

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

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THIS paper is delivered with certain apologies to the Committee on Arrangements and Exercises and to the members of this Society. Some weeks ago I had finished an exercise under this title, having to do with a notable day spent in the environs of Southampton, England—a day that for its complexity and historical interest, occurring in the brief span of six hours, could well be said to have happened to anyone but “once in a lifetime.”

Since that time, however, one Khrushchev has delivered his fifty-megaton bomb, and the world has moved apace. And in that brief period there has come to my attention a startling discovery that I have felt should be made known to the world—at least our world. It so happens that this estimable Club has the salutary custom of permitting its writers to announce in advance a subject that may be broad enough to cover a lot of territory, and, since I am quite sure that the revelation I am about to make could occur only “once in a lifetime,” I shall attempt to shelter the subject matter of this disquisition under the same umbrella.

It all has to do with the life and experience of an old friend of mine, one Ernie Schmaltz, whom I have known

well for almost seventy years. Added to this biography is a brief summary of the life of his bosom friend, one Fogarty P. Hudson, whom Schmaltz has known for some forty-four years, and who contributed in no mean part to the enlightenment of Schmaltz and a commencement of his research into one of the most worrisome problems of mankind and to Schmaltz's final solution.

It is necessary of course to tell you something of the inventor and of the commencement of his years of research.

Schmaltz, when I first knew him, was a youthful citizen of a little town in Illinois, living the life of a small-town boy in the nineties.

I shall not describe the total environment, because it might well be tiresome to the many small-town members who have found their way into this Society. It is interesting to know that Schmaltz died at the age of seven; at least that was the verdict of the family doctor. Our hero had contracted double pleuropneumonia before the days of penicillin and in the age of mustard plasters—one on the chest and one across the back, both raising rug-sized blisters with little effect upon what was occurring inside. In those days there were no hospitals or nurses in our small towns, but the family and the relatives took turns sitting up all night with the patient, especially as the disease neared what was called the "crisis."

Sitting up with the victim on the evening of the "crisis" was Schmaltz's British aunt, for, whereas his name might betoken a German origin, Auntie Isabella was undeniably all British and proud of it. She was a devout Baptist in the local church and had no known bad habits unless it be a lapse into uncontrollable laughter at

times, which had always been ascribed to her inward good spirits. On this occasion, when the doctor made his examination at midnight, he found the patient's ears, hands, feet, and nose icy cold, no pulse, and no audible heart beat. He immediately went to the family living room to inform the distressed parents of the death of their son.

While this was happening, Auntie Isabella took extreme measures. At the risk of disclosing an unfortunate habit, she unearthed from her reticule—a capacious bag holding at least a peck of “possibles”—a six-ounce tot of good, high-proof Jamaica rum, and proceeded to pour the entire contents down the unprotesting throat of the dead boy. Five minutes later, when the doctor and sorrowing parents appeared, little Ernie's feet, hands, ears, and nose were all boiling hot, and his heart was wildly aflutter. Thus it might be said that the principal character of this paper owed his life to “the demon RUM.”

Of his early life and peccadilloes, I shall say little except to chronicle that he was expelled for varying offenses once each year in his four years of high school, generally for some experiment that did not contribute materially to the progress of education as taught in the hinterlands. The last one had to do with inserting some crystals of ammonium valerianate into the central air-circulating ducts of the high school, which gave all the students a week's vacation in the lovely springtime of the year. It must be noted that, in each of these instances, our friend Ernie was motivated always by a sense of scientific curiosity as to results, which must have been the motivation behind the tremendous discovery to be unfolded here tonight.

Somehow Schmaltz graduated from high school with some twenty-four college credits and managed to survive six years at a great university and to receive two degrees, one a doctorate of law. In the university he suffered no penalties but instead achieved certain honors and captured quite a bit of tuition by dint of scholarships. I suspect that the rigors of advanced academic labor had stifled the inventive pursuits of this young man. Indeed, these proclivities remained dormant until a great national crisis uprooted Schmaltz from the mundane and oppressive routines of civilian life and plunged him into a maelstrom of activity for which he was ill prepared and thereby started him upon his long research into a problem that has befuddled mankind for thousands of years.

The event was the coming of World War I, which burst upon Schmaltz rudely and unexpectedly and tore him from his life of happiness and quietude in the respectable city of Great Falls, Montana. There Schmaltz lived with his bride, one Mary Ann, a comely and resourceful young woman whom he had courted successfully in the very university where he had received his degrees. Schmaltz was busily, if unprofitably, practicing law. The young couple possessed at that moment four rooms of pretty good furniture, a dog, and a bicycle.

Of a certain Sunday morning when our friend, in his pajamas, retrieved the morning paper from a far corner of the yard, he was amazed and confounded to see his name on the front page of the *Great Falls Tribune*. In a city of forty thousand souls, over half of them of the male sex, Schmaltz was number 323 on the draft list and would be expected to entrain for Camp Lewis, Washington, about October 1, 1917; it was indicated that some of this se-

lected few might wish to volunteer for earlier service and, by so doing, could possibly qualify for a certain status known in the army as "rank." Suffice it to say that our Ernie, ever a glutton for the new and unexpected, was among the early birds and was rewarded for his patriotism by helping some ten thousand early recruits to grub stumps of Douglas fir from the drill field of Camp Lewis. This was a tidy reservation measuring one mile by four miles and just sufficient to hold on parade at one time the ninety thousand men who would make up the complement of the largest camp in the United States. I do not choose to bore you with all these doings, but this background is utterly necessary to lead us to the *raison d'être* of Schmaltz's enlightenment and discovery.

So Schmaltz entrained for Camp Lewis, having first put his delectable bride on the train for Chicago and the "home folks." That was the way it was in World War I; papa went to war and mama went home. There were few exemptions from the draft in those days, and I shall draw the veil upon the tragedy of their parting. Just as the Great Northern was pulling out of the station, a close associate of our Ernie passed through a window a copy of Moss's *Military Manual*, with the injunction that this book might be of service to a recruit. Since the new patriot knew none of the smelter workers and ranchers in this trainload, he spent the best part of two days in that cinder-ridden conveyance, studying Moss, and it was well that he did.

They arrived at Camp Lewis at 3:30 A.M. in a chill and foggy atmosphere; they were tired and ill-fed, and everyone had but one thought—to get into bed in a hurry. But this was not to be. First, there was a time-wasting regis-

tration, and then each recruit was handed a sack made of coarse ticking, directed to a large straw stack, and told to "fill-er-up" and to find a bunk in the newly constructed barracks. The recruits of World War II were pampered with regular mattresses and white sheets and new blankets, but the savages of World War I slept on straw, had no sheets, and, in Ernie's case, had Philippine-issue blankets with the imprint of a big "US" and a smell of the tropics and other exotic fragrances and without benefit of recent dry-cleaning. Nevertheless, what a luxury to tumble into a soft but lumpy foundation, pull the steel-like blankets about one's head, and slumber uninterrupted until reveille at 5:30 A.M.!

It was after the first breakfast of ham and eggs and wheat cakes and a concoction that passed for coffee that our hero became aware of the usefulness of Moss's *Military Manual*. A certain Captain June from Wyoming assembled the 250 ragged recruits into a semblance of two lines and addressed them as follows: "Any of you men who know anything of military drill will please take two steps forward!" Ernie looked down that front line and espied one handsome Swede who had had the temerity to advance two paces. Emboldened by this gesture and eager to join such a splendid person in advancing the cause of freedom, Ernie, too, shambled a couple of steps to the front. The captain immediately came up and asked our hero if he knew the proper army salute. He did. Could he tell the captain all the movements of each man in a squad at the command of "Squads right!" Ernie proceeded to enumerate just as Mister Moss had done and was found letter-perfect. "All right," said the captain, "you are now sergeant of half of the company; take 'em

out to drill." The other sergeant was the handsome Swede, one Ernie Hoyland of Great Falls, Montana, to become later one of the heroes of the Meuse-Argonne. Hoyland had served with Pershing in Mexico in the pursuit of Villa and, as a sergeant of that National Guard outfit, became our Ernie's best friend and, incidentally, his best trainer in the art of war.

And now at last I come to the genesis of Sergeant Schmaltz's startling discovery. Companies in the 362d Infantry at Camp Lewis slept in barracks holding 250 men; these were huge buildings recently and poorly constructed of green Douglas fir, which shrank alarmingly at the joints and permitted the glacier-laden breezes from nearby Mount Rainier to sift all over the place. There were no stoves or furnaces installed; the climate was supposed to be salubrious; the Army had surveyed all these environments and knew what it knew.

At the time of Ernie's arrival, while there were sufficient latrines with the toilets in place, there were no showers because the plumbers' union was on strike for a wage of twenty dollars per day and an eight-hour day. Meanwhile the patriots were getting one dollar per day and blankets and what passed for chow. But the Army insisted that its recruits be clean, and, accordingly, each morning, the entire company was marched to the shores of American Lake, given a bar of laundry soap and a towel, and ordered to go in and scrub.

American Lake is a lovely body of water, so pure that in the hospitals of this camp it was used without boiling for all laboratory purposes. At the same time, its surface temperature was all of 46°, a bit on the chill side even for those who were enlisted to "Make the World Safe for

Democracy." But in they went, with a sort of desultory scrubbing and a lot of maniacal shouting and emerged to participate in eight full hours of "Squads right!" "Squads left!" and "On into line" and commands of like ilk. Naturally, all this unusual exercise produced a lot of fatigue in a horde of recruits, and for the first month, at least, these hardy Montanans and neighbors had little time for recreation. But they indulged freely in what was called "bunk fatigue," and certainly at night there was little but sleep to be had. And now came upon Sergeant Schmaltz one of the trials of his life—something that was to pursue him all his days and to eventuate in his great discovery.

At first, all this motley gang slept like dead men; they were as though smitten with a poleax. But, as the muscles hardened and the need for absolute slumber lessened, those of, shall I say, more sensitive caliber such as Schmaltz, burdened with the cares of tomorrow, were not so prone to uninterrupted unconsciousness. It was on one of these nights when the horrendous first happened. At about 3:00 A.M., our hero was aroused from his worrisome slumber by a cataclysmic diapason emanating from a far corner of the barracks. The woodwinds were surely at work, for the barracks windows were rattling, the floor was thumping, and Schmaltz, even though he pulled the blankets about his ears, was belabored by a hurricane of sound that drove all thought of sleep from his brain.

Gradually this blast began to percolate the consciousness of many other recruits, and now the reprisals commenced. A lot of heavy G.I. footwear began to precipitate in the general direction of the horrible sounds, but

without effect. Then, one Candy Gosh, a private first class from Shelby, Montana, a rude and raucous fellow, shouted, "Plug his bung-hole and cut off the draft." Now I need not tell this erudite audience that the alimentary tract and its openings, except one, have nothing to do with the process of snoring, but many of this rude bunch of fellows seemed to harbor the misconception that a plug, inserted in the proper place, would successfully eliminate the so-called draft and thus alleviate the cursed sound still boiling up from the open mouth of the erring recruit.

Against all orders, someone turned on the lights, and the culprit was discovered to be none other than Private Vergil Onionblick from Sands Point, Idaho. Onionblick was a doughty warrior, some six feet three in height, with a chest measurement of 58 inches and other physical characteristics to match. Here he lay, spread-eagled on his straw tick, on his back, with legs wide apart, his mighty chest heaving with the majesty of a heavy groundswell at sea; his mouth was wide open, and from it emerged this horrible roar that had awakened the entire barracks. I might add that Private Onionblick had a nickname—all soldiers acquired a monicker sooner or later. One might guess that it would be "The Onion" or "Onionhead" or something similar, but from the first he had been called "Meathead," possibly from his inability to distinguish "Squads right!" from "Squads left!"; he just guessed each time as to which way he should go.

Private Candy Gosh, believing no doubt in the efficacy of his "plugging" theory and being anxious, as he said, to curtail the draft, ripped the blankets off "Meathead," who was discovered to have retired clad solely in a

sweatshirt, with his lower body completely nude. At once it was observed that, in keeping with the rest of his mighty torso, "Meathead" had been endowed with genitals of a huge and pendant nature; in fact, they hung down and completely occluded the opening which Private Candy Gosh had intended to plug, and thus there was no draft flue at work. So they threw "Meathead" onto his stomach and securely bound him to the steel cot with a supply of G.I. belts, and for the remainder of that night, Company A slept in peace.

But Sergeant Schmaltz had been alerted to a great mystery and a great need. Just what was it that caused so much of mankind to snore and what could be done to alleviate this curse to men of good will and fine intentions? He was to do a lot of pondering in the next few months because he was constantly assailed, night after night, by a crescendo of snorts and mewing and piping that could have driven him out of his mind had he not bethought himself to walk the four miles to the sole supply hut and purchase a carton of cotton wherewith to plug his ears each night. But he knew that this expedient did not get to the source of the trouble; the source was the snorer, whereas he was only the recipient of this unwanted racket, and he solemnly determined to devote a part of his life, at least, to research on this weighty problem.

Now came the rains with the first day of November. Not the tropical downpours that he was accustomed to in Illinois but the steady, all-day, all-night drip-drip of the Cascade slopes. The entire camp and all its forest environs became a morass of soft, yellow mud—not gumbo mud or honest clinging mud, but a four-inch soup that

splattered all over the surroundings when least disturbed. Our beneficent government had issued to the troops not a helmet, which was to come later in France—not the old G.I. campaign hat with its wide brim and rain-repellent quality—but an abortion known as a “forage cap” and quickly termed by the victims as “Rain in the Face.” At Camp Lewis some ninety thousand men drilled daily in this insinuating downpour and came back to barracks spattered from head to foot with the mud that defied all cleaning.

Then something nice happened to our sergeant. Captain June called him into his office and said that he had been looking over his record sheet and had found that he was the holder of two degrees. He said, “You know, Sergeant, you are the only man in this company with that kind of a record; you need more opportunity to expand in this man’s army. My old Philippine comrade, Captain Hutchinson, has the 316th Sanitary Train. I can get you transferred; the pay is six dollars more per month, and they need a hardboiled infantry sergeant to train those medics. How about it?” So off went Sergeant Schmaltz to train the medics. He found it a wondrous change, particularly in the better chow and the fact that he could train the medics by cross-country runs, not on the drill field, but in the shelter of the gigantic firs adjoining the new camp.

All this time I have not mentioned the bride sent back to the “home folks” in Chicago. Of course, the parting had been unbearably hard, and the distance was now great and no airmail ran in those days. But the bride was not only sweet and lovely—she was resourceful. Unknown to her husband, Sergeant Schmaltz, she had con-

ceived a fine plan, in opposition to all the codes and practices of the United States Army. To her simple and direct way of thinking, Camp Grant, Illinois, being so close to Chicago and Camp Lewis so far away, what was more logical than the plan of having Schmaltz transferred to Grant by government fiat. She took this scheme to her father, who was a warm friend of one Martin B. Madden, a potent Democratic congressman from Chicago, and Madden somehow saw Adjutant-General Crowder, the chief of all the home forces in the United States, and one evening in December, as retreat was being held, a courier came up pell-mell on his motorcycle to Company A of the 316th Sanitary Train and delivered a flimsy to Captain Hutchinson. The captain flushed and then proceeded to read aloud the general order as follows: "First Sergeant Ernie Schmaltz of Company A, 316th Sanitary Train, 90th Division, Camp Lewis, Washington, is hereby transferred to Camp Grant, Illinois, without rank and at his sole expense." That little slap at the end, "without rank and at his sole expense," was Crowder's way of expressing his honest and justifiable rancor at undue civilian pressure.

You could have knocked over one Sergeant Schmaltz with a feather—he was that dumfounded and surprised. But that was nothing to the commotion ensuing at Camp Lewis. After he had dismissed the company, Captain Hutchinson said curtly, "Come to my office." As Schmaltz entered, the captain said in gentle tones, "You dumb bastard—where did you get your drag? Do you know what a general order is, you nitwit? Do you know that a copy of that order is an order of the day read to every last company in every last division in the whole

U.S.A.? Who the hell do you think you are? But God help you when you see the Old Man tomorrow." The "Old Man" was General Greene, commander of the 90th Division and known as the "Christian General" from the fact that he neither swore nor drank but just raised hell with all and several about him. The captain was good enough to lend the sergeant his motorcycle and sidecar for a trip to headquarters next day, and, of course, Schmaltz went there all spit and polish. He was forced to wait one hour in the adjutant's quarters and was then conducted into the august presence of the Christian General, a grizzled veteran with beetling eyebrows—an old Philippine hero. Another ten-minute wait with Sergeant Schmaltz at full salute. Finally, old beetlebrows shouted, "At ease!" and Schmaltz relaxed. Then for one half-hour, the general blistered the guiltless sergeant with every Christian expletive at his command, ending with this cutting question: "I suppose that when you are about to go over the top against the Boche you will pull out a little white, silk handkerchief, affix it to your bayonet, wave it wildly, and shout at the enemy, 'Wait a minute, boys—wait a minute—I want to get a transfer!' Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

By this time our hero was mad clear through. He proceeded to tell the full story, not omitting his imaginings as to the source of his transfer. He swore to his complete ignorance and ended by telling the general that his implications as to the sergeant's possible conduct under fire were imaginary, untrue, and certainly unjust to any soldier of the army, and he demanded an apology. At this, the general suddenly became warm and fraternal; he did apologize and then asked all about the sergeant's

wife. "This was a bad thing, this separating families," etc. Then he reached for his wallet and abstracted a hundred dollar bill and offered a loan to the sergeant for train fare. When this was declined because, from his one dollar per day, the sergeant had accumulated enough fare, the General said, "Well, my boy, I'll at least do this—when you leave for Tacoma tonight, it will be in the general's car and just at retreat." Thus ended Schmaltz's tour of duty at Camp Lewis and came his opportunity to meet the friend of his later days, Sergeant Fogarty P. Hudson, whose example and help have contributed so greatly to Schmaltz's epochal discovery.

Schmaltz, from the rain-swept slopes of the Cascades, came to Camp Grant in midwinter, a terrible winter, the worst in all history since the year 1887. Once, for three weeks without interruption day or night, the bulb stood at 12° below zero. The troops struggled through blizzards and froze their feet and their noses and their chins. The Red Cross women were busy knitting wool helmets that covered the head with a slit for eyes and mouth; these were of different colors and lent a bizarre appearance to a company line, but looks were forgotten for comfort.

Through the intercession of friends, Sergeant Schmaltz was admitted to the Third Officers' Training Camp, and there, on the first day, while obtaining an issue of blankets, he met his future lifelong friend Hudson. Hudson had come from a small town, too, and had a university degree in engineering, and immediately they became fast friends.

You might think that, with all these changes, our friend Schmaltz had forsaken his research. Not so! Indeed, this new group offered an additional field of study.

True, there were no "Meatheads" or Candy Goshes in this assemblage, but somehow, regardless of all the education and culture represented in this gang of two hundred aspiring candidates, the same natural forces were at work. Now it was severe winter, the steam heat was on, almost everyone had a dry throat, and at night the cacophony of the snores was almost overpowering. There was "Piccolo Pete," down in the middle aisle, who played an entire octave with each expiration. "Burbling Bill" was right around the corner—he with the magic of a displaced waterfall in his every breath. "Slobbering Sam" was nearby, with the horrid, wrenching wheeze of each exhalation. Somehow Schmaltz managed to survive that heathenish winter, largely because each week end he could journey to Chicago or Rockford to spend a day and night away from camp with his lovely bride, who never as much as tittered in her sleep.

At the end of the training course, both Schmaltz and Hudson were commissioned and soon found themselves at the same training camp in France for more artillery work, the École de la Cavalerie at Saumur, now changed from cavalry to artillery instruction. Hudson, being brilliant in engineering, was retained as an Instructor at the conclusion of the course, but Schmaltz, better schooled in torts than logarithms, while graduating, was not kept on as a "Light" to be followed but was sent to train a California regiment in the mystery of the Soixante Quinze and thence to the Argonne Sector. His new outfit, the 143rd Field Artillery, en route to that sector, arrived the tenth of November, and the Armistice occurred on the eleventh of the same month, thus necessi-

tating a quick turn around and his re-embarkation for America on the fourteenth of December, 1918.

Thus, these two friends, neither having smelled the powder of conflict, had nevertheless forged a bond of friendship which survives to this very day. Need I go on with their long history—the many years together in Chicago, the frequent Battery reunions, the trips together, the Friday luncheons every week for some forty years? Perhaps it is best to skip all this and come to the summer journey of two years ago to a camp known as Teel Lake, Wisconsin.

These two pals had gone their various ways, but by this time Fogarty Hudson, who had come to be called just plain "Fog," had been successively the president of a large metal-fabricating company, then a chairman of the board, and now the president of a thriving insurance company. Schmaltz, on the other hand, had deserted the law and was a run-of-the-mine builder, developer, and operator of real estate. Both, having accumulated a few pennies to be spent in a riotous vacation, had chosen Teel Lake as the habitat of large and succulent walleyed pike and thither they proceeded to try their luck. This part of the story is germane because it leads directly to a revelation on the part of Schmaltz himself.

For a long time Schmaltz had known that his friend Fog was slightly guilty of snoring in his sleep. Once, while they were exploring the Great Smokies in the year 1934, with Schmaltz at the wheel, Fog had snored all the way to New Found Gap. While this was disconcerting, it was not going to injure this friendship—No-Siree! It was not too bad a snore, after all—not the ululating sound that drove the hearer hysterical—just a kind of

complaining burble that could be put up with, if one were a friend. It never occurred to Schmaltz to urge corrective measures—that would have been embarrassing and destructive of this rare friendship, Schmaltz was sure. So they arrived at Teel Lake and were assigned a fine, double cabin at the end of a row and directly upon the lake. They were given a clever and accommodating guide, one Barlow, who knew all the best fishing spots, and so apt did they become at snaring walleyes that they kept the whole camp of fifty souls supplied with that delicacy. The rest of the poor, fool fishermen were trying at muskies and retrieved not a one in the entire ten days of their stay. And then it happened!

One afternoon, after one of Mrs. Ross's delicious meals, the day being hot, Schmaltz and Hudson decided to take a short nap. Down they flopped, each on his big double bed, spraddled on his stomach, and apparently fell asleep instantly. Suddenly, Schmaltz felt himself shaken somewhat rudely. "Whassamatter?" sleepily answered Schmaltz.

"You were snoring so I couldn't sleep," said Hudson.

"Who? Me? You mean to say I was snoring? I never snore!"

"You were sawing a ten-inch log and hit a knot," said Hudson. Schmaltz recoiled. My God! This was the end of the road. Schmaltz, who never snored, being accused unjustly of doing such a heinous thing. So he turned on his belly and waited. Suddenly his partner let out the first snort of a whole series, and Schmaltz triumphantly reached over and shook his pal. "You were snoring," said Schmaltz as Hudson sat upright.

"Sure—I always snore," said Hudson, "but you do

too. I have meant to tell you for a long time, but you know how it is—a friendship is a friendship, but there comes a time.”

Well, this was a shock to Schmaltz, I can tell you. He was at last face to face with his old nemesis, and that old devil had him, too, in his grasp. The two partners talked it over and, like the good friends that they were, decided on a simple course of action. They would stay together, go to bed as usual, and, regardless of which one fell asleep first and started to snore, they would do nothing but stick it out until sleep overcame the wakeful. This seemed to work, partly because both were tired from fishing all day and ready for the benison of sleep almost at once after nightfall.

But Schmaltz came home a changed man. In the background lingered the suspicion that he might have been guilty of snoring these many years and saved from a realization only by the kindness of friends and family. Things were not helped when, that autumn, the wife of his bosom tactfully suggested that they might take separate bedrooms, alleging that she liked the wallpaper in the north bedroom better than the south and that certain plumbing noises in their common room were more bothersome to her than to him. But in the back of Schmaltz's mind was that lingering doubt; probably she, too, was attempting to let him down easy. More than likely, he was actually snoring like a trooper and did not know it. He had a practice of sleeping on his stomach and had been told that it was impossible to snore in that position. Of course there were times when he awoke to find himself flat on his back, and the suspicion arose that

it could occur that, while locked in sleep, he was on his back most of the time.

And now commenced that deep research on this age-old curse that led Schmaltz a long and tortuous journey. He read all the articles in the "Keep Well" column of the *Chicago Tribune*. He was told that one would always stay on his stomach if he would first affix a towel to his middle with a huge knot in the back. Whenever the sleeper rolled onto his back, the knot would be so uncomfortable as to drive him again to the stomach position. Schmaltz tried the knotted towel and got a blister on his back. Then there was the jaw harness, a contrivance that fitted under the chin with two straps tied across the top of the head, the theory being that all snoring was occasioned by a relaxing of the inferior maxillary muscles, thus opening the mouth and permitting the uvula, or soft palate, to oscillate in the high wind of heavy inspiration and expiration, and that this harness would hold the jaw shut and thus cure the snore. So Schmaltz got himself such a harness but found it of no practical use. It was hot and confining and, when pulled tight across the skull, left him with a sore scalp the whole of the next day. And when he inserted a thick, soft pad of sponge rubber beneath the ties, the resilience was such as to leave the jaw fluttering as of yore.

A relative who was a veterinarian told him that he cured the abominable snoring in Boston terriers by clipping a goodly portion of the uvula, whereby there was not much uvula to vibrate. But Schmaltz, liking to sing and speak as well, wondered how it would affect either of these functions, let alone the possible peril to his swallowing. He discarded that one in a hurry.

Schmaltz had begun to ponder the results of snoring on the human race. He wondered at times just how much marital unhappiness could be traced to this awesome habit. So he hied himself to the court records of Cook County. The bare records themselves said nothing about this particular habit, but the files were full of cases wherein it was alleged that a spouse had been guilty of cruel and unusual acts, and, consulting in chambers with several judges, he found that many a spouse's constant and irritating snoring had been one of the impelling motives for seeking the delights of single blessedness. He made a rough computation of a group of these cruel and unusual punishment cases and came up with a percentage of 41. This was indeed becoming alarming.

Then he talked to a number of his friends in the medical profession. They could add nothing to this snoring business, but he did find out some of the consequences. It seemed that with the habitual snorer, his lower jaw hanging open all night and most of the breathing done through the mouth, all the membrances of the mouth and throat became dry and swollen and were certainly more susceptible to infection than when covered with a layer of protective mucous. One ear specialist gave it as his opinion that a lot of deafness was enhanced by a blocking of the eustachian tubes and that it was likely that this process was greatly accelerated by the habit of mouth-breathing. Of course mouth-breathing is not snoring; the latter is just the result of sleeping with the mouth open.

The deeper Schmaltz went into this thing, the more angles opened up. There was the historical angle, for instance. Schmaltz wondered if the course of history could

have been changed by this bad habit of mankind. This really did entail a deep search for sources, and, to his amazement, he found many instances which led him to believe that some among the great who had supposedly given a certain order might have been misunderstood because they had snored the whole night through, had a dry throat, and could not talk with the proper diction. Strangely, he found this to be true. It was not often in the history books themselves—involved was a long and difficult perusal of family letters, diaries, etc. Some of this ran into rather ancient history.

There was the instance of Marc Antony making a nocturnal visit to the barge of Cleopatra. When he entered, he tried to say, "I just came for a walk," but, having snored all the previous night and having a dry throat, the Temptress of the Nile thought he said, "I came here not to talk," and you know what devastating results came from that meeting!

In the Battle of Balaklava in the Crimean War occurred the Charge of the Light Brigade, led by Lord Cardigan, and some eight hundred British cavalymen died before the Russian guns. "Someone had blundered"—but who? Schmaltz found out. It was General Scarlett in command of that part of the field who was trying to say, "Discharge your pieces and retreat," but, because Scarlett was a snorer and had a dry throat, Lord Cardigan understood him to say, "Charge those bastards, or we are beat," and that was the end of Cardigan and his brave men.

Of course there have been some happy endings too—history cannot be all hard knocks. Here, for instance, was Commodore George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay. History has it that Dewey said, "Fire when you're

ready, Gridley," and Gridley fired with devastating effect on the Spanish fleet. Now Dewey was one of these commanders who slept with his mouth open, and there is no record of the horrendous results to anyone nearby; but it is a cinch that he had a dry throat and a thick tongue next morning, for what he actually said was, "Fine morning for a party, Gridley," and Gridley misinterpreted it, with the results that we know. Of course, it was hell on the Spanish.

Likewise in the case of Farragut at Mobile Bay. All adown the years Farragut has been a hero for saying "Damn the torpedoes. Go ahead!" What intrepidity! What glorious valor! But Schmaltz wishes to correct the record, not to injure the memory of a great admiral, but simply to keep it straight. I assure you that this took a deal of research. Schmaltz now knows from family records that Farragut was affectionately known as "Old Schnorrer"; that he had a gargantuan blast to his snores. Therefore he, too, had a dry throat and sore tonsils of a morning, and the actual thing he said was, "Dump all torpedoes so we can spread"—meaning to get away from these unknown missiles he was carrying and better deploy his ships. Changes the record, doesn't it?

I could go on endlessly with these items culled by Schmaltz from his voluminous research, but I must get on to the main business of the evening. Our hero had come back finally to the invention of a device to end all snoring and thus bring back marital and conjugal happiness to these United States and to relieve those who by happenstance, as in the Army, are catapulted into an environment where those wretched folk who snore may

inflict terrible punishment upon the innocent and un-offending.

By this time our friend was ready to embark upon a program of intense, if expensive, research. So he hied himself to a worker in fine metals, one of these exclusive laboratories whose effort is devoted mostly to the fashioning of components for space travel and jet-propulsion instruments, these little gadgets that cost the taxpayer about ten thousand dollars per ounce. Of course, his design necessitated no great precision, but, nevertheless, the bill of \$150 for a tiny slab of stainless steel was worth pondering. This was Schmaltz's own design—a thin, oval-shaped sheet of metal, nicely ground and polished, to fit between the teeth and the lips and thus effectively seal off the entire mouth from either inspiration or expiration; it seemed to be a cinch that, once this cavity was closed for good and all, there was no possibility of any sort of a snort emanating from the guilty orifice. This cunning device had two very thin but strong bronze clips protruding at the lip line whereby to insert and remove the occluder; of course, it was fitted carefully to Schmaltz's rather prominent teeth and somewhat rakish gums, but, all in all, it was a work of the fabricator's art and came to the inventor in a plush-lined case that would have been an ornament to milady's boudoir.

Came the night when Ernie was to try out this sleep-salvaging device. He had smuggled it into his home, not telling his faithful spouse either of the invention or of the cost, since there had been some recent recriminations anent the family budget. Once this thing was a success, they would be millionaires anyway, and what the hell!

In the darkness of his bedroom, he abstracted the

jewelry from its velvet-lined case and softly inserted it in place—not, however, without some difficulties. While his lips would stretch to a point, the fabricator had made it large enough to cover the whole inner perimeter of his lips and cheeks, for it had occurred to the maker that Schmaltz had indeed a very large mouth, and it required a goodly expanse of metal to cover the entire opening. But get it in he did and confidently laid himself down to sleep and to a quiet evening of uninterrupted dreams.

The thing finally got warmed up, and he slowly became accustomed to what seemed to be a hunk of boiler-plate nestling in his face, and he did fall asleep. But not for long. He was seized with a dream that he was sinking into an ocean of water and being strangled. He sat bolt upright, now fully awake, and realized that something was terribly wrong. His whole mouth was plugged with steel, and he was gasping for breath. He yanked at the clips, but nothing happened; he could not shout for help, for his shouter was completely occluded. With a lot of terrified yanking and prying, he finally got rid of the device and fell back exhausted. He did have the forethought, however, to stumble out of bed and conceal what he now called "the iron maiden" from the prying eyes of his devoted spouse. Next morning he dumped the whole \$150 worth over the Michigan Avenue bridge on his way to work.

The way of the inventor is hard, and it was with Schmaltz. Here was the need all right, but what the solution?

Now I must tell you at last that one Ernie Schmaltz found the solution, and, as is true of great inventions, he

found it right at home and at a cost per night for troubled snorers of less than one quarter of one cent.

When I was a boy in the town of Kewanee, Illinois, one of our greatest divertissements was the Summer Chautauqua, held in a tent in Blish's Woods. There we listened to such cultural edification as the Swiss Bell-ringers, William Jennings Bryan, the evangelist Sam Jones, and, finally, one Russell Conwell. The latter had a lecture entitled "Acres of Diamonds," wherein he proved beyond peradventure of a doubt that a whole fortune lay in each man's backyard, if he would only look for it. Of course, this child took Conwell literally, and there was not much of the Shilton backyard that remained undisturbed for the rest of the summer. But without results.

Now Schmaltz did not have any backyard, having lived for a number of years in a multistoried Chicago apartment building, the backyard of which was fully covered with concrete for an in-building garage, but he was a resourceful cuss and not so literal-minded as the writer of this paper. And he found the solution to this world-shaking problem right in his own medicine cabinet, and I suspect that the same can be found in everybody's medicine cabinet, much to Schmaltz's financial dismay. For, sadly enough, the idea is not patentable—as the patent lawyers say, it is simply an application of already known devices to a problem as old as the hills. But this should not distract from Schmaltz's remarkable discovery or the credit that should be bestowed upon him for settling, once and for all, one of mankind's greatest curses. And whereas our friend is not going to make any money from this revelation and can never recoup his tre-

mendous expenditures in research, it so happens that the inventor, a close friend of mine, has delegated to me this evening the happy privilege of revealing to this august assemblage, the first to hear it, the complete secret of how to sleep without snoring.

Schmaltz does have a common-law copyright on the name of this boon to mankind. It is called "Schmaltz's Snore Stopper," and I hope that, in thankfulness for my revelation here tonight, those who need to use it will pay tribute to the astute inventor by using that cognomen when spreading the information of this invention. In passing, I might say that Schmaltz is also a generous fellow—he does not insist upon broadcasting the full name (it sounds too much like the snore that he has been trying to stop)—and he assures me that he will stand for an abbreviation, simply the "S.S.S." or, even briefer, the "Triple S."

I have the "Triple S" with me tonight. Here it is—none other than a ten-yard roll of zinc oxide adhesive tape; this one says, "Red Cross. Johnson and Johnson," and cost 39 cents at Walgreen's Drugstore. From some six inches of this tape, you can construct the redoubtable "Triple S," but you will need more than that. You will require a bit of Schmaltz's inventive genius, and I shall tell you why. As you unroll the tape, you must turn one inch back upon itself—this makes the non-sticky tab which is one of the unpatentable but essential characteristics of Schmaltz's unusual solution. After you have detached the six inches from the roll, you attach the untabbed end firmly to the upper lip immediately beneath the nasal septum and draw the rest of it down over both lips and beneath the chin, tamping it securely in place.

It is then a lead-pipe cinch that you will be unable to open your mouth for the next eight hours, unless you wish to remove the "Triple S" for the necessity of speech, such as an after-midnight wrong number on the telephone or the querulous summons of a spouse, at which time the whole can immediately be stripped or at least uplifted by means of Schmaltz's remarkable design of the unsticky tab, which presumably is now pendant beneath the chin, somewhat similar to a goatee.

I might confess to you tonight that I have made use of Schmaltz's historic invention for a good many nights; that the thing works; that, after eight hours of slumber, the throat is clear as a bell and the eustachian tubes are clear and unplugged; that even I, who have been accused—unjustly, I assure you—of making a few snorts in my sleep, am now free of that odious charge. Schmaltz's wife, a woman of dry wit and occasionally biting humor, has told him that he has the wrong name for the discovery—it should be the "B.Y.L.," or "Button Your Lip," and has even suggested at times that he might apply it in the daytime. Great inventors often suffer the gibes and arrows even of their best beloved. But I think you will agree that Schmaltz has done something for the human race and that "once in a lifetime" to some men comes the inspiration, found in humble and unsuspected places. Will you forgive me therefore if tonight, I have foresworn Southampton and its environs for the revelation of the great and noble "Triple S." And, in passing, may we not forget Schmaltz's bosom friend, old "Fog" Hudson, the man who first told Schmaltz that he too was one of the snoring fraternity, thereby launching him upon his final career of discovery.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

It so happens that both Schmaltz and his bosom friend old "Fog" are in our audience this evening, the first to receive his proper accolade of recognition for an earth-shaking or perhaps "earth-settling" discovery and the second to listen to this tribute to those who do not always invent but at least can serve while they only "stand and wait." I thank you.

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