

# Puzzle of Her High-Flier Fadeout Fiance

Imagine Pretty Joan's Bewilderment When She Discovered His Airplane Rescue Party Was Either a Dream or a Clumsy Hoax



SOLE PICTURE

When Joan Winters Asked Her Fiance, Major Read, for a Photo, He Made This Sketch of Himself and Presented It to Her. The Faint Resemblance to Pat Reid Is Interesting. But Not Significant, in View of the Letter's Disclaimer.

"HOAX: to deceive or play a trick upon for amusement or mischief."—Standard Dictionary.

"I'm sorry, Dear, but we can't be married just yet. You see, I've got to fly to the Arctic to rescue my lost brother there. But as soon as I've found Pat, it'll be orange blossoms for us."

This, vows Joan Winters, winsome actress, was in effect what a cultured and apparently well-to-do Englishman, calling himself Major Robert C. Read, said to her as he boarded a Chicago-bound train at Dayton, Ohio.

Miss Winters (in private life Mabel Mehauffie) had first met the Major in Birmingham, Alabama, where she was filling a stock company engagement. Thoroughly dazzled by her good looks and intelligence, Read had pleaded with her to give up the stage and become Mrs. Read. There was no barrier to a speedy wedding, for he was making big money as a representative of a drug concern and as "efficiency engineer" for a Boston firm.

The honeymoon plans of Mabel and the Major included a six-months tour of Europe. After that they would settle down in Birmingham, where Read was said to be well and favorably known in both the social and business worlds.

Read's own account of himself, of his adventures and mishaps, as Miss

Winters tells it today, is replete with drama and pathos. His father had been Munition Minister for Canada. In the war Read, Sr., was killed in action, together with five of his sons. "But," continued Read, as reported by Joan, "I was spared. I'd married and joined the Royal Flying Corps at the age of sixteen. Severely wounded, I lay in hospital for six months. My wife divorced me. The Big Scrap left its scars on me. I have a silver plate in my head, and a false knee cap is another painful reminder."

About five weeks before May 5, the date set for the wedding, the Major and Joan traveled to Dayton, where her parents live. On the train he told her he feared for the life of his brother, Pat, who had flown some time before into the Northwest to search for the missing airmen, Elison and Borland.

Since then no word had come from Pat. Read said he would leave Joan in Dayton, Reluctantly Joan saw him off to the train.

The next day Read called her up from Chicago. The girl reported to her parents that he had told her he had organized a three-plane searching party to look for Pat, who had not yet been heard from. Two of the airplanes were to be piloted by E. E. Copp and a man named Bishop, who would fly north from Chicago.

The Major himself said he intended to go on to Duluth. He was forced to take off in his plane from there, and join his companions in Canada.

Miss Winters vainly tried to dissuade her fiance from his purpose, but he

told her there was no danger, as the planes were all modern and perfectly equipped. Eight days later Joan received a letter. It was postmarked Chicago, and in it the Major said he was in Fort Resolution, the Great

Slave Lake trading post of the Hudson Bay Company in northwestern Canada. The writer explained that another flyer was bringing the letter back to Chicago to mail. Read said he was located 287 miles south of the Arctic Circle. He hoped to find his brother soon.

Two weeks later a second letter arrived, also postmarked Chicago. This

described the Major's heartbreak on discovering his beloved brother's terrible plight when found. It also included a message from Copp, saying that the Major had tried to bring the injured Pat back home and "failed to come through."

"I join with you," wrote Copp, not in script, but in print-lettered words. "In regretting the passing of two of the world's finest men." He meant Pat and the Major, of course.

With tears streaming down her face, Joan ripped open her sweetheart's last letter and read: "We have had poor weather and I hesitated to make a run of it. We located Pat two days ago about eight miles from what was left of his plane."

"He was lying in a trapper's line hut. His arm was crushed and both of his feet were frost-bitten. We did a rather crude amputation at the elbow, but he is in bad shape. If we are to save him at all he will have to be in a hospital by tomorrow night."

Copp and Bishop both wanted to take him down, but I will do it myself. I am younger and can stand the trip better. Besides, Pat will rest better



AIR DISASTER  
The Ill-Fated Plane of Elison and Borland, Located by Aviator Joe Crosson in Siberian Islands. Major Read Told His Fiance His Brother Pat Had Been Lost While Seeking the Two Missing Flyers.

Great Slave Lake  
Saturday night  
April 12  
1930

Joan Darling  
I am writing this letter to leave with Copp - he will get it through to you. I feel now that it will never be necessary for him to deliver it because I shall make twice as fast as I

and to you in regaining your family man. I think that you will call on me if I can help you ever I am

E. E. Copp

Extracts from Letters Sent to Joan Winters Telling How Her Fiance Perished in Arctic Wastes. Above: The Major's Message in His Precise, Almost Professional Hand-Lettered Printing. At Left: What the Mysterious Mr. Copp Wrote Joan.

NOT DOWNHEARTED  
In Spite of Her Strange Experience with the Major, Joan Winters Can Still Smile Buoyantly, as This Photo Proves.

with me, and if the others failed I would also feel I could have made it if I had tried.

"You know that, given another way out, nothing could induce me to place our future in jeopardy. If you get this letter you will know I have failed." Copp's letter told how he and Bishop had seen wrecked parts of the plane taken by the Major and Pat on the shores of Great Slave Lake. Search for the men had proved futile.

Investigation by Dayton newspapers following receipt of these letters proved there had been no such wreck as Copp described and that no three planes had been chartered at Chicago for a Canadian rescue trip.

Then, much to the astonishment of everybody, Pat Reid, alive and well, was located in Canada. His name, incidentally, is not spelled the same way as Major Read's. He said he had no brothers and had not recently been in any crash.

When reporters asked Miss Winters for the Major's photograph she brought out a sketch he had made of himself



ALIVE AND WELL  
Pat Reid, the Crack Canadian Air Ace Who Both Denied That He Had Been Wrecked in the Arctic and That the Major Was His Brother.

as the only likeness she possessed. The day after the crash story "broke" in the Dayton papers, the Boston firm employing Read announced that they had talked with him that morning over the Chicago long distance wire. He denied that he had had any connection with the airplane rescue trip, they said.

## Use Nature's Secrets—Make a Million

THE sooner a young man becomes nature-conscious, the sooner he will be started in the right direction.

That is the expressed creed of F. H. Bennett, wealthy founder of Wheatworth, Inc. Mr. Bennett asks:

"What chance of perfection in his chosen life work has any young man if he overlooks chances for perfection within himself? The little flaws in him will show up as wide open spaces between him and success if he disregards nature's laws."

"You'll succeed," continues this financier, whose idea on food products built him a million-dollar bakery and huge mills, "if you persist in perfecting everything further than it was when your hands came to it."

"There are opportunities galore in the things left undone in all walks of life—opportunities waiting for someone to do the thing and do the thinking better. While in youth we do not know what we're intended for, hard work and persistency will eventually show the way and, if directed rightly, youth will strive for the ideal, whatever the work at hand."

"There is too much frivolity and nonsense in the world today, but that makes the opportunities greater for the serious-minded person. The higher the ideal of perfection, the higher the perfection of the ideal."

Mr. Bennett points to his own life as an example of what working with nature will do to win success. "So many people ceased to try," he continues, "as soon as they found something they could get by with, that I determined to strive for perfection in whatever I did. It worked! "I started on my physical body. I

got more fun—still do, too—pulling weeds than pelting golf balls. I decided that nature, which made me, knew what was best for me. I sided with her against extremes of all kinds. I believed man was adapted by nature to a world of natural foods. I ate them."

"I had perfect health. I set that

perfection to work creating perfection in my mental processes. I tackled every job presented as hard and earnestly as if I were working for myself."

"This persistent attitude brought me to the attention of my employers and soon I was able to enter business for myself."

By HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN (Physician and Surgeon)

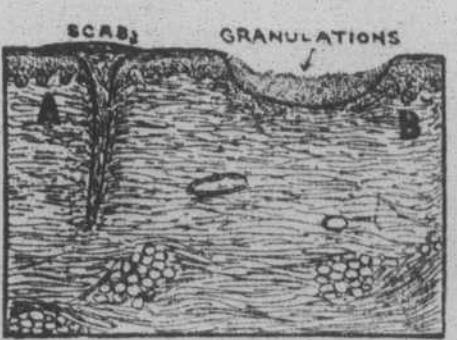
WOUND heals by either one of two possible ways, depending upon the type of wound inflicted. No matter which the case may be, successful healing depends upon certain essential factors. These are: (1) thorough cleanliness of the wound; (2) complete absence of germs capable of producing an infection; (3) thorough dryness of the wound; (4) the distance between the edges of the wound must not be too far apart.

The first method is known as healing by first intention. This occurs in clean cuts made by sharp instruments, such as razor blades, so that no loss of flesh is noticeable when the edges are brought together. As soon as the cut is made the space between the two sides of the wound becomes filled with blood and serum. When the bleeding stops a scab forms on the surface. The scab acts as a cork, preventing the entrance of dirt and germs into the wound. The fluid which remains under the scab coagulates, that is, it takes on a form similar to the white of an egg when it is heated. As a result, a mechanical bond of union more or less firmly cements the wound temporarily.

After a day or two the body regards this temporary bond as a foreign substance and attempts to get rid of it. More blood is brought to the wounded area. The white blood cells, the "sol-

diers of the body," begin to attack this bond. If germs are present the white cells attack them, too. As a result of this "combat" a certain number of germs are killed and many white cells destroyed. These are cleared off the "battlefield" in the form of pus. The amount of pus formed may be so little as not to be ordinarily visible. In the meantime fiber-producing cells make their appearance. These multiply, forming small fibers which bridge across the wound, connecting the tissues. The blood vessels in the surrounding healthy parts send out small branches into this area.

These tiny vessels form a network. The thicker the network, the more rapid is the repair. This constitutes the living bond of union. It is characteristic of the connective tissue



A—Healing by First Intention. B—Healing by Second Intention.

fibers to contract. Because of this, a scar results. In much the same way that a suspension bridge is built, namely, from both shores at the same time so that the structure is completed when the two sides meet in the middle, so is the repair of a wound completed when the top of it is covered by skin. New skin cells rapidly multiply, coming from the edges of the healthy skin covering the wound more and more until finally they meet in the center. The wound is then completely healed. Occasionally, the scar grows larger and larger, forming "proud flesh." The negro race is especially susceptible to this condition. It is usually folly to attempt to remove this overgrowth, as the new scar which would result after such an operation would likewise become "proud flesh."

How Wounds Heal When We Cut or Tear the Skin

MISS PANSY COATS, Texas school teacher and amateur artist, has learned that "benevolence is for the wealthy."

Pansy was sorely distressed recently because an old couple living near her rural school in Missouri County, Texas, were to be dispossessed from their small farm for not paying their debts. Pansy, after long cogitation, decided to make hand-painted, twenty-dollar bills and pass them off on mail-order houses. She traced the bills through the use of a mimeograph, typewriting and stenciling outfit.

Next she took water colors and a camel's hair brush and put on the colors. In all she made ten of the bills. Two of them she sent out for food-stuffs.

Her scheme succeeded and the aged pair's starvation was stayed off temporarily. A few more of the bills were dispatched and might have gone through successfully if a clerk in a Kansas City mail-order house hadn't carelessly spilled water on them as they lay on his desk.

To his amazement the colors on the new \$20 bills ran together. Investigation by American Secret Service agents soon landed the misguided girl philanthropist in a Springfield, Mo., jail.

## Her Nice \$20 Bills "Ran"

Pansy Painted Them Out of Pity for the Old Folks

When she faced Federal Court Judge Albert I. Reeves on a charge of counterfeiting, Pansy said, "I knew I couldn't get away with it, but I didn't profit a penny by my act."

When probation officers reported that the girl's extraordinary story was true, Judge Reeves sent for her. He lectured her severely and pointed out the error of her way.

"I shall accept your plea," he told her, "and release you on probation. Your truth and charity have won you freedom, but never again come in conflict with the law."



AMATEUR ARTIST  
Miss Pansy Coats, of Missouri County, Texas, Whose Efforts to Help an Impoverished Couple Temporarily Landed Her in Jail.

her, "and release you on probation. Your truth and charity have won you freedom, but never again come in conflict with the law."

