at all and he called up on the telephone and he asked me who Mr. Shaughnessy was and I said I didn't know, and when he entered the room I said it was my uncle, and he came into the room to get some books and he spoke to my Uncle Tom and he sat there and my uncle suggested my going up to his place and he objected, said I had a lot of work to do.

Q. Now is it not a fact, though, that you sat there and talked to your uncle and talked to the other members of his family with the Colonel absent?

A. No.

Q. Do you want the jury to understand then—

A. (Interrupting.) Yes.

Q. You knew then it was your uncle, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. You were sure about that?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you make any complaint of any kind to your uncle about Colonel Dinshah threatening you with the revolver or mistreating you, or anything like that?

A. No.

Q. Didn't say a word about it?

Digitized by Google

A. No.

Q. If you wanted to get relieved from this man that you said wouldn't let you see your relatives, there was your opportunity, wasn't it?

A. I had never seen my uncle before then, I didn't know anything about him.

Q. But you knew it was your uncle?

A. Yes.

Q. And he had his wife there and his daughter?

A. He had his two daughters.

Q. How old are the daughters?

A. One is seventeen and one nineteen.

Q. And a son?

A. Yes.

Q. And you never said anything to him at all about any of this trouble you had that you have related here to this jury?

A. No.

Q. Were you under a spell then?

A. I intended coming to Portland and staying in Portland and didn't tell him any of my business.

(Her business was with aunt Mary in Portland to pickle me.)

Q. And you were afraid you were not going to get to see your relatives, weren't you? You said the Colonel forbade you seeing them?

A. I thought he might change his mind when he got to Portland.

Q. You thought maybe you might persuade him to change his mind?

A. He promised me to let me see my Aunt Shaughnessy. Of course, she didn't know anything about this.

Q. When you got to San Francisco, Miss Mc-

Digitized by Google

Cann, you were there about two days, were you?

A. Yes.

Q. And when you were there you wrote to Irene and Kashmira—that was Mrs. Dinshah and Kashmira—didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. And you wrote that letter to them in your own room, didn't you?

A. No, I didn't; I wrote that under the supervision of Colonel Dinshah.

Q. You mean to say he dictated it to you word for word?

A. I never wrote any letter except under dictation by him.

Q. He told you he didn't want you to write that letter?

A. He told me I could write that letter; he always dictated because he said I always got him into trouble.

Q. So he stood right by and dictated this letter word for word?

A. He dictated both of them; he sat right by me while I wrote.

Q. I will show you Exhibit 22. Is that a letter that you wrote?

A. Yes.

Q. And was this dictated word for word by Colonel Dinshah?

A. He did the phrasing for me.

Q. It wasn't like some of these others you have told about, he didn't give you two or three words and then have you write it?

A. No.

Digitized by Google

"San Francisco, April 28, 1925.
9-55

"Dear Irene, Kashmira and Cyrus:

"Every time either Dinshah or I took a pen in hand to write you a letter some one popped in. Such is Life! The Los Angeles class was peachy, 25 the first night and twenty-eight the second. Leased 2 Itisometers—1 to Miss Huston, the second to Mr. Paul. Hurrah! San Francisco Centre was not so rotten. Twenty-five in all.

"I had a surprise visit in Los Angeles from Uncle Tom Shaughnessy (mother's brother) and his two daughters and son. He was peachy. He said that the "aunt" wanted him to come and see that I was all right. I was only a baby. Baby elephant. My grandfather McCann is in Portland, I suppose to bring his darling home. Well, he is going to be disappointed.

"Your letters were wonderful. I looked twice to see if I read Kashmira's rightly. Such 'mush.' When I saw the boofy I was convinced.

"Is Cyrus eating everything from tomato soup to corn on the cob.

"Dinshah tells in the class he has a 24 inch baby. He is a scream when he starts.

"When we stopped off at Albuquerque, N. M., a newspaper reporter came up to Dinshah and said, 'Pardon me, but aren't you the Prince of Siam?' Of course, he said, 'yes.'

"We leave here tomorrow at 7:45 A. M. tomorrow and arrive in Portland Thursday at 4 P. M. The lecture is that evening. Some

Digitized by Google

hustling, isn't it. Give Cyrus 6 B. hugs in honor of his six-months old birthday. We both thought of him on that day, also of our other two vahals. Dinshah is well but will be still weller when he reaches good old Malaga. I don't blame him. The water here, oh my goodness. With heaps of love to all from one who will always be your

"Geraldine."

Q. Cyrus is the baby, isn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. By the way, what is "boofy"?

A. It means ghosts.

Q. You say this was all phrased by Colonel Dinshah?

A. Yes.

(It would be a disgrace for me to "dictate" such phraseology.)

Q. You sent this by airplane mail, didn't you?

A. I don't remember how it was sent.

Q. You also received some letters about that same time from Kashmira and Geraldine, didn't you —or Kashmira and Mrs. Dinshah?

A. Yes.

Q. Now let us go back to the—while they are looking at these other letters, let us go back to the time that you were writing this article for the magazine, Exhibit 17 was this article you wrote, the original one (handing a document to the witness)?

A. Yes.

Q. And those—where those marks are made was where it was scratched out as the editing done by the Colonel after he got back, isn't it?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. And that was done while he was away?

A. Yes.

Q. And this was afterwards, as edited here, was printed in the April issue of the magazine, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. With your name over it as being the author of it?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: I offer it in evidence.

MR. NEUNER: We object to that as being incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial and not proper cross-examination; for the further reason that it has no bearing on this case as tending to prove or disprove the issue; and for the further reason that the handwriting on that document is not in its entirety of this witness but of some other person; and it is not proper cross-examination.

MR. BECKMAN: She says it is her handwriting and she did it.

MR. NEUNER: And furthermore, it encumbers the record. A perusal of that document by the Court will disclose that there isn't anything in there that will have any bearing on this issue, with the one exception, on the page about the Providence Hotel. If that page is offered for any purpose, I have no objection.

MR. BECKMAN: Now, if your Honor please, it is competent for any one of these reasons: It is contended that this girl was brought to Portland for immoral purposes. It is our contention that she was brought there for secretarial purposes and the Colonel was training her for the writing of edito-

Digitized by Google

rials; he was training her in public speaking; she was becoming proficient in that work, and if not, what she was there for. She further says she was under a spell. Here is a time when he was away that she was doing this work, writing an intelligent article.

THE COURT: I don't care to have you stop to read it now.

(Why not? That is no justice. That is why the jury never heard it. They heard nothing of the important exhibits.)

MR. BECKMAN: I don't care to read it now, but I want to put it in for that purpose.

THE COURT: It shows the work she was doing there?

MR. BECKMAN: Yes.

THE COURT: It will be admitted.

(And never read!)

(The writing was thereupon admitted in evidence as DEFENDANT'S EXHIBIT 17.)

MR. BECKMAN: I may say, your Honor—are you going to object to them?

MR. NEUNER: Yes, we object to all of them as not proper cross-examination, and for the further reason they are self serving declarations and have no bearing on this case, and merely encumber the record.

THE COURT: What are they?

MR. NEUNER: These are letters, if your Honor please, purporting to be written to him by members of his family.

THE COURT: Whose family?

MR. NEUNER: Kashmira's.

THE COURT: No other letters except those

Digitized by Google

written by Kashmira—

MR. BECKMAN: (Interrupting.) I will explain to your Honor: These letters were written during the time that Miss McCann was en route to Portland. Miss McCann has just stated that she bitterly despised and hated these two girls and she was anxious to get away and she was cold toward them, and I don't care particularly about reading them all, but I think they are competent to show that very pleasant and cordial relations existed between the women there, and that is part of our contention.

THE COURT: If they were letters written by members of the defendant's family to the witness, I don't see how they can be of any value.

MR. BECKMAN: Well, they show the cordial relations between them and herself, an answer to a letter.

THE COURT: I don't think it is competent, on cross-examination at least.

MR. BECKMAN: Then your Honor rules them out?

THE COURT: Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: May I have an exception?

THE COURT: Yes.

(It was unjust. To charge my wife and daughter as accomplices and then exclude correspondence that would have shown the truth, was not fair. Such may be law but not justice. A judge represents God in life; he must act like God on His throne.)

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) Now, when you got here to Portland it was about four o'clock in the afternoon, wasn't it, Miss McCann?

A. Yes.

Q. And you all went—you and the Colonel went to the Portland Hotel?

Digitized by Google

A. Yes.

Q. And you immediately got ready for the class that evening?

A. Yes.

Q. What time did the class start?

A. Seven o'clock or eight o'clock, I don't know which.

Q. Very many there at the class?

A. Most of the students at the class were graduates of 1924.

Q. Fifteen or twenty people?

A. About that.

Q. Any of your friends there?

A. Nobody that I knew particularly well.

Q. Was Dr. Kolar there?

A. I didn't know Dr. Kolar until I met him in the classroom.

Q. That was the—you met him in the classroom the year before, hadn't you, at the time you took the course?

A. Yes.

Q. And you got fairly well acquainted with him then?

A. No, he was a friend of my uncle's; I had never seen him before he rode home that night from the class.

Q. You went home with him that night?

A. From the classes; my uncle and my aunt and one of the other students and Mrs. Minnish drove home with Dr. Kolar after the class.

Q. And going home with Dr. Kolar you folks discovered that you were neighbors, didn't you?

A. We lived out on Twenty-second street—

Digitized by Google

Twenty-fifth street, rather.

Q. And also discovered that he attended the same church you did?

A. No, I didn't know that.

Q. You didn't know that then?

A. No, not at that time.

Q. Now, did you make any address to this class at all?

A. No, not that I remember.

Q. You didn't speak to this class at all?

A. No.

(Downright, unmitigated falsehood. She spoke at 1 A. M. before the whole crowd.)

Q. You didn't talk to any of the people there, did you?

A. I went over—Dr. Kolar came over and said a few words to me and Colonel Dinshah called me away.

Q. What did he say to you?

A. He said I was wasting my time talking to him.

Q. I mean what did Dr. Kolar say to you?

A. He asked me how I liked it and if I was spiffy on it.

Q. And what did you say?

A. Yes.

Q. Did he ask you whether you liked the work and were happy, and so forth?

A. Yes.

Q. And what did you tell him?

A. I told him I did.

Q. So you told him you were perfectly satisfied then?

A. Yes.

Digitized by Google

Q. Were you under any spell then?

A. I didn't think it was any of his business whether I was or not. I wanted to tell my own aunt so I wouldn't cause any trouble.

(Her mind must have been full of mischief from the beginning; she caused enough trouble to many innocent souls.)

Q. Then you were not under any spell then, but you came to that conclusion, is that right?

A. No, I was always under that same influence.

Q. Then at the time you wrote the letters to Harry you were under that influence?

A. Yes.

(She was under the influence of "Old Harry".)

Q. Now, what time was it that these people took you away?

A. At two o'clock in the morning of the first of May Colonel Dinshah and I left—I gave him the money of the association at two o'clock in the morning and I retired to my room and when I retired to my room my brother came to my door, he said he had come to take me away.

Q. Did you say you would go with him?

A. I cried and he frightened me and he tore the cap off of my head.

Q. And then what?

A. He said if Colonel Dinshah come into the room, he would fix him.

Q. Did you tell your brother what he did then?

A. Yes.

Q. And you said you were glad to go with him or wanted to go with him?

A. I offered no objection at first and he said I must go. I said I was afraid of Colonel Dinshah be-

Digitized by Google

cause he would follow after me, and he said no, he would take care of me.

(She said in her Direct Examination her brother knocked her out.)

Q. And who else was there?

A. My uncle, Mr. Hayes, and my aunt, Mrs. Hayes, and two other people from the police.

Q. And then what happened?

A. I don't remember anything else, I was sort of in a state of—a strange state.

Q. Did your brother hit you on the head as you said?

A. My brother I had trouble with a few minutes and he picked me up in his arms and took me through the doorway.

Q. Then he didn't hit you on the head?

A. He says he did; I don't remember, I fainted.

Q. You fainted then, did you?

A. Yes.

(Her caoutchouc memory—so flexible!)

Q. He carried you in his arms all the way out?

A. My uncle carried me out.

Q. And that is all you remember?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you—were you acquainted with a man there who is the house detective at the hotel?

A. No.

Q. Mr. Sullivan?

A. No.

Q. You saw him around there before, didn't you?

A. No; the night of the lecture he come and rapped at the door, he says, "What are you doing here keeping the class so late?" And he came back again. I didn't know who he was.

Digitized by Google

Q. You knew he was the house man around there, didn't you?

A. I didn't know who he was, I never learned until later on.

Q. Don't you remember when you were being carried out of that room that you saw him?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. And didn't you say to him when you saw him, "Help me, these people are taking me away against my will"?

A. No, I never said that to him.

(James Sullivan testified she asked for help and to be saved.)

Q. What did you say to him?

A. I don't remember.

Q. Did you say anything to him?

A. No, I only remember I struggled and I said to my brother, "I am afraid of him, he will come after me," and he says, "No, he won't."

Q. You didn't then beseech Mr. Sullivan to help you because you were being taken against your will?

A. I don't remember saying anything at that time; I was in my uncle's arms and I saw Mr. Sullivan besides.

Q. Where did you go after you were taken away?

A. I went over to Vancouver, B. C.

Q. Who took you over there?

A. My brother and my uncle and aunt.

Q. Your uncle and aunt Mary Hayes?

A. Yes.

Q. How long did they keep you there?

A. I came back about the 5th of May.

Q. You left here on what date?

Digitized by Google

A. I believe it was the first of May.

Q. And they took you to Vancouver and you were there until May 5th?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were constantly with them all that time?

A. Yes.

Q. And then when did you go to the District Attorney with this case?

A. I don't remember anything only that I went to one of the policemen who was in Vancouver as a friend of my uncle and I confessed and told the whole story what had happened, and he took me to the doctor for an examination and the doctor said—

Q. (Interrupting.) Just a minute, never mind what the doctor said; we will take care of that. He took you to a doctor then up there in Vancouver?

A. Yes.

Q. When was this, what date?

A. It was about the—some time before the 5th of May, I don't know exactly what day it was.

Q. So then during this five days you were constantly with your aunt and uncle?

A. Yes.

Q. And you were taken down to some police officer there in Vancouver, was that it?

A. My uncle took me down there.

Q. How long after they took you to the hotel did they leave for Vancouver—took you from the hotel did you leave for Vancouver?

A. Just the one night.

Q. I mean when you were taken here at the Portland Hotel did they take you immediately to Van-

Digitized by Google

couver?

A. Yes; Vancouver, Washington, they took me first.

Q. They drove there that night?

A. Yes.

Q. And the next day they went on?

A. Yes.

Q. Did they tell you what they were kidnapping you for?

A. No, I didn't talk to anybody and they didn't talk to me.

(If she so wanted to be with her people, why the silence when they "rescued" her?)

Q. Did you ask them why?

A. No.

Q. Now, was this letter that you wrote to your brother the only letter that you had written out to your folks that was not supervised as you say by the Colonel?

A. Yes.

Q. Just that one letter?

A. That is all; I don't remember any others.

Q. Oh, yes, there is one other point I wanted to ask you: This talk about clipping the hair that you spoke of yesterday, was this something that the Colonel required you to do after you left Portland?

A. Yes.

Q. Now, is it not a fact, Miss McCann, that all you know about that is what you have heard the Colonel say in public lectures in respect to sanitation?

A. I heard him say in the classroom that it was necessary for sanitation.

Q. Now, are you right about that? Is it shaved

Digitized by Google

or clipped, now which?

A. He used the word "shaved" or "clipped," I don't know which.

Q. That was stated publicly in the class and that is the only time you ever did hear it, wasn't it?

A. Yes.

Q. And it was not told to you previously at all?

A. When I went to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, he told one of the girls to take me into the bathroom and clip my hair.

(My wife and daughter do not conduct a barber shop and I do not know what barbers would even do such work. Shame on your foul mouth, Geraldine!)

MR. BECKMAN: I think that is all.

RE-DIRECT EXAMINATION by Mr. Stearns:

Q. Now, Miss McCann, you testified on cross-examination, if I remember rightly, that you felt also somewhat under the influence of Kashmira, the daughter of the defendant?

A. Yes.

Q. That is, that she exerted an influence over you somewhat similar to that exerted by her father?

A. Yes.

Q. You may state to this jury whether or not she ever claimed in your presence to be possessed of certain supernatural powers, if you know what I mean by that?

A. Yes, she stated her father was very proud of the fact that she was going to have the same supernatural powers that he had and she would travel; that she inherited that from him.

(Some more from dinner table discussions?)

Q. Now, did she ever make a claim of that sort

Digitized by Google

to you?

A. Yes, she told me many times she saw her brother, she saw her brother at night, her dead brother.

Q. Now then, you testified also on cross-examination that you were under the influence of the defendant at the times that you had intercourse with him. Counsel alluded to these as spells. Are we to understand that this was a sort of a continuing influence?

A. There was only one time I remember of coming out of it and that was the time I was pregnant. I come out of it for a short time and the short time I realized it I wanted to get home more so, and these letters were discovered and Colonel Dinshah said if ever I got away he could bring me himself. I knew all the time I was under it, I could never get out of it.

(The only time she came out of the spell was when she wrote letters to Dear H—.)

Q. You testified on cross-examination that when Dinshah discovered that you had sent these or had sent this letter to your brother without his permission that he made some claim or statement to you that he had power to go in his astral body after that letter?

A. Yes.

(That counsel does not know himself what the "astral body" means! He had my Universal Mirror Chart on his table before him and Geraldine must have "read his mind", unless that gentleman told it before.)

MR. BECKMAN: I believe you have gone into that on direct examination and asked that over again. Why repeat it?

MR. STEARNS: Well, I want to make this clear.

THE COURT: I don't remember what you did on direct examination. Don't go over it again.

Digitized by Google

(If a learned judge can not remember evidence, how about the unlearned jury? Did they remember the rot thrown by the prosecution against the poor innocent defendant?)

MR. STEARNS: I believe, your Honor, that was brought out on cross-examination. Now, just what was that?

A. When he found this out he was very angry and he said it had caused him a lot of trouble and he was in a pious frame of mind that night and he would project the astral body.

Q. And so I understand that the correspondence or notes that you addressed to Harry Saunders were written after the first act of intercourse that you testified to?

A. Yes.

Q. Will you examine Government's C for identification and state if you know what that is? Just simply state whether or not that is a letter that you sent out through Mr. Saunders?

A. Yes.

Q. (By Mr. Stearns.) Now then, Miss McCann, concerning the two notes which are exhibits offered in evidence here which passed from you to Mr. Saunders, as I understand it these notes were written at approximately the time that you had Mr. Saunders smuggle this letter out to your brother?

A. Yes.

Q. And do you remember whether or not both of those notes contained allusions to your desire to get home?

Q. (By Mr. Stearns.) And do you recall whether these notes were written before or after the operation—the last operation that was per-

Digitized by Google

formed upon you?

A. No, I don't remember.

Q. You don't recall that?

A. No.

(That memory conveniently fails about the "decoy letter" also.)

Q. You would say, though, that is was approximately at that time or near that time?

A. Yes, about that time.

(Coach her some more.)

Q. Counsel asked you on cross-examination if you did not have the means to leave this man if you so desired. What do you understand by that, Miss McCann?

A. I meant that I had no bank account of my own.

Q. Pardon me?

A. I had no bank account under my control, it was all kept in his safe.

Q. Well, did you make these deposits yourself at the bank?

A. They were sent by mail in the presence of Colonel Dinshah.

Q. Did you keep your own check book where you could write checks when you so desired?

A. No, it was up in the safe.

Q. And whose safe?

A. In Colonel Dinshah's safe.

Q. Do you know whether or not they were in his possession at the time that you came away with him to Portland?

A. I don't know where they were; I think they were back in his safe when I came, left town.

Q. Have you drawn the money from that account

Digitized by Google

since?

A. Yes.

Q. And how did you get it out?

A. I went to the bank here and they sent a draft back to the trust company.

Q. Had your bank account—had your bank book been returned by Dinshah or not?

A. I believe it is in the possession of the federal agents here.

Q. Who placed it in their possession, if you know?

A. Well, I don't know; I only saw federal agents, —Mr. Bonham's office.

MR. STEARNS: That is all.

MR. BECKMAN: I call upon the government now to produce the bank books.

MR. STEARNS: The bank book may be here; you can have it if you want it. The only thing we have got that you have not is the girl.

(Let the Honorable Attorney General take this remark especially into consideration. Read between the lines, please.)

MR. BECKMAN: I don't know about that.

RE-CROSS EXAMINATION By Mr. Beckman:

Q. Now, Miss McCann, you just identified a letter. Was that a letter to your brother Mickey?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: I will ask the government to produce that.

MR. STEARNS: We will have it for you.

MR. BECKMAN: I want to introduce it and I want to cross-examine about it. Now you identified it and I want to cross-examine her about the letter

Digitized by Google

to her brother Mickey.

MR. STEARNS: Don't worry about the letter to Mickey, it has not been introduced yet.

MR. BECKMAN: Well, I am going to introduce it; I call on the government to produce it.

THE COURT: That is up to the District Attorney whether he produces it or not.

MR. BECKMAN: Well now, if your Honor please, maybe I am wrong, but my understanding of the rule of evidence, here is a criminal prosecution—

MR. STEARNS: (Interrupting): Don't worry.

Q. That is the one that you smuggled out?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: (Interrupting): Let me finish my argument.

THE COURT: Here is your letter.

MR. STEARNS: I will give it to you, but according to the rules it is not admissible.

Q. (By Mr. Beckman.) This is the letter then, is it, to your brother Mickey (handing to the witness a document)?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: I offer it in evidence.

MR. BECKMAN (Reading):

"Malaga, N. J., Dec. 18, 1924.

"My Dear Mickey:

"I received your ever welcome letter this A. M. No need to tell you what a surprise I received.

"I had a letter from Shon saying you did not want to go to B. C. Are you alone with mother, or are the children with you? I had a letter from each one and it made my heart sad to read their little letters.

Digitized by Google

"Now Mickey dear, as you know I am not to correspond with any of the family you will understand this letter is in confidence. Keep it to yourself, do not show it to any one at Uncle Frank's, if it leaked out it would mean disgrace to me, and I am sure you would not want that to happen. You see I am under a contract. That I will not use powder, rouge, curlers or anything of the sort. Also I am a total vegetarian. I never eat meat, fish, eggs, tea, coffee and use tobacco. Now I am trusting you with my life. I know you will keep this letter a secret. I shall write you one typewritten under the Colonel's supervision. Don't mind if it is very curt, because he is that way and doesn't believe in correspondence. On Jan. 15 the Colonel, assistant and daughter leave for Chicago to open a class. He will be away for a month, when he returns we go to Cleveland, Ohio, then, Salt Lake City, Utah, then Seattle and Portland. Now dear brother I do not want to leave the Colonel at present but rest assured that as soon as we reach Portland I shall. He has been very good to me and I don't want to part unless we are friends. The Colonel says that if he had mother here he could cure her completely. But let that pass for the present. Have you any position in view? Why doesn't Shon want to go to Canada. I have a very good friend here who is assistant to Colonel Dinshah in the person of Harry Saunders. I told him everything about the letters received and he promised to assist me. But Mickey on your

Digitized by Google

oath don't write me to Malaga saying you received this letter. The ones that are typed you may acknowledge them but be careful not to reflect on this one. If you want to write anything to me address it to Harry Saunders, 2330 North Fawn St., Philadelphia, Pa. He will give me the news. Try to be patient with me and I will see you in about four months. Write to Harry and give him the details. He advises me to go, that my mother and family come first. Only for him you could not receive this letter. Try and persuade Shon to come and live with you. What are Aunt Mary & Ed. doing. You know Aunt Mary defamed me in Portland and sent for me to come back.

"When you answer it (and right away because in Jan. Harry goes to Chicago, put it c/o Harry. With love for a Merry Xmas & a Happy New Year.

"Your loving and faithful sister,

"Gerry."

(Did you hear this? "I do not want to leave the Colonel at present ..... He has been very good to me ..... Aunt Mary defamed me". And for this letter–his "decoy letter", the girl had to "offer everything" to that treacherous negro. United States, give me justice!)

Q. This was the letter that was written then, the one you smuggled December 18th, 1924—is that the right date?

A. Yes.

Q. Where were you when you wrote that letter?

A. I was at the house, in Dinshah's house.

Q. You got time to write that without observation?

Digitized by Google

A. Well, I wrote that letter—it took me about two or three days to write it.

Q. Is this the bank book that you had, Miss McCann? (Handing the witness a book.)

A. Yes, that is it.

THE COURT: You mean the check book?

MR. BECKMAN: I mean the check book.

A. Yes.

Q. And these checks are all made out in your own handwriting, are they?

A. Yes.

Q. And on the second page it shows the state of your account, does it, in your own handwriting? That is a true record, is it?

A. Yes.

MR. BECKMAN: I will offer it in evidence.

MR. STEARNS: There is no objection, your Honor.

MR. BECKMAN: I think that is all.

MR. STEARNS: That is all.

(Witness excused).

Digitized by Google

Railroading A Citizen

PART 6

EXPOSURE OF THE PERJURY

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

Plaintiff,

vs.

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, No. C-11096

Defendant.

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER } ss.

I, Dinshah P. Ghadiali, being first duly affirmed say that I am the Defendant in the above case. On my arrest in Seattle, Washington, I was put to jail and two days after taken to Portland, Oregon, and kept in jail there without any preliminary hearing. I was then indicted without being heard and the only knowledge I had of the charges against me was the Indictment on Six Counts. Further I had no knowledge of what I would have to meet or what kind of evidence would be needed. When I finally appeared before the Honorable Federal Court for my defense, I brought only my wife and daughter with me, sure of being able to establish my innocence. However, when the prosecution opened, to my astonishment and dismay I found myself facing innumerable charges arising from all kinds of most damaging and prejudicial allusions, imputations and aspersions cast on me, my life, dress, religion, business, etc., in the testimony of Geraldine McCann and others, which I was wholly unprepared to meet, because the actions, hence evidence, pertaining to those new charges were 3,500 miles away. I anticipated nothing of such a dilatory nature. Had I believed I should have to meet charges wholly outside of the Indictment and had I even partially known the character of the charges, I would most assuredly have brought with me a number of unimpeachable witnesses to refute them, even though it would have cost a fortune to take them from Coast to Coast. At least, if I could not meet the expenses, I would have had their depositions. The vital importance of such witnesses for the defense developed and dawned on me only after the prosecution began and naturally I was unable to stand against them. I could not gather from the Indictment or otherwise what the nature of the testimony of Geraldine McCann against me would be and had no immediate means available to rebut her testimony when at the trial she made most incorrect statements and uttered positive untruths as the Affidavits of the respectable persons accompanying this will show.

I most respectfully beseech the Honorable Federal Court to grant me a new trial at which I agree to produce these witnesses or as many as necessary in person.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Dinshah P. Ghadiali

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Rowland C. Potter
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires February 8, 1929

Digitized by Google

LETTER FROM JOHN J. BECKMAN, ONE OF THE ATTORNEYS FOR THE DEFENDANT, TO THE U. S. ATTORNEY FOR THE DISTRICT OF OREGON.

March 24, 1926.

Hon. George Neuner,
U. S. Attorney for the District of Oregon
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

You will remember that I attempted without success to induce Judge Bean to allow me to renew my motion for a new trial in the case of U. S. vs. Dinshah P. Ghadiali, on the ground that I had newly discovered evidence which showed convincingly that the principal witness for the government, Miss Geraldine McCann, falsified in her testimony in many material particulars to the great prejudice of the defendant and resulting in his unjust conviction. The court refused to allow me to file this motion on account of the fact that the time therefor had expired under the rules and it was necessary for me at that time to immediately perfect my appeal.

Owing to the surprising nature of much of the testimony, particularly with reference to the implication of the wife and daughter of defendant, he was caught totally unprepared and if he had had an inkling in advance of the nature of such evidence, he would have been able to have had witnesses here to refute much of the girl's evidence.

I am transmitting to you herewith 49 affidavits taken from as many people of repute and standing living in the eastern states, which, to my mind, conclusively show that Miss McCann committed deliberate and diabolical perjury and for the express purpose of influencing the jury to convict the defendant. It took considerable time to locate the affiants and obtain these affidavits and for that reason they were not presented sooner than I have stated.

Ghadiali was indicted on the testimony of this girl. Without her testimony there would have been no conviction. I feel certain that her evidence at the trial was embellished considerably beyond which she told in the grand jury room. By that I mean that she told a good many details that were not touched on at all before the grand jury. I know that your office desires to be as fair to this defendant as to anyone else who may appeal for justice and the even enforcement of the laws and that you would not protect a perjuror even though he or she be a government witness.

On the defendant's behalf I have to request that the facts as shown by these affidavits be carefully investigated. If the witnesses on interrogation confirm what they have deposed, the evidence of this girl's deliberate perjury is so convincing as to almost amount to a demonstration.

For ready reference I have numbered the affidavits 1 to 49 on the bottom of each, and I shall refer to them in most cases by number. True copies of these affidavits are attached to this letter and I have the originals at hand to turn over to you upon your request.

Miss McCann testified that there had been nothing improper in the defendant's conduct until he assaulted her on the night of September 13, 1924. (Tr. p. 16.) She was not present when the defendant made the arrangements for renting the Wildwood Apartments (Tr. p. 17); that the bed linen was brought along by the defendant (Tr. pp. 19 and 20); that on the night of September 13, 1924, at about 9.00 o'clock p. m. the defendant violently assaulted and ravished her (Tr. 22 and 108); that she screamed many times (Tr. pp. 22 and 110); that the defendant struck her several times; that she said: "I am going to tell your wife, Irene." He said: "Never mind. My wife knows all about this. She got you for me; we planned this together." (Tr. p. 22—with obvious purpose to bring this case within the purview of the White Slave Act.)

The alleged attack of the defendant on the witness was gone into with horrifying and gory detail (Tr. pp. 20-27); enough to prejudice any jury, particularly where a person of different race and peculiar customs and mannerisms was the defendant.

Digitized by Google

The defendant, as well as his wife and daughter, claimed that they, as well as Miss McCann, were at a moving picture show when the so-called rape occurred, and that they were likewise there the next night when Miss McCann claimed the ravishment was repeated. Miss McCann denied that she or the defendant and his family left the building at all or that they went to the movies on either the first or second night of their stay at Wildwood (Tr. pp. 108, 113 and 123).

The affidavits of Charles Kinsell and Eleanor Kinsell, are herewith appended (Aff. 48 and 49); these people are disinterested persons, had no previous acquaintance with the defendant and were the owners of the apartment at Wildwood when these terrible things were alleged to have happened.

They say in their affidavits that Miss McCann was present and participated in the arrangements for the apartments. It would appear further that the letting of the apartments was casual and not planned as would appear from Miss McCann's testimony. They also say that the defendant, his wife and daughter, and Miss McCann, were away from the apartment from 7.30 p. m. until after 11.00 p. m. on the first day of their arrival as well as on the next day, and that the defendant on the first occasion inquired about the location of the moving picture show, and after the inquiry all went in the direction of the said show. They further say that if this girl had screamed as claimed, they would have heard it but they did not hear any such screams. Mrs. Kinsell says that she saw the McCann girl frequently during her stay at Wildwood and talked to her, and she showed no evidence of being mentally perturbed or having lately been subjected to horrible indignities. The affidavits of the Kinsells give the lie direct to the most important and damaging part of Miss McCann's testimony. If she has fabricated this part of her testimony, as would thus appear, then her whole story must in fairness be branded as a tissue of lies and she should be punished as a common perjuror. She was very definite about her evidence relating her experiences in Wildwood, and if she has testified falsely it cannot be excused on the ground of mistake.

Miss McCann sought to convey the impression to the jury that she was constantly under a sort of espionage by the defendant and his family; that she was fearful of the defendant and that her personality was so depressed that she was under a sort of spell or mental domination. She said she never saw anyone to talk to about leaving Malaga but Harry Saunders (Tr. p. 141). Mr. Fehringer, the printer, worked there but she never got a chance to talk to him alone (Tr. p. 142); that she never came in contact with, or talked to the New Jersey State Police at all, they having a station there, too (Tr. p. 100); that she could go no place except without Kashmira was with her and that she followed her even when she went to pick something out of the garden (Tr. p. 106); that she missed most of the music lessons she took in Vineland and was never alone without Kashmira in that town. (Tr. p. 106-107); that she had no way of going to Pitman to get her money; that she could not use the auto because the car was in the garage (Tr. p. 131); that she never spoke to Harry Saunders alone (Tr. p. 121).

The appended affidavits show that this testimony was wilfully and maliciously false. She talked alone several times with the banker who had her account in his bank. (Aff. 2.) She talked frequently with many other people who were around the Institute at Malaga and she gave no evidence of being other than a normal young lady. She was often in Vineland alone, driving the car and shopping; also made many journeys to the postoffice. It would appear that she was under no restraint or surveillance whatever (Aff. 2 to 18); she had duplicate keys to the auto she used (Aff. 3); she did converse with the postmistress and the State Police a number of times (Aff. 7). Miss McCann also claimed to be very ill from an alleged abortion, particularly on January 2nd, when her alleged miscarriage took place. The girl evidently falsified in this testimony (See affidavits 5, 13 and 35; also affidavits 10 to 47 of the many people who saw her during December, 1925).

A perusal of these affidavits will show most certainly that Miss McCann was under no restraint, physical, mental or otherwise, while at Malaga.

Miss McCann stated that she did not know any of the students of the defendant very well (Tr. p. 132, 133); that she freely mixed with and talked to them is apparent. (See affidavits 10, and 19 to 47.)

A good many of these people whose affidavits are herein annexed, I personally know to be persons of character and standing in the respective communities in which

Digitized by Google

they reside. Their affidavits are entitled to credence and as I said before, if investigation will support what they have deposed, this girl should not be allowed to get away with a framed-up story in order to secure a conviction of someone who for some reason or other she desires to see convicted.

It has been my own conclusion not only from what these affidavits show, but from many other incidents in the case, that Miss McCann did not give all this testimony of her own volition but that she has been prompted and inspired, and more than that, threatened and compelled to give this testimony, the probable directors of the drama being her relatives.

I am ready to turn over the original affidavits immediately upon your request.

Very truly yours,

JJB-gm (Signed) John J. Beckman
enclosures

ABOUT THE WILDWOOD N. J. APARTMENT STORY

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF FLORIDA }
COUNTY OF PINELLAS } ss.

I, Charles J. Kinsell, being duly sworn, say that I am the joint owner of the Seashore Apartment building in Wildwood, New Jersey, and at present reside in my winter home at St. Petersburg, Florida. I read certain parts of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann as reported in the transcript of evidence in the above case, where she refers to attacks having been committed by Colonel Dinshah on her on Saturday, September 13 and Sunday, September 14, 1924, at 9 p. m., and about not going to the movie theatre. Her testimony is false to my personal knowledge. The true facts are as follows:

When my wife introduced Colonel Dinshah and the three girls on September 11, 1924, I took them through the building to the top floor, where I had two adjoining apartments with four rooms in each and each room independent and separately lockable. There being only two beds in each apartment, I advised them to rent both apartments. Colonel Dinshah referred to the girls for their decision and Miss McCann seemed to take the initiative in looking things over. They were all pleased with the general layout and were unanimous in decision to rent the two, which Colonel Dinshah did. I told them that they would have to bring their own bed linen and silver. The party drove away and returned on Saturday afternoon at three-thirty p. m. of September 13, 1924. I helped them with the baggage. About seven-thirty that evening Colonel Dinshah came down with the three girls and inquired about Hunt's Casino. I directed him and saw them depart. Close to midnight they came back. The next day, Sunday the 14th, at about the same hour in the evening, I saw Colonel Dinshah and the three girls coming down. They told me they were going to the moving picture show and would promenade on the board-walk. That evening I spent at home reading, as is my custom, to watch my premises till the late comers are in and turn the big lights out. I saw Colonel Dinshah and the three girls coming back near the midnight hour. Had there been any commotion of any kind, at any time, such as screaming, as testified by Geraldine McCann, I would surely have heard it, because at that season of the year the doors and windows are all open (being screened). I always made it a practice, as a landlord, of observing my tenants and watching the building very closely. During the week's stay of these people, I spoke a few times to Miss McCann alone. She appeared having a good time and so expressed herself to me as being happy and enjoying the vacation. I saw no indication of her having undergone any trouble of appearing as if she had been sexually abused, as she states in her testimony.

Further affiant sayeth not.

(Signature) Charles J. Kinsell

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 15th day of February, 1926
C. E. Chambers,
Notary Public of Florida
My Commission expires September 9, 1927

Digitized by Google

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF FLORIDA }
COUNTY OF PINELLAS } ss.

I, Eleanor Kinsell, being duly sworn, say that I am the wife of Charles J. Kinsell and joint owner of the Seashore Apartment building of Wildwood, New Jersey. I read certain parts of the transcript of evidence of Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case and particularly page 108, where she says Colonel Dinshah suggested vacation, trouble occurred at 9 o'clock at night, page 109, where she says she wore gray breeches, page 110, where she says don't know about people living and she screamed loudly many times, page 111, where she says "I screamed," "I had gray knickers," page 113, on Saturday night she and the girls did not go to a moving picture show, I say that all these and similar other statements of hers are false to my personal knowledge. The true facts are as follows: On September 11, 1924, I was attending my ice cream and candy store on the boardwalk in front of my apartment building as usual and Colonel Dinshah came there and asked me for some information as to whether it was the central part of Wildwood; I told him that in a way it was, but, it was a little away from the amusement section and was more of a residential section. Then he bought ice cream cones for himself and the three girls with him and while they stepped aside to eat the cones, I asked Colonel Dinshah if he ever spent a vacation in Wildwood. He said, "No." Having my own apartments to rent I made it a point to speak to whom I considered nice, desirable people about the renting of my apartments, as my little store on the boardwalk threw me in contact with different people, who either came for information or for purchase of my merchandise. Colonel Dinshah, on being approached on the subject, immediately remarked that it was entirely up to the ladies and introduced them as his wife, Irene Grace, daughter Kashmira and secretary Miss Geraldine McCann. When the girls came I explained to them how good my apartments were and the advantages of a short vacation at the seashore. Just then my husband, Mr. Charles J. Kinsell, came along the boardwalk. I introduced the party to him. Miss Geraldine McCann was dressed like the other two girls, in dark blue serge "Knickerbockers" and coat and I never saw her dressed otherwise.

Colonel Dinshah and the three girls, after being taken over the building by my husband, came shortly out and went away and returned with the three girls on Saturday, September 13, 1924, about half-past three in the afternoon, in a Chevrolet Touring car. He unloaded the machine and all went upstairs to the third floor. Sometime after dinner, around 7.30 p. m., they all came down into my living room on the ground floor and Miss McCann and Mrs. Dinshah played and fondled my baby and chatted with me while Colonel Dinshah was getting the information about Hunt's Casino moving picture theatre from my husband. I went to the door and saw them all leave my building and going in the direction of the theatre. Shortly after, I put the babies to sleep; my husband and I read while late in the night and through my open window I saw Colonel Dinshah and the three girls returning about eleven-thirty p. m. and going up to their floor.

Early next morning (Sunday) around 7, I saw Colonel Dinshah and the three girls going to the ocean in bathing suits. All the week Colonel Dinshah stayed in my house, there was another family right under him on the next floor and my family occupied the ground floor. Any scream or any unusual noise would have been readily heard by me or my husband or any other occupant of the house. Colonel Dinshah used to leave the house about 5 in the morning each day and I could see him going because I was daily up at that hour to give the first nursing to my baby. He used to return each evening after dark and I would stop and chat with him for a while, occasionally. Between the two apartments on the third floor, occupied by the Colonel's party, I had a closet reserved for me, in which I kept my spare domestic utensils and frequently I went up during the day to take necessary articles. On these occasions, I would see Miss McCann there and frequently stopped to talk with her. She appeared delighted with the trip and the bathing and the whole atmosphere of the vacation. I made it a practice to talk to my tenants and look after their comforts. I saw Miss McCann frequently go to the corner grocery alone and once I talked to her for half an hour in the street.

During the stay, Miss McCann always looked cheerful and joyous and did not show any sign of distress or of having experienced the terrible ordeal she states in her testimony.

Digitized by Google

I am at present living in my home in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Further affiant sayeth not.

(Signature) Eleanor Kinsell

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 15th day of February, 1926
C. E. Chambers,
Notary Public of Florida
My Commission expires September 9, 1927

ABOUT HAVING MONEY IN BANK

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER } ss.

I, Oscar Davenport, being first duly sworn, say that I am the Treasurer of the Pitman Trust Company, of Pitman, New Jersey. I read the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case and especially the parts referred to at pages 130, 131 and 143. Her statements in the testimony to the effect that she had no way to get her money from Pitman are absurd and untrue. The real facts are as follows:—I have known the defendant in the above case for over fifteen months. During the latter part of 1924, I visited his Spectro-Chrome Institute at Malaga, New Jersey, and was there introduced among others to his assistant Miss Geraldine McCann. On December 9, 1924, Miss McCann opened a checking account with my Bank. Since then up to April, 1925, I was at the Institute a number of times on business and had talks with Miss McCann, sometimes alone. If she wanted to withdraw her funds at any time she had only to tell me and I would have helped her. I never saw Miss McCann except in a perfectly normal condition and she appeared to me to have a good personality.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Oscar Davenport

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 20th day of January, 1926
Ezra T. Hughes
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires March, 1929

ABOUT CONSTANTLY MEETING FRIENDLY DOCTORS

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Kate W. Baldwin, of 1117 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa., being first duly sworn say that:

I am a Doctor of Medicine, and Fellow of the American College of Surgeons; I have been the Senior Surgeon of the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia for many years; I read the transcript of the testimony given by Miss Geraldine McCann in a prosecution of Dinshah P. Ghadiali by the United States of America at Portland, Oregon, on a charge of violating the White Slave Traffic Act of June 25, 1910, and particularly the pages 132 and 133 where the said Miss McCann speaks about me; her statements are very perverted and untrue; the facts within my personal knowledge are as follows:

I have known the defendant Colonel Dinshah five years and have attended many of his lecture courses. I met Miss McCann within a few days after her arrival in Philadelphia from Portland, Oregon. I have seen her many times since

Digitized by Google

in Philadelphia during Colonel Dinshah's lectures and at Spectro-Chrono Institute in Malaga, New Jersey, in both places acting as one of the assistants doing regular secretarial work.

Miss McCann was in every meeting as free to speak with me as was I to her or anyone in the room. Miss McCann mingled and talked to the students as freely as did Mrs. or Miss Dinshah. There was not a meeting at which she was present that she could not easily have appealed to me to help her if she was discontent or sick. In the photograph of the Fourth Philadelphia Class Miss McCann was seated next to me and while some trouble with the lights was being adjusted could have told me anything she wished.

I dined in Malaga, New Jersey, with Colonel Dinshah and his family at least ten or twelve times between the months of June, 1924, and April, 1925, when each time Miss McCann was present as a member of the family entering into the conversation as freely as anyone at the table.

The many times that I saw Miss McCann she always seemed content and happy in her work and surroundings. To say that she did not know me very well was as black and deliberate an untruth as was ever uttered.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Kate W. Baldwin

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 20th day of January, 1926
Bertha E. Walker
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires March 17, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF KINGS } ss.

I, Martha J. Peebles being first duly sworn say that I am a Doctor of Medicine in active practice in Brooklyn, New York. I read certain parts of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann as given in the court report of Alva W. Person in the above case and in view of the following facts within my personal knowledge say that I could hardly believe my own eyes as it is the boldest and most flagrant frame-up of lies I have ever known.

I saw Geraldine McCann first on November 28, 1924, at Hotel Lorraine, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, actively engaged in her secretarial duties. She was freely moving about the Convention Hall and the corridors of the hotel. During the conference when not engaged in the work, she was out in the public hall, passing in and out with Harry Saunders, who was also engaged in the performance of his duties there and enjoyed the same privileges. We all motored to Malaga, New Jersey, on November 30, 1924, and were greeted by Miss McCann along with the members of Colonel Dinshah's family. There was nothing to prevent her from leaving or from enlisting the services of myself or any other member present, had she been held in or under any restraint as she stated in her testimony. The last time I met Miss McCann was also at Malaga, New Jersey, on April 7, 1925, where I attended a meeting of the Chief Executive Council of American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists of which I am the Second Vice-President. I ate dinner with her. After the dinner she was present at the meeting and took stenographic notes. She was composed, free and happy, particularly so at the dinner table. I am ready any time to give personal testimony of these facts.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Martha J. Peebles

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 19th day of January, 1926

Digitized by Google

J. Howard Ashfield
Notary Public of New York
My Commission expires March 30, 1926

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Emma H. Gabriel, being first duly sworn say that I am a Doctor of Neuropathy in active practice for a number of years in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I read certain parts of the transcript of the evidence of Geraldine McCann in above case and say that in many particulars her statements are incorrect.

I met Geraldine McCann in 1924, and also in 1925, on several occasions while she was in the employ of Spectro-Chrome Institute and repeatedly conversed with her especially between December 3, 1924 and December 18, 1924, in the Philadelphia Class. She never looked or appeared to be unhappy. She always had a smile and had she been dissatisfied or worried or ill treated she had plenty of opportunities to speak or complain to me or any of the students. She was on friendly terms with all of us. The last time I saw her was at the Itisometer Demonstration in Hotel Lorraine, Philadelphia, Pa., February 22, 1925, and then she was the same pleasant and happy girl as before.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Emma H. Gabriel

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 15th day of February, 1926
Eugene Gullmann
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires April 1, 1927

ABOUT GOING TO POST OFFICE ALONE AND MEETING STATE POLICE OFFICERS

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER } ss.

I, Bertha Richman, of Malaga, New Jersey, being first duly sworn say that I am the Postmistress in charge of the United States Post Office at Malaga, New Jersey, and have been in such charge six years. I read the transcript of the testimony given by Miss Geraldine McCann before the Federal Court in Portland as recorded by Alva W. Person, Court Reporter, and especially pages 99, 100, 104, 131 where she testified about me and my assistant, my office and the New Jersey State Police. Her testimony is false in view of my personal knowledge. The real facts are as follows:

I knew Miss Geraldine McCann personally since her arrival in Malaga, New Jersey, in July, 1924. Miss McCann was in my office almost daily—very often alone. I have a candy store there and she would come for mail or candy and we would hold conversations for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. She told me she liked it here very much and was always cheerful and contented. I never saw her in any spell or trance. Miss McCann drove the car alone and also rode bicycle down for the mail. When I would be busy, my assistant Miss Christine Nicholes would attend to her and they would have quite some talk together. I was never told by Colonel Dinshah to hold her mail; on the contrary, he gave instructions to deliver all mail to Miss McCann just as to his wife and daughter. She came and got all the mail. When the Colonel and Miss Kashmira Dinshah were in Detroit, Miss McCann came for the mail twice a day and could have sent all the letters she

Digitized by Google

wanted; I should not have held them as I had no right or any request to do so at any time. Colonel Dinshah never gave me any instructions to retain Miss McCann's mail either way. The New Jersey State Police Sub-station was in my house all time up to August, 1925. There were three Officers of said State Police boarding with me and they would be frequently sitting on the porch or would be in my store. I saw Miss McCann talking to them many times. She would come in and say "Good morning" to them and then sometimes stop and have a talk.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Bertha Richman

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Rowland C. Potter
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires February 8, 1929

ABOUT HAVING DUPLICATE AUTOMOBILE KEYS

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss.

I, H. Lenord Roberts, being first duly sworn say that I live in Vineland, New Jersey. I have been with Spectro-Chrome Institute since the early part of February, 1925, except two weeks in March, 1925, when Colonel Dinshah was away to Detroit. I am the chauffeur in charge of the automobiles of the Institute. I signed up with the Institute under the same employment rules as given in the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case on pages 66 to 70. I read the transcript and say from my knowledge that her testimony is in many parts false, particularly at pages 106-107 where she says she was not driving auto alone and never was in Vineland alone. The facts I know of are as follows:

Miss McCann carried duplicate keys of the Chevrolet Touring Car on her key-ring and I saw her on numerous occasions driving out alone in Malaga and in Vineland. Even before I worked for Institute, I saw her alone many times in Vineland and from her costume wondered who she was. I once got the car ready for her to mail a Special Delivery letter. I saw her in Malaga lunching with Dr. Kate Baldwin. The door of Institute Garage is open all day and any one can get a car out. Miss McCann drove the car from Wilmington, Delaware to Havre de Grace, Maryland, a distance of about thirty-five miles, on way to Baltimore, Maryland. This was on February 28, 1925, and she looked so glad to drive. When in March, 1925, Colonel Dinshah and Miss Kashmira were away for two weeks in Detroit, I was out of job because my $2,000.00 bond to Institute did not come. I went twice to find out and Miss McCann met me alone; she said "You have a backbone to fight for bond." On April 19, 1925, when the Colonel and Miss McCann left for Portland, I went in the car with them to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. As the train was ready to start Miss McCann said, "Good bye," Lenord, we shall be back on the 9th of May at 6.30 in the evening; so don't forget to meet us here; we'll be glad to get back to dear old Malaga."

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, H. Lenord Roberts

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Rowland C. Potter
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires February 8, 1929

Digitized by Google

ABOUT ALLEGED SICKNESS ON JANUARY 2, 1925

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss.

I, Robert Austin, being first duly sworn say that I am in business as plumber in Vineland, New Jersey. I was engaged in plumbing work at Spectro-Chrome Institute from July 28, 1924 until some time in the spring of 1925. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case about what happened there on January 2, 1925, as stated on page 33 last answer and pages 148-149-150 and say that her statements are not true according to facts I know. On January 2nd, 1925, I was working there with three of my helpers from early morning and there was a big blizzard. An auto of the Institute was sunk in the snow and we went out and pulled it out. I was working that day and seven days thereafter in the residence building and did not see or hear anything unusual. During that whole week, I saw Geraldine McCann many times and spoke to her. She looked to me in no way different from her usual healthy appearance. She came to the cellar and finding one of my men smoking blamed him, that is how I remember it. She also came into my store in Vineland alone to make purchases.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Robert Austin

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Rowland C. Potter
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires February 8, 1929

ABOUT THE WHITE MEN SHE SAW

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss.

I, B. C. Davis, being first duly sworn say that I am an electrical contractor and have a store in Vineland, New Jersey, for electrical and radio supplies. I was the contractor for the electrical wiring in Spectro-Chrome Institute at Malaga, New Jersey. My assistant Harold E. Hastings did the installing. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case and say that many of her statements are not true especially where on pages 105-106 she says about not shopping in Vineland and also where in different places she says that she could not see any White man at Spectro-Chrome Institute. The facts are that I am a White man and I knew her personally and had frequent talks with her alone in the residence building. In the first week of January, 1925, I installed the Radio Plant in the residence building and instructed Miss McCann in the operations of the radio controls. She visited my store alone for supplies and I saw her alone driving the auto.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, B. C. Davis

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Richard C. May,
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires March 25, 1930

Digitized by Google

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss.

I, Henry A. Fehringer, being first duly sworn say that I am a White man and live in Millville, New Jersey. Am employed by defendant's Institute as Printer since October 20, 1924, and signed under same rules as transcribed on pages 66 to 70 of testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in above case. I read certain parts of the transcript where at page 103 she says about her being in a trance, at page 118 about being very sickly; also as not driving auto alone, and other matters. I know differently; she did not tell the truth; true facts are as follows: I commute between Millville and Malaga daily; in bad weather somebody would drive out for me and Miss McCann drove me alone often to the railway station; same way she came alone for the milk to the station often and took me with her. She came frequently to the printery alone and we had long chats; once when the Colonel was away in March, 1925, she stayed alone with me about 45 minutes. She told me she wanted Colonel to adopt her so she may have his name; she said she did not want to have anything to do with her aunt Mary who was cruel to her. She also gave me money to buy fruits and vegetables for her. Her testimony at pages 142-143 about not being alone with me is utterly false. She brought proofs of Spectro-Chrome magazine alone to me frequently. She always was cheerful; I never saw her different and I never saw her sick. I remember January 2, 1925, perfectly. There was a terrible snowstorm in Jersey and when I came with Harry Saunders at 9 o'clock in the morning, we found the Chevrolet stalled in snow on driveway. We pulled it out with the help of the plumbers working there. At page 133 of her testimony she says, "I very seldom spoke to Harry Saunders." I saw them frequently together. Also on December 24, 1924, going home, Harry Saunders showed me a letter of four pages beginning with "Dear Harry" and ending with "Your Sweetie Geraldine." On January 6, 1925, as I came to work I saw Harry Saunders outside the office and he said "Well, Mr. Fehringer, this is my last day here." I said, "How is that?" He said, "That damn girl told a lot of lies about me; this will mean a divorce—well—if it does, Mrs. Saunders will go out and Miss McCann will come in that is all there will be."

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Henry A. Fehringer

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Rowland C. Potter
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires February 8, 1929

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss.

I, Harold E. Hastings, being first duly sworn, say that I am a Mechanical Engineer, specializing in electricity (commonly called Electrical Engineering), a Graduate of Cornell University, and live in Vineland, New Jersey. I am a white man. I worked at Spectro-Chrome Institute from September 20, 1924 to July, 1925, at various periods for weeks at a time fixing the Electric Light and Power installations in all the buildings of Spectro-Chrome Institute at Malaga, New Jersey. I read parts of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in above case, especially those at pages 103-104-106-107-141, where she says she was in trance most of the time, never drove auto alone, Kashmira always came whenever she was off the premises, Harry Saunders was the one she saw and similar matters. Such statements to my own personal knowledge are far from truth. The real facts are as follows: I was in constant contact with Miss McCann and had many talks with her alone on serious as well as joking subjects. I joked to her about how Roman Catholics did not eat meat on Friday, but she went a step further and ate none at all! She expounded upon the advantages and benefits of the vegetarian diet and seemed

Digitized by Google

enthused over that and the work and Spectro-Chrome system. I talked to her alone in the kitchen, dining room and basement frequently. Her replies to my questions were like those any normal healthy girl of 20 might give. I saw her driving a car alone many times out presumably for mail, because she returned with it. I also met her alone sitting in the auto in Vineland and going there alone in the electrical store of B. C. Davis. She had every opportunity of telling me if anything were wrong or if she wanted to leave, as my relations with her were very friendly and through constant conversation there was no restraint; she never complained to me and I never saw any reason for her to complain.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Harold E. Hastings

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Rowland C. Potter
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires February 8, 1929

ABOUT THE EMPLOYMENT RULES OF THE INSTITUTE

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Maude B. Crans, being first duly sworn say that I am a licensed Chiropodist and live in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I read certain statements in the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in above case and say that they are preposterous and untrue.

I have known Colonel Dinshah about three years and taken his work. I heard him repeatedly openly express his opinions and stipulations about any employee of his Institute so that anyone voluntarily or upon request accepting a position could not be ignorant as to the requirements.

I first met Miss Geraldine McCann at the Hotel Lorraine on November 28 and 29, 1924, at our Convention. There I saw Dr. Kate W. Baldwin stopping many times and speaking personally to her and the other girls. On November 30, 1924, I visited Spectro-Chrome Institute at Malaga, New Jersey, with other members. Miss McCann was on the porch smiling joyously and evidently enjoying to the full the crowd and holiday spirit. No one could make her feign such pleasure! Next I met her at the Philadelphia Itisometer Demonstration on February 21, 1925. She came to me and straightened up some mix-up about seats calling me by my name.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Maude B. Crans

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Guernsey A. Hallowell
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires January 7, 1929.

ABOUT BEING CAREFREE AND HAPPY IN MALAGA, N. J.

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, John Farnsworth, being first duly sworn say: that I am in the business

Digitized by Google

of selling printing machines and printing supplies in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; that I have known Colonel Dinshah and the Spectro-Chrome Institute since the beginning of 1924; that when Colonel Dinshah returned from the Pacific Coast in the first week of July, 1924, he brought with him an assistant by name Geraldine McCann; that the day after his arrival, I visited Colonel Dinshah in his Central Office and Experimental Laboratory at 2401 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; that Colonel Dinshah was having his breakfast with his wife Irene Grace Dinshah and his daughter Kashmira Dinshah and Geraldine McCann and I was called in to meet him; that Colonel Dinshah introduced me to his new assistant Geraldine McCann and I had some casual talk with her; that a few days after my said visit, the entire Central Office and Experimental Laboratory of the said Institute moved from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania to Malaga, New Jersey, at its present location; that I helped some of the men working at the said Institute to pack some of the printing machines to be moved to Malaga; that I saw Geraldine McCann also packing various office and household material for the moving; that she appeared to me to be very joyful and carefree; that I visited the new premises of the said Institute at Malaga, New Jersey frequently and erected a number of machines in the Printing Plant of said Institute during August and September, 1924; that during the latter part of August, 1924 and the beginning of September, 1924, when Colonel Dinshah was on his lecture tour to Detroit, Michigan, Geraldine McCann visited the said Printing Plant where I was working and showed much interest in the assembling of the mechanical equipment; that on one of my visits I saw Geraldine McCann recreating herself on the lawn of the said Institute in company of the Colonel's wife and daughter during his absence on a tour; that on another of my visits when Colonel Dinshah was away, I saw Geraldine McCann playing "catch" or "tag" with a man working on the estate; that the whole acreage of the said Institute is entirely open and unfenced; that during each of my visits that I met Geraldine McCann I saw her as a perfectly free agent watched by nobody; that she was happy and contented and in conversation with me expressed her satisfaction in regard to her position.

Further deponent sayeth not.

Signature, John Farnsworth

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 16th day of September, 1925
Griffith R. Rees,
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires April 25, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss.

I, Charles S. Watson, being first duly sworn say that I am a contractor and builder and live in Vineland, New Jersey. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case and particularly what is stated on page 15, that there was no other hired help except Harry Saunders, on page 103, she was in "kind of a trance most of the time," on page 104 where she says she never drove the auto alone and couldn't come and go as she chose, on pages 105-106 that she was never alone in Vineland and on pages 142-143 that she was never allowed to go down alone to the Printery and never did any errands.

After reading this I state that Miss McCann's statements are entirely false according to the facts known to me.

I took the contract of remodeling the various buildings on the Malaga, New Jersey property of Spectro-Chrome Institute and saw Colonel Dinshah on or about the middle of July, 1924, in that connection. My work there consisted of converting a garage into a small residence and building a kitchen in it, making a horse stable into a garage, remodeling a cow-barn into a printing shop and building an annex on it and also putting the main Office Building in shape. I started my work from on or about the third week of July, 1924, and I was there most of the time until the end of January, 1925. Several of my men—Lemuel Sooy, James Louis, Harry

Digitized by Google

Watson, Grover Smith, Francis Bowers, Richard Rigger, Antonio DeFalco, John Fiorelli among others worked there. All the time I was there, I spoke to Miss McCann alone very frequently. Colonel Dinshah introduced me to her and we had frequent talks alone. She drove the automobile alone to the Post Office and once we helped her to push the car out of the garage on account of doing cement work. She was going and coming as she pleased. I also passed her alone on the street in Vineland. While we were building the annex to the printery, one morning she came down alone with the key of the printing shop to let us in. While the building work was progressing my men and I frequently were given instructions in regard to the building up of certain parts of the kitchen by Miss McCann. Some of my men even kidded her. By the way she went around she seemed contented and happy.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Charles S. Watson

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 26th day of January, 1926
Harry B. DeWitt,
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires May 19, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY } ss.
COUNTY OF ATLANTIC }

I, A. Livingston Allan, being first duly sworn say that I live in Atlantic City, New Jersey, and am the licensed pilot in charge of the Curtiss Air Station there. After reading a part of the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case relating to her flight here, I declare the following to be the facts:

I have known Colonel Dinshah since 1918, when he was Commander of the Police Reserve Air Service in New York City. On the afternoon of September 27, 1924, he came to the Curtiss Air Station in Atlantic City, N. J., in his automobile with his wife and daughter, (both of whom I personally know) and a young girl whom he introduced as his Secretary Miss Geraldine McCann. He said Miss McCann would like to fly and I took her up with me, while Colonel Dinshah and family remained at the station. On landing, Miss McCann did not hesitate to tell me she certainly enjoyed the flight. I had some conversation with all and Miss McCann impressed me as being a normal carefree American girl.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, A. Livingston Allan ... ...

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 20th day of January, 1926
Blanche F. Burt
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires December 21, 1926

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss.
COUNTY OF BERKS }

I, Morris Schwartz, being first duly sworn say that I am a Merchant and a resident of Reading, Pennsylvania. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in Portland, Oregon, in the above case and there are two statements made by her which I cannot reconcile to facts within my personal knowledge: One is that she could not communicate with people and the other is that she was always in a trance. According to my recollection, she had innumerable occasions to communicate with hundreds of people, if she had wanted to do so, and she certainly looked happy to me.

Digitized by Google

In December, 1924, at the Hotel Lorraine, I saw her many times either alone or with Harry Saunders, in the Classroom, and outside in the hall. Besides the students of the Class, there also passed in that hall on their way to the restaurant, situated on the same floor, dozens of ladies and gentlemen. If Miss McCann had wished to talk to any of those people, there certainly was nothing to prevent her from doing so. After the completion of the course, Colonel Dinshah invited all the students with their families, to take a trip at his expense to the laboratories at Malaga, New Jersey. As I lived at that time in Atlantic City, New Jersey, Mrs. Schwartz and I drove to Malaga in our own car. It so happened that we arrived about fifteen minutes before Colonel Dinshah, Miss Kashmira and a crowd from Philadelphia came. Miss McCann was the only one to meet us, but she refused to let us come into the laboratories, saying that nobody was allowed to enter until Colonel Dinshah arrived.

Now, why did she not ask us then to take her away? If she had told us of any trouble I could have taken her away in my Franklin Sedan, either to Vineland or to Hammonton. Or supposing that she would not confide in me, she could have spoken to Mrs. Schwartz who has a pleasant, friendly and sympathetic appearance. I remember that occasion very distinctly for the following reasons:

First—Mrs. Schwartz and I felt very much offended and humiliated because Miss McCann did not invite us inside.

Second—When we arrived at the entrance to the Institute grounds, I stopped my machine and asked Mrs. Schwartz to finish her chicken sandwich which was in the car, as Colonel Dinshah had requested us and relied on our honor not to bring into the Institute grounds meat, tobacco, powder puffs, etc.

As to her second statement that she was in a trance, I cannot reconcile that to appearances. Miss McCann looked contented and all bliss when she so feelingly spoke to the Class in the Chelsea Room at Hotel Lorraine.

Also on February 21, 1925, at the time of the Itisometer Demonstration at the Lorraine Hotel, she seemed very happy. Before Colonel Dinshah arrived, Miss McCann was there with shining and enthusiastic look, so much so, that it attracted my attention, and as I beheld her I thought to myself—How queer human nature is—as a rule, man is intolerant, prejudiced and very easy to condemn others who live and behave differently from what he does, yet as soon as he comes in contact and listens attentively to the philosophies and conceptions of others, nine chances out of ten he begins to feel sympathetic and sometimes even adopts the very same ideas and conceptions which appeared to him only a short time ago—stupid and ridiculous. Here was a girl brought up in a religion diametrically different from the environment in which she now is—she lives on a vegetarian diet, dresses entirely different from what she did before, yet she seems so radiantly happy." There was one thing especially about Miss McCann, that interested me immensely, knowing that women are as a rule slaves to fashion; I thought—"How is it that this girl dresses so plainly? White waist, knickers, flat-heeled oxfords, and that bluish cap—why don't she wear a green, orange or other beautiful cap?" This was such a puzzle to me that I said to her—"Miss McCann why are you and the Dinshahs wearing those bluish caps, instead of some other colored headgear?" She answered me rather with pride and a kind of subdued pity for my ignorance —"We are wearing these bluish caps so as to keep away from us evil thoughts."

I am citing the incident above to show that to my mind and understanding Miss McCann seemed happy and contented and as free as any other person.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Morris Schwartz

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 20th day of January, 1926
Lillie M. Fry
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires March 25, 1929

Digitized by Google

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER } ss.

I, E. H. McCarty, of Malaga, New Jersey, being first duly sworn say that I am and have been for several years the Station Agent in charge of the West Jersey and Sea Shore Lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad; that I am also the agent of the American Railway Express Company and am in charge of the Telegraph Office of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Malaga, New Jersey; that having read certain statements in the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case and knowing such statements to be false I hereby contradict such statements as to wit: "Being deprived of her liberty, not allowed to drive an automobile unaccompanied, not able to go to Pitman for her money; never being alone." The Station where I am Agent is about half a mile across a field from Spectro-Chrome Institute (by foot) and about one mile by the highway. Since the moving of Spectro-Chrome Institute to Malaga, New Jersey, in July, 1924, Miss McCann very often came to me with telegrams and express; she also came frequently alone to receive express from me; she drove the auto to and from the Station alone and when alone had her liberty and could have gone to Pitman which is only thirteen miles from Malaga or gone elsewhere had she so desired. She could have appealed to me for help if necessary. From all appearance she looked contented and happy, as, when she had heavy packages she came with Kashmira Dinshah and I overheard them laughing and enjoying one another's company after they had dispensed with the errand at the Station. Regarding the Roman Catholic Church matter, it was absolutely necessary to pass within thirty feet of the Church in coming to and going from the Station. Also regarding a trance she may have been in, I can say I observed nothing abnormal or unnatural in her actions.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, E. H. McCarty

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Rowland C. Potter
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires February 8, 1929

ABOUT RELIGION, FOOD AND DRESS.

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

I, Walter E. Schwanhausser, being first duly sworn say that I am a manufacturer of scientific apparatus in New York, New York; I have known the defendant over eleven years. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in above case and say that she did not state the truth in regard to her religion, diet and dress as her testimony conflicts with what she told me on my visit to the Spectro-Chrome Institute on April 7, 1925. I was alone with her some time in the office and the following is a part of our long conversation:

"Where is your home town?"
(Smilingly)—"Right here in Malaga."
"How do you like it here in Malaga?"
"I like it very much; if I didn't like it, I wouldn't stay."
"Don't you ever get lonesome?"
"No, we are too busy to get lonesome."
"Are you a Catholic?"
"I was raised a Catholic, but for years I haven't been to any church."
"How do you like wearing knickers?"
"I like them; I wouldn't wear skirts again."
"Does the vegetarian food appeal to you?"
"It certainly does; I'll never eat meat again."

Digitized by Google

In closing the conversation Miss McCann told me that she came from Portland, Oregon, and when I asked her how she would like to go back, she replied, "My home is here."

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Walter E. Schwanhausser

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 25th day of January, 1926
Benjamin Bernstein,
Notary Public of New York
My Commission expires March 30, 1926

ABOUT BEING IN VINELAND, N. J.

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss.

I, Solomon L. Beilin, being first duly sworn say that I am a resident of Vineland, New Jersey. I am a Notary Public for the State of New Jersey and have an office on Landis Avenue in Vineland, N. J.

I read the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in above case and say that her testimony in many parts is untrue and particularly that on pages 105, 106, 107 about her visits to Vineland, N. J.

I met Miss McCann first at the residence of Colonel Dinshah at 2401 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, right after his arrival from the Pacific Coast on or about July 8, 1924. I had dinner with the family and Miss McCann was present. I spoke to her about the vegetarian diet as practised in the Colonel's home and she expressed herself quite in favor of such diet, stating that after the first few days no one could think of indulging in meats of any kind. I met her in Malaga, New Jersey, several times when I visited Spectro-Chrome Institute on notarial business. The end of November, 1924, she was sworn before me as a charter member of American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists, a New Jersey Corporation. I met her alone on several occasions in the streets of Vineland, N. J.; I also talked to her once when alone in Bower's Ice Cream Parlor there and asked her whether Colonel Dinshah was at Malaga or away as I had some business to transact with him and she responded in a perfectly natural manner. I spoke to her about this part of the country and she answered enthusiastically that she was well pleased with her surroundings.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Solomon L. Beilin

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 26th day of January, 1926
Richard C. May
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires March 25, 1930

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss.

I, Willis P. Turner being first duly sworn say that I have a hardware store in Vineland, New Jersey. I read page 106 of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case and say that she told untruth.

Digitized by Google

The facts are that Miss McCann did travel in Vineland, N. J., alone by automobile; I saw her frequently. She came to my store several times for purchases.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Willis P. Turner

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Rowland C. Potter
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires February 8, 1929

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss.

I, Bessie E. Kulp, being first duly sworn say that I am a music teacher in Vineland, New Jersey. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case and say that her statements at page 106 about missing most of her music lessons are at variance with the truth.

The real facts are Miss McCann took most of her music lessons and was very seldom absent, except when she telephoned she was going on tour. She made excellent progress and I congratulated her. She was not allowed to be in the room when Miss Kashmira was playing; that is my rule. Then she would go out. Furthermore, she was always cheerful and healthy; I did not see her in any trance or spell as she says.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Bessie E. Kulp

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Rowland C. Potter
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires February 8, 1929

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss.

I, Everett Kulp, being first duly sworn say that I attend my father Howard Kulp's stationery store in Vineland, New Jersey. I read pages 106-107 of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann and say that she gave false statements. The truth is Miss McCann did come alone to our store for purchases and I waited on her.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Everett Kulp

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Rowland C. Potter
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires February 8, 1929

Digitized by Google

ABOUT MIXING FREELY WITH PEOPLE

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND }
COUNTY OF PROVIDENCE } ss.

I, Samuel L. Gants, being first duly sworn say: that I am a Doctor of Osteopathy and a Doctor of Dental Surgery in active practice in Osteopathy in Providence, Rhode Island; that I attended two lectures on Wednesday, March 11, 1925 and Thursday, March 12, 1925 respectively, consisting of the demonstration of the Itisometer by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali at the Providence-Biltmore Hotel in Providence, Rhode Island; that the first evening Wednesday the 11th of March, 1925, prior to the commencement of the discourse, I entered Colonel Dinshah's classroom at said Hotel at about 6.30 P. M., and met a young lady who told me she was Miss Geraldine McCann the secretary of Colonel Dinshah and I had a short pleasant conversation with her while waiting for the Colonel to come in which he did about ten minutes later; that the said secretary Miss McCann and I had a very cordial and friendly talk; that I asked her where Mrs. Irene Grace Dinshah was; that she replied Mrs. Dinshah was detained in Malaga and that she (Miss McCann) was traveling on this trip as secretary; that on being asked where she came from, Miss McCann stated she was not originally from New Jersey but from Portland; that she further stated she thoroughly enjoyed her work; that Miss McCann was in the classroom during the entire period of both the lectures; that she appeared happy and I saw nothing abnormal in her; that on both days (the 11th and 12th) the lectures did not end until very late; that they lasted till nearly 2 A. M., the next morning.

Further deponent sayeth not.

Signature, Samuel L. Gants

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 16th day of September, 1925
Ivanhoe D. Billings,
Notary Public of Rhode Island
My Commission expires June, 1926

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND }
COUNTY OF PROVIDENCE } ss.

I, Alice L. Gants, being first duly sworn say: that I am a Doctor of Osteopathy in active practice in Providence, Rhode Island; that I attended two lectures on Wednesday, March 11, 1925 and Thursday, March 12, 1925 respectively, consisting of the demonstration of the Itisometer by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali at the Providence-Biltmore Hotel in Providence, Rhode Island; that Colonel Dinshah had on both these days with him a young woman who was introduced to the class as Geraldine McCann an assistant secretary of Spectro-Chrome Institute; that Colonel Dinshah introduced her as a secretary to the class; that Miss McCann was in the classroom during the entire period of both the lectures; that she appeared carefree and happy; that on both days (the 11th and 12th) the lectures ended at close to 2 A. M. the next morning.

Further deponent sayeth not.

Signature, Alice L. Gants

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 16th day of September, 1925
Ivanhoe D. Billings,
Notary Public of Rhode Island
My Commission expires June, 1926

Digitized by Google

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS }
COUNTY OF WORCESTER } ss.

I, Eva S. Darling, being first duly sworn say that I reside in Athol, Massachusetts; that I read reports of the transcript of the testimony given by Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case and find certain of her statements untruthful.

I took the Classwork in Spectro-Chrome Therapy in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, from December 3, 1924, up to December 18, 1924, at the Hotel Lorraine and there Geraldine McCann performed secretarial duties. I had frequent talks with her and one time she told me that she drove the automobile and always spoke well of all connected with the work and seemed much interested. One Sunday, during the course, she assisted in showing the Class about the Institute buildings at Malaga, New Jersey, where they were invited to inspect them. I also talked with her and saw her alone in the Hotel corridor while I attended the lectures given by Colonel Dinshah on March 13, 1925 in Boston, Massachusetts. She seemed to be as much at liberty as any of us.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Eva S. Darling, S. C. T.

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Charles W. Faulkner,
Notary Public of Massachusetts
My Commission expires October 10, 1930

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS }
COUNTY OF WORCESTER } ss.

I, William E. Darling, of Athol, Massachusetts, being first duly sworn say that I am a registered Doctor of Dental Surgery in active practice in Athol, Massachusetts. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann given in the Federal Court in Portland, Oregon, and find them far from truth in many particulars within my knowledge. I spoke to her on March 13, 1925, at Hotel Westminster in Boston, Massachusetts, for some time in regard to taking a Course in Spectro-Chrome Therapy. She was in charge of the lecture room. Colonel Dinshah was not in the room; many other students were there.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, W. E. Darling, D. D. S.

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Charles W. Faulkner,
Notary Public of Massachusetts
My Commission expires October 10, 1930

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF MARYLAND }
CITY OF BALTIMORE } ss.

I, Frank E. Kaufman, being first duly sworn say that I am a wholesale jeweler in Baltimore, Maryland. I read the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case and found many glaring discrepancies and inconsistencies from facts known to me.

I personally met Geraldine McCann at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on November

Digitized by Google

28, 1924, and saw her quite often during the ensuing two days. She appeared as normal as anyone there and moved about with ability and apparent efficiency in the performance of her duties as Secretary. She delivered an extemporaneous address to the audience and spoke clearly and freely of her love of the work and her gratification of her course for a career. During the last week of February, 1925, I met her again in Baltimore, Maryland, and her condition was in no way changed

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Frank E. Kaufman

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Edw. H. Fry,
Notary Public of Maryland
My Commission expires May 2, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF MICHIGAN
COUNTY OF WAYNE } ss.

I, Bert C. Smith, being first duly sworn say that I am a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine and Doctor of Chiropractic living in Detroit, Michigan. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case and say that she did not utter the truth about Colonel Dinshah and his Institute. The facts within my knowledge are as follows:

During the Fourth Annual Convention of American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists, held in the Hotel Lorraine, at Philadelphia, Penna., in the last week of November, 1924, I saw her at the desk, at the entrance to the lecture room and later also saw her on the platform and heard her address the audience, stating she was very much pleased with her position and with the wonderful instructions she was receiving from Colonel Dinshah. At that time she appeared to be perfectly happy and contented and in no way showed any signs of being under any spell, but was apparently in her normal senses.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, B. C. Smith

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
C. Griffiths Thomas,
Notary Public of Wayne County, Michigan
My Commission expires April 26, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Anne H. Stirk, being first duly sworn say that I am a resident of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and am a drugless physician. I read the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann, given in the case above stated, and can say from personal knowledge that many of her statements are far from being true. I met Miss McCann when she was in the employ of Spectro-Chrome Institute. She was with Colonel Dinshah and his daughter Kashmira at the Hotel Lorraine in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on November 28, 1924. She was then seeming very happy and very friendly with Kashmira. She was perfectly free (as any other employed person) to go *where* she pleased when not needed in the work she had engaged to do. I saw Miss McCann several times and she always looked contented. I also know well the Spectro-Chrome Institute in Malaga, New Jersey,

Digitized by Google

having spent ten consecutive days there and know no reason why Miss McCann could not have gone *where* she chose and *when* she chose—every opportunity was afforded her that is given to anyone else.

Further affiant sayeth not.

(Signature) Anne H. Stirk

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Bertha E. Walker,
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires March 17, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Marie E. Stevenson, being first duly sworn say that I reside in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I am a drugless practitioner. I read certain statements in the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case and they do not accord with facts known to me.

The first time I met Miss McCann was at Malaga, New Jersey, on November 30, 1924, after the arrival of numerous guests. Miss McCann appeared on the porch with the wife and daughter of Colonel Dinshah to receive the guests. All the girls appeared happy, talkative and carefree. The next time I met Miss McCann was in the lecture room of Hotel Lorraine in Philadelphia, Pa., on February 21, 1925. At that time Miss McCann and Miss Kashmira Dinshah attending to their secretarial duties appeared very jovial, intermingling laughter with their work as only congenial associations could warrant.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Marie E. Stevenson

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Charles A. Stevenson,
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires at end of next Session of Senate

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CAMDEN } ss.

I, Lettie Allen Ward, being first duly sworn say that I am a duly registered Doctor of Medicine and practise in Camden, New Jersey. I read that part of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case where at page 132 she says she "did not know any of the students very well," and I state that she tells an untruth. The truth is I took the work in December, 1924, from the third to the eighteenth and met her frequently and talked to her; she was Secretary in charge of the Class room. I also say there was certainly no evidence of restraint; she could have left the hotel at any time of an evening during the course of lectures if she so desired. In regard to her appearance where she says she was in a trance or spell, I did not see anything unusual in her in the two weeks.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Lettie Allen Ward

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Frank W. Tunstall
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires July 19, 1927

Digitized by Google

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

We, Ida Jane Smith and Grace L. Smith, of 324 North 63rd Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, being first duly sworn say that we are mother and daughter respectively. We read the testimony transcript of Miss Geraldine McCann, of Portland, Oregon, and say that the testimony is untrue where she declares she was not acquainted with the people who attended the Philadelphia Class (Page 132). We met her there on numerous occasions during the first two weeks of December, 1924, and addressed her. She seemed happy and contented, came and went from the lecture room at will and many times could have appealed to us for assistance if she so desired.

Further affiants say not.

Signatures, Ida Jane Smith
Grace L. Smith

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Matteo Moffa
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires March 6, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF GEORGIA }
COUNTY OF FULTON } ss.

I, Cleo V. Butner, being first duly sworn say that I live in Atlanta, Georgia. I read most of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in above case and the facts do not bear out her statements therein.

Her testimony seems very strange to me. I saw her and talked personally to her on several different occasions, first on November 28-29, 1924, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and two days later in Malaga, New Jersey. She always seemed perfectly happy and satisfied. On one occasion, November 28, 1924, she spoke to the Class, telling how much she thought of Spectro-Chrome and what a privilege it was to be connected with such an institution. In Malaga, New Jersey, when I went on November 30, 1924, with other members, to visit the Home Office, she assisted in receiving the guests. She mingled with them, talking to anyone she pleased. I never saw any restrictions. I purchased a book while there. It was called "The Colorist" and she got the book, gave it to me and I chatted with her awhile about the work, etc. She could have appealed to me had she wanted to, for she certainly had an opportunity.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Cleo V. Butner

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Geo. T. Pierce
Notary Public of Georgia
My Commission expires May 24, 1928

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CAMDEN } ss.

Digitized by Google

I, Harry O. Nash, being first duly sworn say that I am a Flat Bed Printing Pressman and live in Camden, New Jersey. I read that part of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case at page 132 where she testifies she "did not know any of the students very well" and say that she tells an untruth. The fact is that about the third or fourth night of the course in December, 1924, I arrived early and as far as I could see Miss McCann and I were the only ones present. We had some conversation and I asked her if the Dinshah Diet agreed with her; she answered rather sharply, "Look me over! Do I look as though I was starving?" She spoke with an air of contentment and importance.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Harry O. Nash

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 23rd day of January, 1926
Roy P. Chafey
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires July 3, 1930

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS } ss.
COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX }

I, Anna M. Dana, being first duly sworn, say that I live in Boston, Massachusetts. I read parts of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case and do not find them in accordance with facts.

I was introduced to Miss Geraldine McCann last March in Boston, Massachusetts, and had some talk with her. In our conversation she spoke very highly of Colonel Dinshah and how well she liked the work. I asked her how the baby was and she said he was nicely. She spoke of how fond the Colonel was of the baby. I also asked her how Mrs. Dinshah and Kashmira were; she said they were nicely.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Anna M. Dana

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 22nd day of January, 1926
Eugene C. Upton
Notary Public of Massachusetts
My Commission expires November 9, 1929

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND } ss.
COUNTY OF PROVIDENCE }

I, Grace E. Lallouette being first duly sworn say that I reside at Central Falls, Rhode Island; that I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony given in the above case by Miss Geraldine McCann and find them not in conformity with the facts. The true facts are that at the Providence-Biltmore Hotel, in Providence, Rhode Island, on March 11 and 12, 1925, I was among those present at an Itisometer demonstration. There I met Miss Geraldine McCann. I asked her if she liked the work; she answered, "Yes, very much"; I asked her if she didn't find it hard; she said, no, it was such interesting work and she was used to it and that she liked it very much; I asked her how was Mrs. Irene Dinshah and Miss Kashmira Dinshah; she answered, they were both very well. On bidding her good night, I asked her to remember me to both of them; she said she gladly would

Digitized by Google

and thanked me; I also gave her some reports of our work for the magazine which we talked over in a very friendly way when once more she seemed very interested with the work.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Grace E. Lallouette, S.C.T.

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 20th day of January, 1926
Robert W. Hunt
Notary Public of Rhode Island
My Commission expires June 30, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF OHIO
COUNTY OF CUYAHOGA } ss.

I, Bessie A. Hasenau, being first duly sworn say that I reside at 12329 Forest Grove Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio; that I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann given in the above case and state they are not correct in regard to following particulars within my knowledge:

I saw and talked with Miss Geraldine McCann several times during my stay at the Hotel Lorraine, Philadelphia, Pa., at the time of the Spectro-Chrome Convention on November 28 and 29, 1924. Miss McCann seemed very happy and contented with her work at Malaga, New Jersey, that being her own version of it to me; she said she liked the work, thought it was work along noble lines and was glad that she had taken it up; she was very enthusiastic in her talk before the Convention and with different individuals between sessions. I can personally testify to this at any time.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Bessie A. Hasenau

Subscribed and Sworn to by the said Bessie A. Hasenau
Before me a Notary Public
This 20th day of January, 1926
Frank Troka
Notary Public of Ohio
My Commission expires February 4, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS
COUNTY OF SUFFOLK } ss.

I, Ernest Carreiro, being first duly sworn say that I am a Doctor of Chiropractic in active practice in Boston, Massachusetts. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann given in the above case and state her testimony in respect to restraint and restrictions is a downright falsehood to my knowledge:

I met Miss Geraldine McCann in Boston, Massachusetts, at the Post-Graduate Class on March 13, 1925, and conversed with her for at least ten minutes in regard to the nature of her duties, whether she enjoyed her work, etc. She was affable and free in her conversation and volunteered the information that she intended to remain with Spectro-Chrome Institute and make the work her "career" as she termed it. She was so talkative and congenial to other members present that she went from one to another inviting conversation as freely as if she were the subject of attraction instead of the lecturer.

Digitized by Google

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Ernest Carreiro

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 20th day of January, 1926
Harry P. Nourse
Notary Public of Massachusetts
My Commission expires July 1, 1932

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Alice M. Norton, of 2216 DeLancey Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, being first duly sworn say that I am a duly qualified registered Dental Surgeon at the stated addressed. I know the defendant in the above case. On the morning of November 13, 1924, a Miss McCann introduced as Dr. Dinshah's Clerk came to me to have her teeth cleaned. She spoke with enthusiasm of her work and seemed content. She was alone and would have had ample opportunity to complain if she had wished to.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Alice M. Norton

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Marmaduke D. Smith
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires January 28, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA
STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss.

I, Georgina A. Tait being first duly sworn say that I reside in Philadelphia, Penna.

I read the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann and say that from personal knowledge I know many parts of it to be not truthful. I met her on several occasions, in Wilmington, Delaware, on October 18, 1924, in Philadelphia, Penna., on November 28, and 29, 1924, and again in Philadelphia, Penna., on February 21-22, 1925. On November 30, 1924, which was a day devoted to an automobile trip to Malaga, New Jersey, I again met her along with other members of the organization. Miss McCann was on the porch to receive the guests and accompanied them around. To my observation, she was not under a spell or restrictions and went around talking to the members herself and not accompanied by any member of the Dinshah family.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Georgina A. Tait

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Anna M. Quinn
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires March 6, 1927

Digitized by Google

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Carlie Kuhl being first duly sworn say that I live in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I read the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann and say that her statements on pages 132-135 are not true in regard to her being not acquainted with the students in the Class. I was in the December, 1924, Class and there became acquainted with her. I talked to her alone in the Hotel Lorraine lobby and we went up in the elevator together and talked about Spectro-Chrome Therapy. She certainly appeared at all times to be very happy and in no way under a spell of any kind. I also received in the third week of April, 1925, a letter signed by her and marked "On the Sante Fe Train on way to Los Angeles, California," asking me to correct my Association Application blanks.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Carlie Kuhl

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Frederick G. Webel
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires January 7, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF DELAWARE } ss.

I, Virginia M. Elder, being first duly sworn say that I am a Drugless Physician and live at Concordville, Pennsylvania. In the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in above case there are several statements which according to my knowledge are not true.

I first met Miss Geraldine McCann in the lecture room of Spectro-Chrome Institute in Wilmington, Delaware, on October 18, 1924, where she was acting as an assistant. I was introduced to her at the Fourth Annual Convention of Spectro-Chrome Therapists, convening at Lorraine Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., on November 28, 1924, as the *new secretary* from Portland, Oregon. I having spent some thirty odd years in Washington and Oregon was cordial in welcoming Miss McCann to the East and conversed with her at length, relative to the change in location from the scenic beauty of the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic Coast and her work. She assured me of her interest in the work and her position as Secretary, for the opportunity it afforded her for study and privilege of assisting in bringing the message of Spectro-Chrome to the people. Our greetings occurred at every session of the Convention which lasted 3 days. I next saw her at Malaga, New Jersey, on Sunday, November 30, 1924, assisting as hostess to Colonel Dinshah's reception to the Convention for their inspection of the new home of Spectro-Chrome Institute. I again met Miss McCann at the public lecture given in Philadelphia, Pa., Hotel Lorraine, on December 2, 1924. We exchanged greetings without interference and had friendly conversation during the entire discourse. Later, I met her at the same hotel on February 21 and 22, 1925, during the Itisometer demonstration. Again greetings cordial and mutual. Her interest in the work appeared unabated. Our conversation occurred whenever we happened to meet. At all times she appeared normal and acting with the freedom which her position required in Lecture Room, halls and corridors.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Virginia M. Elder

Subscribed and Sworn to

Digitized by Google

Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Edwin Penrose Hannum
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires March 6, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY } ss.
COUNTY OF CAMDEN }

I, Charles H. Birnbaum a resident of Camden, New Jersey, being first duly sworn say that I read that part of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann as recorded in the transcript of the Portland, Oregon, case, pertaining to her not being acquainted with the students of the Class in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I say that her testimony in that respect is incorrect and untrue. I was a member of that Class with forty-five others, from December 3, 1924, to December 18, 1924, and Geraldine McCann acted there as Secretary. She seemed very contented and amiable and exceedingly willing to assist whenever called upon. She did not give me the impression of a person in a trance or doing her duties under compulsion; in fact, she was perfectly at ease whenever I had occasion to notice her. She mixed freely with the Class and was photographed with it, seated next to Dr. Kate W. Baldwin.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Charles H. Birnbaum

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
M. LeRoy Cobbin,
Notary Public of New Jersey
My Commission expires July 15, 1929

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA }

I, Herman R. Mosler being first duly sworn say that I live in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I read parts of the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case and can say that she did not speak the truth particularly about being not acquainted with the students as stated on pages 132 and 133. I was a member of the said Philadelphia Class and saw and spoke to Miss McCann several times during a period of two weeks, in December, 1924. I did not find her abnormal, dazed or under a spell or that she could not speak to anyone. She was contented, happy and congenial in her talks to me.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Herman R. Mosler

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Emma L. Collins
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires at end of next Session of Senate

Digitized by Google

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF KINGS } ss.

I, Nissin S. Hanoka, being first duly sworn, say that I am a duly registered and practising Dental Surgeon in New York, New York. After reading the transcript of the testimony in the Federal Court of Portland, Oregon, given by Geraldine McCann that she was under a spell and not free to move about and talk to people alone, I, from my personal knowledge consider it untrue and a malicious lie.

I have known the defendant in the above case, since 1922. On February 21, 1924, I attended at Hotel Lorraine, Philadelphia, Pa., a demonstration of a certain scientific instrument called the Itisometer invented by Colonel Dinshah and was introduced to and became acquainted with a young woman by the name of Miss Geraldine McCann. The said young woman showed me to my seat. She seemed to be happy, alert and earnest about her task in showing everyone to their seats. She appeared to be normal and free to move. During the two days that demonstration lasted, I met her several times in the lobby alone and said, "Hello" to her.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Dr. Nissin S. Hanoka

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 20th day of January, 1926
Jacob Lehrich
Notary Public of New York.
My Commission expires March 30, 1926

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Elsie Kohnle, being first duly sworn say that I live in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I read the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case and say that in many places it is untrue particularly where at pages 132 and 133 she speaks about the Class. I was a member of that December, 1924, Class and spoke to her casually on different occasions. She was pleasant and looked happy and satisfied with her position.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Elsie Kohnle

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 20th day of January, 1926
H. Edward Fry
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires February 14, 1929

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS }
COUNTY OF FRANKLIN } ss.

I, Clara C. Bryant, being first duly sworn say that I live in Greenfield, Massachusetts. I read certain parts of the transcript in the above case with amazement because my personal knowledge is contrary to the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann whom I first met in Boston, Massachusetts, at Hotel Westminster on March

Digitized by Google

13, 1925. She greeted me with a smile and a hand-clasp when I introduced myself, said she had heard of me from Irene and Kashmira and that it was a real pleasure to meet in person the students of whom she had heard so much. I asked her if she enjoyed the work and she was most enthusiastic. The room in which the meeting was held had a small entry near the door and while Colonel Dinshah was busy explaining and demonstrating his instrument, she sat in this place at a small table. She was in and out of the room several times to my knowledge that evening and there were so many people passing through the hall—even looking in the door—that we were obliged to close the door during the latter part of the meeting.

I can see no reason why Miss McCann could not have appealed to some one of these people or to anyone of us who stopped and talked with her. She told me it was a privilege to be connected with the Spectro-Chrome Institute and hoped to see me again.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Clara C. Bryant

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 23rd day of January, 1926
D. R. Alvord,
Notary Public of Massachusetts
My Commission expires September 24, 1926

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF OHIO } ss.
COUNTY OF CUYAHOGA }

I, Margaret A. Morris, being first duly sworn say that I am a Licensed Drugless Practitioner in Cleveland, Ohio. I read parts of the transcript of evidence of Geraldine McCann in the above case and say that her statements are far from the truth.

I met Miss Geraldine McCann in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, at the Spectro-Chrome Convention in the last week of November, 1924; heard her speak at the Convention and also spoke to her at her desk. She said that she was in love with her work and would always stay with the Institute, that she was so happy and that it was a very wonderful home for her that it was so beautiful and told me about the natural scenery surrounding the place.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Dr. Margaret A. Morris

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 15th day of February, 1926
L. Einhorn
Notary Public of Ohio
My Commission expires April 2, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA }

I, Pauline Durner, being first duly sworn say that I am the aunt of the wife of the Defendant Dinshah P. Ghadiali in the above case and live in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I have read certain parts of the transcript of the evidence of Geraldine McCann in the said case and say that her testimony is untruthful.

Digitized by Google

I have intimately known the Defendant five years and have never known him to entertain any girls at his home or in his travels. I traveled with him repeatedly. Because of his gentlemanly character, I permitted my niece to act as his assistant when she was only sixteen years of age and it was I who gave consent to her marrying him eighteen months thereafter. I visited his home frequently and he was always busy with his work. He had a Convention of Spectro-Chrome Therapists in Philadelphia, Pa., on November 28, 1924, and I was introduced to Geraldine McCann, his secretary. She spoke to nearly everyone at the meeting and also declared herself in public in reference to the work. She also said she loved the work and wanted to continue. I saw her talking to Harry Saunders (a Negro), another employee of the Institute. She left the room while Dinshah was lecturing, shortly after Harry Saunders left; both were missing at the same time. Shortly before the meeting was over she returned alone.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Pauline Durner

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 15th day of February, 1926
Jesse G. Myers
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires January 7, 1929

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS } ss.
COUNTY OF HAMPSHIRE }

I, Ruth A. Verbeck, being first duly sworn say that I am a resident of Amherst, Massachusetts, and having read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case, hereby state that I noticed many untruths therein.

The facts known to me are that when Colonel Dinshah was in Boston, Massachusetts, on March 13, 1925, for demonstrating his Itisometer, I was introduced to Miss Geraldine McCann at this time and while Colonel Dinshah was busy talking with some other people, I had some conversation with her. She spoke very favorably of the work and I saw nothing that would indicate that the girl was under any spell. I gave her my ten dollars ($10) as a registration fee for the next Boston Class which was to have been given in June. On leaving the room that night we spoke of meeting at this next class.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Ruth A. Verbeck

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 21st day of January, 1926
Albert Ammann
Notary Public of Massachusetts
My Commission expires April 23, 1931

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA }

I, Frank A. Fisher being first duly sworn say that I reside in Philadelphia, Pa. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case and find they are not in accordance with the facts which I state herein:

Digitized by Google

At the Hotel Lorraine in Philadelphia, Pa., I attended the lecture course of Colonel Dinshah from December 3, 1924, to December 18, 1924. During this period, I had several conversations with Miss McCann. I distinctly remember her saying to me that she was very happy to be associated with Spectro-Chrome Institute and was proud to have been able to make this her lifework. She was radiant and self-poised and very capable of looking after herself and was always quite self-sure whenever one would ask for any information at any time. Since then, I met her at the demonstration of the Itisometer at the same hotel on February 21, 1925. She recognized me and greeted me and we had a short conversation about the work. From the way she then acted, I thought, "What a lot she must remember all these faces and the little details"! She was perfectly poised and self-controlled, nothing ever seemed to flurry her.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature, Frank A. Fisher

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 20th day of January, 1926
Hermon Anderson
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires March 6, 1927

STATEMENT OF W. CAVEN E. WRIGHT INDICATING CONSPIRACY TO RAILROAD COLONEL DINSHAH

I took the residential course in Spectro-Chrome Therapy from Colonel Dinshah in Portland, commencing about June 9, 1924, and ending the latter part of June, 1924.

I was well acquainted with the arrangements made between Colonel Dinshah and May S. Hays regarding the employment by Colonel Dinshah of Geraldine McCann as his Secretary. Before the Colonel's departure from Portland for Malaga he informed me that he had the written consent and approval of May S. Hays to engage this young lady as his Secretary and take her to Malaga with himself and family. I saw the document signed by Mrs. Hayes as guardian of Geraldine McCann which was notaried by a duly authorized Notary Public.

The first intimation which I had that anything was wrong or that there was any trouble over that arrangement was in the early part of August, 1924. At that time I had occasion to call Mrs. Hayes over the telephone regarding some slides and supplies which were left in her keeping by Colonel Dinshah. Mrs. Hayes told me over the telephone that she was in great trouble over Geraldine and her association with Colonel Dinshah. She intimated that she wished to arrange a personal interview with me and discuss the matter thoroughly. A few days later she came into my place of business and spent an hour or more telling me of her troubles. She commenced by saying that Colonel Dinshah was running a harem in Malaga and that Geraldine was being held in secrecy against her will and that she had reason to believe that the girl was being abused and mistreated by Colonel Dinshah. She did not state what it was that aroused her suspicions. I let her talk without any interruptions so that I could get the full side of her story. She told me that she had gone to the Federal authorities here in Portland and laid her case before them. According to her statement to me, the Federal authorities seemed very anxious to investigate the matter and expressed the hope that they would be able to make a case out of it. Mrs. Hayes told me that the things which the Federal authorities told her and the horrible descriptions they gave her of men who engaged in that kind of thing had upset and excited her to the point of distraction. She said that in very plain language, which she repeated to me, they told her how these white slavers worked in getting their victims and also how they mistreated them and held them under their power. Mrs. Hayes stated that it was her intention to go to Malaga and endeavor to see the girl. She said that Geraldine would possibly not be where she could see her as she was sure Colonel Dinshah was keeping her in hiding—possibly in some Hindu Colony in that vicinity. She told me that she had made up her mind that the best way to see the girl was to swear out a warrant for her arrest on a charge of forgery and if successful in obtaining an interview with the

Digitized by Google

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, TELEPHONE SUPERINTENDENT
TO HIS HIGHNESS NEHALSING, MAHARAJ RANA SAHIB OF DHOLPUR
RAJPUTANA, INDIA—DECEMBER 1892

TWO POSES OF **CYRUS DINSHAH**—AT 11 MONTHS
(SON OF IRENE GRACE DINSHAH & DINSHAH P. GHADIALI)
Born:-Malaga, N. J., Saturday, October 25, 1924, 3:55 P. M.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

girl she would withdraw the charge, which she stated was simply a frame-up, and not go ahead with any prosecution.

She asked me if I could assist her financially in making the trip East, which I refused to do. I later heard from Mrs. Hayes that she had gone to the officials of some Railroad Company here and laid her case before them and appealed to them for free transportation which they declined. Mrs. Hayes said she was kicked out of the official's office and threatened with arrest.

In conversation with other members of the class in Spectro-Chrome, I was soon aware of the fact that Mrs. Hayes was spreading around a lot of gossip and damaging propaganda concerning Colonel Dinshah and Geraldine McCann. The things which I heard were similar to what Mrs. Hayes had told me in the interview already mentioned. I thought it my duty to inform Colonel Dinshah of what was going on and I wrote him a letter describing what Mrs. Hayes had said to me and what she was telling other members of the class. I received a reply from Colonel Dinshah in which he stated that Mrs. Hayes' suspicions and accusations were totally unfounded and that as he had nothing to hide and the girl was quite satisfied and happy in the work that she had taken up, he was not going to pay any attention to Mrs. Hayes' bombardment against him. He stated that he was quite sure that there was some mistake about the whole matter or else it was the result of some scheme or plot which had been started against him. I knew that Colonel Dinshah had been persecuted in many ways on account of his work, and dropped the matter waiting for further developments.

I heard very little more about this matter until January, 1925. At that time I received word of the serious illness of my father in Vancouver, B. C., and determined that I would arrange to take the Spectro-Chrome treatments to him. I had no apparatus but knowing that Mrs. Hayes had equipment and slides, I went to her and asked her for the loan of a machine which I knew that she had in her home. While I was at Mrs. Hayes' home trying to arrange for the loan of the machine she told me that she had been East and was not successful in getting an interview with either Colonel Dinshah or the girl. She said that the authorities prevented her from making any demonstration and that she had given that particular part of her investigation up and returned home. She stated, however, that she was sure that Geraldine was being mistreated and held a prisoner by Colonel Dinshah and that she was determined to bring him to justice. In that connection she stated that she had a very powerful organization behind her and that she would not have to spare any expense in putting Dinshah behind the bars and later having him deported to India and also kill Spectro-Chrome Therapy once and for all. She said that was what her program was and that she was going to bend every effort to successfully carrying out her plans as it would be well worth her while to do so, in addition to the satisfaction of beating Dinshah and getting her niece back in her home.

In questioning Mrs. Hayes, one of the most important things which I asked her was what reason she had to believe that Geraldine was not safe and comfortable and well treated. She answered by saying that she had her suspicions about Dinshah's character, honesty and integrity before Geraldine left the city with him. I said why then did you give your consent and approval to the girl leaving with him? She went as far as to say that in view of those suspicions she had arranged for the use of private pass words with Geraldine in correspondence between them. She did not state whether these pass words had been used or not. Mrs. Hayes' only reply to my question as to why she allowed Geraldine to leave with Colonel Dinshah when there was any suspicion in her mind regarding his character, was that both she and Mrs. Hayes' sister had had considerable trouble in controlling Geraldine. She said that Geraldine had formerly been in the keeping of Mrs. Hayes' sister and that she and Geraldine could not get along and that Geraldine had come to her. She told me that Geraldine was very fond of the boys and that she had to keep a constant watch for fear she would get into trouble.

Mrs. Hayes was very intense and bitter in her criticism and denunciation of Colonel Dinshah, although she made the statement that she firmly believed in his system "Spectro-Chrome Therapy" and was of the opinion that it was what the world had long been waiting for and that she herself had tested out the treatments on herself and some of her friends, with great success. At the close of the

Digitized by Google

interview with Mrs. Hayes I appealed to her common sense and good judgment and told her that in my estimation she had not sufficient grounds for making any of the aforesaid statements. She plainly told me that she intended to charge Dinshah with a violation of the White Slave Act and at that particular time, using her own words, said "I know Mr. Wright, that that charge is a very serious one and that if I am successful in getting the Government officials to make a case of it, that alone will spell doom for Dinshah's Spectro-Chrome Therapy and bring shame and disgrace upon all of you people who have had any connection with him or his work." I simply replied by saying that even if all her statements were true, that I would be inclined to place the greater responsibility upon her for allowing the girl to go away with Colonel Dinshah, especially in view of the fact that she had already made the statement to me that she had her suspicions of Dinshah's character even before she gave her written consent to the girl leaving with him. I asked her what she expected to gain by taking such action against Dinshah and reminded her that if she had not more sufficient cause and concrete evidence to back up her statements and suspicions, that she was treading on very dangerous ground. She replied by saying that she was not in the least afraid because, as she had already stated, she had a very powerful organization behind her. This particular interview with Mrs. Hayes ended by her making the statement to me that she was going to get Dinshah by hook or by crook in spite of Hell.

The next development in this matter was when Colonel Dinshah came to Portland in April, 1925, bringing with him Geraldine McCann for secretarial duties, in which capacity he had employed her. The purpose of Colonel Dinshah's visit here was to give a post graduate course in Spectro-Chrome Therapy and to demonstrate the Itisometer, a piece of apparatus invented by himself. I was not present at the opening of that graduate course, having had another important business engagement which I could not cancel. I understand from the other members of the class who were present, that Geraldine McCann got up before them and made quite a favorable statement regarding her relations with Dinshah and her connection with the Spectro-Chrome Institute at Malaga. The next day I was informed that Geraldine McCann had disappeared from the Portland Hotel and in a day or so Colonel Dinshah left for Seattle where he had arranged dates for the same purpose for which he came to Portland. A day or so afterwards I was called on the telephone by Mrs. Shaughnessy, a sister of Mrs. Hayes, informing me that Colonel Dinshah had been arrested in Seattle.

Signature, W. Caven E. Wright

STATEMENT OF UNDER SHERIFF JACOB K. TRYON

Sometime during the month of July, 1924, Sheriff Leap and myself, at request of District Attorney of Portland, Oregon, interviewed Geraldine McCann at the residence of Col. Dinshah Ghadiali at Malaga, N. J. When we got there the Col. was absent and had apparently recently moved his effects on the premises. The daughter admitted us and the McCann girl came in from another room. In the presence of the girl and the Colonel's wife and daughter we informed Miss McCann that we had been in communication with both her aunt and the authorities at Portland, Oregon, and that they had expressed a desire that we ascertain if she were satisfied and if she would return if a ticket were sent her. She stated to us that she was perfectly satisfied with her work and conditions in general and did not care to return under any circumstances. We informed her at that time that if she wished to leave she could do so, or words to that effect. She appeared to be normal and contented and not acting under repression, and could have left if she so desired.

We advised the District Attorney of Multnomah County, Oregon, of this in substance by wire and letter.

(Signed) Jacob K. Tryon
Under-Sheriff
Gloucester Co., N. J.

Digitized by Google

THE LETTER OF MARY S. HAYES TO SHERIFF HAROLD LEAP

1016 E. 7th Street, North
Portland, Oregon, September 8, 1924

Sheriff Leap,
Woodbury, N. J.

Dear Sir:

Some time ago through Chief of Police Jenkins of this city I wired you regarding an interview with my niece Geraldine McCann who left here to take a position as Secretary to Col. Dinshah P. Ghadiali of Malaga, New Jersey.

This Col. Dinshah was supposed to have a thirty acre country estate there where he had a laboratory. You also stated in your telegram that a letter would follow and as none ever followed I am quite worried and of the same opinion as the authorities that things are not right there and that this Dinshah is conducting a harem within the law.

I sent a man up there and he reported that there was nothing there except a Hindu colony. Will you kindly tell me all you saw and know of conditions there when you interviewed the girl who was shown to you as my niece.

I am enclosing a picture of my niece to see if this is the girl whom you interviewed, also an envelope (stamped) for return to me.
Thanking you in advance and awaiting a speedy answer,

Very sincerely yours

Mrs. Mary Hayes

I find this to be a true copy of a letter received by Sheriff Leap in the mail from a person signing herself as Mrs. Mary Hayes.

August 25, 1925

Jacob K. Tryon
Under Sheriff
Gloucester Co., N. J.
Woodbury, N. J., August 25, 1925.

WHAT THE NEGRO SAID ABOUT THE WHITE GIRL

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Harry Saunders, being first duly sworn say: that I was in the employ of Spectro-Chrome Institute (Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, President), from December, 1923 to January 6, 1925, as chauffeur and personal attendant; that I traveled with him and his wife and daughter from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, when they went to open classes in Spectro-Chrome Therapy; that in June, 1924, we went to Portland, Oregon, where in the Portland Hotel, Colonel Dinshah opened a class; that Mrs. Mary Hayes and Miss Geraldine McCann attended that class and took the work; that one day the Colonel informed me that Miss McCann was to accompany the Institute staff as an assistant; that when Colonel Dinshah was about to start for Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, from Portland, Oregon, Geraldine McCann's aunt, Mary Hayes seemed heartbroken and Colonel said, "It is not too late yet; she has not yet left Portland; take her home with you; if she wants to change her mind later, she had better stay here; it is no cinch to take a person and train them and then have them want to pay their carefare back to their home town. It is entirely up to her. I have nothing to say in the matter. I am looking for faithful workers and not temperamental people who do not know their own mind." The girl was very much enthused to be employed by Spectro-Chrome Institute; that Mrs. Hayes later appeared as though she wanted to get rid of the girl; that several times Mrs. Hayes said that she would like to travel with the Colonel herself as she wanted to get

Digitized by Google

right into the work; that she was so enthused that she put her arms around my neck and hugged and kissed me on the cheek.

That Colonel Dinshah left on Sunday morning, June 22, 1924, for Seattle, Washington, alone; that during that day, Miss McCann was with Colonel Dinshah's wife and daughter; that on the way back east we traveled by train through San Francisco, California; Los Angeles, California; Chicago, Illinois, to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; that all the way the Colonel and I were in a Pullman Compartment and the three girls were in the adjoining Drawing Room; that after arriving in Philadelphia, where Spectro-Chrome Institute was located, we moved to Malaga, New Jersey, three days later, on July 10, 1924, that shortly after moving to Malaga, Miss McCann came around where I worked, usually when I was alone and talked to me and hung around me and when I tried to avoid her, fearing she would get me in trouble, she started writing notes to me; that I told her this was wrong, but she said that no one would ever find out about us; that the first note was writetn before my departure for Detroit, Michigan, with Colonel Dinshah in August, 1924; that after we returned from Detroit on September 6, 1924 to Malaga, the girl stopped writing notes for a short time; that I felt glad because I thought she would now let me alone and stop having these uncalled-for secret conversations, but, she did not let me alone very long, for, as soon as Colonel Dinshah started his Wilmington, Delaware Class, October 20, 1924, she returned to her old method of letter writing; that some weeks she wrote notes every day except Sunday; that I always answered them and she gave them back and I destroyed them; that I even went so far as to hurt her feelings in an endeavor to compel her to discontinue writing these notes to me by offering her diamonds and also offered to take her to a hotel; that she did not approve of this and stated in one of her notes that she would be going to her home town (referring to Portland, Oregon) soon and I would go with her and she would show me the time of my life and that I could go as far as I liked with her; that then, when I saw that I was getting to the danger mark and as she seemed quite anxious to return to her home town and always claimed she could not mail a letter out without the Colonel seeing it and reading it, I disobeyed my employer's rules by suggesting or telling her to write a letter to her brother and that I would mail it for her and would have answer from her brother come to my address and on receipt of said letter I was to give same to her; that in one note to me she told me that she did not like to write to her people about wanting to go back to them because she was very unhappy when she was with them; that in another note she said if there were any more scraps in the Colonel's house she was going to leave and in another note she said that she had no money so she could not leave; that she certainly talked like an insane person and during our conversations I had reason to believe she was crazy because she would peculiarly wander from one subject to another; that her insanity is one reason why I withheld statements that I am now making, because I sympathized with her affliction, but, my sympathy for her tales which I later found out to be downright lies, lost me my job which was a wonderful life career; that in the January of this year, my wife found in my coat pocket some parts of love letters written by Miss McCann to me and she (my wife) wrote to the Colonel about it that the Colonel sent me from Malaga to Philadelphia to bring my wife to Malaga, which I did; that then Colonel Dinshah stated in front of my wife that he had frequently offered Miss McCann fare back to Portland because her relatives were creating trouble for him; that this was in January, 1925, and Miss McCann said that it was true that she could return to Portland if she so desired; that she said that the reason she wrote those notes to me was that she was really happy with the Colonel's family, but that every time letters came from her relatives she was put out of commission because she wanted to forget her wretched past life in Portland; that in fact, I realized full well that she was as free as the waters of the sea while she was with Spectro-Chrome Institute and I could not understand why if she was unhappy the way she had written in her notes to me she did not leave right then and there because there was nothing to prevent her and she had a bank account of her own; that in January, 1925, when Mr. Austin and three assistants of Austin and Turner were installing a new electric pump and boring a well, Miss McCann was doing secretarial work in the office and was about the grounds of the Institute and she even went into the cellar where the plumbers were working; that she looked perfectly healthy and happy which illustrated that Colonel Dinshah was doing everything in his power to help the girl forget her unhappy past so that she would be happy in the career she had so willingly chosen; that if his own daughter wanted him to buy something for her (the daughter), the daughter requested him to buy double so that Miss McCann

Digitized by Google

vould have everything the same; for instance, when Colonel bought his daughter a icycle, Miss McCann received one also from the Institute account; that the Colonel iad and has his private automobile as well as a truck for commercial purposes, but, or the pleasure of the girls and so they could go out alone when they pleased, Spectro-Chrome Institute has a Chevrolet touring car exclusively for the use of he girls; that Colonel Dinshah taught his daughter and Miss McCann to drive this utomobile and got them both a New Jersey license in Camden, New Jersey; that nything the McCann girl requested and if it was within the Colonel's means, she lways received; that at times, as I lived in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and it was vinter time, Mrs. Dinshah would have me get groceries and green groceries for her rom there; that anything Miss McCann requested regardless of cost she got from he Institute account, whether it was mushrooms or tomatoes or milk; that at Hotel orraine in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on November 28-29-30, 1924, I was present t the Fourth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spectro-Chrome herapists and Miss McCann spoke from the platform; that she spoke enthusiasically and said that she was very highly pleased at being Assistant Secretary of Spectro-Chrome Institute; that she constantly said she was more than proud o be connected with the humanitarian activities of Spectro-Chrome Institute and vas glad to have the honor of being Assistant Secretary at the Institute; that when Miss McCann came to Malaga from Portland, she looked unhealthy and her face vas full of red pimples; that after living a few months in the beautiful sunshine t Malaga, inhaling the fresh air and eating pure vegetarian meals, her pimples ecame less and she looked better and when I was discharged on January 6, 1925, Miss McCann was the picture of health; that she looked like a different person with hose red blotches gone from her face; that she certainly appeared strong and stout nd robust; that she never said in conversation that she disliked the diet, but, she id say that she was tired of it in one letter that she wrote to me; that this letter vas written during the time that she was acting as secretary in the Philadelphia lass in December, 1924.

That while Colonel Dinshah was resting just before the commencement of he classwork each day, Miss McCann was in the classroom with the students nd mingled freely with them during the Wilmington, Delaware and Philadelphia, ennsylvania Courses; that Miss McCann bothered me more than ever in December nd January; that she ran after me like a street woman all the time after the Philalelphia Course was over; that Colonel Dinshah naturally believed she was on the evel, because he had no proof of her deceit; that when he discovered that she was naking love to me, he discharged me to save disgrace to all concerned; my wife was oing to name Miss McCann as a co-respondent in a divorce suit and it was only hrough the kindness of Colonel Dinshah that this girl was saved the dishonor and lisgrace, and my home was kept intact; that Miss McCann told the Colonel so many ies about me that he defended her; that he treated her like a daughter; that she cted like a member of the family.

That in a jocular way once in December, 1924, I asked her, "How many men ave you had or have you ever had a man?" That she replied, "I have never had man the way you mean, but it has always been my misfortune to fall in love with narried men and you are the fourth"; that when I asked her "Am I acquainted vith any of the men that you have been in love with?" she stated that the Colonel vas one of them; that then I asked her, "Does the Colonel know this?" and she aid to me, "What the Hell do you think I am? A Fool! The Colonel would kick ne out if I was to dare approach him." That then I asked, "What are my chances?" That she still made the same statement, "I will show you the time of your life in ortland and there you may go the limit." That in the latter part of December, 924, Miss McCann talked about going home and constantly made the remark or omplaint that she wanted to write but was unable to do so and I stated to her, If you want to break one of the rules of the Institute what is there to stop you rom writing?" That I arranged to use my address in Philadelphia as a go-between ost Office address; that she gave me a letter to mail to her brother and I received reply from him for her; that I was employed by Spectro-Chrome Institute (Colonel inshah P. Ghadiali, President) for about one year; that I never saw Colonel inshah visit other people or have visitors except on business and never saw him ouch any woman except his wife or daughter; that he never interviewed a woman lone in classwork or otherwise; that he never even told me to leave the room vhen he had private consultations or conferences with people in the classwork; that always traveled with Colonel Dinshah as his chauffeur and personal attendant;

Digitized by Google

that I never saw Colonel Dinshah in friendly or affectionate attitude toward the McCann girl and never heard anyone else accuse him of such conduct.

That I never saw anything wrong between Colonel Dinshah and Miss McCann; that in September, 1924, Mrs. Dinshah, Miss Dinshah and Miss McCann went to Wildwood, New Jersey on a vacation; that Colonel Dinshah drove from Wildwood to Malaga, New Jersey early each morning and arrived in Malaga before 9 A. M., which was my arrival time leaving the three girls there to use their time as they wished; that after attending to business from before 9 A. M., to about 6 P. M., he returned by automobile to Wildwood, New Jersey and there taught the girls to drive the Chevrolet automobile; that when they returned they drove like experienced drivers and in about a week took the test and passed the New Jersey drivers' examination; that when they returned from Wildwood, Miss McCann appeared as happy and contented as could be; that thereafter, many times she drove the automobile alone to the Post Office and the Railroad Station at Malaga, New Jersey; that Miss McCann and Miss Dinshah were such close companions, that many people thought they were sisters.

Further deponent sayeth not.

Signature, Harry Saunders, S.C.T.

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 4th day of September, 1925
Griffith R. Rees
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires April 25, 1927

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Harry Saunders, being first duly sworn say: that I reside at 2330 North Fawn Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; that when employed by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, President, Spectro-Chrome Institute of Malaga, New Jersey, I traveled with him as an assistant; that when Colonel Dinshah was conducting in Portland, Oregon, the usual Spectro-Chrome Therapy Course, Geraldine McCann took said Course together with her aunt, Mrs. Mary Hayes; that Geraldine McCann squeezed my hand frequently during the said Course; that about three days before leaving Portland, Geraldine McCann and I were alone in the room and she told me that she was going to travel with Colonel Dinshah but not to tell him she told me; that even at this time she made to me many overtures as a flirt; that Miss McCann asked me if I was traveling alone and if I had no affinity with me; that I told her I was married and my wife was home; that the day before leaving Portland for Malaga, New Jersey, Colonel Dinshah introduced Geraldine McCann to me and said that she was our new assistant; that on arriving in Malaga, we had not been on the premises even five days before Geraldine McCann made several efforts to gain my personal attention; that one afternoon about July 15, 1924, Geraldine McCann became ill; that she said she had headache and cramps and Colonel Dinshah requested her to go upstairs and rest; that at that time I was unpacking books and in carrying them upstairs to the room assigned to said books I was compelled to go through the room and pass by where the said Geraldine McCann was reclining; that every time I passed her she said, "Harry, come here and sit down and talk to me"; that one time when I went past her she grabbed me by the arm and almost made me drop the books; that at that time I respected her and ignored her advances; that as I was leaving for home that evening Geraldine McCann was standing at the window upstairs and waved her hand and whistled to me; that during the same month when a Government Agent came to Malaga and asked Colonel Dinshah about Geraldine McCann, I was called in to the room and questioned; that I saw in said room Geraldine McCann, Colonel Dinshah, his wife Irene Grace Dinshah, his daughter Kashmira Dinshah with the said Government Agent.

Further deponent sayeth not.

Digitized by Google

Signature, Harry Saunders

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 24th day of October, 1925
Griffith R. Rees
Notary Public of Philadelphia
My Commission expires April 25, 1927

WHAT THE NEGRO SAID OF FEDERAL AGENTS

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Harry Saunders, being first duly sworn say: that after I was discharged by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, President of Spectro-Chrome Institute of Malaga, New Jersey, on January 6, 1925, I was employed as night watchman by the Broad Street National Bank of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; that one day during the early part of May, 1925, I came home from the said bank; that when I arrived home it was around 8 o'clock in the morning and the doorbell rang while I was waiting for my breakfast in the kitchen; that my wife went to the door and a man there asked, "Does Harry Saunders who works in a bank and used to work for a Colonel in Malaga, New Jersey, live here?"; that my wife said, "Yes"; that I wondered who it was who knew so much about me; that without showing credentials or license, the man walked in; I got up and said, "I am Harry Saunders"; that his name as I remember it was Bolan or something that sounded like it; that he asked, "Do you know Colonel Dinshah?"; that I replied, "Yes, I worked for him"; that he said, "I want a statement from you; you got yourself in a lot of trouble"; that at the moment it made me feel that Colonel Dinshah was still angry at me and was getting back at me or wreaking revenge on me; that I said to my wife, "What the Hell does the Colonel mean by getting back at me; what is done is done; he fired me and that ends it;" that the said unknown visitor said, "The Colonel is arrested"; that hearing this I was startled and asked, "What for?"; that he said, "Don't get excited"; that I said, "That's my business; I am in my own house and I'll do as I please"; that I felt much worried; that he said, "If you don't watch yourself you'll be dragged into the mess; you know very well, Harry Saunders, what you have done"; that he then pulled out some official letters which showed him to be from the Department of Justice; that my wife said, "Why my husband is one of the Colonel's graduates"; that the Department of Justice Agent asked me if I had any papers of Colonel Dinshah; that I gave him the Compendium of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and the Biographical Sketch of Colonel Dinshah; that after he got me all jammed up, he said, "The Colonel is arrested on the Pacific Coast; that Geraldine McCann was taken from him"; I asked, "What are the charges?"; that he said, "For holding the girl against her will and performing illegal operations"; that he further stated that Colonel Dinshah's wife and daughter were there when the operations were performed; that my wife exclaimed, "That girl is a damned liar; even though Colonel discharged my husband on the girl's account, I could never believe such a man like the Colonel would do such terrible things"; that I asked, "Is the Colonel arrested now?"; that he said, "We have him and he is under $10,000.00 bail; there is another charge against him because when they tried to arrest him, he fired at the officials"; that I said, "Why come to me?"; that he replied, "We know you were employed by the Colonel and we saw you time and time again there at Malaga when you did not know it yourself"; that I asked, "How come you know about me in Malaga?"; that he answered, "We have been out on the watch for the Colonel for a long while; if you want to keep out of this, tell a straight story"; that he departed, saying, "You will hear from me again"; that I never saw him or heard from him again.

Further deponent sayeth not.

Signature, Harry Saunders

Digitized by Google

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 24th day of October, 1925
Griffith R. Rees
Notary Public of Philadelphia
My Commission expires April 25, 1927

WHAT THE NEGRO'S WIFE SAID OF WHITE GIRL

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA } ss.

I, Priscilla Saunders, being first duly sworn say: that I am the wife of Harry Saunders and live with him and our children at 2330 North Fawn Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; that during the early part of January of this year, I found certain notes written by Geraldine McCann an assistant of Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, President of Spectro-Chrome Institute of Malaga, New Jersey, to my husband Harry Saunders, underneath the cloth on our dining room table; that having on various occasions seen my husband writing letters to said Geraldine McCann, I read them; that they were love letters written by Geraldine McCann to my husband; that I promptly wrote to Colonel Dinshah about the existence of such an affair and the next day my husband came home in the afternoon saying that Colonel Dinshah wanted to see me to get first hand information; that in pursuance of the request I went with my husband to Malaga, New Jersey on January 6, 1925, and was interviewed by Colonel Dinshah in the presence of his wife Irene Grace Dinshah and his daughter Kashmira Dinshah; that Geraldine McCann was also present at this interview; that Colonel Dinshah asked Geraldine McCann to explain her improper conduct. but, she hesitated and finally broke down muttering that she did not know what she did or why she did it; that when I asked her why she wrote love letters to my husband, she said that she was lonesome; that Colonel Dinshah asked her, "Have I not time and time again offered you $200.00 (Two Hundred Dollars) as return fare to Portland?"; that Geraldine McCann admitted he had offered her the fare back to Portland; that Colonel Dinshah asked Miss McCann, "Are you not ashamed of your conduct? Do you want to go back to Portland now?"; that she replied, "No!"; that after the Colonel read the said love letters, I wanted them back, saying, "I will produce them in the court and get a divorce and name Geraldine McCann as a co-respondent"; that then Colonel Dinshah earnestly pleaded with me to forgive the girl and to let him keep the letters, saying that if I dragged the girl as a co-respondent in the court the girl's life would be ruined; that the Colonel said the girl had behaved very foolishly but that she was sorry for her actions; that thus appealed to, I let the Colonel keep the said parts of love letters and went away with my husband whom the Colonel discharged; that had it not been for Colonel Dinshah's kind intervention, I would have gone to court for divorce and named Geraldine McCann as co-respondent:

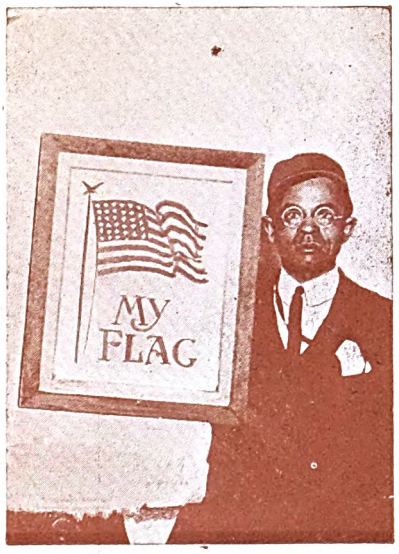
Further deponent sayeth not.

Signature, Priscilla Saunders

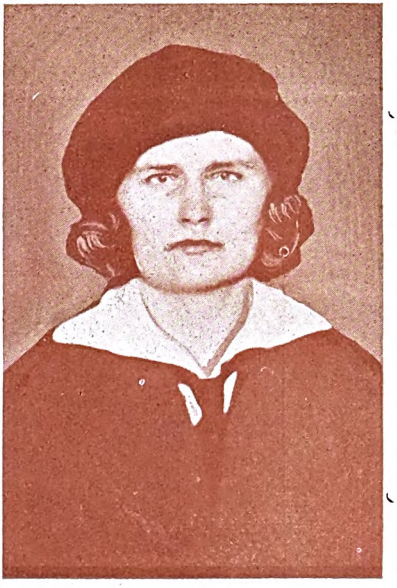
Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 24th day of October, 1925
Griffith R. Rees
Notary Public of Philadelphia
My Commission expires April 25, 1927

Digitized by Google

WHAT GERRY FELL FOR



HARRY SAUNDERS



GERALDINE McCANN

WHAT HARRY FELL FOR

"DEAR H—

"Oh you're a peach—If all you wish is to take me in your arms then some day you may have the pleasure—Harry if you only knew how hungry I am (may be it is for love)—will tell you if you hold me too tightly—you always get what you want—I am not tired of you writing me notes". (TESTIMONY)

THE GANG OF PERJURORS

MARY S. HAYES

—"She was so enthused that she put her arms around my neck and hugged and kissed me—"

(HARRY SAUNDERS—PAGE 636)

HARRIET M. DARCE

This mouth uttered the vilest, filthiest and coarsest lies of any.

(TESTIMONY—PAGE 128)

THE ARCH PLOTTER

THE CONSPIRATORS

THE WICKED ABETTER

Digitized by Google

As Commander, New York Police Reserve Air Service 1918.

By Order Of Special Deputy Police Commissioner Rodman Wanamaker, Dinshah Organized A Complete Air Force To Protect The City Of New York. For His Services, He Was Presented The Liberty Medal, By The Mayor.

COLONEL DINSHAH P. GHADIALI

FOR HIS SERVICES TO HUMANITY,
AS THE ORIGINATOR OF SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY
THE SCIENCE OF THERAPEUTICAL PRECISION,
THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
CONFERRED ON HIM THE TITLE OF

WHITE SLAVER.

Federal Attorney George Neuner — "Hell is full of such humanitarians." (Page 191)

Federal Attorney Joseph O. Stearns, Jr. — "This man—beastly thing—if we can call him man." (Page 188)

Digitized by Google

ABOUT SUNDRY MATTERS

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND } ss

I, Theodore L. Franks, being first duly sworn say that I am an Agent of the Prudential Insurance Company of America for Malaga and the vicinity and live in Vineland, New Jersey. My duty in this business takes me to Malaga every week and I have known the principals in this case personally ever since they came to live in Malaga. I read the certified transcript of record of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case and knowing the true facts have no hesitation in stating that the said testimony is false. The true facts are as follows:

I personally spoke to Geraldine McCann many times and if she ever intimated or even hinted that she was held there against her will I would have as an American citizen immediately reported the facts to the State Police who have a Substation at Malaga. In fact, I saw her in conversation with the members of the State Police many times on the highway and the garage of W. E. Smith at Malaga. I frequently saw her on the public highway in either the Colonel's car, or on a bicycle, also walking. I also saw her as far away as Vineland and Pitman, New Jersey, alone. I have no interest in either party whatever and make this statement only as an American citizen who wishes the right thing done. I stand ready at any time to give further information, because there is no doubt in my mind after reading the testimony about the girl's life at Malaga, that she committed perjury.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature THEODORE FRANKS.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 14th day of April, 1926.
ROWLAND C. POTTER.
Notary Public of New Jersey.
My commission expires 2-8-29.

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF NEW JERSEY }
COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER } ss.

I, Wilbur P. Dennis, being first duly sworn say that I and my wife live in Malaga, New Jersey, and have been living there for a number of years. I am a teacher in Strayer's Business College in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I live on the grounds right next to the premises of Spectro-Chrome Institute. I read certain parts of the transcript of the testimony of Miss Geraldine McCann in the above case and would say from my personal knowledge that her story about being kept under restraint by Colonel Dinshah is entirely false. The facts are as follows:

I was introduced to Colonel Dinshah and his secretary Miss Geraldine McCann by Mr. Fred H. Birkby, the former owner of the estate now occupied by Spectro-Chrome Institute. Later, I saw Geraldine McCann frequently bicycling on the Harding Highway. I also saw her at the Railroad Depot of Malaga, the Post Office and moving around the Institute grounds. I never noticed anything that would cause me to suspect that her movements about the premises were in any way restricted. From my window I command a full view of all the buildings of Spectro-Chrome Institute. I never saw anything unusual or out of the ordinary. Being neighbors and being white people, Miss McCann could easily have had communicated with me if she were under the restraints she talks about in her testimony.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature WILBUR P. DENNIS (Seal)

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 4th day of May, 1926.
LANGDON W. HARRIS,
Notary Public of New Jersey.
Newfield, N. J.
My Commission Expires June 7, 1930.

Digitized by Google

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA)
) ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA)

I, Arthur W. Nolte, being first duly sworn say that I am the District Manager of the Atlas Oil Burner Company, of 1828 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I know the defendant in the above case since November 1924, when I visited his Spectro-Chrome Institute at Malaga, New Jersey, to give an estimate on Oil Burners for his estate. I read certain parts of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the Transcript of Record and have no hesitation in saying that her testimony is false in many respects. The true facts are as follows:

I am a white man. I visited Spectro-Chrome Institute many times between November, 1924 and March, 1925. I saw Geraldine McCann four or five times there and spoke to her during Colonel Dinshah's absence. I saw her bicycling on the road and driving an automobile alone. I did not see any restriction or watch on her movements.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature ARTHUR W. NOLTE

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 14th day of May, 1926
HENRY COOKE.
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires March 7, 1929

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA)
) ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA)

I, Gustave M. Carlson, being first duly sworn say that I am the Engineer of the Atlas Oil Burner Company and live at 2956 North Stillman Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I read certain portions of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case and because of my knowledge of the facts, I declare such testimony to be untrue.

From the first week of November, 1924, until late in February, 1925, I worked four days in succession at Spectro-Chrome Institute, Malaga, New Jersey. I had free access to the laboratory, residence, garage and printing plant and I talked to Geraldine McCann over a dozen times alone. I saw her riding a bicycle alone. I spoke to her on different parts of the property. Many times I heard her singing. I have seen people in trance, but whenever I saw Miss McCann she appeared to me to be free from restraint, going wherever she pleased and when I talked with her she always smiled. I also spoke to Harry Saunders who worked at the Institute. I am a white man. If Miss McCann needed help she had every chance of telling me.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature GUSTAVE M. CARLSON

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 14th day of May, 1926
HENRY COOKE,
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires March 7, 1929

Digitized by Google

AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA)
) ss.
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA)

I, Sara Howland Pyne, being first duly sworn say that I live in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. After learning the details of the testimony of Geraldine McCann in the above case I say that in many places it is untrue.

At *no* time during the class-work of December 1924 held at the Hotel Lorraine, Philadelphia, did Miss McCann appear to be under anyone's influence. As for *freedom* I saw her in the lobby of the Hotel Lorraine *alone*, went up in the elevator with her and we talked about the teachings of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and food. One night during the class-work Colonel Dinshah called Harry (the colored man); no answer from Harry. The Colonel clapped his hands. Miss McCann appeared, followed in a second or two by Harry. They had been in the small room (or entrance hall) talking for at least fifteen minutes. There shadows could plainly be seen on the glass panel of the door.

Further affiant sayeth not.

Signature SARA HOWLAND PYNE

Subscribed and Sworn to
Before me
This 17th day of May, 1926
NORMAN W. GODSHALL,
Notary Public of Pennsylvania
My Commission expires January 20, 1930

Many more will be submitted on demand to prove the perjury.

CHAPTER 132

What Ails Geraldine?

The reader might ask, "What made Geraldine perjure?" It can not be answered in a moment; there are many causes and the following are a few of them. Any might be true, as not:

1.—Hereditary taint. Her mother was placed in a lunatic asylum. The record in the New Wesminster Asylum, near Vancouver, B. C., Canada, has it that she was there for **Korsakoff's Psychosis,** December 24, 1924. Prior to that she was confined in Saskatchewan. This disorder is according to medical authorities, "A Polyneuritic psychosis, characterized by failure of memory, imaginary reminiscences, and sometimes marked hallucinations with agitation." Her mother had two criminal abortions according to the girl's own testimony performed by a Catholic physician, and the daughter's mind is perhaps disordered. One of her maternal aunts is also insane. If the eyes of Geraldine McCann be examined for this, certain unmistakable signs will be noticed. She can tell a lie without a wink.

2.—Sex disappointment as evidenced by her letters to Harry Saunders.
3.—Sex derangement as indicated by "The Peculiar Odor."
4.—Malicious revenge on me because of separating her from the negro.
5.—Inducement of some ulterior character given by an opponent.
6.—Bribery by some unknown-to-me opponent.
7.—Sex control by some man.
8.—Sex domination by Mary S. Hayes.
9.—Mischief deliberately concocted.
10.—Suddenly conceived hatred for those whom she formerly adored.
11.—Compulsion under threats by officials.
12.—Obsession through preconceived notions.
13.—Obsession through outside entity.

Digitized by Google

I can enumerate many other potential causes and if I had an opportunity of speaking to her, I could have fathomed the truth behind her wicked, intentional and disastrous perjury, so heartless, so ungrateful, so perfidious.

May she answer her conscience!

WHO FRAMED ME?

1920
"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"

1921
"AND HE SHALL LIGHT THE WAY"

Digitized by Google

Railroading A Citizen

PART 7

MY APPEAL TO AMERICA FOR JUSTICE

CHAPTER 133

ONE SIDED PERSECUTION

Many matters entered in this case from the prosecution, but, a legal fence was erected against the defendant's side. Correspondence was admitted for the prosecution, but, what the other side had to show was blocked. Here are samples and Beckman had exceptions:—

THE COURT: I think they may be introduced.

MR. BECKMAN: May I have an exception to your Honor's ruling?

MR. STEARNS: They will be Plaintiff's Exhibits E and F. The first letter, gentlemen, is dated August 31, 1925, "S-C. Time: Purple 30 B," whatever that may signify. I suppose it signifies the time of day.

"Mr. Harry Saunders, 2417 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"Harry:

"1. Enclosed are three copies of the affidavit.

"2. Please sign and swear them before a Notary Public and return all of them promptly in the enclosed envelope.

"3. Enclosed is also a check for $5.00 (Five Dollars) to cover the notarial fees and carfare.

"4. In accordance with your request you will find enclosed a copy of the January, 1925, issue of Spectro-Chrome containing a report of the Convention in which your speech is reported.

"Yours sincerely, Dinshah."

Digitized by Google

(Said letter was thereupon marked PLAINTIFF'S EXHIBIT E.)

MR. STEARNS: This letter is dated "October 8, 1925. Chronos: Green 21 E.

"Mr. Harry Saunders, 2330 N. Fawn Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

"Harry:

"1. Your letter of the seventh current asking for an interview reached me this morning.

2. I shall be home all day Saturday and you may let me know what time you will come on that day.

"3. Some time in the afternoon or evening would be better.

"Yours sincerely, Dinshah."

(Said letter was marked PLAINTIFF'S EXHIBIT F.)

MR. STEARNS: You have no objection. This letter, gentlemen, reads as follows:

"My dear Friend: In reading your sister's letter, use good judgment when you answer the letter. Do not say anything of her sending this letter as it would bring disgrace" underscored "for both of us. I am the Colonel's personal assistant. So answer as your sister stated. Also answer the letter she sent you typewritten at Malaga. But" underscored "for the Holy God say nothing about this one. When you answer this one send it to my address as stated below.

"Mr. Harry Saunders, 2330 N. Fawn St., Philadelphia, Penn.

"Send your sister's letter in a envelope and

Digitized by Google

put it in another envelope and send to above address. Now if you do not make any mistakes in her next letter I will tell you a lot she has left unsaid.

"So I would close now. Hoping to receive an early reply from you, and do not tell a living soul about this letter. You be sure and send to right address.

"From Harry Saunders, 2330 N. Fawn St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania."

(Said letter, having been previously marked for identification, was marked received as PLAINTIFF'S EXHIBIT D.)

CHAPTER 134

Conflicting Counsel

There is a proverb, "Where elephants fight, the trees suffer." It was true in my case. I had asked John J. Beckman about publishing my case. He thought it might do good, it might do no good. It depended upon what I published. I had consulted George Olson, the eversmiling optimist. He thought it was a good idea. My Association (my graduates), clamored to know all. I went to my New York lawyer. He said I should print everything in detail, but nothing should be issued to the public until the Appeal was decided. The Associates of a certain centre, found a "big gun" of a lawyer for fighting the Appeal and pressed me to take his advice. I traveled two thousand miles to hear his opinion. He would take my case, but the terms were unsuitable. He told me publicity would do no good. I consulted a lawyer in Vineland, N. J. He was hopeful good would come by publication. Publish all. I had a conference with a lawyer in Pitman, N. J. He liked the idea of publication partially, but thought it was waste of money. People who would read a book could not give me any "justice." People had no power. Who had? Well, perhaps some politicians. Where could I meet them? How could they know about the injustice? Well, give them the Transcript of Record; that is enough. Who the goodness would read 784 pages? O, they need not read them!

I was referred to a prominent attorney-at-law in Washington, D. C. After hearing me for an hour he sympathetically asked me, "Well, Colonel, what do you want me to do?" I thanked him and returned.

A lawyer friend in Boston, Massachusetts said, "I hope that the contents of this book will stir the readers to the fact of the price which pioneers frequently must pay to bring knowledge to the world."

A reputable firm of lawyers in Connecticut whom I consulted, after reading the complete Transcript of Record said the case was the biggest frameup they ever read. To them the case appeared unusually interesting.

Digitized by Google

I could not find a person to whom I could look for final authoritative advice. I was even told that my publication might be construed as contempt of Court. Which Court? I am not saying anything of the future of my case. I am only claiming and exercising my human birthright of free speech and free expression of my opinion on what already transpired and claim my unchallengable right to publish my grievance before the American public. None respects a Court more than I do. The Trial Court certainly treated me well when I was on the stand. My complaint is against the entire system, my persecutors and the perjurors.

The public pays and the public suffers. The public is positively entitled to know everything, to know the truth. My faith is pinned as on the Almighty, on the mighty public. I look to that public to see that my innocence shall be declared and that America may not have on its head the crime of

RAILROADING A CITIZEN.

I placed unreservedly facts before the public; I ventilated the truth; I should not be pilloried for exercising what is my birthright.

CHAPTER 135

Who Are These Parsees?

During my trial, many attempts were made to show me as a "Hindu" and many attempts were also made to asperse the Zoroastrian religion. They showed their utter ignorance.

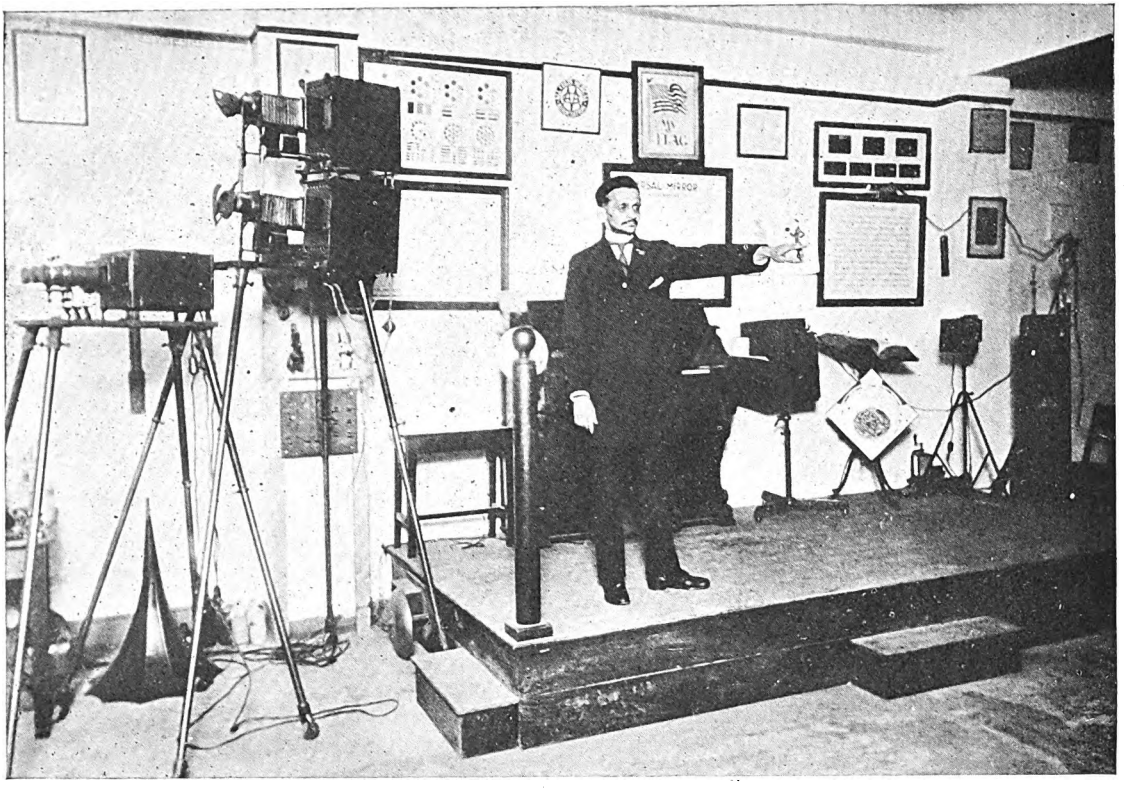
The Hindus are entirely a different nation from the Parsees. The Hindus, 200 million in number, form the aboriginal population of India, while the Parsees, less than 100,000 in number, form that population of India, which is descended from the ancient Persians who ruled in Persia 1300 years ago and who, to protect their religion from the persecution of the Arabs emigrated to India.

The Parsees as a nation are held by the British Government in high esteem and of all races and nations of Asiatic birth, they pioneer and represent the highest phases of modern civilization in their adopted land—India. No better description can be given of this nation than is given in the Encyclopaedia Brittanica. Here are some excerpts:

"Cultivated in literature and journalism. The men are well formed, active, handsome and intelligent. They have light olive complexions, a fine aquiline nose, bright black eyes, a well-turned chin, heavy arched eyebrows and usually wear a light curling mustache. The women are delicate in frame, with small hands and feet, fair complexions, beautiful black eyes, finely arched eyebrows and a profusion of long black hair, which they dress to perfection and ornament with pearls and gems. The Parsees are much more liberal in their treatment of women than any other Asiatic race; they allow them to appear freely in public, and leave them the entire management of household affairs.

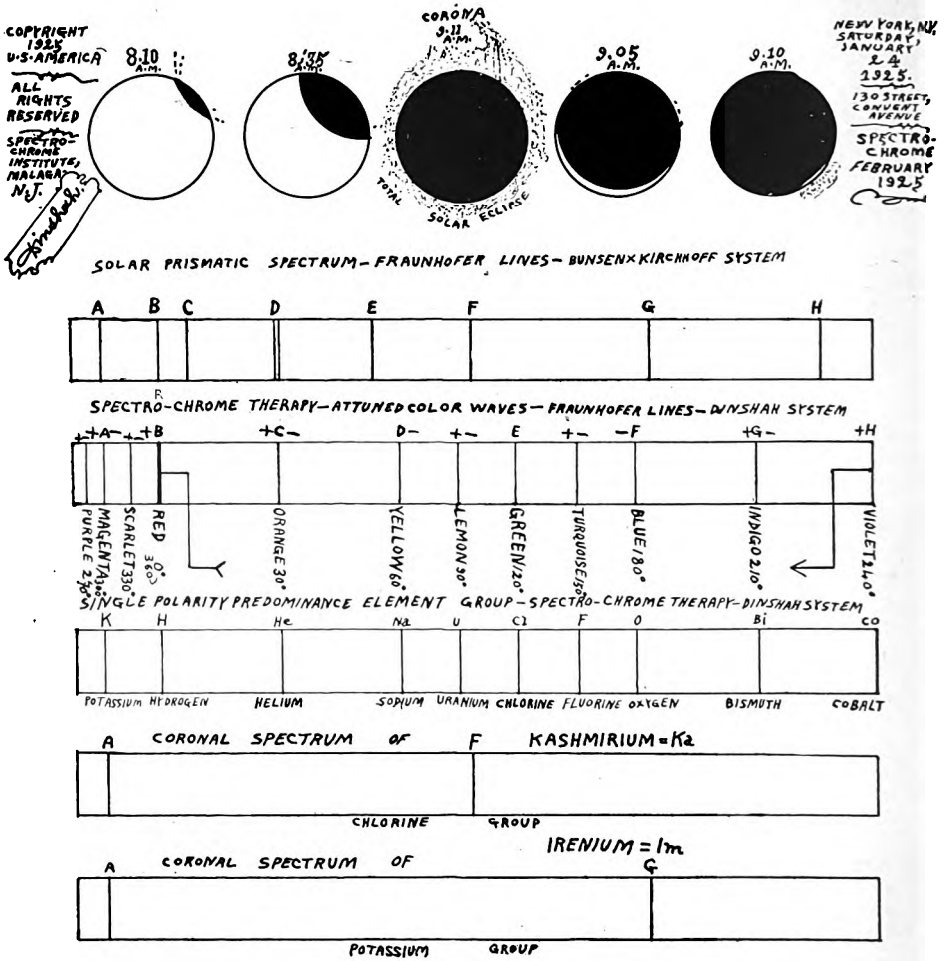
"The characteristic costume is very picturesque in appearance. The head is covered. It would not be respectful to uncover in presence of an equal, much less of a superior.

Digitized by Google



DINSHAH—ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM
COMPLETING HIS FIRST COURSE IN SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY
24 E. 42d. STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y., MARCH 7, 1921,

Digitized by Google



DISCOVERY OF
TWO NEW SOLAR ELEMENTS
IRENIUM AND KASHMIRIUM

BY

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI

Geraldine McCann was present with the observing party, at Bronx, New York and saw the Fraunhofer Lines through a Spectroscope.

It was reported in SPECTRO-CHROME of February 1925.

Digitized by Google

"The teachings of their religion require life to be commenced in humility, and by good thoughts, words and actions alone can an elevated position be attained either in this world or the next.

"The secular affairs of the Parsees are managed by an elective committee. Objects are to preserve unity and justice amongst the followers of Zoroaster. One law is singular in its difference from the custom of any other native community in Asia; nobody who has a wife living shall marry another.

"Their religion teaches them benevolence as the first principle, and no people practice it with more liberality. A beggar among the Parsees is unknown, and would be a scandal to the society. The sagacity, activity and commercial enterprise of the Parsees are proverbial in the east, and their credit as merchants is almost unlimited.

"The Parsees have shown themselves most desirous of receiving the benefit of an English education; and their eagerness to embrace the science and literature of the west has been conspicuous in the wide spread of female education. In recent years many have taken to the professions of law and medicine, and a Parsee barrister was appointed a judge of the High Court at Bombay in 1906. Two Parsees have also been the only natives of India elected to the House of Commons."

I would here like to ask Messrs. George Neuner and Joseph O. Stearns, Jr., whether I should have any reason to be ashamed of a nation with the above stated character. The way they spoke of the Parsees, showed their total ignorance.

Here is some more. It is from the New York Evening Journal, the most widely circulated evening daily in the United States and edited by the most highly-paid editor in the world, Arthur Brisbane:

"Limited in number but mighty in influence are the Parsees who hold the wealth of Bombay in the hollow of their hands and dwell in the loveliest mansions around the coast. They conform to European customs, and live as much like Europeans as is possible."

Here is some from **"Indika,"** written by Reverend John F. Hurst, D.D., LL.D., and published by Harper and Brothers, New York:

"The Parsees have been an important factor in the development of the country during the last two centuries.

"No sooner did people from Portugal, France, and England arrive than they saw the wealth of the Parsees, their capacity for business, and their perfect reliability in all commercial matters.

"Amazing commercial prosperity of the Parsees. All the factories represented by foreign nations in Surat employed Parsees as their chief brokers, and could not have carried on their great operations without them.

"Loyal to the country as an English possession.

"Their benevolence has been commensurate with their growth in wealth. There is nothing which a Parsee more enjoys than giving freely to a needy cause. His heart seems to be in his hand. He is

Digitized by Google

touched by an appeal to his sympathy. Some of the largest and most beautiful charities and educational institutions have been established by them as direct gifts to the country.

"First Parsee baronet created by England, in recognition of his many benevolences and his sterling character.

"Mr. Dinshah, said to be the wealthiest Parsee in Bombay, has established many charities among his own people, and also in the general interests of the country.

"I have never seen such extensive charities grouped within so narrow a compass as among these Parsees of Bombay.

"Exhibited a great fondness for literature. Have received foreign recognition. High tribute to their scholarship and candor.

"The present Parsee faith is the system of Zoroaster. Monotheism lies at its base. Not many gods, but only one. God according to the Parsee faith, is the emblem of glory, refulgence and light. It ascribes no immoral acts to the object of worship; sanctions no immoral acts as part of its worship; none of its worship is marked by cruel acts; declares its faith in the final triumph of the good over the evil.

"There is nothing of which a typical Parsee is prouder, next to the creed he gets from Zoroaster, than of his historical traditions. He loves to think of his old kings, Cyrus, Cambyses, Darius' and all the rest, when the world quaked beneath their armies. His people, though exiles, regard themselves as the banished descendants of a race of warriors, who made immortal many a battlefield of old Persia.

"Not willing to die without a struggle."

Well, sirs, have I anything in my nationality by birth to be ashamed of? How about Zoroaster himself? Here is again from the Encyclopaedia Brittanica:

"Zoroaster, one of the great teachers of the east. Founder of the widely renowned wisdom of the Magi. Ethically, too, the doctrine stands on a higher plane, and represents, in its moral laws, a superior civilization. He speaks more in the character of prophet than in that of lawgiver. Like John the Baptist and the Apostles of Jesus, Zoroaster also believed that the fulness of time was near, that the kingdom of heaven was at hand."

Zoroaster lived in ancient Persia; the correct date is unknown and may be anywhere from 1000 B. C. to 4000 B. C. Yet the open-minded student of higher sciences will find in his teachings the scientific and ethical aspects of many so-called new ideas which bacteriologists and physicists are rediscovering.

To Neuner and Stearns I may again say that their unjustified, filthy and acrid attacks on the faith of Zarathushtra and his followers the Parsees—the Zoroastrians, were ungraceful and undignified, absolutely unbecoming to the glory of the great American Republic, whose constitutional fundamentals guarantee religious freedom. They should be ashamed of their ungentlemanly, unprofessional conduct, for, I as a defendant in a White Slavery case, had no control whatsoever over where my darling mother gave birth to me and where my beloved father admitted me into their ancient faith.

Digitized by Google

Cyrus, Darius and Artaxerxes are mentioned with respect in the Holy Bible, but, perhaps Neuner and Stearns never read it.

Who ordered the Temple Of Solomon rebuilt? Let those who stand on the square and walk on the level answer.

The Zoroastrians WERE great—they ARE still great!

CHAPTER 136

WHAT THE HOLY BIBLE SAYS

A SHORT STUDY FOR

The Government Attorneys
George Neuner and Joseph O. Stearns, Jr.,
Inventors of the Telescope of Truth.

Over 1,000 years ago, the great Persian poet Shekh Saadi, wrote:

"Gar nabinad ruze raushan shabparreh chashm,
Chashmey aftab ra cheh gunah?"

"If the owl's eye cannot see the illumined day,
What fault is it of the eye of the Sun?"

Genesis 1

3. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

2 Chronicles 36

22. The Proclamation of Cyrus

22. Now in the first year of Cyrus, king of Persia, that the word of the Lord **spoken** by the mouth of Jeremiah might be accomplished, the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus, king of Persia, that he made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom, and **put it** also in writing, saying,

23. Thus saith Cyrus, king of Persia, All the kingdoms of the earth hath the Lord God of heaven given me; and he hath charged me to build him an house in Jerusalem, which **is** in Judah. Who **is there** among you of all his people? The Lord his God **be** with him, and let him go **up**.

(Also in Ezra 1.)

Ezra 6

1. Darius, Finding the Decree of Cyrus, Maketh a New Decree for the Advancement of the Building.

1. Then Darius the king made a decree, and search was made in the house of the rolls, where the treasures were laid up in Babylon.

14. . . . And they builded, and finished it, according to the commandment of the God of Israel, and according to the commandment of Cyrus, and Darius, and Artaxerxes, king of Persia.

Leviticus 12

The Purification of Women After Childbirth

1. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

Digitized by Google

2. Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, If a woman have conceived seed, and born a man: then she shall be unclean seven days; according to the days of the separation for her infirmity shall she be unclean.

4. And she shall then continue in the blood of her purifying three and thirty days; she shall touch no hallowed thing, nor come into the sanctuary, until the days of her purifying be fulfilled.

Leviticus 15

1. **The Uncleanness of Men in Their Issues.**

19. **The Uncleanness of Women in Their Issues.**

1. And the Lord spake unto Moses and to Aaron, saying,

16. And if any man's seed of copulation go out from him, then he shall wash all his flesh in water, and be unclean until the even.

18. The woman also with whom man shall lie with seed of copulation, they shall both bathe themselves in water, and be unclean until the even.

19. And if a woman have an issue, and her issue in her flesh be blood, she shall be put apart seven days: and whosoever toucheth her shall be unclean until the even.

Proverbs 20

1. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Proverbs 23

20. Be not among winebibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh:

21. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

Isaiah 66

1. Thus saith the Lord . . . .

3. He that killeth an ox is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck. . . .

Daniel I

8. **They Refusing the King's Portion Do Prosper With Pulse and Water.**

17. **Their Excellency in Wisdom.**

8. But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.

12. Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink.

15. And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat.

Digitized by Google

20. And in all matters of wisdom and understanding, that the king enquired of them, he found them ten times better. . . .

21. And Daniel continued even unto the first year of king Cyrus.

My family and myself are not guilty of following anything not expressly sanctioned by either religion or science. Although Zoroastrians, even the doctrines of the Holy Bible support us. Why then should we and our faith have been dragged into the mire of foul aspersions in a Federal Court by Federal Attorneys?

Neuner and Stearns, let in the Sunshine! If you have any defense, send it on for my Second Edition.

You gave me a RAW DEAL, I promise you a SQUARE DEAL; I WANT Sunshine; I promise I shall publish whatever you want.

CHAPTER 137

What We Do Not Do

In this case, the most flagrant epithets and fiendish abuse were showered on us, our faith and habits, by the Government Attorneys. They made us appear as outlandish heathens, barbarous brutes, mannerless curs, outrageous tyrants who delighted in following silly notions and were not desirable in America. How foolish and unfounded their views were, how ignorant of the World those men were, might be gathered from the following few points of what we do not do, each of which is based on pure science and ethics:

1.—We do not lick our fingers or postage stamps.
2.—We do not tell lies, white or black.
3.—We do not eat without thanking the Powers of Creation.
4.—We do not begin our daily duties without prayer.
5.—We do not waste time in gossip.
6.—We do not take any part in secular functions.
7.—We do not mind other people's business.
8.—We do not violate promises.
9.—We do not eat products of slaughter.
10.—We do not use intoxicants or stimulants.
11.—We do not smoke.
12.—We do not follow fashions.
13.—We do not gamble.

14.—We do not pray without blessing the born and the unborn, the male and the female, all creation, all good, our country's President and the people of all religions.

15.—We do not bear rancor, hatred, malice, ill feeling, vengeance and animosity even toward those who hurt us.

16.—We do not live for selves but for the World.

17.—We take no gifts or presents.

If anyone following the above and similar principles be deserving of vile names, we plead guilty. I can not help my birth, I can not change my face, my Zoroastrian faith teaching Truth and Purity I have no reason to change, but, I am sorry I could not convince those Portland, Oregon at-

Digitized by Google

torneys that even people following a different faith might be as good as they were, if not better.

I was surprised at the narrow views of those legal "hermit-crabs." It would be a good move to send them on a voyage around the World to learn more about people and customs and to learn to respect others however different. They are nothing but single-track locomotives; their unfair attitude in an honorable open Court toward the people of India their religions and manners, was demonstrative of the most appalling intolerance, ignorance and un-American discourtesy. If they believe they were the "whole cheese," I have no hesitation to state that their "cheese was full of holes." They insulted me and my beloved family unnecessarily; I forgive it, but the insult they threw at the Lord Zoroaster's great religion was inexcusable. They ought to know that the Master Zarathushtra gave the highest moral teachings which permeated at a later date even other religions. It was an ethical crime they committed in dragging the holy Zoroastrian religion into the filthy quagmire of a White Slavery case propped up by witnesses perjured to their core. Harriet Darce, who proved herself a perjuror, Geraldine McCann, who pledged her soul to the Forces of Evil for the sake of pleasing some unknown-to-me opponents, Mary S. Hayes, the neurotic near-crazy aunt; S. M. Gellert, the Medical Doctor who knew not his business and uttered a fool testimony, all these witness and others brought by those Government Attorneys to ruin an innocent American citizen because he followed the Zoroastrian faith, was a dirty, cowardly trick unworthy of the name of my beloved America.

The records read by any unbiased person will show nothing but a monstrous horrific travesty—a judicial burlesque—a legal vaudeville—A DELIBERATE PLOT TO RUIN ME, MY REPUTATION AND MY THERAPY.

CHAPTER 138

Why Was It?

Why was it? I do not know. Friends ask me what was the reason that a certain incident happened. Search me! I may not know, I do not know or I do not care to know. I am a liver in the present, though a believer in the future. I do not weep over the past; it can not be recalled. However, I shall thank them to find out why it was that certain incidents **did** happen. What concerns me is that certain matters happened, when to all appearances they should not have happened. Consider some unnoted incidents:—

1—When I was in Portland, Oregon, on my first visit and conducting my class in June, 1924, there was a meeting of Medical Doctors next to my Class Room. One of them **stole** my signboard at midday and I went into their meeting to protest against infamous unprofessional conduct. They shouted, "Throw him out." There was no question about the robbery, yet they refused to repair the wrong. Why was it?

2—My invention of the Dinshah Engine Tester was presented by me to the U. S. Government during the War through Senator Frelinghuysen It was rigorously tested on Liberty motors at the McCook Field, Dayton Ohio, and a six-page report was made, stating it bore out all that was claimed for it. Why was it I heard nothing more about it? What did they do with the invention?

Digitized by Google

3—I was invited by the Brooklyn Navy Yard to test the engines of the Submarine G4, with my Engine Tester. The apparatus stood the test satisfactorily. Some time after that, the Department of Justice in New York, arrested me without a warrant and put me in a cell for the day, pending investigation. Why was it?

4—My Graduates signed with me an Integrity Agreement that if I stopped issuing Spectro-Chrome Equipments to non-Graduates, they would reciprocate by not allowing the apparati to get out of their hands. The first of these agreements was signed in Seattle, Washington, and the second in Portland, Oregon. Barely had I arrived in Malaga, N. J., when Wright's letter complained that Mary Hayes and Harriet Darce's husband were ganging with a Medical Doctor to market fake slides. Why was it?

5—Following on the heel of that came the news that a Medical Doctor sold to non-Graduates, several of my Spectro-Chrome Equipments, right after signing the Integrity Agreement. Evidently, I had not succeeded in creating the thirteenth wave of honesty. Yet, many of my graduates blamed me for being a severe man to deal with. Why was it?

6—It was absolutely understood in my case that nothing would be said about my Spectro-Chrome Therapy. The prosecution so declared it, the Judge knew it, yet, Neuner and Stearns did not let go a single opportunity of slinging mud on my system and Institute, my teachings and my Graduates. In point of fact, hardly anything else was spoken about except Spectro-Chrome Therapy—always excepting the making out of me a formidable human ogre. Why was it?

7—Harry Saunders, that "good old negro," whose "English" name will be handed to posterity as a "kind" man who helped a white "damsel in distress," by delivering her from "moral imprisonment" (all as the Government said), gave her the cacophonious designation of "street woman" in his affidavit. (Refer to page 637.) Why was it?

8—The same Harry Saunders, after giving his **voluntary statement** to John J. Beckman that Mary S. Hayes "was so enthused that she put her arms around my neck and hugged and kissed me on the cheek", withdrew it on the witness stand saying it must have been "a little girl". Why was it?

9—After this Harry Saunders was made to travel 3,500 miles to testify that he saw Geraldine McCann pale on certain occasions, it was surprising that when I made him my witness and called out for him, that the "good old negro" had evaporated into the night. Why was it?

10—Geraldine McCann was under the "spell" of all my "supernatural powers." Harry Saunders her "peachy" negro friend was "afraid of no one" and was only under the "spell" of her "unsophisticated girlishness." He said he was old enough to be her father. It was merely five minutes' walk for him to take the "beautiful-of-body" girl to the Malaga Substation of the New Jersey State Police to obtain assistance. He knew all the officers there. He wanted to take her to a hotel, yet, did not tell her he would prefer to take her to the Police Station. Furthermore he offered her jewels, but, forgot to offer Geraldine train fare of 44 cents to go to Pitman to get her cash and escape!!! Why was it?

Digitized by Google

11—After filling the Court with Federal Agents to testify about the drunk-shooting affray in Hotel Gowman, the revolver Exhibit A was stipulated by the prosecution as "having been found in the room of the defendant." Why was it?

12—After having completed all so-called investigations about me "during years of surveillance," the Government allowed me to proceed to Seattle, Washington, **alone** and did not arrest me **with the girl** in Portland, Oregon. Why was it?

13—There was transportation charged in the Indictment, both ways. The case, therefore, could have been tried in Gloucester County, New Jersey, or Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, without transporting any Government witnesses and within and near the area where all the crimes against Geraldine McCann were alleged to have been enacted and where the potential witnesses against such allegations all resided. Notwithstanding that, the Government of the august United States, had to drag a defenseless accused person all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. Why was it?

Let the reader judge; I know the reasons, but, would give the reader the pleasure of unraveling that knotty "naughty" puzzle. Geraldine McCann only **talked** of miscarriage—I actually **suffered** from one at the hands of the Legal Physicians and Surgeons of the Department of Justice. They also took my scalp!

Weep gentle reader, weep for the goddess,
They call her Justice, they picture her blind;
Tell not otherwise, I know in my mind,
Experience proved it, they made her lawless.

O Lord Of Heaven, O Knower Of Norns,
O Ruler In Sky, O Master On Earth,
Grant U. S. wisdom of superior girth,
By which may be trimmed the bulldozers' horns!

CHAPTER 139

Since When Has It Been?

Since When Has It Been:—

White Slavery to enter into a strict business agreement?

White Slavery to travel with a woman as secretary?

Unlawful for a man to be born outside of the United States of America?

Lawful to arrest a person without a charge and warrant?

White Slavery to buy the transportation of an employee?

That American law declared against the Zoroastrian religion?

That the Government of this country became the ruler of the private lives of individuals?

That the meaning of American citizen was perverted into Canadian?

White Slavery to be married to a virtuous young American girl?

White Slavery for persons of different sex traveling in the same Pullman accommodation?

That the clean American mind became so perverted as to imagine danger lurking everywhere?

Unlawful for an accused to request the Court for louder speech from a witness?

Digitized by Google

THE MARVELOUS TELESCOPE OF TRUTH

JOINT INVENTORS:—

U. S. GOVERNMENT ASTROLOGERS

GEORGE NEUNER & JOSEPH O. STEARNS, Jr.

This original apparatus has immaterial lenses and a gutta percha tube to let Sunshine in to dazzle 24 eyes. It sees over terrestrial curvatures away beyond the sensible horizon and has a range of 3,500 miles, being especially designed for transcontinental television for matters nonexistent.

(Full Hot Air Specifications Page 191)

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The privilege of lawyers to use unjustified filthy language toward a defendant prior to conviction?

Customary for a jury to have a half-deaf person as a foreman?

Legal for prosecuting attorneys to pace in a Court like caged hyenas?

Customary for a jury to be sent home each night when a case is in progress?

That the Government leaned to the same tactics as were used in Czarist Russia?

That the Healing Art was conceded as a monopoly to one set of healers?

That an honored scientist and academician was styled a man with "supernatural powers"?

That an august American Court of Justice and Law became a playground for Salem Witchcraft?

That the principles of the Ku Klux Klan assisted a Kanadian Katholic and a Koon to get the scalp of a White American citizen?

That saying grace at the dining table was an ungraceful action?

That the wearing of a housecap was a mark of White Slavery?

Customary to hush up drunk pistol combats in the dark?

That the Department of Justice degraded its noble prestige to employ sneaks to read books in the reference library of a suspect?

White Slavery to teach a girl business methods?

White Slavery to teach a girl better manners?

White Slavery to preserve corporate records?

That the professional physical examination of a sufferer by a practitioner of the Healing Art was classified as White Slavery?

That praying to God Almighty in a language other than the American was debarred in this country?

That the teaching of bodily sanitation was classed as an attribute of a White Slaver?

That religious liberty disappeared from the Constitution of the United States?

An unwritten rule that a Federal agent may become drunk and shoot at a law-abiding citizen?

That it became legal custom to drag a man 3,500 miles from home and compel him to defend charges not in the Indictment?

A crime to be a vegetarian?

Considered a crime to wear a costume out of the ordinary?

White Slavery to save a White Roman Catholic girl from falling into the clutches of a designing negro?

Criminal for an employer to teach correspondence etiquette to an employee?

Criminal for a man to use human precautions to prevent his opponents from grafting his employees?

White Slavery for a man to teach the Holy Bible to a Christian girl?

That age was junctioned to White Slavery?

That "humanitarian" meant a White Slaver?

The business of Law Courts to decide what parts of the Holy Bible are pertinent and what are not?

A crime against the laws of God to explain sex hygiene?

Criminal for a teacher to charge a fee for his teachings?

That America began to classify its citizens?

That the word of one girl against that of one man was reckoned only in favor of the girl regardless of truth?

Digitized by Google

That the throwing of foul insults to respectable female citizens became tolerable in the District Court of Oregon?

That all the abovementioned happened?

It did happen in my case in the State of Oregon. Do the Oregonians believe that they are the only ones who respect womanhood and all others are of no consequence?

My trial and conviction for White Slavery will ever remain as a permanent blot on the common sense, impartiality, fairness, justice and tolerance of the State of Oregon. It was a disgrace to civilized humanhood and a worse disgrace to many who took part in it. It proved to me that Oregon lumber had gone to formulate some human heads.

CHAPTER 140

White Slave Traffic Act

It would be in order here to speak about the White Slave Traffic Act, otherwise known as the Mann Act from the name of its sponsor. It is the Act of Congress, of June 25, 1910 (36 Stat. L. 825), and prohibits the knowing transportation of any woman or girl, in interstate commerce "for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose." Her persuasion, inducement, enticement or compulsion for said purpose and buying the ticket for said purpose are also included within the Act. My Indictment plainly shows the scope of this Act.

Originally aimed at the destruction of "commercialized vice," this Act, through the usual processes of legal jugglery, interpretation and distortion has now become applicable to many matters not even dreamt of by Mr. Mann. It is now used by designing women or corrupt officials as a sure and swift weapon against respectable citizens, to secure blackmail and bribery. From its worthy original aim to protect the unfortunate victims of professional panders, procurers, whorehounds and pimps, this Act has totally degenerated into an easy means of bulldozing honest citizens into releasing the purse strings. The terror of this Mann Act is such in Oregon that respectable male employers being afraid to travel with their female secretaries, set them down at the Californian border to shift for themselves, when crossing into Oregon ; even then the Law hits them.

The hatred in which all Asiatics are held on the Pacific Coast, is universally known. Mary S. Hayes must have represented me to the Federal Officials as a Hindu Magician, a dangerous criminal, a man maintaining a 30-acre harem in Malaga, N. J., where women were horribly abused with perverted and unnatural practices, etc., to make the Pacific Coast authorities so utterly blind to their oaths and duties as to enact the tragedy they did on me. They must have classed me among the underworld of China, Japan or India, a man altogether foreign to America and American traditions, not an American citizen. I feel sure that it was their hatred of Asiatics in general that started them on the downward path and having once started they must have kept on to the finish, to cover their own folly and criminal injustice.

That the Mann Act never was intended for "private escapades" and was never enacted for interfering in the private lives of individuals, has found its expression in the Law Courts in unmistakeable terms, yet, the

Digitized by Google

official bureaucracy of the country is unwilling to heed the Courts and would not let go its hold on innocent heads.

This White Slave Traffic Act, **in its interpretation today,** is the worst, the most terrible, the most damnable, the most heinous, the most outrageous piece of legislation in the hands of unscrupulous, corrupt and villainous officials and places the most moral and clean-minded man at the absolute mercy of treacherous, vicious and plotting women. Lawyers are unanimous in their opinion, that a charge of White Slavery is the easiest to place, but, the most difficult to rebut. That any female, however low, can blast the life and reputation of any man however high, by the use of this legal weapon is appalling in its conception. The only thing necessary to prove is "transportation" (which is easy to prove) and the rest is nothing but the same old stereotyped story of the "unsophisticated maiden" and the "vile man." The man in a White Slavery case has not a chance in a million to prove his innocence. It can **never** be directly and definitely proved, as the essential immoral acts supposedly involved are so-called "secret offenses" and are never done before the public eye. The juries and the judges, therefore, have to perform brainracking mindreading feats, so they take the path of least resistance by giving the man "the jolt" and letting the Higher Courts decide the involved issues.

What the "Higher Courts" think of these cases may well be collected from a few cases cited below. A slight study will show that Law is not what is meant on enaction, but, only the interpretation of benchers. Thus, it baffles its own purpose and turns itself into lawlessness.

Law Reports:—

Caminetti and Diggs vs. U. S., 242 U. S. 470, United States Supreme Court, Opinion by Day, J.

Caminetti and Diggs were indicted for transporting two women from Sacramento, Cal., to Reno, Nev., for purposes of debauchery in order that they might each have a concubine and mistress.

The appeal of one Hays, who had transported a woman from Oklahoma City, Okla., to Wichita, Kan., for the purpose of coercing her into debauchery, etc., and who had procured for her a railroad ticket, was heard at the same time.

The defenses were that the Mann Act was intended to cover only **commercialized** vice and that in their cases the transportation was not for gain or to furnish women for hire.

Diggs had gone on the stand at the trial and did not contradict the testimony of the women in his case. The majority of the court upheld the conviction and said that the question of commercialized vice was immaterial under the plain wording of the act.

Judge McReynolds did not take part in the case and Chief Justice White and Justices McKenna and Clark dissented on the ground that as the transportation was not for purposes of commercialized vice it was not within the intent of the act as shown by the proceedings when it was passed by Congress.

The conviction was therefore affirmed by a divided court.

Digitized by Google

Van Pelt vs. U. S. 240 Fed. 346. Circuit Court of Appeals, 4th Circuit. Judges Knapp, Woods and Rose. Opinion by Rose.

A girl became pregnant by defendant. He gave her money at her solicitation to go away to have a baby. He went with her on the train and at Washington bought her a ticket to Baltimore, where the mid-wife was located with whom he had made arrangements. Held no violation of the Mann Act as the transportation was not for purpose of immorality or debauchery. Judge Woods dissented.

Biggers vs. U. S., 260 Fed. 926. Circuit Court of Appeals, 8th Circuit. Judges Hook, Stone and Amidon. Opinion by Hook.

A violation of the Mann Act requires that the transportation in interstate commerce shall be for an unlawful purpose. The mere commission of an immoral act by defendant while on an interstate journey with a woman which journey was undertaken for a lawful purpose, does not, where the immorality was merely casual, constitute a violation of the Mann Act.

Conviction reversed and new trial ordered.

Fisher vs. U. S., 266 Fed. 667. Circuit Court of Appeals, 4th Circuit. Judges Knapp, Woods and Waddill. Opinion by Knapp.

Where defendant took a girl on an auto trip across a state line to visit her relatives and then brought her back and resumed his immoral relations with her there was no violation of the Mann Act.

Conviction reversed and new trial ordered.

Williams vs. U. S., 282 Fed. 481. Circuit Court of Appeals, 4th Circuit. Judges Knapp, Waddill and Webb. Opinion by Waddill.

Defendant was indicted for persuading, inducing, enticing and coercing a woman to go from Abee to Hendersonville, N. C., but there was an utter absence of proof that any immoral purpose was involved as the woman had been ordered out of town by the police.

Conviction reversed and new trial ordered.

Smith vs. U. S., 281 Fed. 696. Circuit Court of Appeals, 4th Circuit. Judges Knapp, Woods and Waddill. Opinion by Waddill.

Disputed testimony tended to show that a woman planned a trip from Fremont, Va., to Pikeville, Ky., and that defendant bought her a ticket and that he bought it for purposes of prostitution, etc. The jury acquitted on the count for aiding and assisting in the transportation but convicted on the count for persuading, inducing, enticing and co-ercing the woman to take the trip.

The woman swore the defendant had given her the money for the trip. The man swore that he had not. The judge in the trial court suggested that he might have given her the money for another purpose.

The appellate court held that as the defendant had been found not guilty on the first charge he should not, as a matter of law, have been convicted on the second charge.

Conviction reversed and new trial ordered.

Digitized by Google

Sloan vs. U. S., 287 Fed. 91. Circuit Court of Appeals, 8th Circuit. Judges Lewis, Trieber and Booth. Opinion by Trieber.

Defendant took girl from Shafter, Ill., to St. Louis, Mo., in an automobile to see her sister, who lived there. She also said she wanted to get work in St. Louis, having lost a former position there. Later defendant took the girl to a hotel where they stayed all night. The next day the girl went back to Shafter. On the trip from Shafter to St. Louis no sexual intercourse was suggested and not until several hours after St. Louis had been reached. The court held that the intention to transport the woman for immoral purposes must have been formed before the journey was begun to bring it within the Mann Act. If formed after the foreign state is reached there is no violation of the Mann Act as the immoral act is then entirely within the police power of the state.

Conviction reversed.

If Law be vagary, weep at it; none is safe. No wonder people become anarchists when they feel unjustly treated.

That an imaginary State Line should mean the difference between crime and no crime, that a person may have all liberty of "immorality" in one State as long as he does not cross the State Line into another State, that lawmakers should believe Legislation could regulate morals whereas Education is the necessity, is a joke on human psychology. More Law means weaker enforcement, which means human degredation.

The White Slave Traffic Act is the biggest weapon for lawlessness, graft, blackmail and bureaucratic oppression, as diverted from its original purpose.

CHAPTER 141

Listen to the Venerable Chief Justice

In a preface written by our most venerable Ex-President, Chief Justice William Howard Taft, in a recent bulletin issued by the Labor Department Bureau of Statistics, is urged action by Congress and State Legislatures to see that the rights of those unable to pay lawyers are protected. He says:

"These bodies have within their grasp an opportunity of relieving our present judicial system of the just criticism that in view of the present court costs and the expense of lawyers' services, the equal protection of our laws is not infrequently denied."

True, most certainly true, Your Honor, yet, where is the **Law,** where is the **Equality,** where is the **Protection?** Law has vague meanings and endless interpretations which can only be found by going to the Courts and getting the taste; Equality is mythical, because the rich can employ crafty lawyers to beat the poor and kill him with the delays; Protection there is little, as few know where and how to get it.

MORE THAN 20 MILLION PERSONS IN THE UNITED STATES ARE TOO POOR TO RESORT TO LAW TO OBTAIN JUSTICE.

Such is the shocking situation, but, it is there and does exist in ghastly entity.

Digitized by Google

America is overridden by Law. There is no country in the World so stupidly over-legislated and so laxly supervised when it comes to enforcement. Not only that, but, the expenses involved in litigation are so enormous, that it has become the pastime only of the wealthy. The poor have no show and the foundation of our great Republic is shaking under the heel of tyranny.

I am not a multimillionaire, a millionaire or any way being a near-rich man as America goes; I am at the same time not a poor man even as America goes, because of having had a spotless reputation as an honorable business man and having good credit—that jewel in business. Yet, this one case has wiped out all the available cash of myself, family and my entire business, ruined my credit and reputation, crippled my resources to the point of breaking, snatched away ALL my property and pawned my future for many and many a year to come. When that woman Mary S. Hayes boasted, "you bet, it is going to cost Dinshah a pretty penny," she did for once speak the truth. What would however, a poor man have done and where would he be today, with a bail of $10,000 asked 3,500 miles from home?

The Constitution debars "excessive bail," yet the interpretation of the word "excessive" is left to judicial whims. There is positively no Law and no Equality and no Protection. As Law stands now the situation is absolutely hopeless. It needs downright "legal revolution" to have our 48 States and 48 sets of laws with the Federal Statutes superimposed, brought down to some reasonable codification; the judicial machinery needs also drastic cleansing, repairing and renovation. It is clogged with tapes of all colors. Until that be done American justice will never be Justice as meant in the language of God's greatest gift. Justice should be free, fair, costless, equal, protective, unbiased, impartial, honest, balanced, graftless.

Will it ever be so?

Listen, also to The Honorable Justice William Harmon Black, of the New York Supreme Court. In a special article in the New York Evening Journal, of May 3, 1926, the eminent jurist says:—

"I have many suggestions that I might make to remedy conditions. Take the case of the man accused of crime. Who is to defend him? Oftentimes he is innocent. Courts should not impose upon him—certainly he is entitled to a defense. Law doesn't always make right.

"I think for instance, that in case a man has been improperly accused and he has gone through the expensive cost of a trial, he should be reimbursed by the State, provided he is proved to be innocent.

"Let us be square to both sids. If a man is guilty let us punish him. But if he is innocent let us protect him against the heavy penalties which the law imposes."

I agree. I would also add that in case of miscarriage of justice, prosecuting attorneys be held responsible.

Will I receive Justice?

I clamor for it as my birthright.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 142

Jury Trial A Ridiculous Humbug

That any "12 good and lawful men" sitting as a jury could logically decide questions of facts and law, in matters where even the biggest trained judicial minds have a probability of disagreement, is one of the woeful remnants of antiquated nonsenses. Trial by one's "peers" may sound good, but, it does not work. I would consider it an insult to be placed in the same category as those 12 who convicted me within 8 hours and 43 minutes on evidence that was not stenographed or even read subsequently. They may be "12 good and lawful men" as American citizens, but, as the holders of the final switch for my legal electrocution, I am bound to say they were hardly my "peers" and to impose them by Law on my head was a monstrosity. My case lasted nearly two weeks. The final typed record which I purchased for a large sum after several weeks, covered in all nearly 1,000 pages. Most of the documents introduced were never read into the records by even the counsels, yet, **without the testimonies before them,** these 12 good and lawful men read my mind as that of a criminal and sent me on my way in so short a time.

The Trial By Jury is a barbarous remnant of ancient English despotism. Then, it was a wise check upon the autocracy of crowned tyrants; now, in America, which ranks as the most forward nation, which laughs at kings and tingods, this antiquated system is nothing but a farcical burlesque.

How can 12 men, picked from the streets as it were, untrained in logic, science, law, physics, metaphysics, psychology and above all analysis of human nature, be competent to dissect, weigh, balance, judge and agree upon a complicated case like this is beyond me. It was not a verdict—just and true on facts and law—but, a mere opinion of 12 tired men, cooped in a smoky, evil-smelling room, eager to get out and leave the helpless defendant to his fate.

I do not impeach the jury of Portland—this jury or any jury. I say that all jury trials are comics and very often as not are, as in this case, travesties on justice. I feel any righteous minded judge, left untramelled and unhampered, with a complete typed record of this case before him could not but come to only one conclusion that JUSTICE MISCARRIED. Reading only the girl's testimony, will show conclusively to any person that that Government witness told egregious inconsistencies.

How can men fretting and chafing under loss of time, wasting days and weeks from their busy life, be made to judge patiently and truly other people's motives? The theory may be right in old English times, but, in busy America, the trial by untrained jurors is a curse to justice. Personal grudges, opinions, beliefs, ideas, fads, fancies, lend a color to the final decision other than the genuine and one or another party is bound to suffer. It is a gross insult to the judicial mentality of a learned jurist to compel him to act as second fiddle to twelve men of the street, to submit facts and laws for untrained laymen to pronounce the last word is enough to make a brass monkey burst his ribs with derision. I had a good judge, but, the jury system obstructed and clouded the issues.

Abolish the jury system altogether. Pay judges better and take them away from the power of politics and the fear of losing their positions. Make

Digitized by Google

judges strictly unapproachable and dependable and the day of true Justice will dawn. But until then? Must the innocent like me suffer doom?

CHAPTER 143

The Klan, a Katholic and a Koon

It was at this critical period, when all dreams of my life were shattered, when my business, finances, my family's future, my heretofore untarnished reputation, were pushed by designing villains against the brink of destruction, a copy of **The National Kourier,** of Friday, May 29, 1925, Number 28 of Volume 4, published at Washington, D. C., came to my hands. Judge my astonishment, when on its page 8, I read the following article:

SCIENCE FAILS WHEN HINDOO VIOLATES MANN ACT IN OREGON

Practitioner of 'Mysterious' Arts and Self-Styled Healer, In Guise of Indian Parsee, Is Nabbed On Serious Charge

WHITE GIRL VICTIMIZED BY ORIENTAL 'COLONEL'

'Spectro-Chrome Therapy' Is of No Avail When Klansmen Investigate Record of Man Calling Himself Garahaldi

(Special to The Kourier.)

PORTLAND, Ore., May 25.—Through the activities of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan another foreign-born despoiler of homes and desecrator of pure womanhood has been run to earth and his methods bared to the pitiless light of publicity in the courts.

This time it is "Colonel" Dinshah Garahaldi, an Oriental, who claims to be a Parsee and who poses as a healer of all human ailments, mental as well as physical, through a new "scientific" method which he says he originated and of which he is the sole owner.

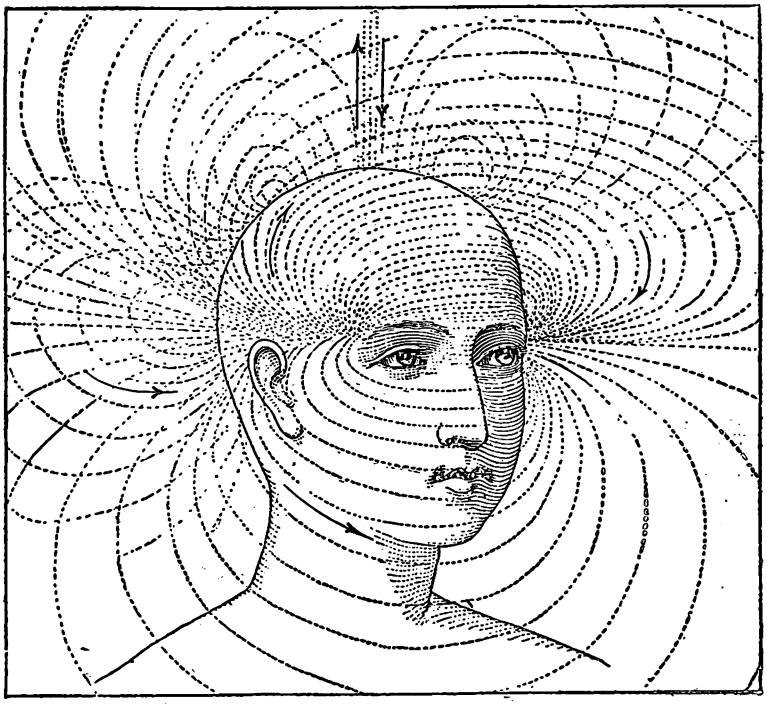
The charge against Garahaldi is that he violated the Mann Act by transportation of Miss Geraldine McCann, former Portland girl, from California into Oregon for purposes forbidden in the Federal statutes. The 'Colonel" as he insists on being called, was arrested in Seattle on a warrant sworn out by the U. S. District Attorney here, was brought back to Portland and languished in jail until his friends in the east were able to raise the necessary $10,000 bond on which he now is at liberty.

A Pitiful Story.

It was in the spring of 1924 that Garahaldi lured Miss McCann away by roseate promises and beguiling blandishments. The healing system he operates is called the Spectro-Chrome Therapy, and consists of projecting electrical rays through various colored pieces of glass. He makes and sells the machines and the colored glass, issues diplomas and gives a course of lectures. There are two courses, one for $75 and the other $150. He charges $150 for the projecting machines, electric bulbs, etc.

He came to Portland last April and formed a class, his dupes being women for the most part. Among these was Mrs. Mary Bates, a teacher of expression, and aunt of Geraldine McCann, then 19 years of age. The aunt says she joined the class because she hoped to augment her earnings.

Digitized by Google



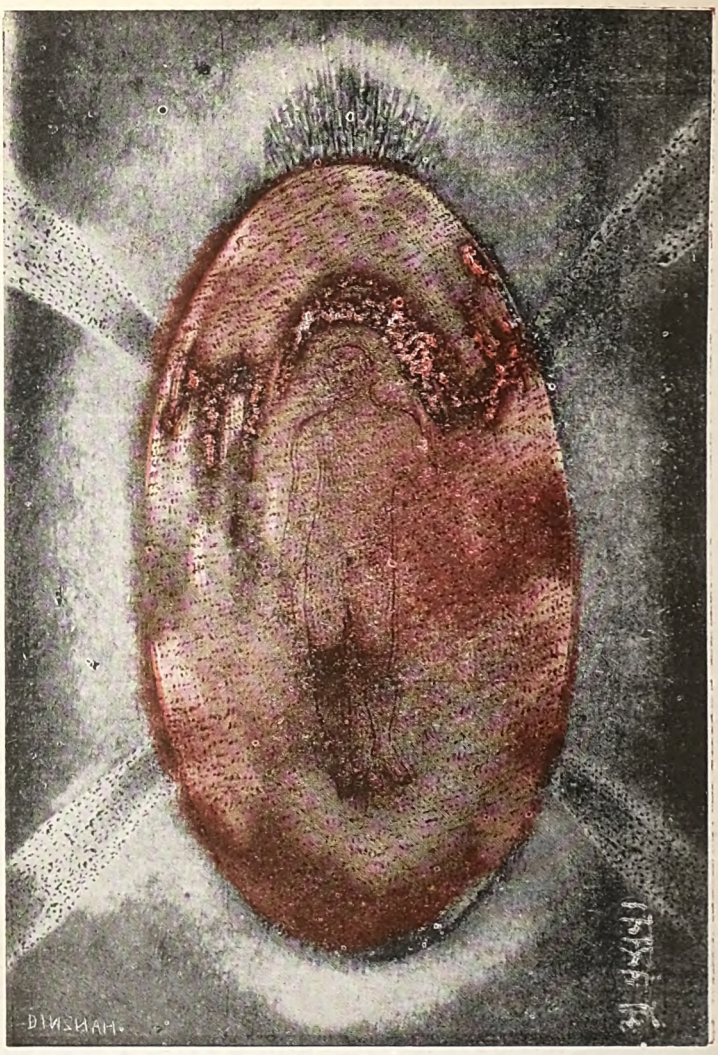
DINSHAH IN ACTION, EXERTING DOMINANT WILLPOWER
AS VISUALIZED THROUGH THE TELESCOPE OF TRUTH

"Dinshah wizard. He possessed supernatural powers. Girl under constant fear of this man." (Page 191)

DINSHAH IRENE KASHMIRA CYRUS

THE DESPOT OF THE 30 ACRE HAREM AND HIS SLAVES
IMAGINARY WATER COLOR MINIATURES PAINTED BY
MARY S. HAYES AND HARRIET M. DARCE
Materialized From Ultra-Etheric Ooze And Precipitated
On The Physical Level Via Legalo-Humbugic Process,
By The Joint Inventors Of The
TELESCOPE OF TRUTH

Digitized by Google



PROJECTION OF ASTRAL BODY THROUGH SPACE

AS PORTRAYED IN U. S. DISTRICT COURT,

PORTLAND, OREGON,

VISUALIZED THROUGH THE TELESCOPE OF TRUTH

NEUNER—And you can travel in your astral body?
DINSHAH—What do you mean by traveling in the astral body?
NEUNER—Well answer the question yes or no.
DINSHAH—How can I answer something you don't know what you are talking about? (Testimony Page 177)

Digitized by Google

Soon after entering the class she took Miss McCann there and Garahaldi saw the girl, who is exceedingly pretty and looks less than her age. He immediately began to ingratiate himself with the girl and her aunt, finally saying that he needed an assistant and secretary, and would pay the girl $100 per week if she would join his retinue. He had a Hindu woman and two other girls with him then and alleged that the Hindu was his wife and one of the girls his daughter.

Aunt Is Persuaded.

The girl's aunt admits that she was completely fooled by Garahaldi, and that she finally consented to Miss McCann's going with him under chaperonage of his alleged wife. A few days later the healer and his party left for Malaga, N. J., where Garahaldi's "institute" is situated. Mrs. Bates had a premonition that something might happen to her niece and they arranged a code word which Miss McCann would send in case all was not as it should be.

Since leaving Portland in May of last year the girl has written to her aunt only three times; once a letter of three lines, saying that she was well, again a note even briefer to the same effect and later a post card. That was more than six months ago and no word was received from her by her aunt since.

Becoming uneasy, the girl's aunt began a rigid inquiry into the life and teachings of Garahaldi. To her horror she discovered that he advocates the grossest immorality, including promiscuousness, and that he derides virtue in women.

Invokes Klan's Help.

When she learned these things, and that Garahaldi practiced mesmerism and hypnotism on the inmates of his household, the girl's aunt made an appeal to the courts to help get Miss McCann away from him. She was told, after the case had been gone into carefully, that the "healer" was just inside the law and that the courts could not touch him.

Then, knowing the Klan's attitude toward the sanctity of the home and the protection of womanhood, she appealed to the Grand Dragon of Oregon for help. That official, after giving her a sympathetic hearing, made a complete record of the case and forwarded it to the chief of the Order's Intelligence Bureau in Washington, D. C. Attention of Department of Justice officials was directed to Garahaldi and since that moment he has been constantly under surveillance.

Not until the other day, when he had the effrontery to return to Portland with Miss McCann in his company, was it possible to lodge a Federal complaint against him. He remained here only 24 hours, and skipped to Seattle, where he was arrested.

Claims a Frameup.

Garahaldi claims that his arrest is a "frameup" and that he has not violated the law.

Miss McCann is Canadian born, and will inherit quite a fortune in Ontario when she reaches her maturity. Her father is dead, but her mother

Digitized by Google

is living, confined in an insane asylum. But for her aunt, who gave her a home and educated her, she has no relatives except her mother. She was working in a Portland hotel for $15 a week when Garahaldi made his offer of $100 as assistant and secretary. Her aunt has several children of school age and is a widow, earning barely enough to live and maintain her family upon. For this reason, and because, as she admits, Garahaldi duped her, she was willing to allow her niece to take the position offered.

Much interest is felt here in the case against the "healer" and the prediction freely is made that he will be convicted when brought to trial.

Personal Propaganda.

"Colonel" Dinshah Garahaldi claims to have organized the New York air patrol and to have been commissioned a colonel therein. He says he learned flying at the Wright School and that he carried the first air mail from New York to Philadelphia.

His personal propaganda literature, which is voluminous, makes much of these alleged facts and also that he is a naturalized citizen of the United States.

That he is adroit in evading actual violation of the law is shown by the wording of his circulars, etc. In one place he defines "ease" as well-being and comfort. Then he points out that a person not enjoying comfort and well being of body or mind is at dis-ease. Nowhere does he claim to cure "disease," and the word does not appear without the hyphen as shown above.

Federal officials here say he stays just inside the law with regard to his alleged "cures." They are convinced, however, that he had a mental blindspot when he brought Miss McCann back to Oregon."

———***———

What! The Ku Klux Klan at the bottom of my ruin? They to take pride in their opening paragraph that they ran me "to earth?" The Klan, through its Grand Dragon of the Realm of Oregon to be the instigator of the Department of Justice? What did the newspaper mean when it said, "Spectro-Chrome Therapy Is of No Avail When Klansmen Investigate Record of Man Calling Himself Garahaldi." "Garahaldi" sounds like the Italian Garibaldi; true name Ghadiali (meaning watchmaker in the Gujarati language) must have been construed to be that of an Italian, perhaps therefore a Roman Catholic. Mary Bates was that false woman Mary Hayes. Beyond any question, his information from Portland emanated from that neurotic woman. But, how in the name of everything sacred to George Washington, could be reconciled the connection of the Ku Klux Klan with the Roman Catholic Mary Hayes and her niece, Geraldine McCann, whom I had saved from falling into the clutches of the rascally negro? To think of a combination of the Klan, a Katholic and a Koon was so ridiculously absurd on the very face of it, that I was at a loss what to make of it. Here was the National Organ of the Ku Klux Klan. There was the avowed platform of that organization. All America knows that the Ku Klux Klan is not in favor of either the Roman Catholics or the negroes. Surely, here was some grave error. I know a number of very respectable citizens belonging to the Klan and have not been able to find why above all that organization should print such stuff about a white American citizen like me, taking great pride also in having him "run to earth."

Digitized by Google

The more curious situation is that none visited my laboratory to "investigate," yet, they claimed they investigated "my record." It is up to them to find who cheated them or gave them wrong information. Because Spectro-Chrome Therapy is mentioned in this connection, I would not be surprised if some medical doctors connected with the organization might be the mischief makers. The Klan, in portraying me as the "foreign-born despoiler of homes and desecrator of pure womanhood" did not only speak a plain untruth, but committed a gross criminal libel. Somebody or bodies, for some ulterior motive, purposely misinformed the organization. The steps taken by the Grand Dragon of the Realm of Oregon were perhaps inspired by some evil-meaning persons at this end of the continent. Yet, the fact stands recorded that, I, a loyal white American citizen, of pure Caucasian race, was dealt a jarring blow, the most horrible injustice, the utmost humiliation and everlasting disgrace, by the activities of the powerful Ku Klux Klan, to favor a Klanadian Klatholic and a Klowardly Kloon!!!

I request this organization to "investigate my record." They will find that while I may not be an angel with silvery wings, that I am as good an **American** as any and as loyal to my Flag as any and that instead of being what they portrayed me, I am a devoted humble servant of humanity and a fighter for the same principles of brotherhood and charity in furtherance of which the Benign Lord Jesus lost his holy life.

Klansmen, Klanswomen, one and all, I appeal to you openly, to give me justice. If **your** activities ran me "to earth," let **your activities** now restore my lost lustre. You ruined me, ruined my family, ruined my honor, ruined my name, ruined my reputation, ruined my career, ruined my future, you could not have ruined me more even by taking my life. I appeal to you openly to give me justice.

I appeal to the Grand Dragon of the Realm of New Jersey to investigate right here at first hand and give me justice.

I appeal to the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan to see that justice is given. You call yourselves the Knights of the Invisible Empire; remember that there is an Invisible Empire ruled by the Grand Architect of the Universe and in His Glorious Name, I, your Brother, beseech you to see that justice is done to me.

A PRAYER

And when you find those misguided humans, those persons who were the misguided instruments for my ruin, I pray most earnestly that they above all be dealt with the greatest mercy and that in dealing with them you follow the footsteps of the Divine Master, Who Offered His Left Cheek When the Right Was Smitten. Forgiveness, tolerance, kindness, may these be never forgotten in dealing with those erring. We are all human and therefore subject to impulses common to human beings. May they realize the wrong done to me and repent it; I have no animosity, no rancor and no hatred. May the Light of the Lord's Wisdom Illumine Their Conscience!

I want justice.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 144

JOURNALISTIC INVESTIGATION

The following nine reports represent the result of the journalistic investigation of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, in Portland, Oregon.

The investigation was in each case conducted by a specially accredited editorial representative appointed to take the full course and report independently, without any obligation. On completion of the course, each gave to the Originator a testimonial.

FROM THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE WESTERN AMERICAN, THE NORTH-WESTERN ORGAN OF THE KU KLUX KLAN

Portland, Oregon,
June 21, 1924.

Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
President, Spectro-Chrome Institute,
Portland, Oregon.

My Dear Colonel Dinshah:

As a representative of the Western American Publishing Company, permit me to submit this unsolicited testimonial regarding your system of Spectro-Chrome Therapy.

After being an interested member of your class during the entire course, I can conscientiously say that Spectro-Chrome Therapy seems to me to be all that you claim for it. I consider it a great advance in the healing art and the principles upon which it is based seem to me to be unassailable from any intelligent viewpoint.

I like the way that you prove every point that you make and from my electrical and chemical knowledge and experience your proofs are wholly scientific and incontrovertible.

I greatly appreciate the opportunity I have had of earnestly studying your course of instruction and thank you for every courtesy shown me. You are at liberty to use this letter as you see fit in the interest of your splendid work. With best wishes for your success, I am,

Yours very truly,

Robert Lee Stephens,

Accredited Representative of the Western American

* * * * * * * *

FROM THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PRODUCERS CALL, THE PUBLICATION OF THE HOUSEWIVES' COUNCIL OF PORTLAND

Portland, Oregon,
June 21, 1924.

Colonel Dinshah,
Portland Hotel,
Portland, Oregon,

Dear Colonel Dinshah:

Digitized by Google

As a representative of the Producers' Call, it has been my pleasure and privilege to hear your declaration of the truth in your system of Spectro-Chrome Therapy.

I came as a critic and a doubter. I leave convinced that your system will prove one of the scientific marvels of this age. As a scientist, I am convinced you rank with Sir Isaac Newton and others of his time and the time that has passed between his advent into the scientific world and yours.

As a teacher your ability of imparting your information is little short of marvelous and since coming under the spell of your knowledge I realize that truth is all-powerful and will prevail and while mortals in the dark maze of hypocrisy, misrepresentation and error have been groping their way to find the truth, through you has come the Divine Command,"Let there be Light."

I will be pleased, Colonel Dinshah, to answer any questions at any time relative to your work and should you at any time desire to use this letter, it will make me happy to have you make use of this as you may see fit.

Again assuring you of my keen appreciation of knowledge received, I beg to remain,

Yours Respectfully,

Louise Palmer Weber,

Lecturer on Dietetics, Home Economics and Domestic Science.

* * * * * * * *

FROM THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PORTLAND NEWS, A WIDELY CIRCULATED DAILY

Portland, Oregon,
June 21, 1924.

Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
M. D. D. C., Ph.D. LL. D., etc.
President, Spectro-Chrome Institute,
Portland, Oregon.

My Dear Colonel Dinshah:

Permit me to express, personally, my sincere appreciation and gratitude for the supremely generous and untiring labor of love manifested by you in unfolding to your students here marvelous and incontrovertible truths in connection with the human body and its Source of being.

Having long been an earnest student of Psychology and Metaphysics, which naturally leads to research in the realm of Nature's Finer Forces that constitute the Reality back of all phenomena, I entered your class with the peculiarly jealous skepticism (yet, paradoxically, the open mind) of the truth-seeker who has so often weighed and found wanting alleged "teachers" of Law and Life and retained as an aftermath but mental nausea and wholesome disgust.

I am profoundly gratified to be able to testify that in your case the reverse is true. You have, to use an Americanism, "delivered the goods." You have measured up four-square to your claims for that remarkable child of your brain, "Spectro-Chrome Therapy." You have demonstrated its effi-

Digitized by Google

ciency with unassailable proofs every step of the way through the most interesting and masterful series of lectures to which I have ever had the good fortune to listen. "There is one thing that is stronger than armies and that is the IDEA whose time has come." I have faith to believe that your IDEA will strike the death-knell of that monster which has falsely been called a science.

After an earnest and impartial investigation of the system of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, I believe it to be 100% efficient to produce the results which you claim for it and believing you to be a man of unimpeachable integrity, as one must be who is so well grounded in the Law of Retributive Justice, I give you my permission to use this letter in any way that you deem advisable.

Thanking you for your service to the human race and the sacrifices that you have made in order that you might render that service, believe me, with every good wish for the success of your great work.

Sincerely yours,

Elizabeth Kane Stephens,

Accredited Representative of the "Portland News."

* * * * * * * *

FROM THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE PENINSULA HERALD, A PROGRESSIVE LOCAL NEWSPAPER

Portland, Oregon,
June 21, 1924.

Colonel Dinshah, President,
Spectro-Chrome Institute,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Sir:

It is my pleasure to take this opportunity to express my appreciation for the privilege granted to take the full course of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and to make known my findings.

I am fully convinced that Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali is giving to humanity the results of a life study gained by great sacrifice on his part. All points that can be analysed as coming within the scope of physical sciences, were demonstrated. The fundamentals of this method of therapeutics is therefore grounded in science. It has been carried by Colonel Dinshah to the higher realms that are as yet little known to the Western Hemisphere, but, which must be given increasing credence. That the Sun is the source of all life and that sunlight is divisible into a spectrum of seven colors must be acknowledged, that light is oscillation all scientists admit, hence, it is merely good logic to attune human oscillations to the life giving rays of sunlight. The means for accomplishing this, we are willing to grant, has been mastered by Colonel Dinshah in a strictly scientific manner.

Therefore, I am fully convinced of the sincerity of Colonel Dinshah, the value of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and the work he is doing. This is my finding as an investigator for my own newspaper, "The Peninsula Herald," which is edited and published in the city of Portland, by me.

Digitized by Google

I herewith grant the right to use this letter in any way desired by Colonel Dinshah for publication or otherwise.

Sincerely,

E. L. Merritt.

* * * * * * * *

FROM THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SPECTATOR, A WELL-KNOWN WEEKLY

Portland, Oregon, June 21, 1924.

Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
Spectro-Chrome Institute,
2401 North Broad Street,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Dear Sir:

As a newspaper investigator of the Dinshah System of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, I desire to submit the following:

I attended the series of twelve lectures given by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali embracing the teaching and complete application of Spectro-Chrome Therapy.

The safe, sane, scientific and practical uses of Spectro-Chrome Therapy have convinced me beyond a doubt that light and color are first principles of life.

In Spectro-Chrome Therapy you have removed the art of healing from the experimental and placed it in the Absolute.

As I see it and have learned it in class instruction, Spectro-Chrome Therapy is fundamentally right. Natural Law, the law of Chemistry, of physics, of electricity, of color and light are the foundation stones of Spectro-Chrome Therapy.

It is built on Natural Law, God's Law. It is right. It is Truth and it does the work.

To the scientific mind, the greatness and magnificence of Spectro-Chrome Therapy is proved by its simplicity. To the lay mind it is a revelation of Truth proved by scientific experiment.

You have proved Spectro-Chrome Therapy absolutely and conclusively.

There is no argument.

I attended the lectures given by Colonel Dinshah expecting to render an unbiased opinion. Whatever grounds there might have been at first for criticism have been completely dispersed.

It is a pleasure for me to attest my signature to these findings.

Sincerely Yours,
Clifford Darce,
Accredited Representative of The Spectator.

Digitized by Google

FROM THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE OREGON VOTER, A FAVORITE WITH THE CITIZENS

Portland, Oregon, June 30th, 1924.

Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
MD. DC. PhD. LL. D.
c/o Spectro-Chrome Institute,
2401 N. Broad St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

After attending and studying carefully and conscientiously the twenty four lectures on Attuned Color Waves given by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, Originator of the System, with demonstrations and experiments, I cannot refrain from expressing my sincere admiration for the system and depth of conviction that it is the greatest of Scientific Discoveries which contributes toward prolonged life and the solution of human ills.

A treatment of Attuned Color Waves mathematically graduated to certain degrees giving certain wave lengths for desired results when applied to areas of the human body, acting on the agency of Nature and thereby effecting a cure without drugs, manipulation or surgery, is, in substance the system which I feel the World will be hungry to understand when its marvelous accomplishments are known.

Promulgation and advancement of the System, understanding of its teachings and application of its principles, have my whole-hearted support.

You are at liberty to use this testimonial in any way you so desire.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Jolliette E. Chisholm.

* * * * * * * *

FROM THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MASONIC ANALYST, THE NORTH-WESTERN ORGAN OF THE FRATERNITY

Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
Portland Hotel,
Portland, Oregon.

My dear Colonel:

It is with regret we have reached the last day of your course of lectures on Spectro-Chrome Therapy. I am sure this is the unanimous sentiment of the entire class. Personally, I want to thank you for bringing this new message of hope for suffering humanity. You have impressed me as a man of great learning, honesty and integrity of purpose.

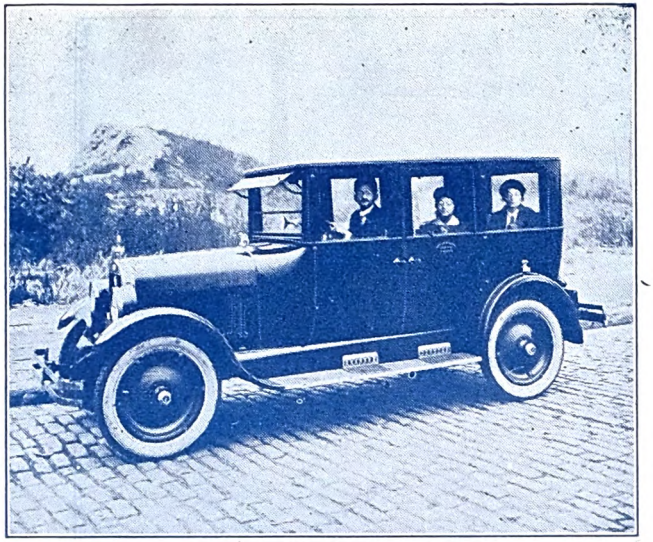
This is my conclusion as an investigator and acting in the capacity of an accredited representative of the MASONIC ANALYST. Again expressing my regret and wishing you success in all your undertakings, I am,

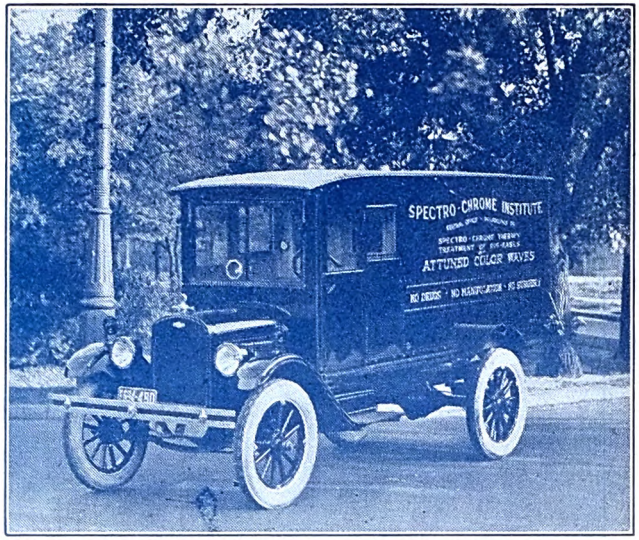
Very truly yours,
C. W. Lowe, Opt. D.

Portland, Oregon,
June 21, 1924

Digitized by Google

AUTOMOTIVE EQUIPMENT OF SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE IN 1923





This faithful Oakland 6-44 and this speed-truck built by the Chevrolet Motor Company in Michigan, to Dinshah's specifications, form the present hill-and-vale traveling equipment of the Spectro-Chrome Institute. With it, covering over 200 miles a day, it has been possible to open and complete a new class on Spectro-Chrome Therapy in a different State every month. It conveys approximately $10,000 of special laboratory apparati for the quick and intensive yet thorough training of students in the system with experiments and demonstrations and is a silent evidence of the unaided work accomplished by the Originator of Spectro-Chrome Therapy in the short period of three years.

This was three years ago. Since then, facilities have expanded in every direction. In 6 years, the banner of Spectro-Chrome Therapy has been carried three times from Coast to Coast, which will easily explain why the ears of its opponents are tingling!

Digitized by Google

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, WIFE IRENE GRACE DINSHAH AND DAUGHTER KASHMIRA DINSHAH

IN SILENT MEDITATION ON THE GLORY OF GOD
RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA
December 6, 1923

Digitized by Google

FROM THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL, A NEWSPAPER WITH WIDE CIRCULATION

606 Medical Bldg., Portland, Oregon
21-6-'24

Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali,

Dear Sir:

As a representative of the Oregon Daily Journal to investigate and report on the merits of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, I beg to report as follows:

Personally I might state that I have the College and University degrees of B. Sc. and M. D. and that I have taken a number of Post-Graduate courses. I served for many years as Secretary of the Oregon State Academy of Science.

I have attended every lecture in your Spectro-Chrome Therapy Class and have been constantly impressed wih your scientific attainments and clearness of presentation. I have in the past attended lectures by any number of well-known scientists from Huxley down and I feel that your presentation of Spectro-Chrome Therapy reveals an understanding of Natural Law that has enabled you to push back the limits of the unknown.

Your fairness, your admiration for all scientific pioneers of the past, indicates a just mind and a generous spirit. Henceforth Spectro-Chrome Therapy will rank as one of the established sciences and it cannot fail, because it is founded on Truth.

I beg leave to express to you, Sir, my hearty congratulations and wish you every success in your efforts to make this valuable therapeutic agent available to all.

You have permission to use this in any manner as you may wish,

Very respectfully,

Ernest Barton, B. Sc. M. D.

* * * * * * * *

FROM THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SCRIBE, AN INFLUENTIAL JEWISH NEWSPAPER

Portland, Oregon,
June 21, 1924.

Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali,
Spectro-Chrome Institute,
2401 North Broad Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I am both surprised and delighted with your lectures on Spectro-Chrome Therapy. Step by step you took me through the various stages of light and gave me a working knowledge of Spectro-Chrome Therapy.

On the subject of light, you threw more and more light until the marvelous application of Attuned Color Waves to the relief of human suffering

Digitized by Google

was proved beyond a doubt.

You are a thorough teacher, a master of your subject and convinced both the lay and scientific mind as to the practicability of Spectro-Chrome Therapy.

As the accredited representative of The Scribe you have my permission to use this letter as you see fit.

Very sincerely yours,
Harriet Mabel Darce.

IMPORTANT **NOTE**:—This is the same Harriet Mabel Darce! How she changed! (Page 128)

CHAPTER 145

AS THEY SAW IT

Among the crowd in the Court, were numerous thinking people. What they thought may be gathered from the following two letters among the many I received unsolicited; the first was from a Medical Doctor, which he wrote on the day I was sentenced, the second was written a day later by an Osteopathic Physician. They represent facts and as they thought others must have thought also.

Portland, Ore.
4 Dec. 1925

"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH WILL RISE AGAIN."

"Many physicians and not a few other lovers of science remember the stir created by Babbitt nearly fifty years ago, when attention was directed to LIGHT as a curative agent. After a while no more was heard about this mattter.

"A year ago last June, Col. Dinshah came to Portland and arranged a course of lectures on the Therapeutic Value of Light. I attended two of his three public lectures. He had large audiences of intelligent looking people. Not knowing anything about him, I was naturally careful, and I checked up his statements and found he hewed to the line, never floundering about imaginary realms. It dawned upon me that this man had brought order out of chaos and while he gave full credit to Babbitt, and to all his predecessors in science, he had reduced it to a true science, applicable in healing.

"I became a member of the class and attended 24 two-hour lectures -48 hours in all. This is just twice the time of a post-graduate course in any of our post-graduate medical schools. To follow the lecturer four hours a day was hard work, even for one acquainted with the cognate sciences. Never have I seen a scientific lecturer equipped with so complete a set of scientific instruments and paraphernalia since I saw Huxley and heard him lecture.

"As every student who has taken instruction in Spectro-Chrome Therapy from Col. Dinshah, must know, our teacher is in trouble here in Portland. As one of his pupils, I regard it as my ethical duty to make a statement for the information of those living elsewhere. This is written voluntarily, no one, least of all the Colonel, has even suggested that I do so.

"I have been a physician since 40 years, of the regular school and have taken many post-graduate courses. As such it is my privilege, nay, my duty

Digitized by Google

to examine and look into all things pertaining to the healing art. Not necessary to state that Spectro-Chrome does not need any props—it is fully able to stand on its own legs—(with apologies to the gentleman from Cork). After the course, the class organized and I was honored by the presidency.

"And it came to pass" that the Colonel was induced to accept the services of a young woman to act as secretary. Both she and her aunt were glad that a career had been found for the seeker. She accompanied the Colonel and his wife and daughter when the party left Portland.

"This week, the Colonel was tried in U. S. District Court and the jury returned a verdict of guilty on a charge of White Slavery. I attended the trial, as did nearly all of his former pupils that could leave their work. So far as I am aware I am stating the facts and opinions of all his pupils except the three who instigated this persecution. This woman's testimony embraced all the evidence against him. There were several other witnesses, brought here from the East at great expense, who testified for the States, but, had no evidence of any wrongdoing. Why they were brought is still puzzling me, but, as I am no lawyer, may be I am too dense. The real witness told a straight story—so straight, in fact, that it reminded me of the days when school children spoke their piece in school. Well drilled, only some of the details were preposterous. As a physiologist I must revise my science, for, now I learned that an embryo at five weeks is white and that a placenta with cord is passed some time after delivery! The witness also averred that during all the time she was with the family of Col. Dinshah, she was under some spell—that even our friend Kashmira had a paralyzing effect on her free-will. To me it looks as if the spell came from elsewhere. Her aunt had boasted of such powers. I saw the alleged victim within six hours before she was kidnaped by her aunt et al and I must confess that I have never seen nor heard of nor have I read of a person under a spell that acts so cheerfully, seems so happy or appears so keen as she did. Contrariwise, I saw her during the days of the trial, and noted the change. Read up on mild cases of catalepsy and states of delusion and hallucination and you will get a proper conception. The Government was not able to produce a single witness that could testify her story had even a shadow of reality. It was proven, however, that during the whole time she was with the Institute, she was with the Colonel's wife and daughter and was always happy. She refused to return to Portland when offered and voluntarily remained. No one knew or dreamed of this terrible "seduction," until after the kidnaping, unless her aunt felt it all the time.

"Everybody agrees on one point: That it is a sad case. But we in Portland, who have informed ourselves on the whole situation, regret that in this age and in our land a man can be ruined by such evidence.

"Lastly, I opine that not a single member of the Portland class, save the few that formed the persecution, is shaken in their confidence of his integrity.

"This letter was read to nearly all his former pupils at a meeting called for that purpose and they all and with emphasis agreed with the contents.

Ernest Barton, B. Sc., M. D.
Past Secretary, Oregon State Academy of Science."

Portland, Oregon
December 5, 1925.

Digitized by Google

THE PORTLAND CRUCIFICTION

"I hang my head in shame and sorrow; shame that such a travesty on justice could be perpetrated in the land of my birth, and sorrow that our teacher and benefactor must endure the suffering of this unjust conviction.

"I heard every word of the testimony, and outside of the girl's own story, which was shattered in a dozen different places, there was not a scintilla of evidence that would bear out in the remotest degree, the charge made in the indictment, viz.: that of transporting a woman from one State to another for immoral purposes.

* * * * * * * *

"Some of the jurors stated, according to the newspapers, that the verdict was due in part, to Col. Dinshah's religion. In my opinion, it was due entirely to racial and religious prejudice.

"It is now time for the followers and sympathizers of Spectro-Chrome Therapy to come forward with some moral and financial assistance, otherwise our benevolent master will be committed to a felon's cell and Spectro-Chrome Therapy forever lost to the World.

"I hope we shall measure up to our duties and responsibilities.

Yours for Justice,

LeRoy Smith, D. O., S. C. T."

I accept no gifts or presents, but, if my worthy Associates will stand true to the Integrity Policies and do their duty to the public conscientiously, I shall feel amply compensated. Circulate this book to awaken those responsible for the administration of justice and help me clear my reputation.

It is always the public that pays and pays. Protect the public.

CHAPTER 146

Who Framed Me?

The names of various persons and organizations were indiscriminately mixed with my persecution, during the trial. The foregoing facts might perhaps throw some light on the person or persons involved in framing me. I admit openly, as a fair-minded man, that I do not impute anything to anybody. However, I am bound to present a short analysis for other minds to judge in fairness to myself.

MEDICAL TRUST

Portland, Oregon, is the greatest medical centre in the Northwest. From the time of my arrival there, the medicoes expressed their displeasure in one form or another and the warning conveyed in Detroit, Michigan, that "they would get me in 12 months," combined with the hostile attitude of the American Medical Association's Journal towards me and my system, tend to indicate that someone or ones had a hand in framing me through Mary S. Hayes. The Pacific Coast medical front has been all through anything but friendly. As Spectro-Chrome Therapy has been steadily proving its merits and displacing Drugs and Destructive Surgery, the doom of the system known as "medical science" is not far off and in human nature

Digitized by Google

it is understandable why the Medical Doctors would better see me elsewhere than in the freedom of the World.

KU KLUX KLAN

The official organ of the Ku Klux Klan openly claiming the credit for "running to earth" a foreign-born American, needs no comment. I may say that if it be true and not a misrepresentation, it would stand not as a credit but a disgrace to that organization, because, it never investigated both sides. Is that the second organization Mary S. Hayes bragged about as backing her? It seems to me that the organization itself might have been misled by the false and malicious reports of that neurotic near-crazy woman. If so, she ruined the reputation of the Klan. Let the Tri-K find her motives and the Truth.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

It was alleged falsely against me that I converted Geraldine McCann, a Roman Catholic girl, into the Zoroastrian faith. One of her uncles is a Catholic priest. It might therefore be that the Church felt offended and might have taken a wrong step against me. Let them read the facts for themself. I am neutral about all religions and respect all.

NEGROES

That Harry Saunders, a negro, had his unclean hand in this game is an open fact. He entered as a servant of my family in a trusted capacity and took advantage of it to make love to Geraldine McCann, aiming even at marrying her after being divorced by Priscilla, his wife. This view he expressed openly to Henry A. Fehringer. (Page 611.) Not satisfied with such terrible perfidy, this monster of iniquity gave his voluntary statement to John J. Beckman and then lied to the Government to save his hide. Meanwhile, another Negro Lee C. Anderson appeared in the Court daily, "to strengthen" the perjurious girl. It needs no philosopher to put the points together and make his own conclusions.

HENRY FORD

That the good name of a great manufacturer like Henry Ford should be openly used to brag by a woman like Mary S. Hayes, is regrettable. Although I was reviled, defamed and downtrodden by his Dearborn Independent, without first hand investigation, although given unfair, unjust, unsportsmanlike treatment by it in regard to Spectro-Chrome Therapy, I respect him too much to believe he would condescend to tar his fingers with such unworthy moves. I yet believe Henry Ford might not even know of such injustice and perhaps some one of his secretaries was responsible for all this mischief. I have faith in Henry Ford.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT

The attitude of the Government of India years ago toward my weekly newspaper Apakshapata or Impartial, the clash with the British Consulate during the War, the part played by that Government's officials at the time of my (first) wife Manek's desertion, the fact of Geraldine McCann being a Canadian, the dislike of the British against any man of India becoming an American citizen, my arrest near the Canadian border, all point to some unfavorable conclusions. An attempt was even made by the U. S. Immigra-

Digitized by Google

tion officials to have me deported to India as a "Hindu," by having my citizenship annulled. Mary S. Hayes boasted openly about her "influence" in that direction.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

As regards the part played by some of the employees of this department, which above all should be the cleanest and the most graftless, there could be no two opinions but that it was despicable, autocratic, utterly un-American and an inexcusable disgrace to American traditions. They walked over human birth rights, they trampled rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, they did all in their power in

RAILROADING A CITIZEN.

WHO FRAMED ME?

Medical Trust ?
Ku Klux Klan ?
Roman Catholics ?
Negroes ?
Henry Ford ?
British Government ?
Department Of Justice ?

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 147

Open Letter to American Citizens

Men And Women Of America:

Fellow Citizens, this Publication speaks for itself.

It is perhaps unusual for a "sentenced" defendant to take the course I took and publish the details of his grievances, but, when you will consider that what happened to me might happen at any time to any of you 110 millions, you will forgive me for requesting you to read this.

There is nothing in this book that I can not substantiate on demand by documents, or evidence of an authentic nature. Although very sensational in character, this case in its iniquity is unparalleled in its glaring injustice to an American citizen. It stands as a lighthouse against the rocks cluttering our Law Courts and if this book will produce some amelioration and safeguard some innocent one from railroading, my humble aim will be well served.

I beseech you after reading to write your views to the Attorney General at Washington, D. C., asking him to look into conditions that obtain in his department and to give me justice. It is our taxes that pay the salaries of our Government Bureaus and for any of them to bulldoze, insult, mudsling and abuse any of us who are in fact their employers, is against the grand and noble principles of American democracy.

I lost all I had and above all my honorable reputation which the lawlessness of the officials of the Department of Justice trampled under their feet. I look to you to express that in your own terms to the proper officials, to awaken them to a sense of their responsibility to the public and to prevent the conversion of this Republic into a Bureaucratic Despotic Oligarchy. I shall appreciate your help in furthering the cause of impartial and fair justice by reading this book from cover to cover; kindly send me a copy of whatever you write, for future collection and publication.

America Always!

Yours Fraternally,

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 148

Open Letter to the President of the United States of America

The Most Honorable Calvin Coolidge,
President of the United States,
White House,
Washington, D. C.

May It Please Your Honor:

As a last resource, the guilty ones who erred, look to you for full parole and pardon.

I am NOT GUILTY; therefore, I crave no parole, pardon or mercy at your hands.

I address you only as the First Citizen Of The United States and a Big Brother Of Humanity.

I am an humble respectable citizen of this glorious country whose head you are and do so for the sake of securing Justice which was guaranteed to me when I became its citizen. I approach you for Justice only and not for any special favors. I am merely an ordinary American citizen who has been persecuted and victimized unjustly in the name of Law, as the record will plainly show.

I most earnestly request that my case be kindly investigated and Justice be given.

Perhaps I am taking an unusual course; it may be that my case is unusual. Perhaps I am troubling you unnecessarily; it may be that to my life, honor and security as an American citizen it is not unnecessary. A serious miscarriage of Justice occurred. I pray to you and shall thank you cordially for relief. I am being railroaded to destruction and I exercise my human right to present by this my grievances before the Chief Magistrate of this country.

I Have The Honor To Remain

Yours Most Respectfully,

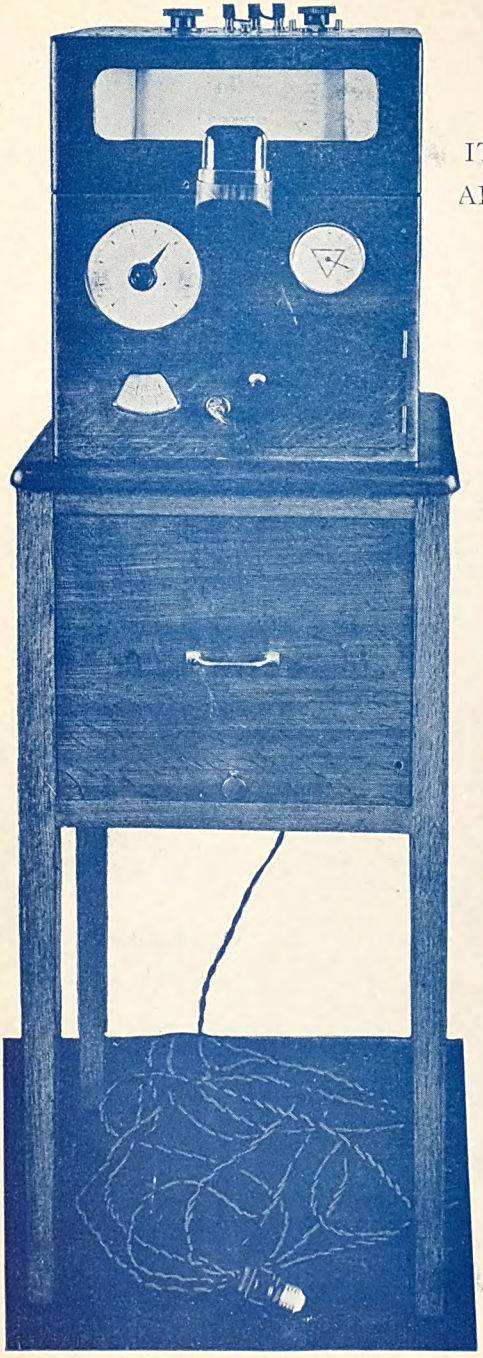
DINSHAH P. GHADIALI.

Digitized by Google

PART OF TRAVELING TEACHING EQUIPMENT FOR S-C T. PROVIDENCE, R. I. CLASS

Digitized by Google

THE MASTER APPARATUS OF THE AUTOMATIC HEALING SYSTEM



IT CREATED THE ORIGINAL SCIENCE OF ITISOMETRY

ITISOMETER

This unique apparatus, invented by Dinshah indicates where the disorder is, what the disorder is, how much the disorder is, what the Spectro-Chrome remedy is and whether the sufferer has sufficient vitality to overcome the disorder .All this is done by an automatic process, without questioning the sufferer.

It is leased only to Graduates of Spectro-Chrome Institute, contingent on their remaining Associates of the American Association of Spectro- Chrome Therapists.

When Attorney George Olson said, "They don't want Dinshah, they want his apparatus," he said the truth!

The Itisometer actually created the only accurate and precise Automatic Healing System and

IT WORKS !!!

Digitized by Google

Chapter 149

Open Letter to the Attorney General of the United States of America

The Honorable John G. Sargent,
Attorney General of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

May It Please Your Honor:

I am just an ordinary American citizen looking to you as the head of the Department Of Justice, for justice.

That a law-abiding respectable innocent American citizen be fiercely assaulted in his private room by one of your Agents under the influence of liquor, be arrested without a warrant, imprisoned and kept incommunicado for days without relief, extradited to another State on an unknown offense and without a hearing, be indicted under one charge and made to defend numerous other charges not in the Indictment, be vituperatively abused and mistreated by your representatives in a District Federal Court 3,500 miles from his witnesses and home, be bullied and threatened in the open and his defense gagged until he received a sentence of Five Years In The Penitentiary and $5,000 Fine, all this by the subordinates under your authority and in the name of the Government of the United States of America may sound impossible, but, is the absolute fact as the attached record will show.

To show to your District Attorney, George Neuner of Portland, Oregon, that the chief Government witness, Geraldine McCann, had committed diabolic perjury, to obtain my conviction, 49 Affidavits of reputable citizens were submitted to him by my Attorney, John J. Beckman, with an explanatory letter, on March 24, 1926, asking for official investigation, but nothing has been done. (Refer to page 602)

Therefore, I apply to you as the head of the Department Of Justice to get that redress which your subordinates denied me.

This case has been a travesty on justice and an ugly blot on the fair name of the country. I shall be highly obliged if you will please investigate the case and bring the the true offenders to account.

Yours Most Sincerely,

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI.

Digitized by Google

Chapter 150

Open Letter To The Trial Judge

The Honorable Robert S. Bean,
U. S. District Judge,
Post Office Building,
Portland, Oregon.

May It Please Your Honor:

In pleading my innocence before you at the close of my trial, I stated that although you gave me a fair "hearing," I did not have a fair "trial," because of the introduction of allegations foreign to the indictment and my consequent inability to refute them.

The 49 affidavits of reputable citizens printed in Part 6 of this publication, will clearly show that the chief Government witness, Geraldine McCann, committed deliberate and intentional perjury in your Court. These were submitted to U. S. District Attorney George Neuner by my Attorney John J. Beckman whose letter is on page 602; nothing resulted from the request.

I feel sure that Your Honor will investigate the matter and before it is too late, bring the offender to justice.

The province of a Judge on Earth is that of God in Heaven; I beseech you to use your power and authority so the innocent may not suffer. The perjury was before you and you may cognize it.

Thanking you for your courtesy and kindness, I remain,

Yours Most Respectfully,

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 151

Open Letter to Henry Ford

Mr. Henry Ford,
Dearborn, Michigan.

Esteemed Sir:

Since your "Dearborn Independent" published the most defamatory untruths about me in March, 1924, I telegraphed and wrote you frequently to gain redress, but without avail.

It called me epithets which would insinuate that I was a "Jew," a "Crook," and "Adventurer," an "Ignoramus," an "Imposter," a "Swindler." If it pleased you to say so, it would be different, but, I do feel that you know nothing about this matter and that some one is using your good name to further own ends.

In my case, your name was used repeatedly in connection with a woman, Mary S. Hayes. She said she was in Detroit looking for your help when she went there to persecute me. Had you made first-hand investigations when I came all the way from Portland, Oregon, with my experimental apparati at my own expense to Detroit, you would have found that not only was I not a faker as your newspaper announced, but that my system Spectro-Chrome Therapy was worthy of your kind countenance and investigation.

You are not in favor of dosing and doping with medicine. You expressed your views clearly that way repeatedly. Why then you should revile Spectro-Chrome Therapy, which is really an American Science using no drugs yet doing all medicine can do and all which medicine can not do, is beyond me to understand. Instead of a "foreign-born faker" you will find me an American scientific researcher.

When I was in Detroit, a Medical Doctor Glen R. Young, entered my Class as **your accredited representative**; later, he announced himself as an officer of the Department of Justice and still later, your secretary, E. G. Liebold, wrote that you never investigated my system. Evidently more than one person is using your good name for ulterior motives. Please, sir, investigate this and do justice to an innocent man. I have no ill feelings against you, though so maligned; I believe yet you are being imposed upon by others. Kindly investigate for the sake of fair play and truth.

Yours Very Sincerely,

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 152

Open Letter to the Medical Trust

The Medical Trust,
United States of America.

Friends:

That a certain circumscribed group of people should hold the lives of all the population of this great country in its hands, might at first sight be unbelievable, yet, you made it a fact.

Your theories everchanging, evershifting, your practices everchanging, evershifting, your methods of relentlessly pursuing an opponent only unchanging and unshifting, have obtained for you a name in therapeutical history that will live to eternity. That Americans should submit to such bureaucracy is unbelievable and yet you accomplished it to all intents and purposes.

By corrupt legislative lobbies, underhanded tactics and secretive policies you succeeded in choking temporarily other therapeutical systems, but, the wise public is slowly awakening that pills, powders and potions, poisons and poniards are not the proper means to produce health. Drugless healing methods are fast supplanting your crudities and the time is not distant when they will be in the majority.

In Spectro-Chrome Therapy, however, with its unerring precision and peculiar automatism lies the path of the future Healing Art. It performs with certainty what your intricate antiquated and fossilized methods cannot even dream of doing. You are fighting a futile battle against it, as it came to stay and will live in spite of my life loss.

I challenged you repeatedly to investigate; I called your bluff in the open; but, it seems you are afraid to meet an opponent in the open before the light of public debate; that method does not suit your well-known policies and you prefer to work from behind the screen.

Your name is mixed with this case; clear it before the public.

What an absurdity it is that America should be ruled by an oligarchy of Medical Doctors of one system! That the human birthright of selection of one's own system of healing should be snatched away from us by tyrannical legislation, that therapeutical progress should be thus impeded and strangled is inhuman to think of. That systems entirely different from yours and having nothing in common with your doctrines, should be throttled by you is a disgrace to your professional mentality. All too without investigation!

I implore you to mind your own therapy and let the views of others alone; understand that there is a Heavenly Law known as Retributive Justice which will by your own doings be the means of undoing you. History repeats; autocracy kills itself. Watch your steps carefully, for, though the American people will patiently stand upto a certain point any nonsense, their innate abhorrence for despotism, when excited will throw off your yoke in short time and send your corrupted moth-eaten doctrines to the limbo of the forgotten past.

Stop, look and listen! There is a Power in Heaven stronger than you.

Yours For Human Service,
DINSHAH P. GHADIALI

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER 153

Spectro-Chrome Therapy

The ulterior motive behind my persecution and railroading is **only one.** Blackmail, animosity, grudge, hositility, all motives are secondary. One and one motive only looms out, that the object—ulterior object—of my known and unknown persecutors was none but the extermination of my origination Spectro-Chrome Therapy, the Latest Revelation in the Healing Art, Tonation of Disorders By Attuned Color Waves, Without the Use of Drugs, Manipulation and Surgery.

Spectro-Chrome Therapy has gone far beyond any healing system known to mankind. Its simplicity, cleanness, scientific principles, safety, its unerring precision and above all its automatic determination of the necessary remedial measures make it the most fool-proof system of all times.

That an average person can learn and intelligently use a complete healing system within a short period and produce accurate therapeutical results hitherto unobtainable, by means of the Itisometer and a Spectro-Chrome Therapy Equipment appear incredible, but, when I say that during the last six years, its banner has been carried from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast three times, that it has proved everywhere its claims and merits without exception, that its practitioners known as Spectro-Chrome Therapists, are for public protection organized and made responsible to the Integrity Policies of Spectro-Chrome Institute and American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists under the most rigid and inflexible Rules of Ethics, its merits ought to be self-expressed.

The history of the World reads always the same; the lot of the pioneer, whether religious, scientific, industrial or otherwise, is always the same. Persecution, derision, loss, ridicule, violence, chase him sometimes to the last ditch. Zoroaster, Jesus, Bell, Edison, Ford, Firestone, Westinghouse, DeForest, Morse, Galileo, Field, Crookes, Bunsen, Kirschhoff, Newton, Babbitt, Bacon, Luther, Burbank, Lodge, Harishchandra, Blavatsky, Olcott, Wright, Marconi, Hahnemann, Still, Socrates, Washington, Lincoln and many others, all paid the price, more or less of some radical views that were not appreciated by the rest.

What if I, a meek messenger, went through the tortures of hell to give the World what I gave and what I have in me yet to give? My heart is joyful and my mind is cheerful that the Effulgent Powers Ruling Humanity

Digitized by Google

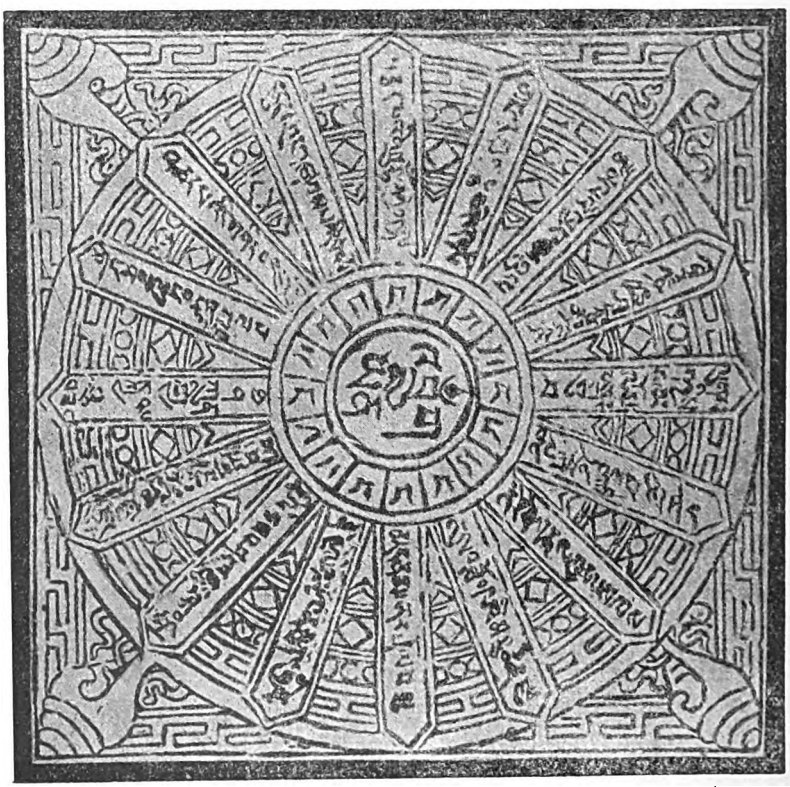
were served by my humble entity even if one iota for relieving the sufferings of ailing humanity.

And for America and the American people, what would I not have done, or what would I not yet do? America showered on me honor, America gave me prestige, America brought me experience, America conferred on me rank, America handed me freedom, America made me what I am—a proud American citizen. I would lay down a thousand lives if I had them, for that noble America and its beloved people.

America, American Brothers and Sisters, wipe out the horrible stigma of "White Slaver" from my hitherto unsullied name and restore to me that peace of mind necessary to my mission in the World—Selfless Service to Humanity.

The Sun shines yet, the Glory of the Lord Is Yet Iridescent; I will receive justice from America, my adopted mother.

* * *



EXPLAINING THE BOUQUETS THROWN
ASK NEUNER & STEARNS: **THEY KNOW**

Digitized by Google

Spectro-Chrome Institute

Central Office and Research Laboratory

MALAGA, NEW JERSEY

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

(Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New Jersey)

CHARTER

The main objects as set forth in the Charter of the Spectro-Chrome Institute are:

The instruction, advancement and practice of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and the research, development and pursuit of such sciences as may assist in the equipment and application of Spectro-Chrome Therapy or the restoration of the human Radio-Active and Radio-Emanative Equilibrium by Attuned Color Waves, without the use of drugs, manipulation or surgery, in accordance with the system conceived, originated, developed and applied by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, M.D., D.C., Ph.D., LL.D.

The building, equipping, establishing, conducting and maintaining of schools for the investgation, instruction, demonstration and practice of Spectro-Chrome Therapy; also the power to confer and grant the degrees of Spectro-Chrome Therapist, Master of Spectro-Chrome and the like, and to issue diplomas and titles in connection therewith.

The corporation shall also have power to use, manufacture, sell and dispose of, in any way, all means, publications, appliances, instruments or products that may seem fitting or in any way connected with such purposes or objects aforesaid.

INSTRUCTION

Spectro-Chrome Institute conducts complete *resident* courses in Spectro-Chrome Therapy in its Research Laboratory each season. Each course, comprising 30 discourses, is delivered personally by the Originator of the System with demonstrations and experiments. At the end of the course, students passing the examination are granted Diplomas.

There are *no* correspondence courses.

Spectro-Chrome Institute creates no "Doctors," and its graduates have nothing to do with "the Practice of Medicine." Its motto is:

NO DRUGS—NO MANIPULATION—NO SURGERY.

PERIODICAL

Spectro-Chrome Institute through its own printing plant, publishes a lively monthly magazine, SPECTRO-CHROME, edited on broad and progressive principles, by its President, the Originator of Spectro-Chrome Therapy. It is an absolutely fearless, independent, unbiased publication, ever ready to enunciate the Truth, without restriction or reserve, for the service of humanity.

EQUIPMENTS

Spectro-Chrome Institute manufactures all the Equipments and Supplies for the practice of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, the Latest Revelation in the Healing Art. They are leased only to its Graduates who are Fellows or Members of American Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists, under strict Integrity Policies. No sales are created; the title on all such Equipments, Slides and Slide-carriers remains permanently in Spectro-Chrome Institute.

Digitized by Google

In course of life you reach a time,
When Doctor, Lawyer, Priest alike,
Does fail to give the sought relief,
To troubled mind or burdened heart—
Then come to me;
I help you to help yourself.

SPECTRO-CHROME.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

RAILROADING A CITIZEN

Diabolic Perjury Branded Innocent As White Slaver

———***———

SUPERNATURAL POWERS, HYPNOTISM, MESMERISM, MYSTICISM, ASTRAL PROJECTION, FLYING THROUGH SPACE, OTHERWISE SALEM WITCHCRAFT, VILELY ADDUCED IN PORTLAND OREGON FEDERAL COURT, TO CONVICT A REPUTABLE AMERICAN.

———***———

A STARTLING NARRATIVE, OF STIRRING HUMAN INTEREST, FEARLESSLY EXPOSING FLAGRANT INJUSTICE IN AMERICA

BY ITS VICTIM

———***———

WHO FRAMED ME?

Medical Trust ?
Ku Klux Klan ?
Roman Catholics ?
Negroes ?
Henry Ford ?
British Government ?
Department Of Justice ? Binshah

WANT TO KNOW TRUTH? READ

———***———

IN TWO VOLUMES
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME 2

Copyright 1926 U. S. America, By Spectro-Chrome Institute, Malaga, New Jersey

All Rights Reserved

Digitized by Google