

Case of the Missing Stockholders

By PAUL GREEN
and SIDNEY FIELDS

Private detective George Parker tracks down owners of forgotten stocks to the farthest corners of the earth with but a single purpose: to give them wealth which they did not know they possessed

AN ELDERLY, shabbily dressed woman recently appeared at the office of a large New York utility corporation. Clutching a grimy Manila envelope bulging with yellowed stock certificates, she timidly asked to see the treasurer.

"I borrowed the carfare to come here," she told him when he appeared. "I wonder if these are worth anything."

"Wait just a minute, madam," he said, "while I check them."

In a few minutes he was back, beaming. "Lady," he exclaimed, "you can not only borrow money on these, you can live in luxury, if you wish. They're worth \$66,000!"

The woman's husband had invested \$15,000 in the company 25 years before. During the depression the firm nearly went bankrupt and stopped paying dividends. When its name disappeared from the exchange boards and newspaper stock lists, the couple assumed that the stocks were worthless.

After her husband died, his widow worked at odd jobs, never thinking that the fancy paper buried beneath some old clothes in her bureau drawer might rescue her from her poverty.

At the beginning of World War II, the utility in which her husband had invested merged with a large munitions firm. It started paying healthy dividends soon after, and its stock was once more listed on the exchanges, at a greatly increased figure. When the company again mailed dividend checks, it discovered that many of its stockholders had disappeared.

To investigate this situation, the company hired seventy-five-year-old George A. Parker, a New York private detective with snow-white hair and Vandyke to match. He was assigned to locate some 600 missing stockholders on whose investments thousands of dollars in dividends had accrued. He scoured the country for four months, and located 85 per cent of them. It was at his suggestion that the old lady had come to the utility company's office.

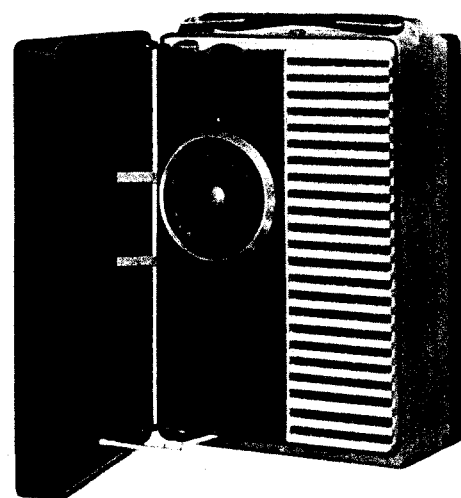
George Albert Parker is general manager of Tracers Company of America, a famous private-eye outfit headed by stocky, hard-bitten Dan Eisenberg. Since starting the stockholder-searching department two years ago, with Parker at its head, Tracers Company has located some 30,000 share owners who collected over \$1,500,000 in back dividends, interest and cash (Continued on page 40)

George Albert Parker's benevolent appearance is in keeping with his job as head of Tracers Company of America's stockholder-searching department. In two years 30,000 persons have been found and enriched by \$1,500,000

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY STAN REE

Be a Christmas Angel

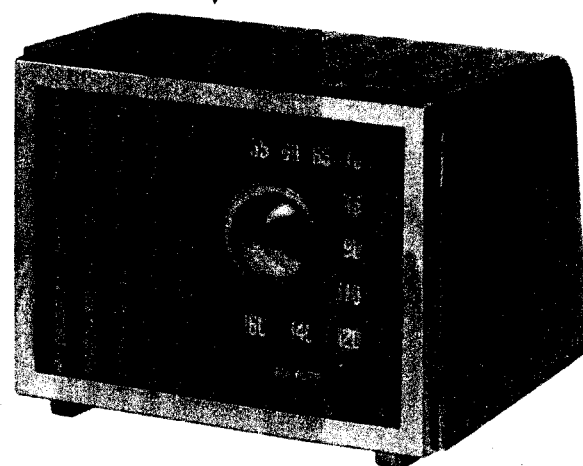
give these Merrymakers
for many Happy New Years



Holly red—and tiny enough to tuck into a topcoat pocket! That's the RCA Victor "Personal" radio. Just $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches high, it plays the instant you open it. Precision-built with "long-life" RCA battery and tiny but sturdy RCA Victor tubes. Choose yours in black, brown, or red lizard-grain plastic. RCA Victor 8B43.

The "Golden Throat"

Only RCA Victor instruments have the "Golden Throat"—a precisely balanced 3-way tone system that's the finest in RCA Victor history.



Bright idea—this gay little table set! Has a "luxury look"—but that lovely effect of richly grained rare woods is a clever finish on smooth and sturdy plastic. Has the "Golden Throat." Extremely selective and sensitive. A gift for discriminating givers and "getters." RCA Victor 75X16.



Pretty smooth—a big "Merry Christmas" in a tiny package! Less than 6 inches tall, this tiny charmer has wonderful tone, amazing selectivity, power to spare. Clear plastic tuning dial in cabinet top turns at a finger's touch. In "sugar-plum" or ivory-finish plastic. RCA Victor 8X521.



Christmas Star—with dozens of points, all good! Point 1—it's a portable that also plays on AC or DC. Has the "Golden Throat." It's light-weight, lovely—plastic with non-tarnish gold-color trim. A star performer at a price that's a pointed hint to a thrifty Santa!

RCA Victor 8BX5.

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New Jersey's Amazing Powder Puff Farmer

By KEN JONES

George Scheufele grows fluff for powder puffs on the hides of geese. Scarce and hard to come by, the silly birds give up everything but their honk on the farm of Papa Goose. Everything pays off but the goose pimples

IF GEESE were reasonable creatures, George Scheufele would have a lot easier time doing the fanciest egg trick of them all. He turns goose eggs into powder puffs as soft as a baby angel's dream. But, although he's one of less than a score of people the world around who can do this particular trick, and ranks as the nation's top authority on the honking, hissing birds, Papa Goose, as Scheufele is often called, has his troubles.

Each year Scheufele's agents buy up all the geese they can find in a dozen Eastern and Middle Western states. But, because incubators don't work well with goose eggs, they're rarely able to get together more than 5,000 birds at one time. Because of this, and the fact that no one has yet figured out a way to win the wholehearted co-operation of a

goose only a measly two per cent of the women of America ever enjoy using Scheufele's lush puffs.

Geese, Scheufele's raw material, sometimes live to be 50 years old, usually sleep during the daytime (always facing into the wind) and eat poison ivy when they can find it. They are terribly belligerent, and the only things they're *really* afraid of are weasels and little red foxes.

The fox has the goose's number—will grab it anywhere a hold offers, and kill it in no time. The weasel won't tangle with a full-grown goose, but will knock off a stray gosling, seizing it by the throat and sucking its blood. Geese leave both of these animals strictly alone. They'll take on anything else, though—bird, beast or man—the moment they sense fear in the opponent. What's more, you can't bluff geese; they *know*!

Despite his 40 years' study of geosology Scheufele can't explain this, but he's inclined to discount the smell theory.

Scheufele thinks that the birds have a sixth sense which tells them unerringly when any living creature is afraid of them, and he cites this personal experience:

A plumber, a husky six-footer, drove his truck up to Scheufele's Treville Farm and started unloading some soil pipe. Minutes later there were loud cries for help, and the goose expert found the plumber atop his truck, treed by a dozen hissing, honking geese.

"Go chase the geeses," Scheufele said to his two-year-old son, Johnny.

The baby toddled out, shooping the birds away with airy nonchalance although any one of them

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON