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CRABTREE FACING BOTH WAYS  
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1995

My previous approach to academic research failed lamentably. The circumstances were peculiarly germane to the history of this distinguished foundation.

The third Crabtree Orator was Professor T. J. B. Spencer and I had the privilege of studying under him at another place. I think it was a privilege. He said it was. Towards the end of the period of study I approached him with an enquiry as to whether I might join his research work after I graduated.

He took one look at me and, in the way that Scrooge said 'Humbug', the good professor ejaculated the revered name I heard then for the first time and which I yearned for years to know more about: 'Crabtree, Sir! Crabtree!'

For the rest of that session, as I presented papers for his and my co-students' consideration, he would listen to my *explications de textes*, my acute references, my literary critiques and my imaginative proofs of authenticity and invariably murmur: 'Crabtree, Sir, you're a Crabtree man'.

In the light of these exclamations of apparent approval, Mr. President, you will sympathise with my surprise when I was not invited to join his research team. Crabtree remained an enigma itching at the back of my mind until I was invited by our fellow Scholar David Larman to be his guest at a Crabtree dinner some years ago. I cannot say that all was then revealed, but light began to dawn.

All is not even now revealed. In many ways, the search for the authentic Crabtree has only just begun. Novitiates here will want to know how it is that Joseph Crabtree is recognised by those of us who have studied the known body of his works (and I now count myself as one of those) to be one of the greatest poets ever to have lived. Probably.

Crabtree lived from 1754 to 1854 and was, for various reasons, unable to acknowledge his scribblings. Indeed he appears positively to have sought anonymity, with a determination that even today is a role model par excellence for popes, premiers and princesses who populate the pages and screens of the mass media. Some works were published under a pseudonym, others were sold or bartered, and many were plagiarised by poets – from Wordsworth to Yeats — who have gone down in history, unfairly to Crabtree, as greater poets than he.

Little concrete evidence remains of Crabtree's life. I searched in vain for the tombstone in Howarth that Tattersall says is there. He has no epitaph (though he himself wrote many). There is a lock of hair collected by Byron and, according to Bennett, retained at the offices of John Murray the publishers, and a few questionable mementoes such as a nut dish presented by the inmates of a penal institution and, thanks to Hargrove, preserved by the archivist.

It has not yet been established that there was a conspiracy to keep Crabtree's name out of the history books, but enemies he created, particularly among other poets, scientists, plagiarists and opponents of a more political complexion, could be understood to be pleased that their connection with Crabtree remains in the sub-text of history. A new biography of Edward Lear, who lampooned Crabtree as 'The Dong with the Luminous Nose', reveals the strength of this enmity. When he was 59, Lear wrote in his diary on hearing of the death of his cousin: 'It is just 50 years since he did the greatest evil done to me in my life excepting that done by C'. C was Crabtree, as I told the author, but neither he nor I can establish exactly what Crabtree did. The context implies that it was something disgustingly dishonourable.

Which brings us back to honour and privilege. The year in which to study the great Crabtree endows the revealed Orator with the power, so to speak, to re-write if not to create history. It offers him or her the joys of 'original' research and the excitement of discovering new, almost incontrovertible facts. That is indeed a privilege and an honour.

Negley Harte in his Oration, Mr. President, observed that Orators have frequently been struck by the extent to which Crabtree's work impinged on their own fields. In making reference to Harte, I would like, Mr. President, to acknowledge how much we owe to him and the archivist for having maintained a bibliography of Orations and an updated *curriculum vitae* of Joseph Crabtree. We are all greatly in debt to both of them.

When the burden of being revealed fell upon me, Mr. President, I was already reeling from the impact of being revealed yet again as a father. My own field of research was thus an investigation into the incidence and experiences of others who like me had pursued their researches in paternity into their more mature years.

The revelation that I was to orate was thus most apposite. Burning the midnight oil to research into Crabtree, and lullabying the early hours in caring for my own dear experiment, clearly went together like a Foundation dinner and 'a tail clout full of the disagreeables' (as Joseph Crabtree might have said). In other words, a shitty nappy.

I naturally saw it as a great opportunity, for Crabtree, as Scholars well know, fathered more children than Don Juan, Casanova or any legend from the Bible. And though Tattersall horrified us all with the story of a Crabtree sex-change when he was 60, he was by then acknowledged to have fathered countless offspring, the most famous of whom were Annette Vallon (for whom Wordsworth accepted responsibility), Thomas Hood, Augusta Ada Byron and Henrik Ibsen — though Scholars differ about the latter since he was born twelve years after Tattersall's alleged sex-change.

(I hope I don't speak ambiguously, Mr. President. I do so hate ambiguity.)

It speaks volumes for the strength and humanity of this Foundation that it has not been torn apart by this dispute. Who were we to believe? Tattersall or Foote? Or indeed Bromage, whose Oration immediately followed Tattersall's and asserted that Crabtree was 'waving his banner' in the West Country many years later. And no Orator has yet come forward to dispute what one might call 'Harte's solution', that a bit from the dead Bentham was sewn on to Crabtree in 1832, so that Crabtree could safely die, keep his secret and leave his body whole to be preserved like Bentham's. I have to question this solution, Mr. President, but so much of Crabtree has been stolen or plagiarised, a future Orator may yet reveal that our beloved auto-icon is in fact not Bentham but Crabtree. The truth, Mr. President, as you know, is so frequently stranger than fiction; but I digress.

My researches, Mr. President, had begun to suggest that the essential trademark in all Crabtree's work is Paternity. You will not marvel at that. But if I tell you that in my quest for this trade mark I chanced on virtual proof of Gee's ingenious deduction that Crabtree was a secret agent, but more likely a double agent, that he conspired with the colonists of the New World in their battle for independence, that he left a trail of offspring across the colonies as evidence of his assiduousness in researching into paternity, that samples of Crabtree's handwriting, verified by a handwriting expert, have been found not only in wine ledgers and on a particular wine label, and possibly among the corrections on Thomas Jefferson's first draft of the *Declaration of Independence* that, as well as all this, there is firm evidence that Crabtree planned, if he didn't actually produce, the first known manual on child care, then you may be enjoined to listen and perpend. Yes, Mr. President, my researches show that Crabtree was the Penelope Leach of the 1790s and possibly the Alex Comfort too.

I am not sure whether, in your retirement from institutional management, Mr. President, you have kept pace with the office jargon and computer practices by which we are all confined. You, as a military philosopher, will know that superhighways no longer refer to the infrastructure for transporting troops across land.

Indeed governments have finally seen that those highways are the primrose paths to total congestion that researchers at this institution have warned them about for years.

No, Mr. President, today's superhighways are invisible to the eye and capable of more traffic than is dreamt of in your philosophy. We are all enjoined to log on and network. Early last summer, Mr. President, my machine pinged with the news that I had 'new mail'.

I pressed OK and read: zac@wac.ac. Subject. ARSS (A.R.S.S.). It was not in a prurient frame of mind that I eagerly opened the mail. Crabtree Scholars will know that this was a reference to *Ars Salutandi*, one of the most

famous and humorous works of Crabtree of which some real evidence is believed to exist. (I laugh every time I think of it.)

I read:

Following the death of my uncle Kemper T. Guggenheim three years ago, I found a bundle of his papers with 'Joseph Crabtree' written on the outside. My own subject is Thomas Jefferson 1770 to 1776 and I have long puzzled over the initials J.C. on a note among Jefferson's papers. My uncle's papers do not reveal that Crabtree knew Thomas Jefferson but they do say that he was a student of Jacob Jefferson at Oxford.

The first Orator, Sutherland, told us that in 1923 Kemper T. Guggenheim, Assistant Professor at the University of Western Nevada, appealed for information about Crabtree, as he was going to write a biography of him. He was particularly looking for the manuscript of *Ars Salutandi*, which was sold by Maggs Brothers in 1903.

The email continued:

Jacob Jefferson was a second cousin of Thomas Jefferson. They once corresponded about their shared ancestry but Jacob stopped writing. I have been trying to get access to Queen's College Oxford archives, but they have been most unhelpful. They don't seem to have email or fax. Can you help? Do you have more information about Jacob Jefferson? Why did Crabtree come to America in 1773?

The message was signed:

Zachary T. Guggenheim, Professor of History, State University of Texas at Waco. zac@wac.ac

Well, Mr. President, if I needed a spur to prick the sides of my intent, this was it. I wrote on the screen:

All I know of Jacob Jefferson is that he was Crabtree's tutor. Crabtree wrote satirical verses about him. Jefferson had Crabtree sent down. I will contact Queen's. Oxford Colleges are like that. I was unaware Crabtree visited America before 1799 (when Rowe said he went). What evidence is there? Crabtree scholarship is rigorous. Did your uncle find original of *Ars Salutandi*? How can we get access to his papers?

Mr. President, you can imagine how excited I was. I watched for the screen to bring an immediate reply. But it didn't come.

As is the way with these things, my attention was drawn to other matters.

While carrying out research, practical research, into Crabtree's involvement with the wine trade, I found that Jean-Jacques Rousseau was an acquaintance of Crabtree's Uncle Oliver, the Orléans wine shipper, and of Crabtree's parents, Fluellen and Mary. I had gone in the footsteps of the 21st Orator, Hall, to research the descendants of Crabtree's daughter, Ann-Marie Vallon, near Orléans. I was shown into the very same attic where Hall found Crabtree's old riding-coat with the poem stitched into the lining.

Among the books strewn over the floor was a copy of Rousseau's *Emile*, not a surprising book to find in the home of an educated Frenchman, but this copy was annotated in the margins, and on the fly leaf it bore the inscription *Pour Mme. L'arbre anglais* followed by the initials JR.

No one could imagine that Joseph Crabtree was the model for *Emile*, but there is clear evidence that the book is cryptically dedicated to the Crabtree family. Book 1 begins:

God makes all things good. Man meddles with them and they become evil. He forces one soil to yield the products of another, one tree to bear another's fruit.

The 'tree' of the 1760s was almost invariably Crabtree.

The second Orator, Brown, revealed that in 1763 Dr. Johnson said, of Crabtree's juvenilia, 'he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit; he only bears crabs'.

Rousseau's reference to one tree bearing another's fruit is manifestly a poetic way of saying that Fluellen and Mary Crabtree had conjoined to produce Joseph and that the book is dedicated to them.

This is precisely the sort of evidence on which Crabtree scholarship is founded, Mr. President. It is the sort of thing I would write in my student essays and to which Professor Spencer always murmured, 'Crabtree, Sir, Crabtree'.

Through the first few pages of *Emile*, Rousseau develops his image of the eponymous tree. For instance:

You can remove this young tree from the highway and shield it from the crushing force of social convention. Tend and water it ere it dies. One day its fruit will reward your care.

Though Rousseau sent Crabtree's mother this signed copy when it was published in 1762, it was young, precocious Joseph who picked it up. He immediately realised that the advice on child-rearing was being given for his benefit and was immensely impressed as only an eight-year-old would be. Indeed, the appearance of this copy in an attic near Orléans suggests that Crabtree kept the book with him for many years while conducting his researches.

Rousseau's approach to child-rearing, letting young Emile follow his own instincts, greatly influenced Crabtree and explains what has heretofore been deemed rebellious and unruly behaviour, especially in the Chipping Sodbury choir and among the Gloucester girls. The evidence suggests, Mr. President, that it was at this time that Crabtree first conceived a passion for the subject he was to study continuously throughout his long life, to experiment with and to write about, both scientifically and poetically, child-rearing and paternity.

Starting at such a young age, he more than any subsequent researchers in his discipline was able to study the subject from the point of view not only of the father but of the child as well — a quite revolutionary approach.

Less than a year after his reading of Rousseau, young Joseph conducted his first researches and had his first 'experience', celebrating the end of the Seven Years' War with a town beauty up the crow's nest of a boat in Bristol Docks. The more voyeuristic members of the Foundation may read about this in Cadwallader's graphic, re-readable, and, I have to say, frequently re-read, oration.

From that moment on, Crabtree never stinted in his search for the perfect model of paternity, the ideal father and the ideal father-child relationship. As a practical man, he carried out practical research. Each new theory had to be put to the test, and, being a perfectionist, he was never satisfied.

Suddenly my email was flashing again. zac@wac.ac was back.

What about Queen's? JC was in Philadelphia at the end of 1773. See alias in Franklin. See possibly Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson received note signed JC advising him to change wording of first sentence of Declaration. Was Crabtree working for George III or North? Was he working for us as well? CIA archives reveal nothing. Papers of Uncle Kemp now in UT library in Austin.

I am now totally confused, Mr. President. I have two different lines of Crabtree research to follow: my own experiments with paternity, and an obligation to this Foundation to clarify the momentous implication that our hero, already in 1773, as Gee told us, recruited to the Secret Service, was in fact a double agent.

I had already arranged an appointment with the archivist of Guy's Hospital, where Tattersall's alleged sex-change operation was carried out. The archive is in the vaults of the old building, where not just archives but objects of the strangest kind are preserved, the sort that used to appear in bottles at fairgrounds for the ghoulish to pay sixpence to look at.

I wondered if those parts allegedly lost by Crabtree in 1816 could possibly still be there, so I asked, 'Do you have any pickled penises?'. He pointed to a row of jars. 'Penectomy was surprisingly common for a while in the first twenty years of the nineteenth century', was the reply. 'More as a punishment than as a sex change.' They were arranged chronologically, starting in 1810. I recalled that this was just one year after Crabtree was appointed, as Hargrove told us, to be Reader in Criminology at Oxford. I could not but wonder if he was responsible for the legislation that allowed such penile operations and hence possibly the cause in more ways than one of his own immolation. The name Crabtree did not appear on any bottle, though there were a few with a J or a C and another indecipherable letter. There was a label numbered 16 or it could have been JC. I inspected the bottle and have to report that it contained about the smallest pickled penis of any of the four or five hundred there and I completely discounted it as belonging to our renowned poet, father of so many offspring. Spencer told us that Edward Lear saw Crabtree as the Dong with the luminous nose, so prolific as to lead to the gap in the publication of census statistics that Harte observed, though he did not say it was because the years of Crabtree's greatest activity gave the statistics an unbelievable skew. So disgusted was Malthus by Crabtree's apparently incessant production of offspring that he rushed out his well-known theories about population before he was ready, in an attempt to have Crabtree's experiments curtailed. This, despite Crabtree helping to soothe the pain when Malthus had the clap.

I was happy not to be able to lend substance to Tat's claim. There remained, however, the issue of Harte's solution, with which I was uneasy. If Bentham's penis was sewn onto Crabtree, Bentham would be penisless.

The Provost was not pleased, even though I urged that undressing the auto-icon would enhance our research ratings. Then I recalled that he had been undressed — Bentham, I mean — only recently. Some two years ago the authorities allowed the mummified body to go to an exhibition in Essen and during preparation he was found to be lacking the strength needed for such a journey. A female member of the staff was horrified when she found herself alone in the Strang Print Room one evening and turned to see Jeremy out of his box, slumped on a chair in the corner. He needed repairs. Someone must have seen him naked. If he were indeed penisless, it would not have gone unnoticed. A story like that, Mr. President, would have been in the Newsletter before Fred Rosen, Director of the Bentham Project, knew about it. I sought out the colleague who had found herself in the Strang Print Room alone with Bentham. Now I ask you Mr. President, if you are in a room alone with a naked body, male or female, to what part of the body is your eye first drawn? It's the same for all of us. It was nevertheless a delicate point to put to a female colleague. With total conviction, she assured me that there was no part missing.

These may be harsh words, but the conclusion I draw is that 'Harte's solution' was a speculative attempt to compound Tattersall's gullible dependence on a tall story in a letter from an aggrieved Byron claiming to report another tall story by Keats.

But, Mr. President, you will want to know about Crabtree and the claims of Zachary T. Guggenheim. I quote from page 58 of the Penguin edition of Franklin's autobiography. He is writing of a printing house in Philadelphia. Among those working there is a George Webb:

an Oxford scholar, who gave me this account of himself: that he was born in Gloucester, educated at a grammar school and had been distinguished among the scholars for some apparent superiority in performing his part, and had written some pieces in prose and verse, which were printed in the Gloucester newspapers. He was sent to Oxford, where he continued about a year, but, not well satisfied, wishing of all things to see London, he left.

This is an accurate description of Crabtree's early years. Webb is clearly an alias. Even working in a print shop fits, since we know Crabtree had been working as a bookbinder in Cambridge. I tried to email Zachary T. Guggenheim for clarification. I should warn future researchers, at this time, Mr. President, that I had great difficulty contacting [zac@wac.ac](mailto:zac@wac.ac).

I was not satisfied. I knew that the rigorous requirements of the Foundation would need more evidence that our great poet worked for the Americans. Harte told us Crabtree took a treatise from Price to Franklin, but there is no evidence that they met. Crabtree certainly flew kites as Franklin did, but that doesn't create a conspiracy.

What of the Jefferson connection? Franklin and Thomas Jefferson clearly knew each other in 1773. They were both a party to the *Declaration of Independence*, signed on July 4th 1776. Crabtree had been recruited to the Secret Service early in 1773 (according to Gee). Later that year the Boston Tea Party took place. It is not inconceivable that the Government of George III should have sent a young unknown Secret Service recruit to the Colonies. Indeed, they probably sent many. Franklin's words show that a person resembling Crabtree could pass himself off in that company. Though it is highly likely they might have met, this still doesn't prove that Crabtree knew Jefferson.

Again one of those fortuitous events occurred on which all breakthroughs in research depend. The UCL London Group of alumni visited the auctioneers Christie's, where we were entertained by one of this College's distinguished alumni, Mr. Michael Broadbent. Mr. Broadbent has risen to the exalted height (as a result of reading architecture at UCL) of being Wine Director of Christie's. He recounted the tale of the bottle of 1787 Chateau Lafitte sold at Christie's in 1985 for £105,000, a photo of which the Secretary has kindly printed on the back of the menus for tonight's meal (see page 140). The initials at the bottom of the label show that it belonged to Thomas Jefferson. Franklin was in France in 1783, negotiating a treaty. Crabtree took up employment in France with his uncle Oliver's wine-shippers in 1783. Jefferson was the American Ambassador to France from 1784 to 1789.

Jefferson knew his wines. Indeed he wrote an extensive report on the Bordeaux area. His 19,000 letters are well documented. He bought his wine via the American Consul in Bordeaux, John Bonfield. Bonfield bought his wine, or at least much of it, from Crabtree and Hillier. It was the custom for the distinguished customers to have their names or initials written onto the label by their suppliers. I had only to establish that Crabtree had himself written Th.J. onto the label to prove that he was a conspirator.

The expert I took this to was Detective Inspector Morsel, a forensic scientist who graduated in Criminology at Cambridge, where he still practises. Morsel went to the archives of the central Cambridge library and found *The Cambridge Tart (Satirical-Poetical Infusions, Dainty Morsels Served up by Cantabs)* with the pencil reference to Joseph Crabtree in an unknown hand, thus confirming Wilson's *recondite Oration*. He then traced the publishers James Smith, once of 163 Strand and now at Wapping, and foraged in their archives. Publishers, as publishers present will confirm, Mr. President, never throw away old manuscripts, though they may sell them. Morsel found the one he was looking for: the original of Lines by JC in *The Cambridge Tart*, beside which was written 'Not me!' signed J. Crabtree. The handwriting was identical to that on the label of 1787 Chateau Lafitte before you.

There we have it, Mr. President — such circumstantial evidence as one could wish for to confirm that Crabtree was an associate of both Franklin and Thomas Jefferson and probably conspired in the writing of the *Declaration of Independence*.

I have also for you to witness and to hand to the archivist for safe keeping a copy of an early draft of the *Declaration of Independence*. This shows the line which Guggenheim says was suggested to Jefferson by Crabtree. Unfortunately, he has not yet sent me a copy of the note which he says is signed J.C. and suggests the words 'dissolve the political bands'. We can see, of course, that the original is deleted, but until Guggenheim's evidence is before us, we cannot say beyond reasonable doubt that Crabtree helped to draft the *Declaration of Independence* (see page 141).

In the Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Mr. President, they are currently rearranging the whole of the top floor with displays relating to the upbringing of children. It is as yet only half ready, but it is a revelation to see how much of the display bears the mark of Crabtree. I was privileged to see some of the material not yet on display and I must urge you to inspect the pewter sucking bottle which can double as a beer vessel for the elderly, marked underneath with the name Bramah 1775. Rowe revealed that Crabtree was working for Bramah shortly after Oxford and, as I have just established, while he was acting as a double agent in the colonies. Bramah could only have produced a sucking bottle because of the influence of Crabtree and his interest in child-care.

Particularly unpleasant among the pieces yet to be put on display is the 'crabtree skewer', mistakenly explained as being made from the wood of the crab-apple tree. Scholars will be aware that concerned parents of the

eighteenth century had to cope with 'disagreeables' that filled the tail clouts of their offspring, without the benefit of dried prunes and syrup of figs. So unhygienic were the sucking bottles and bubby pots of the time that gastric fluidity was the norm, and Crabtree encouraged the mothers of his children to feed them food that would bind them rather than the opposite. Naturally, on occasions, the binding efforts were too successful and parents had to resort to the needle or skewer to relieve the poor infant's suffering, which Crabtree understood only too well. Scholars will recall Foreman's graphic description of Crabtree's own malady. Foreman did not make mention of the skewer, which was a not unfamiliar article in a gentleman's travelling bag of the time. Perhaps he was being coy. Crabtree's adaptation for children was of course small, but had a clever contrivance like one of those sleeves that fit over the bit of a drill to stop it going in too far and doing irreparable damage.

There are a number of examples of Crabtree's fixation, almost fetish, about skewers — for the weapon used to deal with the adult complaint might vary enormously and, *in extremis*, anything might be used. I draw your attention to the bent brass yard measure for measuring beer that Mullin referred to. Crabtree had clearly been tampering with them. As for the cudgel, I am surprised that the Keeper himself failed to recognise the principal reason Crabtree acquired such a knobbly one. Perhaps it would reward microscopic analysis, Mr. Keeper. But I digress. It is the junior model that Crabtree developed to show his practical concern with childcare. Doubtless the adult version served disciplinary purposes, especially in view of Graham-Campbell's hypothesis about Crabtree's experience at Eton.

Soon to go on display is an unguent which Tay revealed as Crabtree Butter, an unguent with mercury in it later developed to cure the clap (of Malthus, among others). Here it is labelled 'Tail-end Tallow', with an explanation that it was allegedly used to relieve the eighteenth-century equivalent of nappy rash. The results of the treatment are not recorded.

The most revealing articles on display, Mr. President, are the chapbooks, the forerunners of comics, the penny dreadfuls that peddlers sold around the country with everything from *Mother Goose's melodies* to *Tommy Thumb's songs*. Many of these were drawn together and published by one James Catnach. Crabtree Scholars look for Crabtree aliases everywhere, especially when the initials J.C. are involved.

I was shown a manuscript of some melodies published by this James Catnach. In the margin of one of them was a scribble: 'See my *Complete Father*', with the initials JC beside it. This is clearly a play on Isaac Walton's *Compleat Angler* — Crabtree was a keen fly-fisher. But, far more important, it confirmed my belief that Crabtree was preparing or may even have written the first childcare manual ever written and moreover that he addressed it to fathers. The alias theory is compounded by a study of the compositions in the chap books. The imagery, the metre and the rhyme are quintessential Crabtree. I quote one. The chorus goes:

With my whack fal lor, the diddle and the dido  
Whack for lor, the diddle aye day.

When I was a young man, I lived rarely,  
I spent my time in grief and woe  
For the want of a young wife to lie by me  
When my trouble did run so.

With my whack fal lor, the diddle and the dido  
Whack for lor, the diddle aye day.

The very first year that I was married  
I could not get one wink of sleep  
For all night long she kept on crying  
Husband do not go to sleep.

She kicked my shins till the blood ran down em  
Crying husband dear my dear.  
It's very well I knew her meaning  
A poor man's labour is never done.

The second year that I was married  
I had a very fine baby born.  
She forsook it, I took to it  
Wrapped it up and kept it warm.

[It is by these lines that the pencil note appears 'See my *Complete Father*']

In short, very early in life Crabtree came to appreciate the issues of paternity. And I firmly believe that he laid down some guiding principles for the child-care manuals that did not really gain currency until a hundred and fifty years later. The mind and imagination of pure genius.

The year in which to conduct these researches was too short, Mr. President. I have not been able to substantiate that it was Crabtree who advised that children with a sore throat be given a live frog wrapped in muslin; that the ends of the muslin should be held by the father while the frog rests in the throat of the sick child; when the frog ceases its convulsions and is presumed dead, the sore throat of the child will be cured. Nor that he advised that bed-wetting can be cured by catching a mouse, baking it, grinding it and giving the powder to the child.

Child-care manuals usually have a section on contraception. Crabtree was known to experiment with a pill. I've always believed he must have had difficulty finding pigs' bladders big enough for his purposes. Hargrove told us Crabtree researched the sizes of dongs up and down the country. I believe that when we find the manual, it will reveal that Crabtree conducted this research with the additional purpose of including advice on post-natal love-making.

The Crabtree child-care manual must be found. It will give the greatest insight possible into Crabtree's psyche. It will fill out the picture we have of Crabtree the great poet, scientist, engineer, spy and now, I submit, Mr. President, the first known expert in child care, a revolutionary and a double agent as well.