

N. Y. State Police Lift Mask from Hollywood's Wonder Man

John Montague Beat Bing Crosby at Golf Using Baseball Bat, Shovel and Rake.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

"SHUCKS," said Bing Crosby's burly golf partner, "I could beat you using a ball bat, a shovel and a rake!"

Now, if you have ever seen Bing Crosby play golf you will realize that this challenge would not be unlike telling Joe Louis, "I could lick you with one hand tied behind my back."

The dreamy-eyed crooner's average is about 74, which is golf of professional caliber. The arrogant gentleman had been in the habit of "spotting" Bing a stroke on each of five holes and collecting with withering consistency.

"It's a bet," said Crosby, and it was decided to play one hole, for \$200.

Bing, using the regulation bag of clubs, took two shots to the green and two putts for a perfect par four. The other party to the arrangement strode to the tee, gave his ball a little toss in the air and whaled it with a baseball bat, swinging in a manner that would have turned Babe Ruth green with envy when he was in his prime. The ball traveled 350 yards into a trap. With an ordinary shovel this remarkable athlete played an "explosion" shot to a point within eight feet of the cup. Wielding the rake like a billiard cue, he held out the "putt" for a "birdie" three.

"That," crooned Crosby, "is enough for me." He wandered uncertainly in search of the nearest psychopathic hospital, poorer by \$200.

Wonder Man Shuns Publicity.

Some screwy, magnificently screwy, stories have come from Hollywood, where press agents have the imagination of an Edgar Rice Burroughs and the conscience of Baron Munchausen. But the screw-



Bing Crosby, radio and screen star, who got trimmed in the remarkable golf match, but befriended the victor in a time of need.

iest thing about this story is that it is true. It happened two years ago, and since that time John Montague or LaVerne Moore or "Bull" Moore (depending upon your point of view) has been the most talked-of man in the golfing world.

John Montague, as the film colony knows him, came to Hollywood three years ago. His ability to play golf was astounding. He was handsome in his burly way. His manners were delightful. He was chivalrous with women. He apparently had a bank roll. He had two Lincolns and a Ford. He could drink a fifth of Scotch and eight gin fizzes for breakfast and never bat an eye.

Montague shunned publicity. But as Greta Garbo proved, one sure way to get into the limelight is to try to stay out of it. No one in Hollywood knew who Montague was, whence he came or where he derived his income, not even Oliver Hardy, the round comedian with whom the mystery man lived for a while. And apparently nobody cared.

But a man can't do the things Monty did and remain in oblivion. His feats of strength were as amazing as his golf prowess. He held up a heavy automobile while a friend changed a tire. With one hand he picked up George Bancroft, husky moving picture "heavy," and stuffed him in a locker, upside down, during a moment of horse-play. He could even lift Ollie Hardy in one hand. He ate a dozen eggs in less than half a minute. He (it was whispered) had whipped from three to six men at one time.

Drives 400 Yards.
But these exploits pale beside Monty's feats on the links. He drives straight as a die, and consistently from 40 to 60 yards farther than the longest drive Bobby Jones ever made. Driving balls into a slight wind he has averaged more than 300 yards per drive. With the same slight wind in back of him, 375 to 400 yards per drive!

He seldom putts; his approach shots are so perfect they leave him putts conceded by his partners. To win a bet he drove a ball from the first tee of the Lakeside club across



John Montague, strong man golfer of Hollywood, equipped with the "clubs" he used in taking a \$200 golf bet from Bing Crosby.



Dead Canyon road—three quarters of a mile—in five shots, with plenty of room to spare. George von Elm, a member of the club and former national amateur champion, testified that he played with Montague for a month and Monty never was over 68; such golf could win any championship in the world!

At Palm Springs, Montague broke the course record four times in four consecutive days. The last day he turned in the unbelievable card of 61! He wears out the exclamation marks on a reporter's typewriter.

Still John Montague preferred obscurity. He refused to play in tournaments. Only once, after much pleading on the part of his friend Hardy, did he consent to compete. That was in the annual club championship play. He sprained his ankle on the sixth hole, but finished 18 holes anyway—with a 64! Then he dropped out.

Turns Down \$20,000 Offer.

He refused to talk to reporters. He would never allow himself to be photographed. Once when a photographer, concealing himself in bushes, managed to expose a few plates before Montague discovered him, Monty smashed the plates and paid the man \$100 for the damage. Offered \$20,000 to demonstrate his ability in a moving picture "short," he said: "I won't permit one picture to be taken of me; why should I pose for a whole reel?"

Despite Montague's reticence, a light like that simply can't be hidden under a bushel. Grantland Rice, the eminent sports authority, was reluctant to believe the stories which came via the grapevine from the Lakeside club. They couldn't be true. For instance, the one about the time Monty, calling his shot, picked a bird off a telephone wire 170 yards away with a brassie shot. Or the one about how he didn't get a wink of sleep for five days and five nights, then shot a 70. Or the one about how he could hit a dozen balls from any distance within 200 yards, bet \$100 on each one that it would stop within 10 feet of the flag, and win money. Or the one—but why go on?

He Couldn't Prevent Fame.
Rice determined to find out for himself. He went to Hollywood and played a round with Montague. He decided all that had been said was true. During the round, Monty "picked up" on the eighteenth hole, where he could have had a 64!

Impressed beyond measure, Rice told of John Montague and his golf feats in a syndicated sports column. Westbrook Pegler wrote a column about him, describing him as a combination of Paul Bunyan, Popeye the Sailor Man and Ivan Skavinsky Skovar. Soon there were other stories.

These found interested readers. Some were even fascinated. One such fascinated reader was John Cosart, of Troop D, New York state police, Oneida, N. Y. Somehow this thirty-two-year-old Montague, with his golf genius, his strength and his huge 220-pound frame, seemed familiar.

Cosart reflected. Wasn't this Montague a dead ringer for LaVerne Moore—"Bull" Moore, as "the boys" called him—whom the policeman had known seven years ago? Moore, the son of a steel worker, had been a mighty youth. He, too, had been able to lift one end of an automobile with one hand, could lick three men at once. He used to smash dozens of cue balls while "breaking the rack" in pool games. He had been a prep school football and baseball star—once he

struck out 19 batsmen in a game. Young Moore's golf had been good enough to land him a job as a professional at the Clayton, N. Y., country club. He once had played the nine-hole municipal course at Syracuse in 23.

Moore Had Police Record.

Moore had a passion for making records, and some of them were public records. He got a six-month suspended sentence in 1927 for posing as a policeman and taking \$50 from a grocer accused of selling liquor.

On the night of April 5, 1930, four young men held up a roadhouse near Jay, N. Y., taking \$700 from Kin Hana, the owner. When Hana's father-in-law, Matt Cobb, objected, they gave him a vicious beating.

As the robbers made their getaway, one of their cars struck a culvert. One robber was killed. Two were captured and got 16-year prison terms. The fourth, believed to have been "Bull" Moore, disappeared.

The New York state police sent Moore's fingerprints to the Los Angeles police department. On last July 9 Hollywood's strong man was arrested in the Beverly Hills apartment which he shared with Oliver Hardy, and charged with the New York robbery. When they took him to jail he admitted that he was "Bull" Moore and that there was no longer any reason for avoiding publicity. He posed willingly for photographers, but refused to discuss the charges against him.

Arrest Shocks Hollywood.

The arrest was a bombshell to the many celebrated friends of "John Montague." To a man, they backed him. Dozens of them, all influential, wrote pleas to Gov. Frank Merriam, asking that he refuse extra-



Guy Kibbee, screen character actor and friend of Montague, who testified to the golfer's good character before Gov. Merriam.

dition. Montague—or Moore—they said, had rehabilitated himself and was now an admirable citizen. "Monty is one of the finest fellows who ever lived," said Hardy, who arranged for John's \$10,000 bail, "and I'm here to do what I can for a friend." Bing Crosby said: "He's a great guy and a grand fellow. We'll all back him 100 per cent."

Among Monty's additional sponsors appeared such names as Bert Wheeler, Spencer Tracy, Charlie Chase, Guy Kibbee, Frank Craven, Andy Devine, Gene Tunney, Howard Hawkes and George von Elm. Nevertheless, he went back to New York to face the music.

The one mystery none of them was ever able to solve was the origin of Monty's bank roll. He admitted he bet \$200 a week on the races. He was always flashing a handful of hundred-dollar bills. Some rumors had it that he owned a gold or silver mine in the desert, to which he returned when in need of fresh capital. But anyone who ever attempted to follow him was lost in a cloud of dust.

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GOOD TASTE TODAY

by EMILY POST
World's Foremost Authority on Etiquette
© Emily Post.

Can Maid of Honor Sing at a Wedding?

DEAR Mrs. Post: I have an only sister who is to be my maid of honor. This sister has a lovely voice and I would like very much to have her sing at the wedding if you think this could be arranged so as not to interfere with the wedding procession. Will you tell me how you think it could best be done?

Answer: It would be unusual but not unheard of should your sister sing during the pause in the ceremony between the betrothal and the plighting of the troth. In other words, she could stand at the side of the chancel steps and sing while you and your betrothed walk slowly up the steps and take your places in front of the altar. Having finished her song, which of course must be very short, she then follows and stands on your left. If it could be arranged so that she would be hidden from view, she could sing while the congregation is assembling, but it would not do to have her enter the church and then go out again to meet you and come down in the processional.

Can't Walk Far, but Wants to Return Calls

DEAR Mrs. Post: I am a stranger in this community and in the short time I've lived here so many of the local people have been to call on me—neighbors, church women and people who were told about me by friends of mine living elsewhere. All but the neighbors live too far for me to be able to return these visits. I can not hire a taxi and the distances are too far for me to walk as I am not young. How can I show my appreciation in place of paying visits, and encourage their calling again?

Answer: I would invite them to come in to tea, or perhaps you might have a regular day at home and send out cards reading Mondays or Fridays or whatever day it is. And then tell them when you see them that you have to ask people to be good enough to go to see you because you are not able to walk so far.

Cocktails and Napkins.

DEAR Mrs. Post: I have always disliked paper napkins; in fact, when given one in a restaurant I always feel inclined to walk out. But my dislike seems to have become a boomerang. I am giving a large cocktail party, inviting over a hundred people and it is impossible to provide linen napkins for so many people. Do you think paper ones on such an occasion would be permissible?

Answer: At a cocktail party napkins are not necessarily provided. And perhaps if you put your own in a pile on the table, they will be sufficient. In addition to these, you might get some paper ones, to have ready in case your supply runs out.

Biscuit in Hand.

DEAR Mrs. Post: When ordering dry cereal, that is in whole biscuit form, which is very difficult to eat when broken, is it permissible to break it in the fingers before putting cream and sugar on it? If the answer is yes, then what would one do when ordering it served with fresh fruit on top?

Answer: There is no reason why a dry biscuit may not be broken in the fingers. When you are ordering fruit to be eaten on it, simply ask the waiter to bring it to you in a separate dish. Of course, if you are putting stewed fruit on it that has juice, the juice would soften the biscuit so that breaking it beforehand would be unnecessary.

Soup From Tureen.

DEAR Mrs. Post: I have inherited a lovely old fine china soup tureen and I really can not give it shelf space unless I can use it sometimes. Would it be practical for the waitress to pass around a tureen of scalding hot soup? Or are soup tureens intended to be used only when the family is large and the service limited?

Answer: Soup tureens are only intended to be used on the table, and when the soup is served by the hostess. This, however, does not imply a large family or limited service since certain hostesses like to serve the soup themselves exactly as certain hosts like to carve.

Child's Friendly Impulse.

DEAR Mrs. Post: My younger daughter's Sunday school teacher came to call on us shortly after my child joined her class. I suppose such a visit need not be returned, but the child would like me to take her to see the teacher some afternoon, and unless it would be very irregular I would like to.

Answer: Returning such visits is not a social obligation, but it would be no more than courteous to do so. Under the circumstances, I would certainly encourage the child's impulse of friendliness by taking her with me.

WNU Service.

Three Maids A-Sewing Go



LITTLE lady, it's time to say adieu, so long, good-by to that flimsy but faithful friend—your summer wardrobe. But don't fret, Milady, Sew-Your-Own is right on the job with sparkling new fashions for you; fashions that will make you forget the past and be remembered in the future. So let's not tarry: let's choose the style that's got the most sock for our particular figure and join this group that's going a-sewing!

Stadium Model.
Picture yourself in the trim-waisted little model at the left, if you would have an optimistic viewpoint and a head start on style this season. There's nothing younger than this topper with its dainty collar and cuffs, its snappy row of buttons and fetching pepum. The way it takes to the weightier fall fabrics is news, and equally intriguing is this fact: it's easy to sew!

Young 'n' Pretty.
Long slender lines of the princess variety make this the lucky number for your first autumn days. Of course you see it's a style to cut in at least two fabrics because it boasts utility plus beauty. If you're going to jersey you'll want it in acetate jersey or light-weight wool. Neat cut-

trast is here, too, if you wish, in the collar, pocket flaps and buttons. (This is a simple eight-piece pattern.)

A Lift for You.
There's much ado about bodices this fall and unless you have a frock that carries a stylish one you won't feel right. Sew-Your-Own caters to this vogue in its new creation at the right. It is pencil slim and carefully styled to give you that chic young silhouette that distinguishes the lady of fashion. Make this handsome model of silk crepe, sheer wool or jersey and be fit for business or pleasure in town or country.

The Patterns.
Pattern 1376 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material.
Pattern 1347 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material. With long sleeves 5 1/2 yards plus 3/4 yard contrasting.
Pattern 1258 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material, with long sleeves, plus 4 1/2 yards of braid to finish as pictured.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.
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Favorite Recipe of the Week

PREPARE a huge crock of apple sauce and your efforts will be well rewarded for this delicious concoction never fails to appeal to jaded appetites. Apple sauce is also the basis for any number of easily prepared desserts that have definite palate appeal during the summer months.

Apple Sauce.
1 dozen apples
1 1/2 cups apple cider
Granulated sugar to taste
1 teaspoonful lemon juice
1 tablespoonful butter
Pinch salt

Wash, core and cut up apples. Put them in a saucepan with the cider and cook until tender enough to rub through a sieve. Mixture should be thick. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Pour into a bowl. Garnish with a light drizzling of cinnamon. Serve hot or cold as desired.

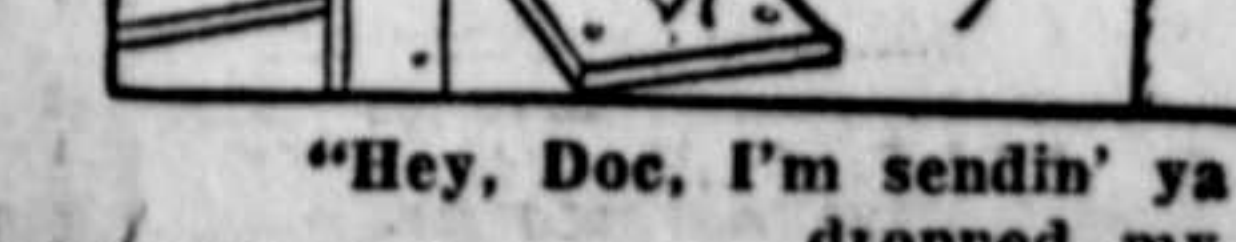
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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"Hey, Doc, I'm sendin' ya a customer . . . I just dropped my wrench!"

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