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**LIFEBUOY SOAP**

**Ten Years Of Dope Smuggling**  
(Continued from Page 1)

man" who provided all the little men with narcotic drugs to sell to them.

It was in July of 1922 that the police of Chicago caught him in their dragnet. He himself fell a victim to the insidious merchandise that he dealt in, and the man who had laughed at the combined efforts of the police of a dozen countries was as easy mark for Chicago detectives.

He sat in his cell at the central police station, a worried hunted look on his face. Tomorrow he was going to Leavenworth penitentiary for five years.

No soothing morphine there! No royal suite to rest weary drug wrecked bones.

Short shifts for such a great personage!

Well! Tomorrow was coming swiftly. Might as well talk to somebody that would listen and so he relates the story of ten years.

"One shot tonight and another tomorrow at the Harrison Street Station from the station doctor at \$3 a crack and then Leavenworth and the cold turkey treatment. It's a great outlook, isn't it but its got to come. Well, I'm ready to take my medicine. I guess I've had my share of peddling. I've peddled in fifteen States, smuggled it over the Mexican and foreign borders for ten years.

"Guess, I'm getting too old for the game. If I had been younger they would never have got me at 614 Clark Street. My mind was not working fast enough and they caught me so I'll have to take my medicine. If you want to be a success as a peddler you've got to have a keen brain and work fast. I've lost my pep, my nerve, so it's all over with me.

"Is there a dope trust? H—no. But there is a dope ring in a sense that there is a certain class operating in certain ways. No man or set of men, powerful in politics or business is back of dope smuggling. People think so. Col. Nutt, chief of the narcotic division at Washington thinks so. But I know different. I was one of them.

"The trade of smuggling is too easily worked by junkies to permit a trust. No set of men could handle them as they would double cross each other. They would drop the agent of the trust and go smuggling themselves because of the big money in the game. Its every man for himself, and the worst business in the world.

"How did I start in the peddling game? Listen!

"I began at Tia Juana, Mexico, over the border from San Diego in 1912.

"Two Chinks in Frisco wanted 'Gow,' both for the pipe and the needle. They offered me \$10,000 for 400 pounds of gum opium, from which morphine is derived, delivered at a certain hotel in Frisco.

"I accepted!

"In two trunks, each containing take bottom, and packed with theatrical effects and bearing the name 'Camille Bernhart,' New York, I shipped the stuff to San Diego unnoticed.

"One Chink was to follow me to Frisco. That was a condition made to avoid double crossing by a government man.

"I told the Chink to speak to no one, and especially not to me on the ferry between Oakland and Frisco where government operatives swarm. To have done so would have meant instant detection. That afternoon, I collected and boarded the Sunset Limited for New Orleans, to 'pull' the biggest thing in dope smuggling ever put across in this country.

"I was tired of the 'piking' game at Tia Juana, and I knew many 'junk' runners at El Paso who were at outs with 'tinfol' smugglers." My chance had come, for I had twelve thousand dollars in good legal tender, having made the chinks pay an extra two thousand for expenses.

"At New Orleans I arranged with a Frenchman, Foydres Street, near Diamond Alley, a dealer in fancy delicatessen goods to receive my consignment, no matter where I put it aboard nor what it was labeled. The divvy was fifty-fifty, after expenses were paid.

"I had learned early in this game to give, or make the other fellow think I was giving, half of what I got.

"I sailed for New York, waited for passports and ten days later was in Danzig, the freest port for smuggling in the world.

"Here I obtained my gum opium, put it in sixteen ounce cans, labeled it French Preserves, and consigned it—1,000 cans—to my French confidant at New Orleans. My instructions to him were to place it on his shelves and the moment it was on his shelves to wire me at Montreal, 'Betty is better. No cause for alarm.'

"The suspense intervening between shipment at Danzig and receipt of telegram—twenty-seven days—was more than I care again to endure. I sailed from Southampton

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ton to New York; made three trips between New York and Montreal before receiving the wire. The 1000 cans of French Preserves netted me \$26,000.

"My French friend at New Orleans, chucking at his good hand, surprised me by taking me to his home and presenting me with a gold hypo—a gift indulged by Paris druggists because of the competition of agents of India concerns who were trying to educate the French people to use 'haashesh' (made from the flower of India hemp) medically known as cannabis indica.

"This is a powerful narcotic—more deadly than cocaine, and for this reason has failed of any extensive use. I never suspected my French confederate to be a 'junkie'—though five grains a day was his minimum and ten grains often a daily dosage.

"It was then I quit New Orleans and 'Franchy.' Extensive acquaintance is quite the wrong thing in dope smuggling.

"In the fall of 1915 with my pockets bulging and mind at ease after continued smuggling and peddling, I journeyed to Hot Springs for my baths. I intended taking a thirty day rest—not even a thought of dope, when, forty-eight hours after I signed up at the Arlington Hotel, I smelt a trail and was in the thick of it again.

"There were two negroes loitering about the lavatory, apparently friends of the shoe shiners. Gaining their confidence, I soon had an ounce of morphine in my possession. I wanted to see the man behind the gun.

"Trailing him for a week at odd moments led me to a cottage not far away, from which I saw emerge a uniformed police officer. Now, of course I would have protected the officer, but I wanted to ascertain whether there were easier ways of getting it than mine.

"The following Saturday night saw the officer in Little Rock, and myself in a hundred feet away. Presently he entered the Marion Hotel, and in an hour came sauntering down the street with an old co-worker, 'Dips' Myers, last time I saw me being at Tampico.

"I was so surprised and disgusted, I hired an auto to take me back to Hot Springs, to get as far from 'Dips' as I could for I knew he besides he would 'tip' me to the officer and together they would figure that I would be safer in the hands of the government.

"The next morning I was in Texarkana and again headed on the International and Great Northern for points beyond the border line.

"On the move' rings incessantly in the brain of the smuggler and believe me, there are minutes when morphine will not lull to sleep. Distance lends no enchantment to the junkie; there is not a hill that seems greener than others. But the drive forward—the eternal push on, compensates itself in the game about to be played.

"Thus, when I pulled up at Tampico, on Mexico's west coast, I resolved to pull a master bit of junk tobacco, similar to Louisiana per-smuggling.

"I had no thought of Tampico when I left Texarkana. I was going to do Mexico City and make a coup by way of Galveston. On the train I discovered that some 500 chinks had recently landed at Tampico. I knew they would be lousy with opium, for Mexico, you know, is blind when it comes to opium, and that is where three-fourths of the dope consumed in the United States illegally originates. Ask Dr. de la Garda, traveling Alidcamp to Co. Nutt of the Narcotic Division.

"I was right—Tampico was a bee's nest with chinks and they were so sallow in the face, you'd think they hadn't had the pipe out of their mouths since Confucius pulled up.

"What did I care for their sallowness. I wanted their opium and to be on my way. I purchased 400 pounds, paid for it in American silver dollars, at \$15 a pound, the low point in the market price. The chinks believed the American dollar worth twice the Mexican dollar. I gained that way.

"Tampico was a lively port for oil shipments, and because Mexican petroleum gums quickly when deposited in the holds of a ship, it could scarce be told from gum opium which itself is muclageous and looks like thick, black sorghum or Missouri mule, as they call it.

"I barreled the opium, labeled it 'No. 1 Petroleum, Tampico Consolidated Oil Co.', and loaded it aboard an oil vessel, consigned to Galveston, Tex., the destination of the freighter, whose cargo of oil was being sent via Galveston to the refineries at Port Arthur, Tex.

"No trick so far.

"The game offset previous sleepless nights, and my spirits were mounting. But I wanted this consignment in Chicago—where a clever manufacturing chemist whom I knew and who was in the game would transform the opium into morphine cubes. This chemist was a graduate of Heidelberg and had won high honors with a thesis on the isolation of morphine. I resolved to swoop down on some of my junk peddler friends in Chicago and make them pay heavy for

some junk that had only enough sugar and milk to hold the morphine together.

"My confederate in Galveston was a grocer. One must not imagine the trouble over in this smuggling game when he has crossed international boundaries, for government agents trail every kind of shipment. But, there wasn't anything wrong in a grocer receiving a barrel of 'No. 1 Petroleum', was there?

"I reached Galveston a week after the shipment. My grocer was tickled to see me, for he was getting nervous. I soon relieved him of his fear. Taking an old sorghum barrel I loaded it up with the junk, false ends, ten inches deep, containing all the sorghum the grocer had left. The center of course, contained the gum opium.

"To Chicago went the barrel of Texas sorghum, and to my chemist friend, the following telegram.

"No. 1 grade Texas sorghum en route."

"I telephoned him from Sherman House, Chicago, a week later, and he said it was in the midst of its transformation.

"It took me just four days to peddle over 2,000 ounces at \$20 an ounce to five peddlers, two of them owned big shoe stores and one of them was acting for a bunch of doctors. One doctor I know treated over forty addicts daily, yet the government agents never found more than twenty grains of morphine in his possession at any time they called, and this was the regulation pharmaceutical prepared morphine—pound tablets in cubes, duly labeled. And he has an office on LaSalle Street.

"And what became of the \$26,000 I got out of the New Orleans deal, the \$12,000 at Frisco, and approximately \$20,000 at Chicago?

"What became of it?"

"Easy!

"My expenses at that time were \$100 a day and more—old story, wine, women and song—and 'trade expense.' That's the rub. The smuggling game requires wits and wits, and then you descend to a tin-foiler and the end is my end here this minute.

"I'll give you some illustrations of how one drops from high altitudes to low levels in dope smuggling, or how wits peter out. Petering of wits, get me, is the result of lowered mentality—the inevitable 'home, sweet home' of drug addiction.

"Plenty of money in pocket, I set out to learn what all this dope business looked like in other countries and thereby find, maybe, a last 'golden opportunity' for one grand haul, and then retire on the fruits of well earned victories.

"My first step was Seattle—not Frisco, as you might imagine. I knew there were plenty of live opportunities in Frisco's China Town, but I did not know so much about Seattle. It was in Seattle early in 1917, that I discovered the Jap to be a smuggler.

"The Jap is no junker, but he is wily. And as a seaman on those Oriental boats he had used many chances, and Seattle was untouched by smugglers. I saw the Jap sailer go to and from hotels where they have confidants in lines and rush to the bar to spend the money.

"The Jap would conceal opium on his person and in his baggage, and take it to his agent at the hotel. The same game, worked every-where was slipped by Dr. Carlton Simon, head of New York's police narcotic division, not long ago in a fashionable New York hotel and a Jap was the big gun in it, too.

"I kept my Seattle information locked up for future reference. Two weeks later I turned up at Nogasako. Five days was all I needed to get the angle of Jap activity. The point was—where was the Jap getting it? I established in Nagasako strong connections with a tea merchant.

"You have no doubt observed that not once have I mentioned a woman as my confederate, and not once did I have any.

"The Chinese government, at the time undergoing some high vaulting in government reforms, was no place for foreigners of my low degree—though Chinamen did as they pleased with their poppies. But the Jap was doing business with the Chink by way of Manchuria, where the Jap holds sway.

"I knew I would have to meet the extortion that the Jap would exact if I bought from him; or should I make him, as in the case of my New Orleans friend, a go-between. There was just one certain way of doing this—promise him California land. I chose the latter course.

"In Shanghai I had no trouble arranging for shipment to my Jap confederate at Nagasaki of 1,000 pounds of excellent gum opium as Colon tea, at \$8 the pound. I got this out of Nagasaki by paying one dollar a pound extra to my Jap tea agent.

"Again I shipped it to Freschy at New Orleans. A cable at Hong King forty days later told me it was there. I repeated this sixty days later.

"French knew of course, what to do with opium that came in tea boxes; he knew the quick thing to do was get it in cans.

"It was in Hong Kong that I learned from an old Chink smoker, how valuable the 'Yenshe' or scrapings from pipes were. He demonstrated that only about one smoker in fifty, smokes all his opium and leaves in the bowl and around the sides of his pipe a layer of opium called 'Yenshe.'

"I left China and Japan fully entrenched in the confidence of just two people—my old pipe smoker and my tea agent.

"Two months following, I was resting half baked in Bombay. My second objection was attained. What was this 'haashesh' or cannabis indica made from India hemp?

I soon discovered. One shot of it was enough. I saw a place for it; it could be used as an admixture in cigarettes or in combination with ligue.

"I conceived a trade or medical term for it, one that would pass as good for catarrhal and nasal troubles. It was thus that I conceived the name, Marivana, to be sold in packages for twenty-five cents.

"I purchased 2,000 pounds of 'haashesh' or cannabis indica, and proceeded to manufacture by drying it and mixing a harmless herb. It was of course an India remedy, used mayhap by the Hindus away back yonder, but only recently brought to light.

"I shipped 5,000 packages of it without trouble to a selling agency in New York with instructions to canvass only large centers. It went well where it was known what its effect was, but it was too slow moving.

"It is now known everywhere, though I have had nothing to do with it for several years. And coincidentally, it was like a last straw to me only a few years ago down at Calexico, California, when I was on the slide financially.

"I sailed for England; did France, Belgium and Germany and concluded I had better get busy and dispose of my New Orleans junk. Frenchy for too long, though I sat fasted him with a \$2,000 advance when I stopped at Buenos Ayres on my way to India. This was in 1918.

"Again, my chemist friend at Chicago must be resorted to, and the same method of shipment.

"No. 1, New Orleans Sorghum."

"Things went away in Chicago; my chemist was at work all night, but I ran afoul of the police.

"Too many junker acquaintances—and yet I had steered clear of them for the most part, for a period now of over four years. But this night I got mixed up with a gay party in 85th Street near Grand Blvd. a free fight ensued and I was detained at Stanton Ave., for several days. My money only saved me, for my lawyer pulled several good wires.

"That was plenty. I gathered up my junk—300 ounces of morphine and heroin and started west. I unloaded at Kansas City and Denver without trouble and called Hong Kong to await instructions.

"I realized that the thing for me to do was to stay away from the cities as much as possible. I entered the prosperous town of Goldfield, Nevada and in ten days bought out a wholesale grocery. I wanted to cover-up for my tea. The grocery was named the Nikolas Grocery Co.

"My chemist in Chicago wanted a change. I brought him to Goldfield and installed him on the third floor, fitting up a complete laboratory—doing research work with Nevada minerals. We developed the 'big idea' that Nevada mines—both places and quartz—could be made to yield much gold and silver by the sweating process—forcing out the metal from deep recesses, or taking up the particles of metal that had been abandoned. The idea went big; the papers were fed on it weekly.

"In this manner, especially in Nevada, we attracted no attention. The grocery business took care of itself. The laboratory was a sacred place—even to employees of the store.

"For two years we manufactured morphine and heroin. I made the trips to different centers for its sale. We coined money and spent it lavishly, but mining camps like Goldfield were on the decline and the state was tightening up on all forms of gambling and vice.

"I managed to get back here a

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