

ANNALS OF IMPOSTURE

THE BIG LITTLE MAN FROM BROOKLYN~II

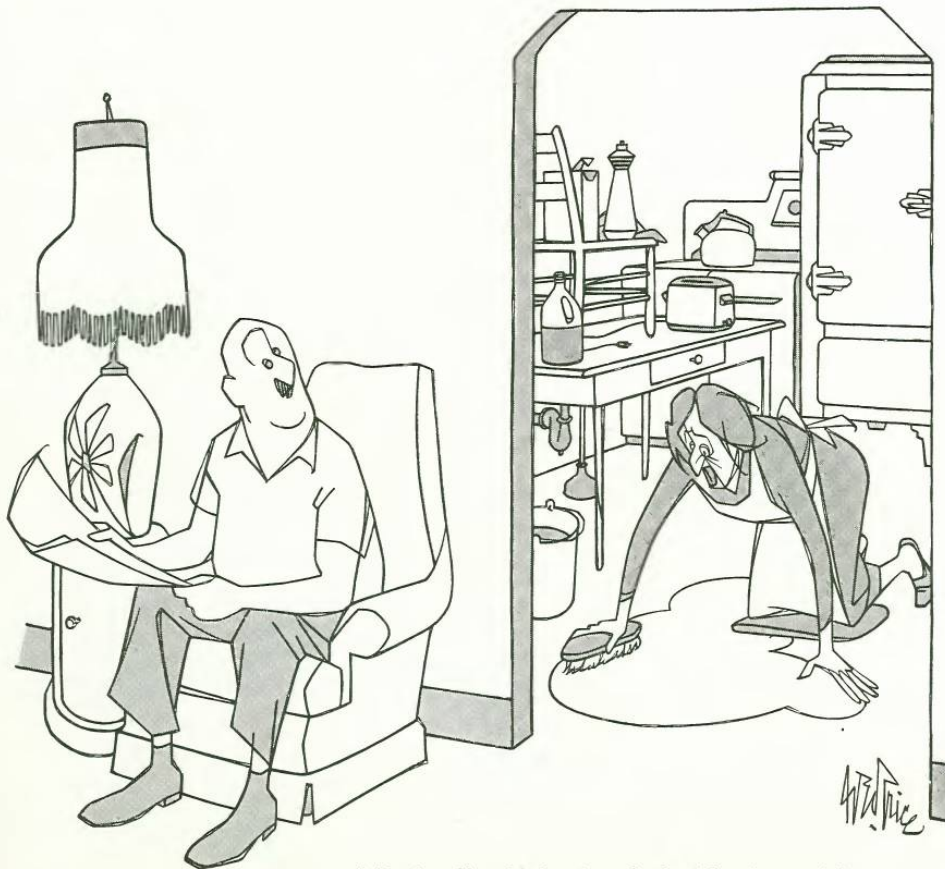
LOOKED at from the outside, the party that celebrated Stanley Clifford Weyman's twentieth birthday, in 1910, was an ordinary sort of birthday party. It was attended by his mother and father and his five younger brothers. His mother had baked a chocolate cake and decorated it with twenty candles, and there was the bringing in of the cake to the dining room and the presentation of gifts to the eldest son. It was inside the young man's head that extraordinary things were going on during that party. He had graduated with high marks from Eastern District High School, in Brooklyn, in 1909, and the plans he then had—the same plans he still had on his twentieth birthday—could be called grandiose if it were not for the fact that he can be said to have carried all of them out later on, in a series of impostures, which included those as a psychiatrist, an officer in the French Navy, an officer in the United States Navy, an aviator, a sanitation expert, a consul-general, and a United States

diplomat on assignment to Princess Fatima of Afghanistan, and under a variety of names, which included S. Clifford Weinberg (his real name being Stephen Jacob Weinberg), Ethan Allen Weinberg, Rodney S. Wyman, Sterling C. Wyman, Allen Stanley Weyman, and (his favorite) Stanley Clifford Weyman. What he wanted to do was to go to Princeton, take a B.A., apply for an appointment in the Foreign Service, pass the State Department examinations, and do some consular and diplomatic work, then study medicine at Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, and take an M.D., and, after that, study law at the Harvard Law School and take a law degree. His father had never acquired a degree of any kind but had managed to establish himself in Brooklyn as a moderately successful real-estate broker. He was in favor of his eldest son's going to college, but he thought that the boy ought to make up his mind to become either a diplomat or a doctor or a lawyer, not all three, and

that until he did make up his mind it might be a good idea for him to go to work and get some practical experience at something.

The father and the other members of the family were sure that the eldest son would go a long way once he had started off in some single direction. He was good-looking, had charming manners, and talked slowly, eloquently, and with great persistence in a soft voice. In his senior year in high school, he had taken the affirmative in a debate on the desirability of woman suffrage, which was, in those days, a controversial subject. There were some people who were under the impression that women wanted to vote, that they ought to be allowed to vote, and that if an amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be adopted allowing them to vote, the internal and external affairs of the country would be improved beyond belief. And there were others who held that woman's place was in the home, that she shouldn't be allowed to vote even if

she wanted to, that for her to attempt to assume the responsibilities of the voting citizen would make her more masculine than she had any right or, deep in her heart, any desire to be, and that woman suffrage could lead only to a serious mixup in the relations between men and women and to the nation's adoption of foreign and domestic policies that would end in confusion, if not disaster. When the eldest son of the Weinberg family delivered his oration on behalf of woman suffrage in the assembly hall of Eastern District High School, some of the woman-suffragists who heard it were so entranced, both with what he said and with the way he said it, that he was invited to attend that year's meeting of the National American Woman Suffrage Association in Washington, D.C. He accepted the invitation, attended the meeting, made a prepared speech, and was given a gold medal, which he afterward carried around



"'Body all achin' an' racked wid pain . . .'"

with him in his vest pocket, or in the watch pocket of his trousers if he didn't happen to be wearing a vest. After his graduation from high school, and after weeks of discussion with his father, he was persuaded to take a job as a clerk in a small real-estate firm in Brooklyn whose owners were friends of the family. He did well there for about six months. Then he made a speech to the owners in which he outlined plans for an expansion of the firm, assuring them that if they followed these, the business could be converted from a small one to a gigantic one. The owners were fascinated, as almost everybody seems to have been whenever the young man talked, but after several days' consideration they decided that his plans were too ambitious and they told him so. He then quit the job. His father and mother and his younger brothers later recalled that he

stayed in bed most of the time for about a month afterward, and that for the next half a year he did nothing much but lounge around the house, moody and listless.

Then, inexplicably, he began to perk up. Soon he was once again urging his father, softly and persuasively, to send him to Princeton and let him get started on his careers as diplomat, doctor, and lawyer. When his father found himself still unable to agree that these three-way plans were sound, the boy announced to the family that he would get a job entirely on his own hook and make the money to send himself to Princeton. Encouraged by his father to do that, he found a job as a sort of apprentice to a man named Harry Pincus, who had a camera store in lower Manhattan, near City Hall. It turned out to be a job with a future that neither he nor Pincus nor the Weinbergs had envisioned.

In addition to owning and operating the camera store in lower Manhattan, Pincus was a professional photographer and a Tammany worker, and Wey-



"To me, it's just not relevant."

man had been attracted to the job in the camera shop because Pincus knew a good many important people. These were mostly lawyers and politicians. Pincus frequently went out with his camera, tripod, and black cloth hood and took photographs of these people on noteworthy occasions in their lives. He would drop their names when he talked to his apprentice, and Weyman would pick the names up and drop them, in his turn, around his home in Brooklyn. At the end of the first month, Weyman asked Pincus politely if he wouldn't give him his wages, so that he could start building up the fund that was to send him to Princeton, but Pincus told him that up to that point his services had not been worth anything. Weyman, who was then and afterward mostly mild-mannered, lost his temper when he found he was working for nothing, and accused Pincus of taking unfair advantage of him. Pincus then told him he was fired.

An ordinary young man would probably have been glad to see the end of this wageless job, but Weyman

was not an ordinary young man. His dismissal infuriated him further. He stalked out of the store in a huff, but before he did he picked up one of Pincus's most expensive cameras when Pincus was not looking, and when he left the store the camera was hidden under his topcoat. He told nobody about the theft, and didn't try to sell or pawn the camera. He kept it in his room in his father's house in Brooklyn, out of sight under his shirts in a bureau drawer. Weyman's employment at the camera store having been the loose arrangement that it was, Pincus didn't know Weyman's home address, and consequently he never came after the camera, although, as things turned out, it is clear that he correctly guessed, when he missed the camera, that his unpaid apprentice had stolen it.

After this experience, Weyman didn't sink into one of his periodic low moods but went on talking optimistically to his father and others about his plans, saying that he still intended to join the Foreign Service after he graduated from Princeton, and then, in due

IN A CHURCHYARD

That flower unseen, that gem of purest ray,
Bright thoughts uncut by men—
Strange that you need but speak them, Thomas Gray,
And the mind skips and dives beyond its ken,

Finding at once the wild supposed bloom,
Or in the imagined cave
Some pulse of crystal staving off the gloom
As covertly as phosphorous in a grave.

Void notions proper to a buried head!
Beneath these tombstones here
Unseenness fills the sockets of the dead,
Whatever to their souls may now appear;

And who but those unfathomably deaf,
Who quiet all this ground,
Could catch, within the ear's diminished clef,
A music innocent of time and sound?

What do the living hear, then, when the bell
Hangs plumb within the tower
Of the still church, and still their thoughts compel
Pure tollings that intend no mortal hour?

As when a ferry for the shore of death
Glides looming toward the dock,

Her engines cut, her spirits bating breath
As the ranked pilings narrow toward the shock,

So memory and expectation set
Some tongueless clangor free
Of circumstance, and charm us to forget
This twilight crumbling in the churchyard tree,

Those swifts or swallows which do not pertain,
Scuffed voices in the drive,
That light flicked on behind the vestry pane,
Till, unperplexed from all that is alive,

It shadows all our thought, balked imminence
Of uncommitted sound,
And still would tower at the sill of sense
Were not, as now, its honed abeyance crowned

With a mauled boom of summons far more strange
Than any stroke unheard,
Which breaks again with unimagined range
Through all reverberations of the word,

Pooling the mystery of things that are,
The buzz of prayer said,
The scent of grass, the earliest-blooming star,
These unseen gravestones, and the darker dead.

—RICHARD WILBUR

course, become both a doctor and a lawyer. Like many a young man of those days who had not been to college, he earned money doing various odd jobs—as a messenger boy in the garment district of Manhattan, as a soda jerk in Brooklyn, as an office boy on a newspaper. He quit these jobs because he got tired of them or because they didn't pay enough. When he realized that it would take him years to save enough money to go to Princeton, he had a quarrel with his father because his father still refused to put up the money to send him there. The boy then ran away from home, got a job selling newspapers, and stayed for a while at the home of a fellow-newsboy. While his father was at his office, he would go home to see his mother, who would feed him and give him money. For a few weeks, he slept in the vestibule of his parents' house, and his mother somehow kept his father from knowing he was there. He spent a good deal of time in the public library near Borough Hall, reading in the omnivorous and unsystematic fashion of young men of his age. All this time, he was dreaming of the future and of his plans, and soon after his twentieth birthday he began to carry out his plans in a hurry.

He selected a post that he thought he would like as a starter in the Foreign Service of the United States, and, in

a way, assumed it. This made it unnecessary for him to go to Princeton and take a B.A. or to pass the State Department examinations. The post he picked out was that of United States Consul General to Algiers. He told a Fulton Street stationer who he now was, and, instructing the stationer to send the bill to his father, ordered a stack of engraved invitations and suitable envelopes to mail them in. He mailed them to nobody in his family and to none of his friends but only to notable strangers whose names he had seen in the newspapers or heard in Pincus's camera store. The invitations asked the recipients to be present at a banquet at the Hotel St. George, in Brooklyn Heights, at eight o'clock on a



Tuesday evening. Formal dress was suggested. The occasion, the invitations said, was a bon-voyage party in honor of S. Clifford Weinberg, the newly appointed United States Consul General to Algiers. They were mailed to about a hundred people, more than seventy-five of whom turned up on the dot at the St. George, the men in white tie and tails, and their wives in evening dresses. The men were mostly lawyers, doctors, and politicians, but there was at least one justice of the New York State Supreme Court.

Weyman's banquet in honor of himself went off without a hitch. In a dress suit he had bought at a Brooklyn department store and charged to his father, he made a graceful speech, thanking friends he didn't name for having arranged the banquet for him, and afterward called on a number of the guests to say a few words. All of them started out to do that and all of them said more than a few words. The justice was one of those who spoke at length. As the banquet was breaking up, late in the evening, the justice buttonholed the new Consul General to Algiers and invited him to come to his court, in the County Court House in lower Manhattan, the next day and sit on the bench with him to witness the disposition of equal justice under law. This was an hon-



"Pd like to see old Ho-Ho-Ho try to assemble one of these damn toys."

or that Weyman was happy to accept.

The bill for the banquet at the St. George included charges for food, wine, and flowers, and amounted to around four hundred dollars. It was brought to Weyman's father the next morning at his real-estate office, near Borough Hall, by a messenger who had instructions from the hotel management to wait for and bring back the real-estate man's check. The bills from the stationer and the department store had already been mailed to Mr. Weinberg, and he was staring at them when the messenger from the St. George arrived. The bills gave the father his first hint of what his son had been up to. While the messenger from the hotel waited, he telephoned the banquet department of the hotel, the credit manager of the department store, and the stationer, and learned further details from them. In later life, he told many people exactly how he felt that morning and what he did. The first thing he felt was a wish that his son had invited him to the banquet, but then he said to himself that his not being invited probably served him right for having put obstacles in the lad's way when all the time the lad had been secretly boning up for and passing the State Department examinations for the diplomatic service—without having gone to Princeton or any other college—

and was now ready to embark on what might easily turn out to be a brilliant diplomatic career, whether or not it was followed by the careers in medicine and the law he had so often talked about.

Mr. Weinberg cheerfully paid the bills, and then he closed up his office, caught a streetcar on the run, and went home to congratulate his son. But his son wasn't at home. His son was sitting on the bench of the New York State Supreme Court in the New York County Court House, with the justice on his left. It wasn't a busy morning in court, and the justice chatted amiably with the new Consul General to Algiers while he disposed of such routine matters as accepting pleas of guilty or not guilty from a batch of accused prisoners and sentencing some convicted felons to terms of hard labor at Sing Sing. Then the justice had an idea. He chuckled mysteriously, told the Consul General he was going to have a surprise for him in a few minutes, and whispered something to the clerk of the court. The justice had decided that what he wanted—as a souvenir, and as something the press might possibly be interested in—was a photograph of himself and the new Consul General to Algiers sitting together on the bench. Having been summoned on the telephone by the clerk, Pincus soon stepped into the courtroom

unobtrusively, as he had learned to do in the past when the justice wanted a photograph taken. He silently set up his tripod and camera, and disappeared under his black cloth hood. Under the hood, he brought the features of the justice and the Consul General to Algiers into sharp focus. Then he flung back the hood and created an unseemly uproar in the courtroom. He shouted out that the young man sitting on the bench with the justice was the young man who had stolen one of his most expensive cameras. The young man instantly and smoothly confessed to the theft of the camera and began to explain about it at some length to the justice. Weyman said he had taken the camera for no other reason than to show Pincus that a young American of his potentialities shouldn't be asked to work for nothing. He went on confessing and explaining for several minutes, in a cheerful, easygoing fashion. He talked softly, slowly, and eloquently, and seemed unable to stop. Taking the justice deeper and deeper into a labyrinth that the justice had no desire to enter, he confessed that he had given himself the banquet at the St. George simply in order to place his father in such a position that he would be forced to send him to Princeton, where, in due course, he would take a B.A., preparatory to passing the State Department

examinations and spending a few years in the Foreign Service, most probably as Consul General to Algiers. After that, he went on, he would start working for an M.D. at Johns Hopkins, because he thought it wiser to get the M.D. there before going to Harvard to get a law degree. While Weyman was still talking, the justice turned to the clerk and told him to tell Pincus to get a policeman and have the policeman take Weyman away. The elderly justice then retired groggily to his chambers. According to eyewitnesses, he stumbled twice along the route from the bench to the door leading to his chambers.

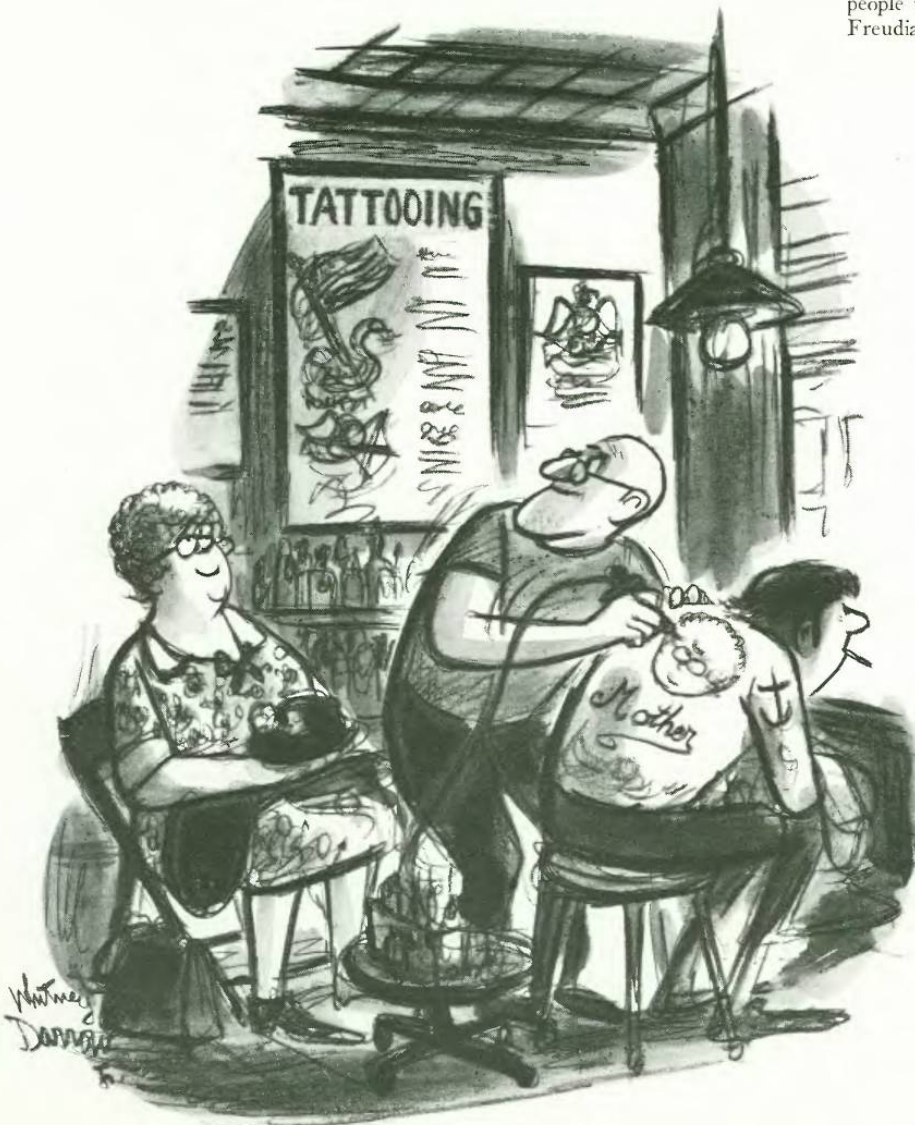
Pincus and the policeman accompanied Weyman to his home in Brooklyn, where the camera was returned to Pincus. Then Weyman's father accompanied the policeman and his eldest

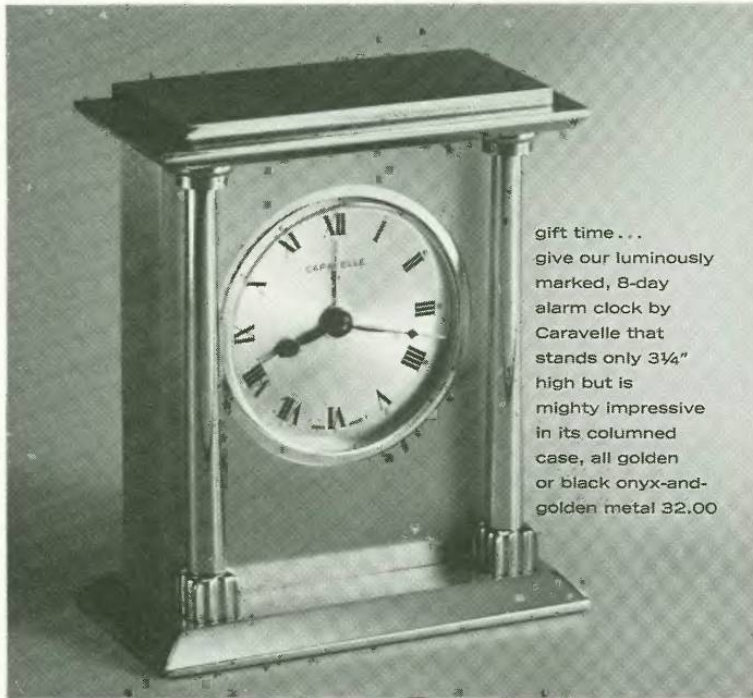
son to a magistrate's court in Manhattan, where he put up bail so that his son wouldn't have to spend the night in the Tombs, the famous prison next door to the old Criminal Courts Building. A few weeks later, Weyman, after pleading guilty to a charge of grand larceny, was given a suspended sentence and was placed on probation. By then, his mood was low again, and he was staying in bed much of the time and lounging around the house in a bathrobe the rest of the time. On the advice of the family physician, his father took him to the River Crest Sanitarium, a private institution in Astoria, Queens, for diagnosis and treatment.

WEYMAN was to look back on the six months he spent at River Crest Sanitarium as one of the happiest

periods of his life. The psychiatrists there took an interest in the hypersensitive, highly intelligent, and charming lad with the soft, persuasive voice, the gentle manners, and the large, liquid brown eyes, and gave him as much psychotherapy as it was thought advisable in those years to give a patient. At the beginning of the second decade of the twentieth century, the discoveries and recommendations of Dr. Sigmund Freud were, on the whole, still being taken with more than a grain of salt at all mental hospitals in this country, as in those in the rest of the world. Freud's major work, "The Interpretation of Dreams," was not translated into English until 1913. However, the gist of Freud's investigation of his own unconscious, which formed the basis for his theory of psychoanalysis, was widely known both here and abroad. Some people were inclined to agree with the Freudian theory, and others were not.

Those who disagreed with it were rather emotional about the matter, as some people still are today. In 1910, Professor H. Oppenheim, a famous neurologist and the author of what was then the leading textbook on his subject, proposed in a speech before a neurological congress in Berlin that any institution in which Freud's views were tolerated be boycotted by members of the congress. According to Dr. Ernest Jones, Freud's biographer, "all the directors [of mental institutions] present stood up to declare their innocence." That year, too, at a meeting of German neurologists and psychiatrists in Hamburg, Professor Wilhelm Weygandt, a leading medical man of his time, banged on the table with his fist when a delegate started to read a paper outlining Freud's theories of sexuality, and shouted, "This is not a topic for discussion at a scientific meeting; it is a matter for the police!" In Australia, at about the same time, a Presbyterian clergyman had to leave the ministry because he had expressed sympathy with Freud's work. Dr. Jones himself had been forced to resign a neurological appointment in London in

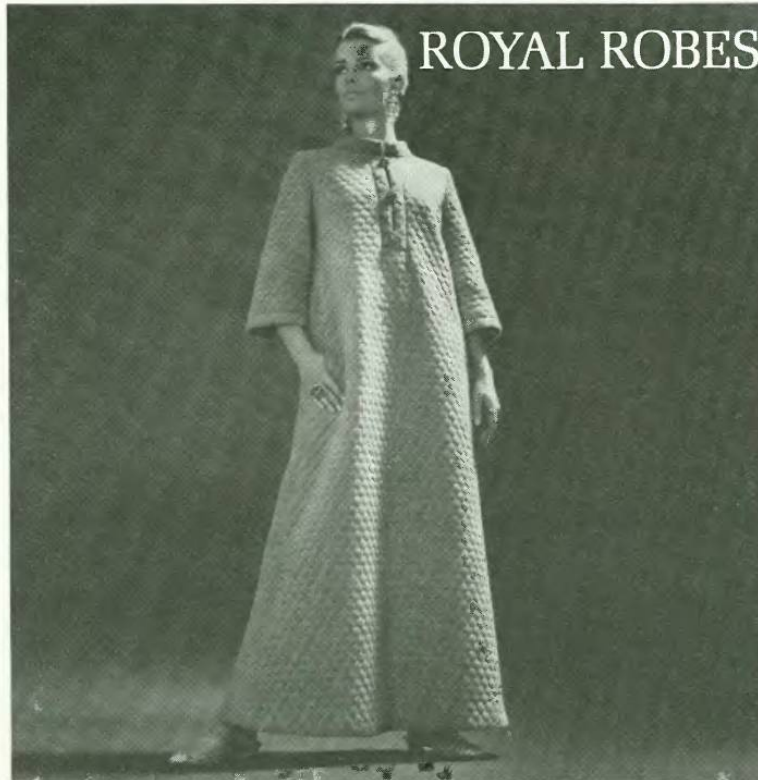




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1908 because it was discovered that he had made inquiries into the sexual life of his patients. Dr. Jones moved over to Canada, and before long the government of Ontario ordered a publication called the *Asylum Bulletin* to cease publication because Dr. Jones and his staff were contributing articles to it that the government of Ontario found "unfit for publication even in a medical periodical." And in Berlin, in the same period, Dr. M. Wulff, a world-famous psychiatrist, was dismissed from the staff of a mental institution because he displayed interest in Freud's theories; he continued his career in Russia, which at the time was freer in such matters than Germany. At a meeting of the American Neurological Association in Washington, D.C., in May, 1910, Dr. Joseph Collins, a leading New York neurologist, who, according to Jones, had a proclivity for telling indecent jokes in mixed company, attacked Dr. James J. Putnam, another leading neurologist, for reading a paper on Freud's theories in connection with female hysterics. He claimed that the paper was made up of "pornographic stories about pure virgins," and declared that "it is time the Association took a stand against transcendentalism and supernaturalism and definitely crushed out Christian Science, Freudism, and all that bosh, rot, and nonsense."

Even those medical men who were inclined to think there might be something in the Freudian theories concerning sex and the unconscious were cautious about following any of Freud's therapeutic procedures, possibly because the medical profession in general hadn't entirely recovered from an earlier discovery of Freud's—the discovery that a new and untried drug called cocaine was useful in the treatment of patients suffering from depression. Like Weyman, Freud in his younger days was a neurotic personality, and was subject to, among other things, manic-depressive trends. Freud had discovered that cocaine, swallowed or taken by intravenous injection, caused him to perk up when he was feeling low. He was on familiar terms with the drug in 1884, when, at the age of twenty-eight, he wrote to his fiancée, Martha Bernays, who had lost her appetite, "Woe to you, my Princess, when I come. I will kiss you quite red and feed you till you are plump. And if you are forward you shall see who is the stronger, a gentle little girl who doesn't eat enough or a big wild man who has cocaine in his body. In my last severe depression, I took coca again and a small dose lifted



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me to the heights in a wonderful fashion. I am just now busy collecting the literature for a song of praise to this magical substance." The song of praise that Freud subsequently sang in honor of cocaine was widely and more or less uncritically accepted for quite a while by the medical profession both in Europe and in this country, with the result that as late as 1911 a great many patients and a great many physicians all over the world were still trying to get off the stuff. (Freud himself had long since ceased to recommend its use except as a nerve anesthetic in dental and surgical work.) Dr. W. H. Halsted, for example, who was one of the founders of modern surgery and was regarded as America's greatest surgeon, had learned Freud's song of praise to cocaine and had begun to sing it himself, and it took him several painful years to rid himself of his addiction so that he could go on founding modern surgery.

Freud, as it happened, was not an addict type, and neither was his fiancée; both of them could take cocaine or leave it alone, as many other patients and physicians before the turn of the century could and did. Freud's discovery that there was such a thing as an addict type—persons whose inner makeup caused them to have an intense craving for anything that might relieve the strong tensions and depressions that they had, and other people didn't have—eventually helped to lead him toward the investigation of the unconscious and on to the theory of psychoanalysis. It wasn't until years after 1911, however, that he and his followers ceased to believe that the ups and downs in human moods—the extreme manifestation of which is now called the manic-depressive psychosis—were incurable, and that the moods themselves were caused by forces other than those to be found in the human unconscious. For this and many other reasons, it seems accurate to state that if Freud himself had been on the staff of River Crest Sanitarium in Queens in 1911, he couldn't have done much more for Weyman in six months than was accomplished by the psychiatrists who did treat Weyman there.

The doctors at River Crest felt that in Weyman they had a promising patient. Weyman had never taken anything stronger than a morning newspaper to make himself perk up when he was depressed. He neither drank nor smoked nor sniffed, whereas Freud, until he finally gave up cocaine, did all three, and also freely administered cocaine to himself, his

fiancée, and his patients, by mouth and by intravenous injection as well as by nose. For a long time after Freud reached the conclusion that the prescription of cocaine for himself and others had had some evil results, he clung to the notion that it was not the cocaine itself that was so harmful but the fact that he had injected it into people's bloodstreams instead of encouraging them to swallow it. In time, he discovered the cause of this notion in his own unconscious, and dealt with it, and with other and less complex notions he found there, such as a virulent hatred of his father, whom he thought he had only loved, and what he called "an unruly homosexual feeling," which conflicted with his desire to continue kissing Martha. River Crest was accustomed to alcoholics, dope addicts, and compulsive neurotics such as women who had fits of hysteria if everything wasn't tidy, men who were incapable of entering or riding in elevators, women who thought they were Joan of Arc, men who thought they were Napoleon, and people of either sex who were under the impression that they were floating in the air or were under water. Compared to most of the other patients, Weyman was the rock of Gibraltar. He had no phobias, delusions, or compulsive neuroses, and was tractable and anxious to please. The only thing that appeared to be the matter with him when he entered the sanitarium was that he was suffering from severe depression and was entertaining thoughts of suicide, though he hadn't made any attempt to kill himself. His doctors did not inquire into his sex life or investigate his unconscious. Years later, one of the doctors remembered that he first saw Weyman after the new patient had been settled in a private room and been served dinner on a tray, and found him sitting up in bed but not trying to eat the steak that was on the tray on his lap. The doctor asked why he was not eating his steak, and Weyman replied lugubriously that he couldn't cut it up. The doctor then cut Weyman's steak into small pieces, as a mother might do for a child, and Weyman ate it all. And he immediately began to perk up. The doctor chatted with him for a while in a friendly way and, by the time he left him, suggesting that Weyman try to get a good night's sleep, was convinced that he wouldn't have much trouble with this patient. He was right.

Weyman was put on a strict schedule, which gave him something to do at all times and relieved him of the ne-

The Perfect Martini.

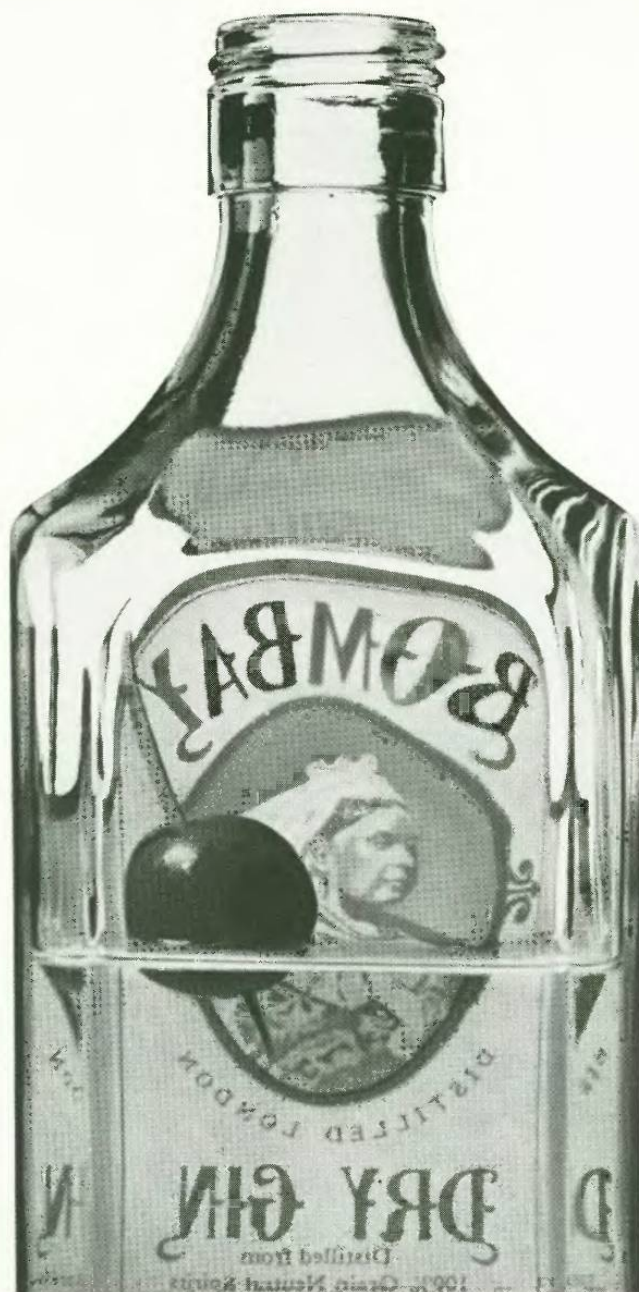
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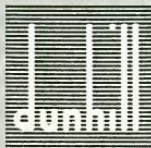
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cessity of making any decisions, and he talked with one of the doctors for an hour or so six days a week. He rose at seven, bathed, dressed, and had breakfast with those of his fellow-patients who were well enough to come down to the dining room and could be trusted not to make a disturbance. From eight until nine, he walked in the open air, rain or shine. From nine until ten, he talked to and listened to his doctor. From ten until noon, he engaged in occupational therapy, such as carpentry work, weaving, modelling, or painting in oils or watercolors. From noon until one, he rested in his room. From one until two, he lunched, and from two until three he again walked in the open air. From three until five, he did more occupational therapy, and from five until seven he played whist, or battledore and shuttlecock, or chess with fellow-patients who could do so. At seven, he dined, and from eight until ten he played more whist or other games. At ten, he went to his room and read a book, and at eleven the lights were turned out all over River Crest and those patients who were able to went to sleep until seven o'clock the next morning. In his sessions with his doctor, Weyman was encouraged to talk about himself, and he did so with ease and volubility, and the doctor who listened to him took many notes. When Weyman's case was discussed by the members of the staff at one of the customary staff conferences, it was agreed that Weyman had had a common, ordinary, normal American conception, birth, and babyhood.

In other words: A short time after Weyman was born, his mother took him in her arms, fondled him all over with her hands, and introduced him to her bare breasts. He quickly learned to suck one breast and then the other until he had had enough milk, after which he went to sleep. At intervals, he was stripped naked, bathed with warm water and soap, wiped dry with a fluffy towel, powdered and patted all over, and dressed again. Almost from the start, he seemed to be aware of pleasurable sensations in the area of his genitals—a reaction that in 1911 had hardly ever been mentioned out loud by anybody but Dr. Freud.

Having been born into an orthodox Jewish family, Weyman was taken to a synagogue on the eighth day after his birth and was circumcised, by a mohel, or ritual circumcisor. The operation consisted of three stages, known as *milah*, *periah*, and *mezizah*. It was an operation that in 1911 in this country was performed on Gentiles only of the up-



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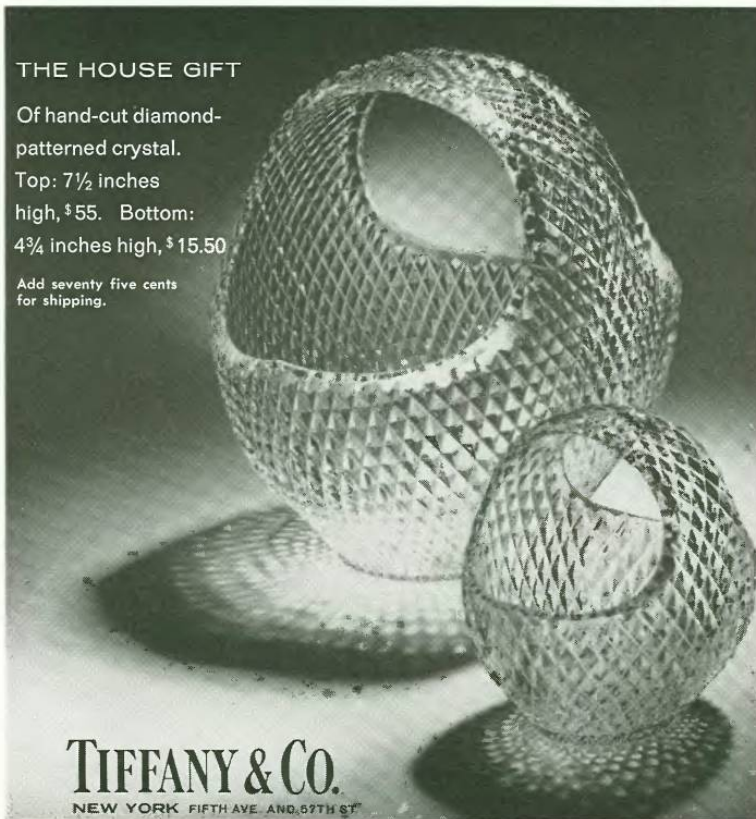
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per-middle classes, and then only by surgeons. (It is generally available for all infants now and is a one-stage affair.) If Weyman had been a Persian Muslim, the operation would have been performed in his third or fourth year, and if he had been a Christian Copt, a Fijian, or a Samoan it would have been performed in his sixth or seventh year. Even in his eighth day, it was a painful and generally upsetting operation, and it took him a week or more to recover just from the physical effects of it. His feeding and bathing routine was continued, with minor variations, until he was about eight months old. By that time, his diet had been supplemented by baby foods of various kinds, which he had learned to eat from a spoon, although he still depended heavily on his mother's milk. Then his mother suddenly ceased to nurse him, and after a while she had another baby, who, in his presence, took possession of the breasts he had been so fond of. When Weyman bawled at this and other indications that he had ceased to be the primary object of his mother's attention, she would pick him up and cover him with kisses and pat him all over until he stopped bawling. Then she would give him something to play with while she fed the new baby.

Weyman's relationship with his father was similarly run-of-the-mill, and the father's attitude toward him was apparently above reproach. Like any other father, the elder Weyman was inordinately fond of and proud of his eldest son at the same time that he looked down his nose at the way the eldest son became for a while the center of the wifely and motherly attentions that had previously been his own. When, as a small baby, Weyman was happily in possession of his mother's breasts and lay beneath them sucking, gurgling, and squirming, the father would stand by and observe him with wonderment and love in which impatience, envy, and jealousy were mixed in healthy quantities. It was the father who encouraged the mother to wean Weyman at a reasonable time instead of allowing him to go on feeding at her breasts until he was seven or eight years old—a custom that was still generally adhered to in certain unspoiled mountain regions of the United States, where the culture and bloodlines were pure Anglo-Saxon. After Weyman had been weaned, the father was in favor of moving the baby's crib out of the parents' bedroom. This was eventually accomplished, although Weyman wailed bitterly at bedtime and at other times even after he had

had an opportunity to grow used to the new arrangement.

By the time Weyman reached puberty, around the age of fourteen, he had a total of five younger brothers. Both his mother and his father believed him to be the cleverest of the lot, and, from what he told the doctors at River Crest, it is evident that he did everything in his power to support them in this belief. Almost from the time he could walk around and talk, there was a great deal of discussion among the adults of the family—including a number of uncles and aunts as well as the mother and father—as to what he would be when he grew up. Weyman came to relish these discussions no end. When such talk petered out, he would revive it himself, perhaps with recitations indicating that he was fit to be a lawyer. Sometimes he would say he intended to be a doctor, and he would cause flurries of applause and amazement in the family by taking the temperatures of all the other boys, reporting accurately which one was slightly above normal, diagnosing the ailment as a cold, and prescribing and administering gargles and nose douches of hot salt water. After he discovered pink spots on the skin of the youngest boy and solemnly told his mother that the child had chicken pox and it was found that the child did, his mother was convinced—and so was his father—that he would become a doctor rather than a lawyer when he grew up.

As far as the River Crest doctors could determine, it had looked like clear sailing ahead for Weyman in every way until his frustration over not being able to pursue his plans for a higher education led to his frustration over the wageless job with Pincus and to the theft of Pincus's camera and from there to the prank he played on his father when he pretended he had become the new Consul General to Algiers. Weyman's explanation of this last episode encouraged the doctors to consider it nothing more than a prank. He told them convincingly that he had simply wished to demonstrate to his father how well equipped he was to be a Consul General, and thereby persuade his father that the sensible thing to do would be to send him to Princeton, where he could get the necessary education and pass the State Department examinations he had pretended he'd already passed. The doctors could understand that the double disillusionment Weyman faced when he was unmasked by Pincus in the courtroom would be enough to send any young man into a

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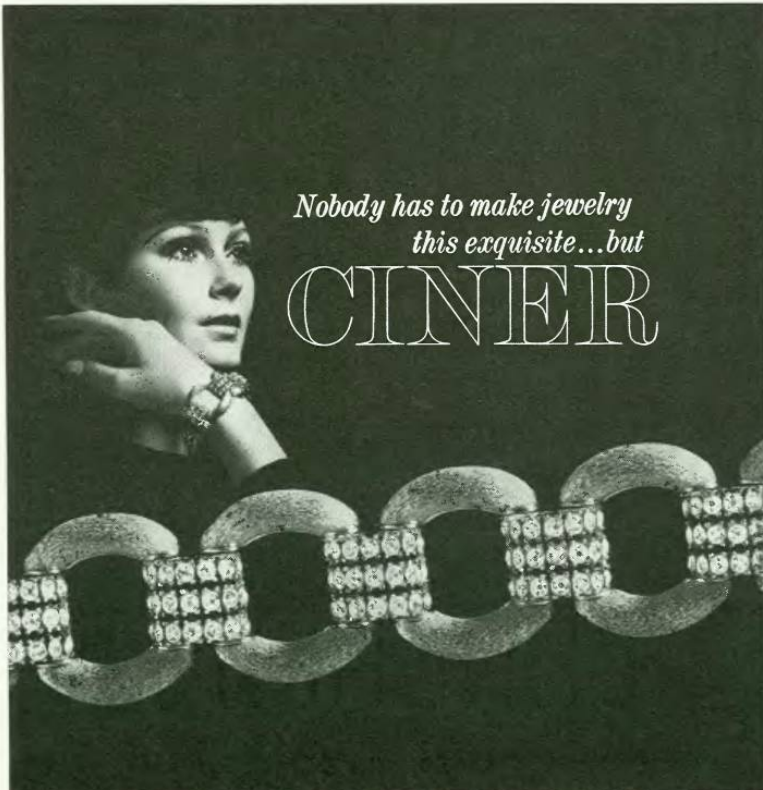
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fit of deep depression; sitting on the bench with the justice, Weyman had been, to all intents and purposes, the new Consul General to Algiers, and a moment later he not only had not been the new Consul General to Algiers but had been a delinquent adolescent who had stolen a camera and hidden it under his shirts in a bureau drawer in his room. However, from the moment, on the first night of his stay at River Crest, that his kindly doctor cut up his steak so he could eat it, Weyman had ceased to be depressed, and he suffered no further depression during the whole six months of his stay. Even Dr. Freud and his followers knew very little about what was then called "manic-depressive insanity," and the River Crest doctors knew even less. Still, Weyman's behavior gave them no reason to believe that he would ever have a deep depression again, or would ever again go into a state of elation that might encourage him to engage in an imposturous episode. At the end of those six months, Weyman, after shaking hands all around, left River Crest feeling splendid and full of plans for the future.

AT first, Weyman's plans were not grandiose. He had talked over his future with the doctors at River Crest and had told them he now realized that his past ambitions to become both a doctor and a lawyer after a Foreign Service career were absurd. Moreover, he said, he realized how much money his father was spending for his stay at the sanitarium, and understood that his father could hardly afford to send him to either Princeton or Harvard, let alone both. With the doctors' help, he had finally decided that working as a newspaper reporter was a thing he would both enjoy and be good at, and had concluded that, since newspaper employment didn't require a college degree, he could probably find such a job in either Brooklyn or Manhattan and would be able to live at home until he was making enough money to get married and have a home of his own. He had no particular girl in mind, but he wanted a wife and children when the time came, he said. His doctors were pleased—and so was his father—at his apparent steadiness of purpose. After his discharge from River Crest, he got a job as a cub reporter on the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* and was soon made a district man, at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. A district man mostly telephoned in the facts of whatever story he had covered, the story then being



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written by a rewrite man, but Weyman also managed to write some Sunday feature stories on his own, and was paid for them at the prevailing space rates, which added five or ten dollars a week to his income. The judge who had given him a suspended sentence had instructed him and his father that as long as the young man remained in a sanitarium, he need not report to the probation authorities, but that once he left the sanitarium, he would have to report to them regularly, for his status remained that of a person under suspended sentence and on probation. Weyman did report regularly to the probation authorities for more than a year after leaving River Crest, but gradually his appreciation of his rising status as a district man and a writer of feature stories got in the way of his realization that he was also a person on probation, and this led him to ignore the facts of his situation to such an extent that he stopped reporting to the probation authorities for a month or so. Then he was arrested, brought before the same judge, and given an indeterminate sentence to the Elmira Reformatory, where he sank into such a deep depression that he was transferred to the reformatory hospital at Napanoch. Once he was back in a hospital routine, and talking to doctors who were sympathetic, and who got in touch with the River Crest doctors to check on his case, he recovered from his depression. He was then returned to Elmira, where he spent a few more weeks, and on June 20, 1913, he was paroled. Altogether, he had been at the reformatory and the Napanoch hospital for eight months.

The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* didn't rehire Weyman upon his release, possibly because its court reporter had given the city editor the facts about his criminal record—grand larceny, for the theft of Pincus's camera. Weyman earned a little money by writing feature stories for other papers in the city, but after six months he violated parole and was sent back to Elmira. The reformatory again transferred him to the Napanoch hospital, and again he was released on parole after a few months, only to violate parole once more, in May of 1915. When he got out this time, he managed to stay out until April 23, 1917, on which date he was sent to prison for a year, first to Blackwell's Island prison and then to the prison hospital at Dannemora, on a new charge—that of forging United States Senator William M. Calder's name to his application for a job at

the Bank of United States. Three months after he was paroled this time, he was sent back yet again for violation of parole, and stayed in prison for two years and seven months. By then, he was twenty-nine years old. And he had become addicted to imposture. The most glowing memories of his life were those connected with the banquet he had given himself as the new Consul General to Algiers, and he tried to duplicate the feelings he had had on that occasion by buying a uniform so as to pose as an American naval officer and, with some alterations to the uniform, as Lieutenant Royal St. Cyr of the French Navy.

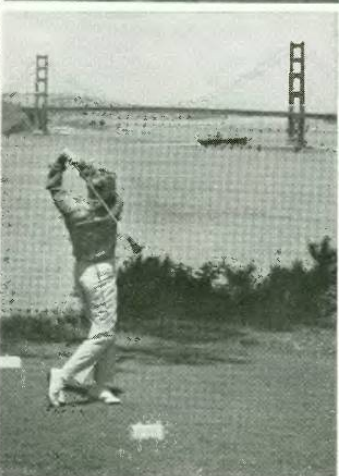


In June of 1920, three months after he had finished serving his term of two years and seven months, he was picked up by officers from the Brooklyn Navy Yard for impersonating a naval officer. A Kings County judge fined him ten dollars for this, although impersonating a member of the armed forces is a federal offense. While he was carrying out this imposture, he met a girl in Prospect Park and, after exciting her interest with his seagoing talk, suddenly confessed to her that the whole thing was an imposture and that he was nothing more than a young man from Brooklyn who had no steady employment. But, he added, he wanted her to marry him if she had faith in him. When he was freed, after paying his ten-dollar fine, she did marry him, and they remained married for the rest of his life. They had one child, a daughter, who, after Weyman became a notorious character because of his repeated impostures, changed *her* name and led an independent life, seeing her father and mother only on rare occasions.

Weyman's marriage took place in 1920, and afterward he got a steady job and reported to the parole authorities regularly for two years. He managed in this period, though, to collect the beginnings of his famous wardrobe and to engage in several more or less innocent impostures—for the fun of the thing, as far as anybody knew, and sometimes accompanied by his young wife. He would take her to dinner at some fine restaurant in Manhattan, for example, both of them in formal dress, and would let it be known that he was the new Consul General *from* Algiers, rather than to it; then, having obtained very good service, he would pay his bill and go back to his home in Brooklyn with his wife. On one rather special occasion, he posed, in an unidentifiable but im-

pressive uniform, as the new Consul General from Rumania. While so doing, he rented a launch and visited the flagship of a United States naval fleet anchored temporarily in the Hudson. He so charmed the admiral on the flagship that the admiral ordered a twenty-one-gun salute to be fired for him, and, after a pleasant visit all round, he shook hands heartily with the admiral and the other naval officers on the flagship and took his launch back to Manhattan and the subway back to Brooklyn. By that time, his wife was expecting their child, so she did not accompany him, but she was enthralled by his off-hand and (as always) serious report of how he had spent the afternoon. He began to feel the need of a better job than the one he had, and after studying the help-wanted ads for a few days he came across one that looked promising. It was through this ad that Weyman embarked on his first major and extended imposture, which led to his becoming a sanitation expert with an American company in Peru. This imposture did not get into the newspapers until long afterward, but the facts of it were discovered by R. C. Bannerman, a State Department special agent, in the course of an investigation of Weyman's career that he undertook in 1921, following Weyman's imposture as the State Department Naval Liaison Officer, assigned to Princess Fatima.

The ad that stirred Weyman up said that the Foundation Company, of 120 Liberty Street, Manhattan, wished to employ a young doctor to go to Peru and take charge of certain sanitation work that the company was under contract to perform for the Peruvian government. Some twenty applicants for this position turned up at the offices of the company, and one of them was Weyman. The firm's employment officer was instructed by a Mr. Whelan, its manager, to interview the applicants, weed out the ones who did not make a good impression, and retain the five who seemed most likely to succeed. Weyman was one of the five. Mr. Whelan then met these five in his own office. The one he was most impressed with was in the uniform of a medical officer in the United States Navy with the rank of Lieutenant. This, of course, was Weyman. He gave his name as Clifford Grete Weston Wyman and his residence as 71 Maujer Street, Brooklyn, and the credentials he produced seemed to show that he had had eighteen months' service as a naval medical officer overseas. Mr. Whelan



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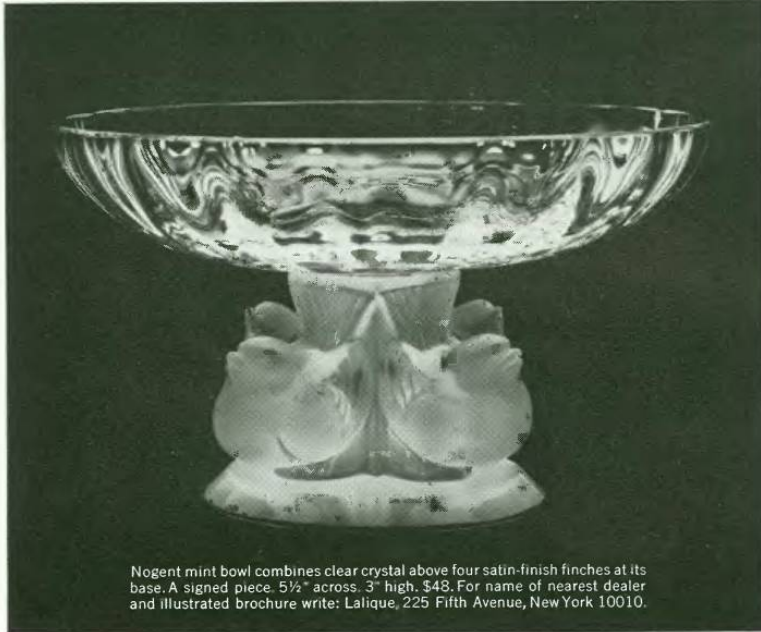
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said later that he was inclined to pick this young man at once but that since he was not a doctor himself he told the five applicants he was going to ask the assistance of a Dr. Fletcher, who was a professor of medicine at the Columbia University medical school. He told them that they would have to go to see Dr. Fletcher and talk with him, and that on Dr. Fletcher's final recommendation would rest the appointment to the post in Peru. When the five applicants appeared in Dr. Fletcher's office the next day, Weyman stepped out of the group, walked up to the Doctor, shook hands with him warmly, and said that he was a great admirer of the Doctor's work and had several times attended the clinics that the Doctor was conducting at Columbia. Dr. Fletcher recalled subsequently that he had the immediate impression that the young naval doctor had been one of his students. He was sure, in any case, that he had seen the young man before, and he was right. Weyman, although he had never been a student of Dr. Fletcher's, had hung around the Columbia medical school several years before, posing as a medical student. Bannerman noted in his report, "There, either out of sheer curiosity or with some ulterior motive, he had attended the clinics and, being naturally bright and apt, he picked up numerous medical expressions and terms and was well acquainted with the routine in vogue at these clinics. With his unlimited nerve, and ability to talk himself into the good graces of people he met, the impostor, before any of the other applicants had had a chance to open their mouths, said that with his eighteen months' service overseas as a naval medical officer he was ideally suited for the job with the Foundation Company." Dr. Fletcher, according to Bannerman, exchanged a few words with each of the other applicants, and when the five had departed, he telephoned Mr. Whelan and told him that the naval doctor called Clifford Grete Weston Wyman was the one he recommended.

That afternoon, Mr. Whelan telephoned the young naval doctor at his home in Brooklyn, told him that he had been picked for the job, and instructed him to apply for a passport at once, so that he could proceed to Lima, Peru, as soon as possible. How Weyman was able to obtain a passport under a name he did not receive at birth neither the State Department nor anybody else knows; nevertheless, such a passport was issued to him, on October 26, 1920. Weyman proceeded at once to



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Lima, in the company of an attractive young woman who was not his wife. Weyman's wife stayed at home and regularly received money from her husband for her support. Neither Bannerman nor anybody else was ever able to find out who the young woman was who made the journey to Lima with Weyman and lived with him while he was there. On his arrival in Lima, Weyman rented a luxuriously furnished marble residence. He bought a limousine on credit and hired a chauffeur to drive it. He appears to have carried out his duties as a sanitation expert satisfactorily. He and his young woman companion began giving parties for Peruvian society in the marble house, and they became very popular and were invited out a great deal. After about six weeks, the young woman became ill, and, following the usual custom of upper-class Peruvians, Weyman took her to the American hospital in the Panama Canal Zone. From Panama he wrote a letter to one of the Naval Intelligence men—his name was Sheehan—who had declined to prosecute him on the charge of impersonating a naval officer in New York earlier that year. It was a friendly, chatty letter, in which Weyman told of his success as a sanitation expert with the Foundation Company in Lima and mentioned that he was giving a tea for a number of naval officers then resident in the Canal Zone who had entertained him while his companion was in the hospital. Sheehan decided that he ought to tell the Foundation Company in New York that the man who was working for them in Lima was an impostor, and he did. By the time Weyman and his companion returned to Lima, the company officials there had received instructions from Mr. Whelan to tell Weyman to report at the New York office at once. But when Weyman arrived in New York and went to see Mr. Whelan, the Foundation Company decided not to prosecute him, because of the notoriety that would result. Having presumably bidden his companion goodbye, Weyman returned to his home in Brooklyn.

On February 11, 1921, the *Times* carried a short item under the heading "Leaves Peru to Fly Here—Son of President Leguia Starts Seaplane Trip Today." The story did not come from Peru. It was a local New York story, and it went as follows:

Commander Juan Leguia, head of the Peruvian Naval Air Service and son of the President of that republic, will leave Callao, Peru, today on the first leg of a seaplane flight to New York, it was announced here yesterday by Captain Ster-

ling C. Wyman, United States Navy. Captain Wyman, who is a personal friend of the South American aviator, said he had received a cable message from Commander Leguia stating that he hoped to make the long trip in two weeks.

Commander Leguia is on his way to England, where he is to be married, according to Captain Wyman.

Weyman's ego had evidently been well fed by the Peruvian escapade. He was living quietly in Brooklyn, reporting regularly to the probation authorities, and making money at various honest jobs, one of which was that of auditor for a firm called the Goldberger Manufacturing Company. Following a fire in which the firm's books had been destroyed, Benjamin Goldberger, the head of this company, had advertised in the New York papers for an auditor. Weyman answered the ad at the end of February, gave the impression of knowing all about accountancy, and said that he had been employed by Will Hays, then chairman of the Republican National Committee, and that he was a good friend of United States Senator William M. Calder. He worked for Mr. Goldberger for about six weeks and then, one day, failed to show up at the office. Mr. Goldberger tried without success to reach him at his home in Brooklyn, and, when four or five days had passed and Weyman had still not come back to work, hired another auditor to go over the books that Weyman had been keeping. The auditor found nothing wrong with the books, and Mr. Goldberger stopped worrying. Then a bill for several hundred dollars was mailed to Mr. Goldberger from Goldfarb's, the florist. Mr. Goldberger had not been buying any flowers, so he called up the florist and told him there must have been a mistake. The florist said that the flowers had been ordered from time to time by Captain Sterling C. Wyman, of the United States Navy, and that the Captain had instructed him to send the bill to Mr. Goldberger. Mr. Goldberger told the florist he wouldn't pay this bill, and he and the florist argued about the matter from time to time until December of 1921. In that month, Weyman's photograph appeared on the front pages of all the New York newspapers because he had become private secretary to Dr. Adolf Lorenz, a Viennese physician who was world-famous at the time as "the bloodless surgeon." When Dr. Lorenz arrived in New York from Europe, Weyman went aboard ship to meet him and introduced himself as Dr. Clifford Weyman. He told Dr. Lorenz that he had been asked



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by the New York Health Commissioner, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, to welcome him to New York and to offer his services as Dr. Lorenz's private secretary. Dr. Lorenz was to conduct a clinic at the Hospital for Joint Diseases, the head of which was Dr. Henry W. Frauenthal. The New York newspapers gave a great deal of publicity to Dr. Lorenz's arrival, and when Dr. Lorenz introduced his new secretary, Dr. Clifford Weyman, to the photographers who met the ship, the photographers took a picture of Dr. Weyman. Dr. Lorenz was pleased in every way with his secretary, and Weyman worked with him satisfactorily for one week and would no doubt have continued to work for him indefinitely if Dr. Frauenthal had not received a telephone call from one of Princess Fatima's sons, who had recognized Weyman's photograph, and who told Dr. Frauenthal who Weyman was. Dr. Frauenthal called the New York Police Department, which sent a detective over to interview Weyman. Weyman readily confessed that he not only had posed as the State Department Naval Liaison Officer but while doing so had introduced Princess Fatima to President Harding, that he was not a physician, and so on. Both Dr. Lorenz and Dr. Frauenthal were present at the interview, and Dr. Lorenz said that he nevertheless wished to retain Weyman as his private secretary, because his work had been most efficient. Dr. Frauenthal took the matter up with the New York Health Commissioner, Dr. Copeland, and Dr. Copeland said Weyman must go, because he was not a doctor, and also because he had represented himself as the Health Department's representative. Dr. Copeland then called the newspapers and told them that Weyman had been exposed and was being fired, and the newspapers again had front-page stories accompanied by photographs of Weyman—plus, this time, summaries of his career as an impostor. Princess Fatima's son also telephoned the State Department in Washington, and the State Department alerted the Department of Justice. A federal agent named Lamb came to New York to pick him up, and Weyman was at last arrested and arraigned in the Federal Court in Brooklyn on the charge of impersonating a naval officer. On April 4, 1922, Judge Thomas I. Chatfield sentenced him to serve two years in the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta and to pay a fine of one dollar. Dr. Lorenz, who had agreed to pay Weyman two hundred dollars a week and had thought him worth every penny of it, said publicly that he was

sorry to lose Weyman's services. Dr. Copeland sent Dr. Lorenz a new secretary, Dr. Walter Galland, and Dr. Lorenz made do with him for the rest of his stay in New York.

At the Atlanta penitentiary, Weyman studied law under the auspices of the warden, and before he left, having got time off for good behavior, he passed a bar examination and became an accredited attorney under the laws of the State of Georgia, which apparently did not then provide that a man convicted of a felony could not become a lawyer. Or it may have been that the authorities in Atlanta did not think that impersonating a diplomat in order to introduce Princess Fatima to President Harding was a felony. In any event, Weyman returned to New York in fine shape and, within a few months, was working, under the name of Stanley Wyman, as a clerk in the office of the New York Title & Mortgage Co., on lower Broadway. His job, for which a legal training was necessary, had to do with real-estate transactions, and by working closely with his father, who was still in the real-estate business, he made a great deal more money than just his salary as a clerk. Before any action was taken to foreclose mortgages on real estate whose owners were in trouble, Weyman would learn what was in the wind and would pass the tip on, enabling his father to acquire the real estate at low prices. Weyman made enough money to buy, for cash, an olive-green Pierce-Arrow limousine and a crimson Daimler roadster.

During this period, Weyman made the acquaintance of Samuel J. Siegel, who is at present a well-known New York criminal lawyer with offices in the Times Square district, and who at that time had recently obtained his law degree and was also working as a law clerk at the New York Title & Mortgage Co. Siegel remained Weyman's friend and lawyer for the rest of Weyman's career. He remembers vividly, as any man would, the day on which their friendship began. It was a hot Saturday morning in the summer of 1924, and Siegel happened to remark to some fellow-employees standing around the water cooler that he was going to spend Sunday with his parents, in Lakewood, New Jersey, and that he wasn't looking forward to the trip, which in those days citizens of New York usually made by cross-town streetcar, ferryboat, and railroad train.

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Siegel knew the man who had made this offer only slightly; he knew him as Stanley Wyman, and knew that although he was liked well enough around the office, where he was called Stan, he was commonly thought of as being—a phrase Siegel later came to consider inadequate—"a kind of a nut." Weyman was capable of eccentricities that would flabbergast students of abnormal psychology again and again in the years ahead, but his behavior in the offices of the New York Title & Mortgage Co. in 1924 was out of the ordinary only in that he dressed excessively well, spoke in an accent that vaguely suggested a Continental background, and was in the habit of showering newly hired stenographers with rich gifts, such as orchids and imported bonbons, and asking nothing of them in return except their astonished gasps. Siegel accepted the offer of the lift to Lakewood, and Weyman said he would pick him up the next morning in front of the Hotel Commodore, on Forty-second Street.

When Weyman picked up Siegel that Sunday morning, he was not just in a car but in what Siegel remembers as something amounting to a motorcade. First, there drew up in front of the Commodore a Pierce-Arrow limousine driven by a chauffeur in livery and escorted by two uniformed policemen on motorcycles. There was no passenger in the limousine, and Siegel did not at first identify it with Weyman. Behind the limousine, however, another car drew up—a crimson Daimler roadster with a right-hand drive. Its top was down, and Siegel could see Weyman at the wheel and, beside him, an attractive young lady.

Weyman hopped out, shook hands with Siegel, and introduced the young lady as his wife. "You ride in the limo, dear," he said to her breezily, helping her out of the Daimler and into the back seat of the Pierce-Arrow while she nodded and smiled acquiescence. A moment later, having given an authoritative signal to the motorcycle cops, Weyman indicated that he and Siegel would ride in the Daimler. Siegel remembers that Weyman politely escorted him around the front of the Daimler and opened the door for him. Then Weyman got behind the wheel and waved to the chauffeur of the limousine and to the police escort for the procession to start. The limousine proceeded west on Forty-second Street at a

fast pace, and when the motorcycle cops turned on their sirens the pace became even faster. Siegel asked Weyman how he happened to be able to provide the police escort, and Weyman shrugged and said, in an offhand fashion, "I have considerable political influence. I'm a Special Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York, you know. Also, I slip the boys a ten-spot each for their trouble." In a very short time, the two cars arrived at the ferry landing at Forty-second Street and the Hudson River, and were driven onto a ferry. After the two motorcycle cops had seen them safely aboard, they grinned and waved to Weyman and cycled away, their sirens going.

"Weyman talked a blue streak as we crossed the Hudson on the ferry," Siegel recalled in later years. "Among other things, he told me that in the past he had worked for both the Republican and the Democratic State Committees, and also for the local political parties—Tammany Hall and the Republican organization. Lately, he said, he had been able to contribute considerable sums to both parties. He told me about the Princess Fatima incident and about how unjust it was that he had been sent to Atlanta for impersonating a naval officer when it had been proved in court that the uniform he wore during that escapade was that of a sort of seagoing Boy Scout organization and was perfectly genuine. We got out of the car and walked around during the ferry trip, and at one point, while Weyman was chatting gaily with the good-looking girl in the limousine, I noticed that on the front of each car there was a plate, like a license plate, that said 'Special Deputy Attorney General—New York.' I asked Weyman about these plates, and he said that

he had had them made himself but that he really was a Special Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York, and when we got back into the Daimler he pulled from his coat pocket a hand-

somely printed document with a red seal on it that certified that he had been appointed as a Special Deputy Attorney General. Some weeks after that, I had occasion to check the list of Special Deputy Attorney Generals, and found that Weyman was on the list, which consisted of a number of prominent citizens of New York, most of whose names I recognized, and all of whom were presumably lawyers. On the way to Lakewood, Weyman told me a good deal about his life, both in prison and out. What he told me



I later found was true. He talked with the charm of a child and did not seem to want to hide anything. When we got to Lakewood, it was getting on toward lunchtime, and Weyman invited me to join the young lady and himself for lunch at one of the posh hotels there. I later found out that the young lady was not his wife but just one of the many good-looking girls whom Weyman was in the habit of taking along on outings of this sort but with whom, as far as I have ever been able to determine, he was on casual, rather than intimate, terms. Led by Weyman—who, incidentally, was dressed in a morning coat, striped trousers, and a top hat of the kind that folds up—the three of us swept into the hotel, where the bellboys, the bell captain, and the clerk behind the desk seemed to leap to attention, greeting Weyman cordially and with great deference. Bellboys had followed us into the hotel with five or six handsome pieces of luggage. The desk clerk handed Weyman two keys, and Weyman gave one to the young lady, remarking that she would no doubt wish to go to her room and freshen up. A bellboy took the key from her, and when she indicated one rather small suitcase, he picked it up and preceded her to the elevator. 'I must change for luncheon,' Weyman said to me as a couple of other bellboys picked up the four or five pieces of luggage remaining. 'Why don't you come along up to my suite while I change?' I went along with him to a handsomely furnished two-room suite upstairs. The bellboys put all the luggage in the bedroom, and Weyman, after they had gone, talked for a few minutes in a charming way and then left me alone in the living room, saying that he would change his clothes now but that it would take him only a few minutes. I sat there and thought about Weyman and felt as if I were taking part in a pleasant dream of some kind. He reappeared in a short time dressed in a very natty outfit, which I guess he felt was more suitable for the country than his morning coat and striped trousers. He had on a pair of expensive-looking tan Oxfords, beige stockings, heather-colored tweed plus fours and a matching Norfolk jacket, a white shirt, and a brightly striped tie of British regimental design, which clashed somewhat with the tweed of his Norfolk jacket and plus fours. We went down to the lobby, where the young lady was waiting for us. She had on the same attractive but ordinary street dress that she had had on before. With



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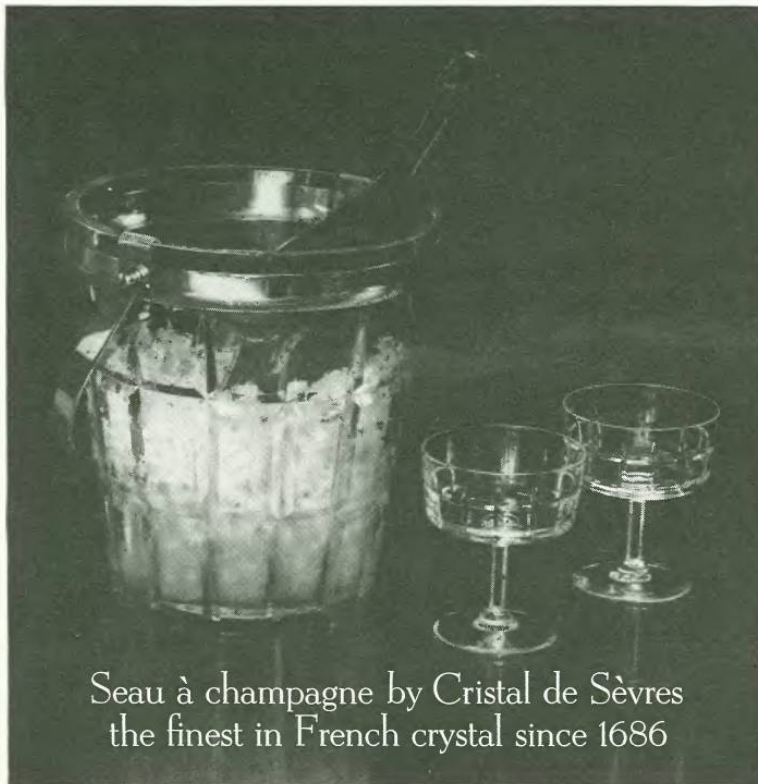
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Weyman in the lead, we went into the ornate dining room and were obsequiously shown to a table in a bay window by the headwaiter. And so it went. Weyman remarked that they were staying overnight and that after lunch he was going to show the young lady around the golf course. 'She has never seen a golf links,' he explained gravely. 'I have not played golf myself since I went to Atlanta.' To the young lady, he said, 'We'll just walk around the eighteen holes, and when we get back you can have a little rest in your room while I change for tea.' I explained to Weyman that my parents lived only a short distance from the hotel, and said I would walk to their house after lunch. He offered to drive me back to New York on Monday morning, but I told him I must return that night. I never did find out what kind of clothes he wore that afternoon for tea or what kind he wore for dinner, but I am sure that they were spectacular." Weyman continued to work for the New York Title & Mortgage Co. for a good many months, but Siegel left in order to go into private practice as a criminal attorney in Manhattan. Weyman kept in touch with Siegel. They had a meal together once in a while, and Siegel represented him several times in minor cases.

It was in August and September of 1926 that Weyman engaged in one of his greatest impostures—in fact, in a double imposture—not only posing as Pola Negri's physician during the New York portion of the sensational funeral of Rudolph Valentino but also posing as a public-relations man representing George Ullman, who had been Valentino's manager in Hollywood. As the latter, Weyman pretty much ran the funeral, handing out statements every day to the newspapers, which the newspapers solemnly printed. Not until the final day of the extended lying-in-state at Campbell's Funeral Church, on Broadway at Sixty-sixth Street, did the newspapers—it was never made clear just how—discover that the man they had publicized as Pola Negri's physician and as the public-relations man in charge of the funeral was the same old Stephen Jacob Weinberg whom they had so frequently exposed as an impostor in past years. The *Times* was extremely reticent at first about making known the fact that the man whose public-relations announcements it had been printing was an impostor, and so were the other newspapers. Then, after a couple of days, the *New York World* overcame its embarrassment and decided that the double imposture was a



Jack Winter, 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

good story. The *World* printed several articles about Weyman's past impostures and also printed an interview with him. The reason it was able to interview Weyman was that after he had been exposed, and had been repudiated by Mr. Ullman, he continued to act as Pola Negri's physician, because Miss Negri said he was the best doctor she had ever had, no matter what else he may have been. The *World* said of Weyman, "To reporters he reiterated his claims to be both a lawyer and a doctor as well as a lecturer on medical jurisprudence, but when pinned down as to where he got his degrees he would change the subject—or would wave at the reporters what he said were his rolled-up diplomas, saying that he was too busy to unroll them. He said that he was an M.D., an LL.D., a Ph.D., and a J.D., the latter a degree that he said stood for Doctor of Jurisprudence, and that he had studied law in the afternoon and medicine at night in the early 1920's." The *World* told about the Princess Fatima imposture and about Weyman's having delivered a lecture at the Middlesex College of Medicine and Surgery, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1925, posing as a member of the New York State lunacy commission. The *World* also revealed that Weyman was the owner of a Daimler, a Mercedes, and a Chandler (he had apparently shucked the Pierce-Arrow), and that each of the three cars had a siren on it and carried, in addition to its regular license plates, a Police Department plate (No. 212) that had been issued to him when Mayor John F. Hylan, a Tammany man, was the chief executive of the City of New York. By this time, Weyman must have ceased to decorate his cars with the plates stating that he was a Special Deputy Attorney General, perhaps because the Police Department license plates were more impressive. The *World* revealed that on June 27, 1926, an eleven-year-old girl named Emily Malley, of 115 Charles Street, Manhattan, was run down by one of Weyman's cars, which was being driven at the time by Elliott Johnson, of 57 Baltic Street, Brooklyn, and that Johnson told the police he was the chauffeur for Sterling C. Weyman, the lawyer, and was let go. The *World* said that it was established at the time that the accident was not the fault of the chauffeur, and it said that Weyman sent flowers and dolls to the little girl and made such a hit with her parents that they almost appeared to be pleased that the accident had occurred.

A few days after the *World* story

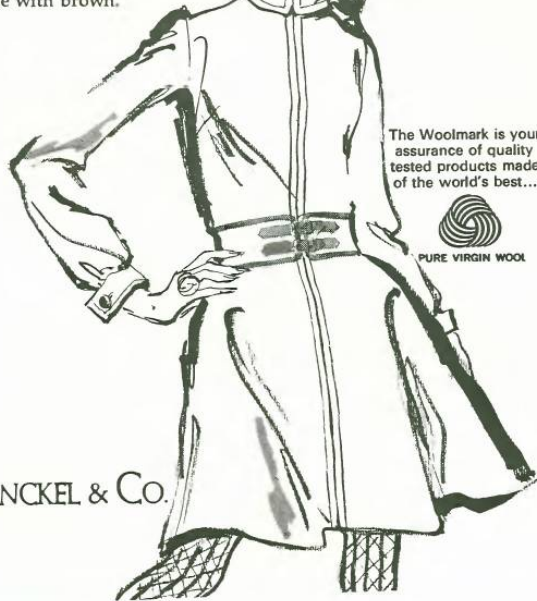
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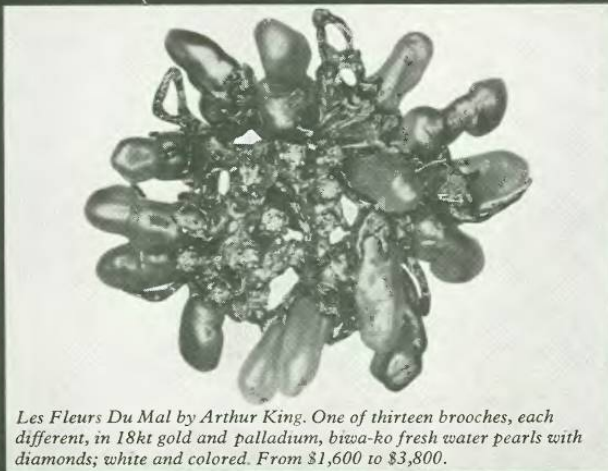


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appeared, the New York *American* printed accounts of some incidents in Weyman's past career and also noted that Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing, recalled that when he was warden of Elmira Reformatory he had known Weyman as an inmate. Lawes said that he had next met Weyman at Sing Sing in 1925, when Weyman was not an inmate of any institution. Weyman had called on the warden at Sing Sing and introduced himself as an advocate of prison reform, and had made an eleventh-hour attempt to save the life of one Frank Minnick, a Buffalo bandit convicted of murder, who was subsequently electrocuted on schedule. The *American* also told about the adventures of Warden Henry O. Schleth, of the Blackwell's Island prison, when Weyman was an inmate. Schleth said that while Weyman was there he had managed to obtain a writ against the warden that accused Schleth of, among other things, corruption and bad conduct. Schleth had denied the accusations, and the writ had been dismissed. Schleth also told the *American* that while Weyman was on Blackwell's Island he had managed to send out of the prison uncensored letters soliciting funds for prison reform, identifying himself in them as Lieutenant Commander Ethan Allen Weinberg, of 600 East Fifty-fifth Street. This was the address of the prison on Blackwell's Island, but to many of the recipients of the letters it apparently seemed like a fashionable address in the neighborhood of Beekman Place. Schleth said that Weyman received several hundred dollars in checks, money orders, and cash, and that he spent the cash lavishly on food and entertainment for the other inmates. According to Schleth, Weyman also somehow got hold of one of Schleth's personal checks and made it out for fifteen hundred dollars, forging the warden's name. Weyman sent the check to a young lady in Brooklyn, so that she could make a part payment on a house she wanted to buy, but Schleth's bank recognized the signature as a forgery and Schleth didn't lose any money. Schleth didn't press charges against Weyman, but he had him removed to the hospital for the criminally insane at Dannemora. "That man is a pathological liar," Schleth told the *American*. "He's dangerous to society and should receive continued custodial treatment. He possesses a splendid brain—of that there is no doubt—only it works along the wrong channels." Schleth said that at the time of his experiences with Weyman the man "looked like a sheik and

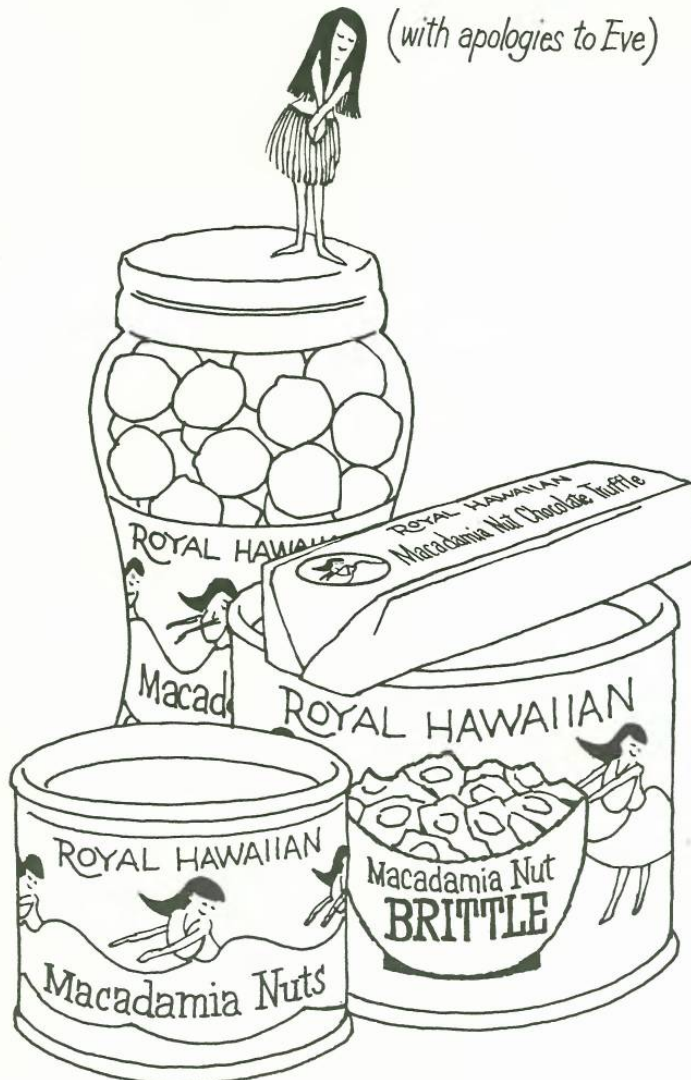
was very good-looking, always dignified and affable and always a very snappy dresser."

Next, the *Daily News* ran a series of articles by its reporter Grace Robinson about Weyman's career. Miss Robinson dug up some new facts about the big little man from Brooklyn. She discovered that it was Attorney General Albert Ottinger who had appointed Weyman a Special Deputy Attorney General, and that the appointment had been made in 1924. She also found out that during Mayor Hylan's campaign in 1921 Weyman had become acquainted with Bird S. Coler, the city's Commissioner of Public Charities, and had later told Coler that he was private secretary to Frederick A. Wallis, the city's Commissioner of Correction. Coler had been much impressed by the man, and, with Coler's approval and endorsement, Weyman had pitched in and—so Coler told Miss Robinson—done a great amount of campaigning and speechmaking and worked in other ways to elect Hylan, who was not a mayor of distinction. By September 8, 1926, Miss Robinson's articles about Weyman were being given more prominence in the *Daily News* than the Valentino story. On that day, when Valentino's body was at last laid to rest in a borrowed crypt in the Hollywood Cemetery, the *Daily News* ran its dispatch from California about this as a follow-up to Miss Robinson's final article in her series about Weyman; the Hollywood dispatch occupied a quarter of a column, compared to a column and a half for the Weyman story.

When Siegel saw the first of the photographs of Weyman in the newspapers after the Valentino imposture, he called Weyman up at his home in Brooklyn to see if he needed any help. Weyman didn't. In posing as Mr. Ullman's public-relations man, he hadn't committed any crime that the police could charge him with, and since Miss Negri refused to bring a complaint against him and had paid him no fee, the American Medical Association found that he could not be prosecuted for impersonating a physician. The newspapers continued to write about Weyman for more than a month after the entombment of Valentino. On October 30, 1926, the *New York Journal* ran the last of the year's Weyman stories. That paper persuaded Dr. A. A. Brill, a well-known psychiatrist of the era, to study all that had been revealed about Weyman's past career and to give his opinion of the man. The *Journal* quoted Dr. Brill as saying, "No man living has gotten away with

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the grand gesture more often than he has. In his way he is an artist. It is impossible to study his career and not take off one's hat to his persistent cleverness, audacity, and aplomb." The *Journal* also elicited an opinion of Weyman from Bernard Sandler, a prominent New York attorney who had had him as a client for a short time some years earlier. "I personally think he is suffering from a form of mild insanity," Sandler said. "He always wants to play to the grandstand and his mind is full of grandiose ideas. He's really a likable fellow with excellent manners, from a good family, and he has a wife and child." Finally, the *Journal* interviewed Weyman himself, at his home in Brooklyn, and quoted him as having said, "What is the sense in all these exposés? I wish you would let me alone. I am not doing anything wrong. Get this straight, and you may be able to understand me and my position better. I am an American boy, one hundred per cent, born in Brooklyn. From my earliest days as a kid, I have been imbued with the go-gettem spirit. Now one of the first things that an ambitious lad learns is that every opportunity for increasing his fame must be taken advantage of. Take off your coat, jump right in when you see the advantageous gulf at your feet. And if the opportunities don't materialize spontaneously there is just one thing to be done and that is to create them. That's been my motto all along, and people who have made up their minds that I'm cracked or have some sinister motive are simply deluding themselves."

In April of 1928, the newspapers again had a great deal to say about Weyman. It was in that month that the famous aviators known as the Bremen Fliers—Baron Gunther von Huenefeld, Major James Fitzmaurice, and Captain Hermann Koehl—flew the Atlantic, taking off from Ireland, and landing, a day and a half later, at Greenly Island, a barren spot off the coast of Canada. In the course of the landing, their plane was damaged, and they were stranded. The newspapers played up the flight almost as hysterically as they had played up Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris eleven months earlier. Two famous American fliers, Floyd Bennett and Bernt Balchen, flew from Detroit to Canada with a planeload of relief supplies for the heroes. But Bennett contracted pneumonia and died on the journey. His body was returned to the United States and given a hero's fu-

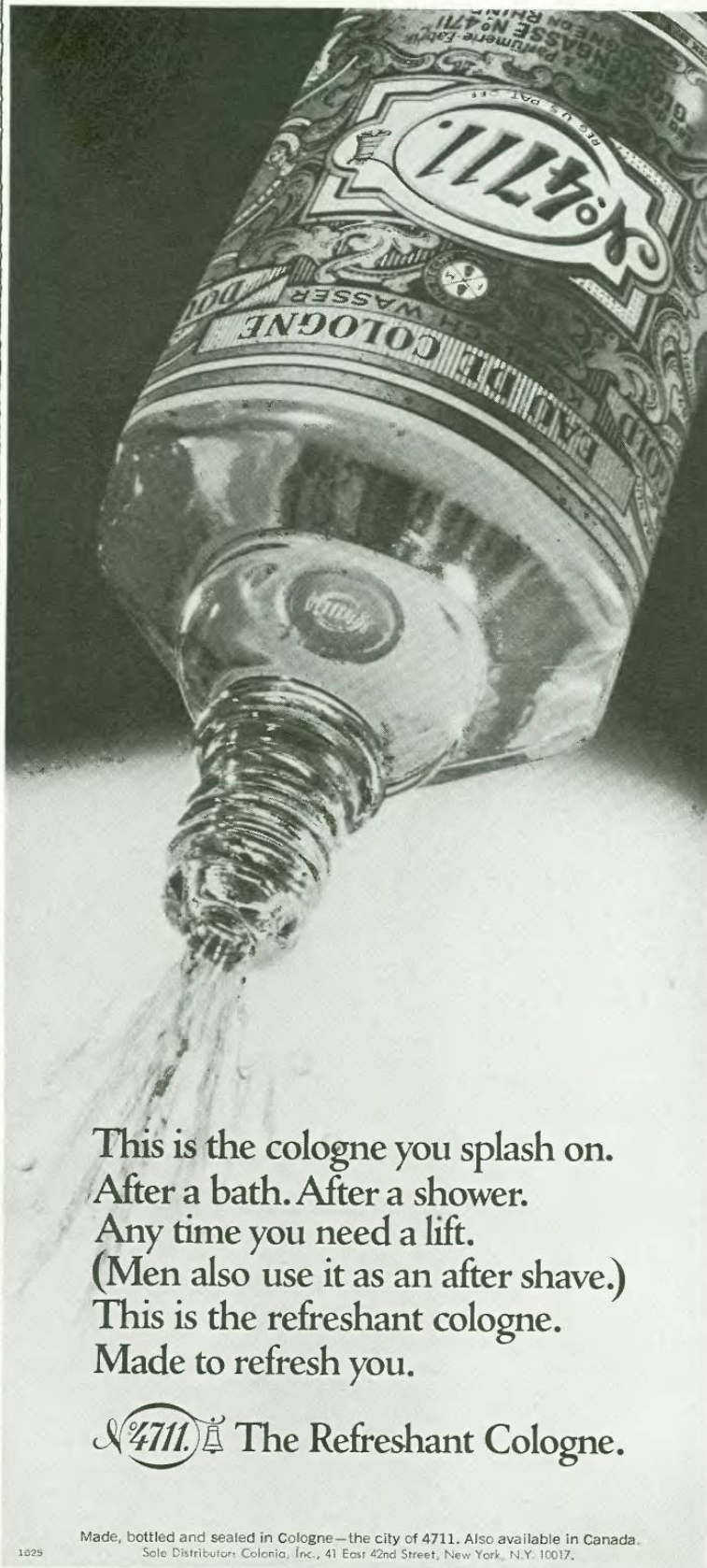
neral at Arlington National Cemetery. Soon afterward, the Bremen Fliers announced by short-wave radio from Greenly Island that they were intent upon proceeding to Washington, D.C., by whatever means of transportation they could get, in order to lay a wreath on Floyd Bennett's grave. Balchen finally brought the Bremen Fliers as far as Curtiss Field, on Long Island, where a huge crowd had gathered to meet them. To the intense disappointment of Grover Whalen, New York's eternal official greeter, the heroes announced that they were going straight to Pennsylvania Station to take a train for Washington and would not participate in the ticker-tape parade up Broadway that Mr. Whalen had arranged. "We don't want a reception now," said Baron Gunther von Huenefeld. "Before we do anything else or accept any official greeting, we shall go to Washington and bow our heads at the grave of that brave and noble gentleman, Floyd Bennett." Mr. Whalen, who had planned an official welcome for the fliers at City Hall,



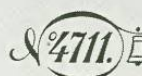
had to content himself with meeting them in Pennsylvania Station in the company of only a handful of local dignitaries and newspaper reporters and photographers, and even in this modest ceremony of greeting, which was held in the office of the stationmaster, William Eagan, Mr. Whalen found himself interrupted in the middle of his speech of welcome and literally shoved aside. He was interrupted and shoved aside by Weyman, who had rushed into the crowded office of the stationmaster, announced that he was Captain Stanley Wyman, of the United States Volunteer Air Service, and said that Mayor James J. Walker had personally assigned him the mission of welcoming the Bremen Fliers to New York. Weyman was dressed in cavalry boots, light-colored whipcord breeches, and a darker Army jacket with a captain's bars on the shoulders and with embroidered silver wings on the breast. After shouldering Mr. Whalen aside, the Captain shook hands with the fliers and made an eloquent speech of welcome while Mr. Whalen stood tongue-tied. The Captain gave the fliers various pieces of advice, and then announced that all unauthorized persons must leave the room. There were three policemen there, and they were so hypnotized by the Captain's words and manner that they helped him shoo the people he said were unauthorized from the room, among them most of the dignitaries Mr. Whalen had brought with him and all the

newspaper reporters and photographers. With the help of the policemen, the Captain then escorted the fliers to their train and put them aboard. The afternoon newspapers printed photographs of the Captain—taken before the press had been banished from the station-master's office—along with stories of the unusual ceremonies at the station. The reporters from the afternoon newspapers had had to hurry back to their offices to write these stories, but the reporters from the morning newspapers had hung around until after the Captain put the heroes aboard the train. Some of these reporters found themselves haunted by vague memories, and when the Captain reappeared, they forthrightly accused him of being the impostor who had run the funeral of Rudolph Valentino. Weyman muttered indignantly that such accusations were irrelevant, and stalked off—evidently to a subway that would take him back to Brooklyn. In the city rooms of the morning newspapers, the photographs of Captain Stanley Wyman were compared with photographs of Dr. Sterling C. Wyman, Pola Negri's physician, and the next morning the newspapers once again exposed an imposture after it had been successfully carried out. Grover Whalen was asked to comment on the matter but declined to do so. Siegel was in touch with Weyman after this escapade, and learned that the police were ignoring the whole matter, perhaps because three of them had been instrumental in making the imposture at Pennsylvania Station the success it was. The newspapers discovered that Weyman actually was a member of the United States Volunteer Air Service—though not a captain—and that he had joined it two months before he welcomed the Bremen Fliers at Pennsylvania Station. Lowell Limpus, a reporter for the *Daily News*, then joined the organization in order to investigate it from the inside, and he found that few of the members were pilots, and that even the head of the organization, a man named Glenn Elliott, had never flown an airplane.

Weyman was by now thirty-seven years old. He had been working at legitimate jobs of various kinds and reporting regularly to the parole authorities, and continued to do so after this imposture until February of 1930. He then failed to report to the parole officers, was arrested for violation of parole, and was sent back to Sing Sing, where he stayed for a year and five months. The same thing happened in February of 1932, except that this time he spent only ten months in Sing

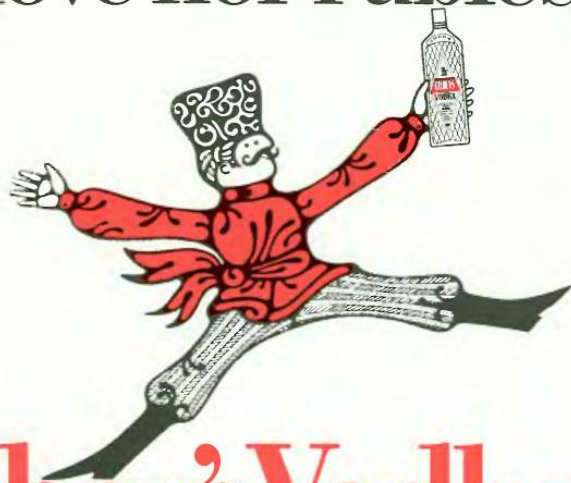


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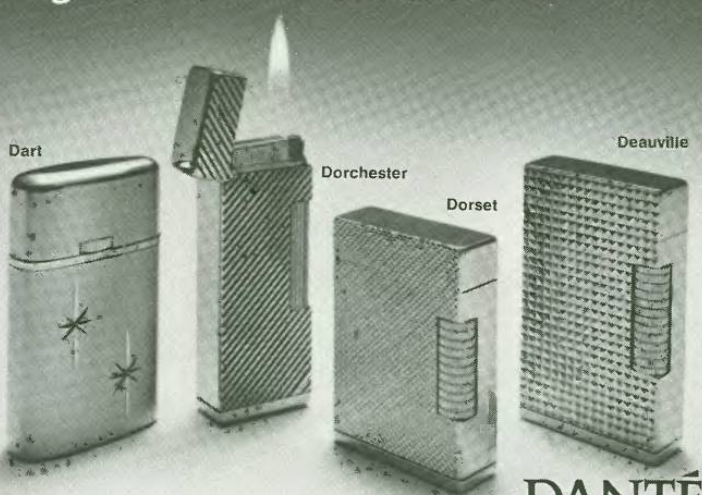
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Sing. Siegel, who had kept in touch with him, found that after serving this sentence Weyman seemed much steadier than ever before, and Weyman told him that the psychiatrist at Sing Sing had helped him a great deal. Weyman said that his manic-depressive cycles had diminished in intensity, and that although he still had high moods and low moods, he didn't seem to have the compulsion any longer to get in on great events or to pull off impostures. He managed to support himself and his wife in the early years of the Depression, and in December of 1933 he was employed by the City Home Relief Bureau, working as a private secretary to Travis H. Whitney, the Civil Works Administrator. Newspapermen recognized him as the famous impostor, and all the newspapers carried first-page stories in which his past career was summarized once more. Weyman was quoted at this time as saying, "I was not sailing under false pretenses. I used my own name. I never pretended to be anything but what I am. I got along as well as I have on my own merit." Mr. Whitney himself was quoted as having said that he was "astonished" to learn who his private secretary was, that Weyman had been most efficient and helpful, and that, whatever he had been in the past, his job with the Home Relief Bureau was not in danger. The day after this exposure, Weyman resigned from his job. Mr. Whitney accepted his resignation without comment but made public Weyman's brief letter of resignation, which read, "My association with you has been a pleasant one. It was indeed a pleasure to have worked with you. It is with regret that I take this step, but I would rather suffer and sacrifice than embarrass you in the least." In January of 1935, Weyman was picked up by police on the Bowery and charged with vagrancy. Brief paragraphs about this in the newspapers at the time described him as "penniless and very bedraggled." A city magistrate sentenced him to four months in the workhouse. After he had served his sentence, he evidently pulled himself together somehow, for Siegel found later on that he was holding various legitimate jobs and was supporting his wife and daughter. For eight years, Weyman was not arrested for violation of parole or for anything else, and nothing appeared about him in the newspapers.

THEN, in the summer of 1943, when the country was at war with the Axis powers, Weyman was arrested in a midtown hotel in Man-

hattan by the F.B.I., on the most serious charge that had ever been brought against him. The F.B.I. announced that Weyman had been operating a school for would-be draft dodgers, and that he was "the most flagrant violator of the Selective Service law yet to turn up here." Weyman engaged Siegel to defend him, and pleaded guilty to the charge before Judge Samuel Mandlebaum in the Federal Court in Manhattan. The F.B.I. had got wind of what Weyman was doing when a man named John P. Mataritondo, of East Eighteenth Street, in Manhattan, who had been drafted and assigned to Fort Dix, New Jersey, complained to his commanding officer that he had paid Weyman several hundred dollars because Weyman had promised to teach him how to pretend to be insane, so that he would not be drafted. In time, the F.B.I. rounded up six other men of draft age who admitted that they had paid Weyman to teach them how to evade the draft by faking symptoms of insanity. After being investigated thoroughly by the probation bureau of the Federal Court, and being examined by psychiatrists at Bellevue Hospital and declared sane, Weyman appeared in court to hear his sentence. He was now fifty-three years old, and he faced possible imprisonment of thirty-five years and possible fines of seventy thousand dollars. Before he was sentenced, he was asked if he had anything to say in his own behalf. He made a plea for "one more chance" to devote his "remaining years to some good." He had admitted freely in the course of the trial that what he had done in running the draft-dodgers' school was wrong, but he pointed out that he had taken money only from men who could not pass the Army physical examinations and therefore would not have been drafted anyway. This proved to be true. All the men rounded up by the F.B.I. had been examined by the Army and turned down on physical grounds. Mataritondo, the one man who had been drafted, was discharged from the Army a short time later on the same grounds. Weyman was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment and fined seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. The men who had paid him pleaded guilty at a separate hearing and received sentences ranging from one year to five years, the most severe sentence being handed out to a man whom the judge denounced because he had in the past received assistance from ten different city, state, and federal welfare agencies. Mataritondo, who had put the F.B.I. on Weyman's trail, was given a sus-

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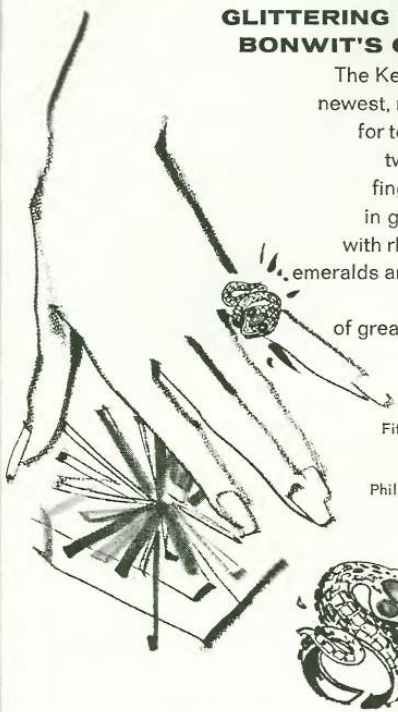
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pendent sentence. When Weyman was sentenced, he was wearing black shoes and gray spats, a dark business suit, and a black-and-white checked silk necktie, and was carrying a good-looking top-coat. He was able to pay a few thousand dollars of the fine but by no means all of it. He served five years of the seven-year sentence, being released early because of good behavior, and was paroled on November 10, 1948.

It wasn't long after Weyman was free again that he began looking around for the biggest thing going on in New York. The biggest thing going on was the United Nations. Using the name that he had now been using for many years past—Stanley Clifford Weyman—he got a job with the Erwin News Service, which had an office in Washington and also an office at the U.N. For two years, Weyman worked as a reporter for the news agency and, for the same agency, acted as the master of ceremonies for a weekly radio program on Balkan and Far Eastern Affairs for Station WFDR-FM, on which he conducted interviews with dozens of diplomats from various countries who were working at the U.N., and who, as far as anybody knows, were at least as genuinely diplomats as Weyman was genuinely an expert on Balkan and Far Eastern affairs. Nobody recognized him as the famous impostor from Brooklyn. He got several raises in salary from the agency and was highly thought of by its head, Robert A. Erwin, a Washington journalist. He was also highly thought of by the diplomats he interviewed on the radio program. One of these, the U.N. representative from Thailand, was so impressed by Weyman that he recommended to his embassy in Washington that it hire him as its press officer. The offer was duly made to Weyman, and Weyman wrote a letter to the State Department asking that he be allowed to accept this job with a foreign nation. The State Department, as a matter of routine, turned the letter over to the F.B.I., requesting that the bureau determine whether the applicant was eligible to become a registered agent of a foreign government. The F.B.I. took one look in its files and told the State Department who Weyman was. The F.B.I. also told the Erwin News Service in Washington who Weyman was, and Robert Erwin wired his New York office to discharge Weyman at once. Erwin said later that he had hated to do this but could hardly have done anything else. He said Weyman had done a splendid job in every way, and had never shown any sign of being any-

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thing except a competent journalist and a talented master of ceremonies on the radio program and a knowledgeable expert on Balkan and Far Eastern affairs. Weyman again hit the front pages of the New York newspapers, and of the Washington ones as well. Siegel saw him at this time, and recalled subsequently that, as far as he could see, Weyman had entirely overcome whatever mental trouble he had suffered from in the past, and seemed to accept what had happened philosophically and without rancor. He was sixty-one years old then, and was still living with his wife in Brooklyn. He had violated no law, and was not arrested.

Weyman's final appearance in court as a defendant occurred in May of 1954, when he was sentenced in the Federal Court in Brooklyn after being found guilty on a four-count indictment charging him with making false statements to obtain loans from the Federal Housing Administration. The indictment charged that he had obtained twenty-one hundred dollars from the Nassau County National Bank of Rockville Center and six thousand dollars from the Franklin National Bank of Franklin Square, both on Long Island. In his application for the F.H.A. loans, he had said he owned property on Pacific Street, Brooklyn, and on Van Buren Avenue, East Meadow, Long Island. He was represented by Siegel, and when the trial came up, before Judge Leo F. Rayfiel, he pleaded guilty. In the course of the trial, Siegel established that Weyman actually did own the two pieces of property, for the deeds were in his name. The prosecution, however, brought out that the only buildings on the lots were dilapidated wooden shacks, and that actually Weyman had no equity in the pieces of property, because of liens against them. Weyman was convicted and sentenced to eighteen months in the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta. Before he was sentenced, he was asked if he had anything to say in his behalf, and he shook his head. He was dressed in a neat gray business suit. He stood with his head up, and there was an unmistakable air of dignity about him. As he was being taken out of the courtroom by two guards, he evidently said something amusing to them, for just before the door closed behind them one of them chuckled and the other smiled. Weyman himself had a thin smile on his lips, beneath his trim mustache. Before being tried, Weyman had been examined by psychiatrists appointed by the court, and they had certified that

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he not only was legally sane but, as far as they could tell, was without symptoms of any kind of mental illness or emotional instability. In the years that had gone by since Weyman had described himself in another court as a manic-depressive, that particular mental illness had ceased to be regarded as incurable. At the time of his last appearance in court, it was being classified as a psychotic condition that could be cured by psychoanalysis, and there had been some case histories of manic-depressives who, like Weyman, had been able, with a small amount of help from psychiatrists, to achieve sufficient insight into their condition to cure themselves.

When Weyman emerged from his last stay behind prison bars, he was in even better shape, physically and emotionally, than when he was sentenced. Siegel saw him several times. Weyman's younger brothers were all doing well, and some of them had contributed to the support of his wife while he was in prison. They continued to help him along for a while after he returned to Brooklyn from Atlanta. Weyman used some of the cash they supplied him with to go several times to Dinty Moore's, the famous New York restaurant on Forty-sixth Street just west of Broadway. He dined there alone. He told Siegel later on that he had gone to this restaurant simply because he wanted to eat some superior food after his long stay in prison. He still had good clothes to wear and still possessed his great charm, and he got well acquainted with the waiters and the captains, and one day he introduced himself—as Stanley Clifford Weyman—to Dinty Moore's daughter, who had inherited the place and was actively engaged in its operation. He told Miss Moore that he thought he could make himself useful in her restaurant as a sort of informal greeter and host, and told her he would ask for only a small salary and his meals in return for his services. Miss Moore was impressed by him, as so many other people had been over the years. She told him she would give him a trial, and he soon became a favorite of many of the regular customers, who included numerous celebrities of one kind or another, and also quite a few lawyers and judges. As far as is known, none of the judges who had sentenced him to prison in the past happened to eat at Dinty Moore's. After a few weeks, Miss Moore raised Weyman's salary. When that happened, Weyman told her in a disarming fashion that he had been in prison

many times and that he was the famous impostor from Brooklyn, of whom she had probably heard. She was astonished, but told him that what he had been in the past didn't make any difference to her. She told him not to reveal his true identity to the customers, because it might tend to alarm them. As Weyman went about his duties, he didn't carry a menu in his hand, nor did he take orders for food or drinks. He would say a few words to customers at the entrance and chat with them pleasantly until they were taken in charge by the headwaiter or one of the captains. He put on no airs, and he never forced himself on old customers or new ones. Frequently, customers would beckon him over to their tables after they had sat down, and engage him in conversation, because they found him modest and enjoyable to talk with and well informed on a vast variety of subjects. One of the regular customers was the editor-in-chief of a well-known national magazine, who often had lunch or dinner alone at the restaurant. He came to know Weyman well—or, at least, he came to know the Weyman of this particular phase—and used to have long conversations with him about all kinds of things. This customer said later that Weyman showed immense sensitivity and tact, seeming always to know exactly when he felt like talking and when he wished to be left to himself. People who had known Weyman in his youth and middle age and who saw him during this period noticed that he seemed to have a sense of humor—something he had never displayed before. He had not become a phrase-maker or a gagman, they explained later, but he appeared to have developed a different way of looking at life and at himself, which led him to say amusing things. In other words, it seemed that he looked at himself and at life with humor, and that he had learned that humor illuminates the truth. The editor later remarked that Weyman's sense of humor was one of the most attractive things about him. Weyman had probably always had a sense of humor, but it had been dormant for most of his adult life, because of the pressures of unresolved interior conflicts and the effects of his particular psychosis. As he freed himself from compulsions and conflicts, he also managed to set loose his sense of humor. In any event, he was clearly content, and perhaps even happy, in his senescence.

To Miss Moore's surprise, Weyman told her before opening time one morning that he wanted to give up the job at which he was obviously such a great



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success. He told her he had found that there was a job open as the night manager at the Dunwoodie Motel, one of several modern motels on Yonkers Avenue, in Yonkers, and that he wished to take the job, because it would be an easy one, with adequate pay. Miss Moore offered him a higher salary than he was getting, but he told her that it wasn't money he was interested in—that, actually, his salary as night manager of the motel would be less than the one she was already paying him. Miss Moore said later that Weyman had told her he enjoyed his job at the restaurant. "Then why do you want to leave?" Miss Moore said she had asked him. "I seem to require a certain amount of solitude," he replied. "I want more time to think, and with this all-night job in the motel I can sleep in the mornings and have all afternoon to take short walks around town and sit in the sun in Central Park on nice days."

Late at night on August 27, 1960, about a year after Weyman went to work at the motel, a pair of gunmen walked in and came up to the reception desk. Weyman was alone behind the desk, and the occupants of the motel were all asleep in their rooms. They were awakened by the sound of gunfire. One of them called the police, and a squad car with two patrolmen arrived in a few minutes. The patrolmen found Weyman dead. His body was not behind the reception desk but on the floor of the reception room itself; the cashbox, still locked, was on the floor behind the counter. The detectives were eventually able to reconstruct what had happened. The cashbox was normally kept on a shelf under the counter. "What the man did, evidently, was to take the cashbox from the shelf as if he were going to hand it to the holdup men," one of the detectives said later. "Then he must have thrown the cashbox over his head and onto the floor to distract them and leaped over the counter, going after the armed men barehanded. It took the agility of a young man to leap over that counter. But he must have leaped over it after he threw the cashbox over his head, because if he had simply *climbed* slowly over it, they would have shot him while he was doing it. As it was, they must have shot him just before he got to them, because his body was about seven feet beyond the counter. I've known about the man's past record for years. He did a lot of things in the course of his life, but what he did this time was brave."

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

(This is the second of two articles on Stanley Clifford Weyman.)