

The BULLFROG-MAYFLOWER JUNCTION is Selling the Last of Its 6 Cent Offering. Reserve Some by Wire at This Price.—Ed. Gossip.

GOLDFIELD GOSSIP

A Weekly Magazine of Nevada Mining

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GOLDFIELD GOSSIP

THE WEEKLY MARKET GUIDE

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NOTES

As In a Looking Glass

Preface

PAMETER KENT is a name agreeable to the ear, musical, simple, not easily forgotten.

The right name, however, of the Editor of "Gossip" is not Parmeter Kent, but SYDNEY FLOWER.

Introduction

Some five years ago a man by the name of Sydney Flower, living in Chicago, owned a little magazine called "New Thought." This magazine had a monthly issue of 30,000 copies. Associated with it as contributors were some very nice people of high ideals.

Sydney Flower had a few ideals, but he thought he had the commercial instinct; he thought he knew how to make money. Also he believed in the power of mind over matter. You might call him a mental scientist, which is a Christian Scientist, with Mrs. Eddy and Christianity left out. He was a believer in the Golden Rule and entertained the flattering notion that he was born to benefit humanity and make money at the same time. Few realize success in this dual role.

A man came to him with an idea. His commercial instinct immediately asserted itself.

He turned the idea into a stock company and The Health Cigar Company was born. He sold the stock to readers of "New Thought," and ordered several thousand boxes of cigars, made after a special method, whereby much of the nicotine was eliminated from the tobacco leaf. He also sold the cigars to readers of "New Thought." Men bought them to smoke; women

bought them to present to husbands and brothers who were smoking themselves to death with fine Havanas of the old style.

The Health Cigar was small; the price was high; and unhappily in eliminating some of the nicotine, the flavor of the weed was impaired. The company did not make sales and Sydney Flower was left with a fine assortment of Health Cigars. True to his opinions he smoked them up, and then returned the full amount of cash subscribed to his various stockholders, adding ten per cent. interest on their money, partly to please himself and partly to take the taste of his cigar out of their mouths.

It was doubtless due to the exhilarating influence of one of these Health Cigars that he almost immediately conceived and executed another commercial coup.

It has been stated that he was a believer in the influence of mind over matter. He had therefore a proper scorn of drugs and doctors. His argument was simple and to the point.

"We have," he said, "thirty thousand readers. They all have something the matter with them. If they haven't now, they will some day. Also they should be supplied with medicines of a nutritive value only. All of them need soap; all of them need tooth powder, and various other toilet articles. They must have a hair tonic. There is more money in a Hair Tonic than anything else, because if a man's hair is growing he needs a Tonic to keep the follicles active; if it is falling or fallen, he needs a tonic to bring it back."

He organized "The Flower Food Remedy Company," sold the stock to his readers at 50 cents a share; opened an office in Chicago on the North Side, and put a physician in charge as superintendent.

The superintendent was a man of an almost painful integrity. He had been cautioned to make no special effort to sell the remedies, their intrinsic merit being considered sufficient to bring a continuance of custom.

The superintendent carried out instructions to the letter, and even went a step further. His favorite ending to a letter of advice to a customer, or possible customer, was "It'll do you no harm and it'll do you no good!"

Seldom did he make a sale, but he preserved his honor.

Looking back to that time, it seems to me there were some good things among those remedies. The soap was very fine, with oatmeal in it. But it cost too much.

Sydney Flower returned their cash to his stockholders and waited for another idea.

It came in the form of a Colorado gold mine. He put his people in, and took them out again. Viewing his action from this distance of time, he seems to me to have entertained too rapid notions of the time required to develop a mine. But in those days he had never seen a gold mine.

Shortly afterwards he embarked in another venture. This one certainly looked like money. It entailed the purchase of 1,500 shares of stock at \$25.00 a share, in a company that owned the Canadian rights to a machine that separated iron from sand. The company controlled a large tract of this iron sand on the north shore of Lake Superior, and this machine was designed to pick out the grains of iron by magnetic current and feed them into a hopper. Sydney Flower was invited to witness the working of the model of this machine. The model worked beautifully. It certainly looked like money. He took an option

on 2,000 shares of the stock at \$25.00 a share, and got out 30,000 copies of the finest prospectus that was ever printed. The prospectus, on hand made paper, cost him \$4,000, with the illustrations. He has never been able to read a prospectus since those days. He sold the stock to his people, readers of "New Thought," and took in about \$100,000. He believed in the machine, and his people believed in him. They thought he had the commercial instinct. He thought so, too. He attached to the sales of stock his usual guarantee that at the expiration of one year he would take back the stock, if they didn't want it, and pay them eight per cent. interest on their money. They knew he had a passion for refunding money and they took him up on the proposition.

He put in \$25,000 for the building of a large machine in Chicago. The machine was built by an important firm. It ran beautifully in the shop. It was shipped to Lake Superior and failed to run. He put in another \$5,000, making \$30,000 in all. The owners said they needed more money. He refused. It was the first bright idea he had had, and I lay stress upon it as deserving of extra mention. He refused, and the board of directors censured him at a special meeting which he did not attend.

I may remark here that the American rights of this machine were retained by the inventor, and I have since heard that by purchasing a couple of patents, and making one or two alterations, the machine is now in a fair way of becoming a success, and there is therefore more than a chance that the Canadian company may also make good in time.

This transaction left Sydney Flower with a considerable sum of money and a possible future refund of \$100,000.

It was advisable that he increase his capital to meet this possible demand.

He began to take an interest in horse-racing in Chicago, and studied the odds and percentages in favor of the backer or the layer. He decided that the bettor had the best chance as against the bookmaker or the horse owner.

He played a systematic averaging of the selections of the various handicappers, and took something over \$35,000 away from the bookmakers in two months.

He decided that the Chicago field was too small for him and moved to New York, leaving instructions with the "New Thought" office to pack up and do likewise.

He bought four race horses to be run at Buffalo, built a stable of his own at the edge of the track, and left the outfit in charge of two partners, while he went on to Sheepshead.

One of the partners was a distinguished chemist. He was known as "DOC." "Doc" had a tonic that was good for man or beast. A horse put on a regular diet of this tonic would burn up the ground for any distance. It was a fine heart stimulant. But these horses were not fast, or if they looked well at the half, they blew up in the stretch. After a race, in fact after all the races in which these horses took part, "Doc" and Sydney Flower would adjourn to the stable and take some tonic. They needed it, and it helped them.

The tonic and the horses and the stable cost him about \$11,000. Subsequently "Doc" took the stable, the other partner took the horses and Sydney Flower took the train for Saratoga.

The fresh water fish at Saratoga, bass, I think they are, are exceedingly fine, served after the races. He enjoyed them very much.

He won \$10,000 at Saratoga and lost over \$40,000.

He went back to Chicago for a couple of days and Washington Park relieved him of \$4,000. Money didn't worry him at all in those days; he got rid of it so easily. As a bettor he was chiefly remarkable for being a good loser. He had plenty of practice.

He went back to Buffalo and got into a lawsuit. That took the rest.

Meanwhile, the "New Thought" magazine had established itself comfortably in New York offices and was doing a good business.

He drew some money out of the business and went to Washington. There he broke about even with the Winter pool room. He made some money at Bennings in the Spring and moved on to New York. He made \$20,000 in one week at a track near Brooklyn, the name has escaped me, and turned it over to "New Thought." Requests for refunds were beginning to come in on the magnetic machine stock. He had a passion for refunding money.

He organized an investment company for "New Thought" people, and made some money. He also lost more than he made. He put \$5,000 into Puts and Calls in Chicago and turned it first into \$10,000, and afterwards back into zero.

About this time he became a strong advocate of milk diet. He lived on milk for three months, and immediately got another idea. The milk diet was simple, economical, convenient. There must be a pot of money in a chain of milk sanitariums run across the country from Maine to San Francisco.

He organized another company, sold the stock and opened a sanitarium in New York and another in Chicago.

The Chicago sanitarium did well for a time, but people preferred to take their milk at home rather than travel to Chicago to get it.

Meanwhile, the postoffice at New York inquired at the "New Thought" office for Sydney Flower. He was in Chicago drinking milk. The inspector wished to know when he would return to New York. Not until he felt inclined. The inspector said politely that he would hold the "New Thought" mail until such time as Sydney Flower returned to answer some questions concerning the investment fund. Mr. Flower had no information that would interest the inspector and the "New Thought" mail was accordingly tied up. Later it was released, after an investigation at Washington, on the understanding that "New Thought" should in future devote itself to promulgating its own doctrines exclusively, and again tied up after Sydney Flower had permitted himself the luxury of "roasting" the postoffice for its action in the matter, in his next issue.

This time the mail was held up for good; a fraud order was issued against the magazine and against Sydney Flower, and he turned over the wreck of his property to a Chicago company.

He stepped out of the game after a strenuous two years of the race track, with no assets beyond his trunk and a liability of something over \$100,000.

He borrowed some money, went to Cuba, and tied up some valuable mineral rights in the Santiago province. He brought back the option to New York, but New York capitalists would have nothing to do with Cuban investments.

In the Winter of 1904, having borrowed enough money from a friend to get there, he landed in Goldfield.

There Sydney Flower died and Parmeter Kent was born.

Narrative Continued.

Looking back to these days, I cannot find that Sydney Flower was a rogue, or dishonest in anything that he did. He was an amazing ass, unable to take care of a dollar, and with no idea whatsoever of the value of money. But I cannot find that he ever tried to beat a man out of a dollar, and while there was a penny remaining in the cash box he turned it over to his people in the form of refunds. When he stepped out of the game, he stepped out with empty pockets. It would have been very easy for him to have skipped out, like all thieves, with twenty or thirty thousand dollars of the money that had been entrusted to him. He didn't do it, and he never thought of doing it, and while this isn't much to say in his favor, it's the truth and helps a little. He never drank or gambled with cards or dice. His idea seemed to be that he could meet that \$100,000 refund, by a run of good luck at horse-racing.

It was a pretty bum idea.

Nevada Experiences

At Goldfield, Sydney Flower registered at the San Carlos under the name of Parmeter Kent. This was about the middle of December, 1904. He had \$30.00 in his pocket. He stayed in Goldfield a week and went back to Wabuska. He lived at a rancher's place about ten miles south of Wabuska for a couple of months prospecting and studying mineralogy. He got along pretty well in his acquaintance with rocks and minerals, and carried his knowledge with him to Carson and thence to Washoe. He put in several months in Washoe prospecting, and finally took a lease on the Smith mine in the Jumbo Mining District, about five miles from Virginia City. A friend in the East advanced him \$500 to open up the Smith mine. It was an old mine, and in one of the upper tunnels the former owner had left a few tons of good-looking ledge to be stoped. He put on two men and took out this ore. He kept his men at work for two months

hunting for more ore and paid them off. The ore was milled in Virginia City and netted the munificent sum of \$220. He was out his groceries and something more. He put in the rest of the Summer and well into the Fall on this lease alone, working out a three-inch stringer that might have run into a pocket of rich stuff, but didn't. His second shipment to Virginia netted him about \$250. With this he paid his groceries, powder, caps, fuse and candles, and was out his time. During these last four months he lived alone in a shanty about two miles from the mine, cut his wood, cooked his meals, looked after his horse and put in his regular eight hours a day at the mine. As it was a tunnel proposition, he didn't need any help. He drilled his holes, blasted his waste, stripped alongside the thin ledge, laid sacks down and dropped his ore on the sacks, sacked up the ore, ran the sacks out on a wheelbarrow to the mouth of the tunnel, emptied them on the dump, and repeated the process until the weather broke up the job. He lived chiefly upon oatmeal and evaporated cream. This combination affording a light, palatable and nutritious diet, easily cooked. He rose very early in the morning, thus beating the flies, who usually turned out in force about the time he finished breakfast. During these weeks he was perfectly happy and contented. He cooked his own bread, and if he didn't like it, his dog did. He enjoyed himself immensely. He purchased a dinner bucket and took his lunch at the mine in miner fashion. Small black ants discovered his dinner bucket and precipitated themselves into his tea. He swallowed the ants because it was a question whether he wanted the tea more than the ants. The tea won. At night he worked on mineralogy by candle light in the shanty. His bill for candles was fierce. Sometimes he swept out the shanty. He had a large stock of plates and dishes. He washed them every Sunday.

When Winter set in, he went to Carson and prospected a piece of ground showing copper carbonate, about five miles northwest of town. He drove there every day in his cart, cut into the side of the ravine to trace the ledge, and got assays of from \$30.00 to \$35.00, mostly in silver. The ledge pinched. He put a horizontal hole in the face of his cut one day, and not having his tamping stick handy, used the head of his steel drill to shove his dynamite in. Steel on powder is a bad combination. Several minutes after the explosion he realized that he was deaf, that his eyesight was gone, and that his head was upside down. He knew his body was lying in fragments on the other side of the ravine. However, beyond the scare, he was not much the worse. Fortunately it was a horizontal hole, and he was not in the line of fire. When he realized how near the world had come to an irreparable loss, the snuffing out of a priceless life, it worried him a lot, and he stopped work for the day. Feeling a little sick, he paid small attention when his horse bolted that afternoon on the homeward journey at the sight of two Indians, gaily blanketed, who loomed up among the sage brush. The horse kicked the cart to pieces and Parmeter Kent fell on a rock. The Indians passed on to their tepee. A wood wagon picked him up and took him into town. It had been a strenuous day. This laid him up for a couple of weeks. No harm done, except to the cart. He put in that Winter and as far as April developing a copper property overlooking Lake Tahoe, three miles above Glenbrook. Five partners, four of them worked at the mine, the fifth supplied the grub for the outfit. He kept a diary. I have it here. Following is an extract:

Feb. 21.—Snowing a blizzard all day. George and Guy went with me to the mine. Snowshoeing bad, breaking trails. Took out sixty buckets. Must be ten feet snow on the level.

It is a lovely climate there in the Summer; not in Winter.

They carried their provisions from the foot of the mountains on the Carson side up seven miles of hills to Spooner station, all that Winter. Did you ever carry a tub of butter, for instance, up several miles of hills? Try it sometime. Before you cover half the distance you will find yourself in favor of the theory that butter is an unnecessary article of food, even injurious. But they arrived finally.

In May he returned to Carson. A friend wired him to come on. He wired back "No funds." The friends sent transportation and Parmeter Kent landed in Goldfield. This time to stay.

That was a harsh Summer. He couldn't find anything to do. He was not at all afraid of work, and he was not a bad miner, but he couldn't find a job. He lived at the Exploration building, and not having any money he didn't pay any rent for his room. But Billy Prior, the manager, was very good to him. Billy never

bothered him for rent, and scarcely a day passed that he did not touch William for a dollar for a meal. Once or twice a thoughtful look came into Billy's eye, but he never uttered any verbal remonstrance. Then Sydney Flower took the mountain fever, and Mrs. Prior pulled him through it. If it hadn't been for those two kind people, gentlemen, this remarkable magazine would not have come into its existence, because there would have been no Parmeter Kent or Sydney Flower. A mountain fever is not pleasant.

Goldfield Gossip

About September he began to pick up. Then his winning idea struck him. He got a job for three weeks as manager for a brokerage house. During the third week there was nothing for him to do, and he wrote the first number of "Gossip." He secured advertising space in several mining journals on credit and offered a three months' free subscription to all who answered. He had a capital of \$30.00 to begin business on. He secured the fiscal agency of a copper property in the Slate Range, and put out the stock at four cents a share. It was a good property, and the principal owners are prominent business men of Goldfield. He sold the stock, put \$6,000 into the treasury of the South Nevada Copper Syndicate, and bought 50,000 shares of the owners' pooled stock for cash. He had that much faith in the merits of his promotion. This property is being steadily developed today, and should make a producer. The Syndicate has added another claim to its holdings, making a total acreage of 120 acres.

The first number of "Gossip" came out. Nevada people didn't like it; Eastern people took to it at once. Subscriptions poured in. "Gossip" was a success.

Options were offered to Parmeter Kent & Co. "Gossip" became known as a good advertising medium. It was turned from a monthly into a semi-monthly and from a semi-monthly into a weekly. It grew and prospered. Today it prints 10,000 copies every week, and has been the means of bringing many new citizens into Goldfield.

To handle the business of getting and placing options on the treasury stocks of mining companies the firms of Harrison Morris & Co. and C. N. Murdock & Co. were started. "Gossip" was incorporated and took over the business of Parmeter Kent & Co., and also a third interest in Harrison Morris & Co., and a third interest in C. N. Murdock & Co.

"Gossip" opened an office at Carson, where the paper is printed, and now employs five people to attend to the mailing and subscription departments.

During the editor's visit to Carson, two options were submitted to him by Harrison Morris & Co., which he did not like. He was overruled and informed that two-thirds of a company must govern one-third. He could not accept that solution and snapped connection with the firms of Harrison Morris & Co. and C. N. Murdock & Co., taking over for "Gossip" the exclusive rights in Bullfrog Mayflower Junction and the "Gossip" Stock Account, and surrendering The Tom Jagers Tule, The Fairview Ingersoll, and the seat on the Goldfield Stock and Exchange Board.

He bought a new seat on the Goldfield Stock and Exchange Board for "Gossip" immediately.

There is no hard feeling between "Gossip" and the firms mentioned. We wish them all success, and have done our part in establishing them in business.

But we can't stand for any man overruling our decision as to what is or is not the right condition of a new promotion that is to be offered to "Gossip" readers.

We split on that rock, and rather than go to law about it, "Gossip" took a present money loss and cut clear.

We got the ground we wanted, anyway, in The Bullfrog Junction. Now we stand absolutely on our own feet and are accountable only to "Gossip" readers.

Our business is increasing by leaps and bounds.

From February 18th to February 28th, "Gossip" receipts were over \$6,000, an average of \$600 a day.

Why the Story

I have told you all the facts connected with my past life for this reason:

Because the present success of "Gossip" is not due to any particular brilliance of mine, but is solely due to you. You are

therefore entitled to know all the best and all the worst of the man who is working for you, and for whom you are making success possible.

Because of the confidence you have placed in my honesty and judgment of stocks, listed and unlisted, many of you bought at the right time and made big profits.

Until this moment "Gossip" has not been so firmly on its feet that the editor of "Gossip" could come before you frankly and say, "My name is not Parmeter Kent; it is Sydney Flower."

Moreover, we were tied up with the interests of two other firms whom we had just started in business, and the effect of such an announcement upon the business interests of those firms would have been very bad.

But today I am free to speak, and I make this explanation of the facts to you, because as readers of "Gossip" you are entitled to know the facts.

Yesterday I sent a wire to Mr. Josiah Cratty, of Cratty Bros. & Jarvis, a firm of Chicago lawyers, informing him that I was in a position to undertake the refunding of cash to the readers of "New Thought," whose stock in the magnetic separator company had not been redeemed by me according to promise, and asking him if he would undertake to receive cash for me, examine the accounts, and make repayments.

Mr. Cratty has replied that he will consent to act in the matter.

I have no financial interest whatever in the "New Thought" magazine, or the stock of the Magnetic Separator Company, but the obligation to redeem my promise to the people who believed in me is as binding today as when it was made, and you will permit me here to digress a little. I should like to call your attention to something I wrote in "Gossip" some weeks ago concerning honesty in man.

I stated in effect that a vain man was, as a rule, a safer man to trust to do the square thing than a religious man, and it seems to me on reflection that a vain man will not do contemptible things, such as betraying the confidence of a friend, who trusts him in business, because to do so is a prick to his pride. I have not weighed or paid any attention to the possible effect of this present explanation of the facts upon the people with whom I am brought in contact in Goldfield. What THEY think is not the important matter. The important matter is what you think. A man needs all the friends he can make, and I have found many friends in this town. I do not think that this disclosure will affect those friendships. If it does, I am sorry, but cannot help it. I do not admit any obligation to any human being, save to those who have put me into a good business and made that business a success. I acknowledge my debt to the readers of "Gossip," and to them alone. They are my public.

It is a source of great pleasure to me that I am now able to redeem my promise to those who first placed their trust in my word.

A Boost for Goldfield

You know I am not much of a booster, but it seems to me that the fact that a man can start a publication with no capital and win out in three months is an evidence of the greatness of the camp in which he makes his venture. Would it be possible in any city of the East to duplicate this experience? Is it not in itself an argument that Goldfield is a town of amazing resource, of never-ending opportunity to succeed? In the Winter time, when we had no accommodations for visitors, we warned you to stay away. Now that the Spring is coming and the weather moderating, and new buildings are being rushed up for your use, as fast as hands can put them together, we say "Come on." Either come now, or make preparation to come as soon as possible.

Goldfield is the center of mining interests of Southern Nevada. We are the wholesale supply house and we govern the mining industry. When you come to Nevada, come to Goldfield.

The Postoffice at Washington

I do not know, of course, what action the postoffice will take in the matter of my resuming the name of Sydney Flower. The fraud order that was issued against me and against "New Thought" was removed from "New Thought" as soon as the department was convinced that I had no financial interest in the "New Thought" Publishing Company, and had gone West without funds. I have never known the postoffice at Washington to

take any action that savored of malice, and have no belief that I shall be given anything but a fair show. I am satisfied that in this matter of clearing the name of Sydney Flower, the postoffice will assist, rather than hinder me. At the same time until I am able to take a trip to Washington and ask personally for the repeal of the fraud order, proving that all obligations have been fully met, it will be best that you continue to address your correspondence either to Parmeter Kent & Co. or to Goldfield "Gossip."

Our Promotions

The South Nevada Copper Syndicate is sufficiently financed to prove its properties to depth and patent its ground before selling any more stock. It holds yet intact a treasury of 7,000,000 shares. No more for sale.

A report upon this property by Major Stanton, M. E., of Goldfield, who has just inspected it, will be published in "Gossip" next week for the benefit of stockholders.

The Manhattan Blue Jay is to be almost immediately listed, and has strong backing. This stock was sold to you at 8 cents a share. You will realize 12 cents, but I expect the stock to go to 25 cents on the merits of the ground. No more for sale.

The Great Bend Fraction is making a good showing on development work, and the management is sinking the company shaft with three shifts of men. This should prove at least a 20-cent stock. No more for sale.

The Tom Jagers Tule, I have no pecuniary interest in. It is good ground, and I advise holding for dividends. This should make a mine.

The Round Mountain Antelope I have no interest in. The ground is rich. The owners hold their stock pooled and look for \$1.00 a share.

The Daisy Wonder is rich. Ore has been struck at the junction of two veins at the 35-foot level, which is fifteen feet less than the depth at which it was encountered on the Nevada Wonder. I do not know whether we shall have any of this stock left by the time this magazine is in your hands. But it would be wise for you to wire us and ask for a reply by wire. We sold this at 30 cents a share in three payments. It will go to a high point.

The Bullfrog Mayflower Junction is a stock for the exclusive control of which I made some heavy cash sacrifices. The price is right, namely, 6 cents a share, and the terms are right, namely, six monthly payments at \$10.00 each on 1,000 shares. The people behind this stock, the owners of the ground, are miners, and this property will be thoroughly developed. It looks to me like a very safe buy for profits and a good investment.

THE "GOSSIP" STOCK ACCOUNT receives my close attention, and is exclusively in my hands. We are holding some good stocks and making investments for customers, in the listed stocks only, in order that there may be no delay in making sales when the prices are right. "GOSSIP" is a member of the Goldfield Stock and Exchange Board, and we have the services also of one of the brightest brokers on the floor. We guarantee you careful and conscientious service, choosing those stocks that have good ground behind them to back up their board-value.

Conclusion

It looks as if we were on the straight road to success at last.

If what I have learned in the past few years of mines and mining has proved of profit to you, the same knowledge and experience should prove of profit to you in the future. I shall try to make it so.

If I had sold my opinions and "Gossip" for money to any firm or clique of capitalists; if I had truckled to public opinion and boosted any proposition solely because it was made worth my while to do so, I should have been false to your interests and deserving of your contempt and my own.

I have never done so.

I have played the game through alone, and played it squarely with the cards on the table.

I have not tried to run "Gossip" through the mails at one cent a pound as second-class matter, but have openly stated that the editorial and advertising papers of "Gossip" were working together.

Now you have my story before you.

I take my fighting chance, and rest my case with the people who made "Gossip" a success.