

# WHO IS "THE SLIDING GHOST"

## War Vet, Robbed of Memory by Shell, Cannot Even Recall His Name



Jerry Tarbot



The knack of wiggling through No Man's Land won him the nickname of "The Sliding Ghost"

A tremendous flare of light caused the ghost to lose his memory

BY GEORGE BRITT  
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON, April 7 — If you could start out in life again with a clean slate, forgetting the past, would you do it?

"Better not," answers the "Sliding Ghost," an ex-soldier who for want of a better name is called Jerry Tarbot at the Mt. Alto Veterans' Hospital here.

The case of the "Sliding Ghost" is one of the most peculiar and baffling mysteries that has followed in the wake of the great war.

Can't Learn His Name

For three years the federal government has been trying to learn the real name of Jerry Tarbot. It has failed, but the Veterans' Bureau is convinced

that the "Sliding Ghost," who won his nickname because of his ability to wiggle through some of the most dangerous parts of wire-entangled No Man's Land, lived through some of the most terrible days of the war.

Eight years ago Tarbot's memory was almost blotted out when a great shell exploded near him in France.

"There was a tremendous flare of light and the sound of a million bees humming in my ears," he recalls.

From that time on, he can remember nothing about his past. In 1923 he was found in an asylum at Stockton, Calif. How he got there he does not know, but during the interval from

1918 to 1923 he apparently wandered all over the country, even buying a barren ranch.

Tarbot could start life again on a fresh, new page, but he needs his past. His few scattered flashes of memory, gleaming through the haze of forgotten years, are not enough to guide him back to his real niche in society or to his real name.

Can't Get Compensation

If he could identify himself and connect himself with a war service record somewhere in the rolls of the Marine Corps, he would be several thousand dollars richer. He would have government compensation money for nearly eight years to which a disabled veteran is entitled. There is also a more important need for his past, he believes.

"Starting over again now, about 37 years old, I can't take a place alongside the average man of my age," he says. "I must start out fresh with the young jeds. Other men have been building up into their jobs. I don't know where I did my building. If I could go back and begin where I left off, there would not be so much toll to do over again."

Served With French First

Most convincing are his memories of army life. He thinks he went to France in 1916, and for a time he was a dispatch carrier with French troops.

He remembers, too, that he served with the Sixth Marines at Belleau Wood. This fact is confirmed by members of that famous outfit, a captain making affidavit that he must have been there to know so much about the fight and the men in it, and an enlisted man saying he knew him, but only by the name of "Frenchy."

Remembers Boyhood

A handful of earlier memories he has, also. He grew up on New York's West Side. He remembers boyish mischief, such as selling a chicken to a sidewalk merchant, recovering it through a hole in the coop and selling it over again. He thinks he once studied for the priesthood, and he can quote phrases of Latin and Greek such as might stick in a schoolboy's mind. His mother was Irish, he thinks, and his father was French.

"I'd know my mother if I ever saw her," he declares. "I can't describe her, but I'd know

her. I'd feel her presence if she were a mile away."

"What if a strange man should come up and say he was your brother?" Jerry was asked.

"If he could not prove it, I'd hit him on the nose," he answers with earnestness. "I've been claimed too much already."

Claimed Many Times

The business of being claimed as a long lost relative has become a comic relief in Jerry's distressing story. He has been claimed dozens of times. In California once a Mexican woman with four children insisted ardently that he was hers, and introduced him to the children as "Papa," but the police proved she was mistaken.

Yet Jerry wants to be claimed. He wants his past to catch up with him. At present he is being treated here for physical disabilities and cared for by the Veterans' Bureau. Mrs. Inez M. Pugh of the bureau has been most active in trying to help

him, and she appeals to anyone who may know of him or who may recognize his picture to communicate with her.

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I will, at the Court House in Jacksonville, Oregon, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. on April 9, 1924, sell, to the highest bidder, for cash all of the right, title and interest of Donald Goland Easter, a minor, in and to an undivided one-third interest in and to Lots fifteen (15) and sixteen (16), in Bellview, in Jackson County, Oregon, as the same are platted of record.

Dated at Portland, Oregon, this 5th day of March, 1924.

G. F. EASTER,  
Guardian of the Estate of DONALD GOLAND EASTER, a minor.

B. F. MULKEY,  
Attorney for Estate,  
Suite 403, Corbett Building,  
161-5 Thurs.

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# PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!



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"If he could not prove it, I'd hit him on the nose," he answers with earnestness. "I've been claimed too much already."

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## Transplanting Of Glands Is Failure

BERKELEY, Cal., April 7—(U.P.)—Results of experiments in rejuvenating human cells of in transplanting into the body so-called "monkey glands" or "goat glands" have been largely disappointing, in the opinion of Dr. Samuel J. Holmes, professor of zoology at the University of California.

Glendale — Molly street opened as main thoroughfare.

"Lost" youth cannot be re-

gained," he said. "It is possible to stimulate the body glands somewhat, but as for making a 50-year-old woman look 20, such an idea is ridiculous."

Dr. Holmes also claimed that creation of animal life from inorganic matter never has been achieved. He refused to believe reports from Europe that a young scientist had created life snails from chemicals.

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