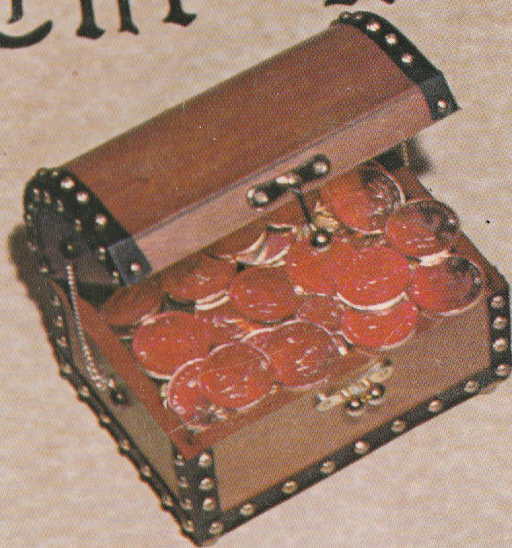


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# The Mill



**A Modern Day Treasure Hunt**

910.453

NORMO

by

**Tom Normot**

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SECOND EDITION 1981

ISBN 0-9607132-0-4

*The Will* is an account of the reading of a most unique Last Will and Testament. While the story and the characters are fictional, the treasure bequeathed in *The Will* is very real.

The GOLDEN fortune of forty-nine one-ounce Krugerrands was valued at more than \$25,000 at the time of certification, and is located in the public domain within a hundred mile radius of the Empire State Building — out of reach of metal detectors and other electronic location devices.

If you are able to locate it utilizing the clues contained herein, the GOLDEN treasure will be yours.

Good Luck and Happy Hunting!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Tod Rowntree". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

“What we see depends mainly on what we look for.”

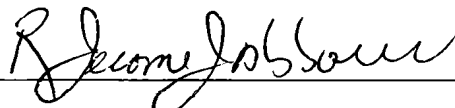


*Certification*

The law firm of Lucid, Jabbour,  
Pinto & Rodgers, 73 Washington Street,  
Morristown, New Jersey, hereby certi-  
fies the existence of the golden treasure  
heretofore mentioned in *The Will*.

As of March 30, 1981, the South  
African gold Krugerrands were valued  
at more than twenty-five thousand dol-  
lars (\$25,000).

Lucid, Jabbour, Pinto & Rodgers  
Counsellors at Law

by:   
R. Jerome Jabbour

# The Will

## A Modern Day Treasure Hunt

*by*  
Tod Normot

*Published by*  
Tricore Associates, Inc.

ISBN 0-9607132-0-4

1995

“We are assembled here today for the presentation of the Last Will and Testament of Orson Collins who passed away on the 17th of August, 1979, at the age of 83.”

Anthony A. Cuser, Esq. addressed the family of Orson Collins in his office. He thought sadly how he would miss his old friend and confidant.

He studied the group before him — Orson’s son, Ronald Collins; his sister, Dorothy Cabot; and his brother, Thomas Collins.

He thought how undeserving each was of any portion of Orson’s estate. Their smugness was undisguised as they waited to hear how much wealthier they would be before this day was over.

The attorney’s thoughts returned fondly to his late friend. He was thankful for having known

this extraordinary man -- a man who lived strictly by the ideals in which he believed — one who would open his heart and give all he had, if he felt it was rightfully earned or deserved. Anthony Cuser was comforted by that fact today. He knew how Orson had felt about his family — that he was disappointed by their lack of character — the wayward son, the social-climbing sister, and the self-seeking brother.

He was comforted by the thought that Orson had given much of his fortune to charity while he was alive. He knew there wasn't much to be distributed among these three poor specimens of humanity — at least not as much as they were expecting.



**R**onald Collins felt little remorse that his father was gone. He had been made to wait a long time for what he felt was rightly his. As heir-apparent to his father's fortune, he confidently expected to inherit the lion's share of the estate, despite the fact that he had been a disappointment to Orson.

Ron was an only child who came to Orson late in life. From the beginning he had succeeded in dodging his father's tiresome attempts at guidance. God! The old man could go on about it! College was not for Ron, and he had no interest in working. Party, anybody? That was more like it.

Orson, of course, came down hard on his son's laziness, finally refusing outright to support him. Ron lived primarily on the miniscule dividends from stock inherited from his mother.

He sat back in his chair in sweet anticipation that this life of modest means and artful dodging was about to end. Snickering to himself, he remembered his father's moralistic philosophy —that fortune smiles only upon the knowledgeable, hard-working and persevering.

Ron had better ideas. He would just sit back and let things happen. Money makes money, as everyone knows. Why sweat and toil for something he would eventually get by virtue of his being a rich man's son?

Relaxing in the attorney's office, he remembered the strain it had been to live with a man of his father's rigorous character and intellect. Orson's use of flowery, ambiguous and poetic language bored Ron. But never-say-die Dad would not cease trying to interest Ron in his own varied passions — ancient history, philosophy, astronomy, chess,

economics, language — the list was endless. Ron, alas, turned out to be a pretty dim light bulb. Not so Orson. Summa cum laude at Princeton, with a degree in Classics, followed by a Ph.D. in Astronomy at M.I.T., he also devoted years of study to interests in the fields of economics, philosophy, and cryptography.

As remarkable and diverse as Orson's accomplishments seemed to be, Ron thought them just as dull. What was so great about Orson's competing in some World Master Chess Championship in Moscow? Ron would rather take in the Carnival in Rio. One of the first things he planned to do with his newly-found wealth was to splash it about with the jet set.

Yes, the beautiful life, the beautiful people. These were the thoughts that had sustained him during the long wait for his father's fortune. Even

now, as he waited for Counsellor Cuser to continue, he could almost hear the distant roar of the surf at Acapulco, the merry tinkle of Margaritas on the rocks, and the soft, shared laughter of the very rich.

**D**orothy Cabot tried to conceal her anticipation as she listened to the attorney, her face fixed in an expression of well-bred regret. It wasn't entirely a mask. She had been saddened by Orson's death. But let's face it — dead is dead.

Dorothy had married into wealth and had quickly become accustomed to self-indulgent pleasures. Then last year when her husband died, she received an unpleasant surprise. Rupert wasn't nearly as wealthy as he had led her to believe. In fact, he had left her a great many debts as well. No one was aware of it yet, but Dorothy was just this side of insolvency. She shuddered at the mere thought of the word.

However, Dorothy had always been lucky. What else could account for Orson's kicking off just

in time to pull her out of the fire? Dear Orson — she felt a sudden rush of affection for him.

Dorothy and Orson had little in common. Her idea of success was maintaining membership in the highest of social circles. Most of her energy was devoted to one important goal — to count with the people who counted. She boasted success as the hostess of some of the most glittering, highly-publicized dinner parties. These, of course, included displaying her lavishly decorated home, and serving the best of food and wine on the finest china, and in the most sparkling crystal.

Life was a feast, she always maintained, and poor Orson seemed ever to be on a hunger strike. His idea of having fun was to curl up with some obscure astronomy text. Dorothy often thought Orson spent more time studying the stars than he spent sleeping.

How could Orson, with his scholarly, monkish temperament, even begin to understand her lifestyle? It was all frivolity to him.

Before Rupert died, Orson tried to convince Dorothy that spending her money recklessly would someday catch up with her. But she breezily dismissed his advice on investments and sighed at his suggestion that she would feel morally fulfilled if she contributed some of her money to charity. All their discussions ended the same way — she would spend it to please herself.

Despite their differences, Dorothy sat in Counsellor Cuser's office confident that Orson was going to come through for her, and handsomely. It wouldn't be long before she would know for sure.

**T**homas Collins felt nothing but selfish relief when his brother died. He was expecting a fair share of Orson's estate, and he planned for it to bail him out of his most recent financial predicament.

Tom had recently taken over a local construction firm, winning his first contract by coming in low with a deceptive bid. He proceeded to construct a seemingly respectable building, using inferior materials to cut costs. Soon after the completion of the building, part of the structure collapsed and Tom was confronted with a barrage of lawsuits. He pleaded with his brother for help, but Orson adamantly refused. Orson wanted no part in helping Tom get on his feet financially so that he could continue swindling innocent people.

Orson adhered strictly to his own business



philosophy — that moral application of man's vast resources would guarantee success in business, as in life. Honesty pays off. Now that was a crackpot idea if Tom had ever heard one! Honesty is a personal luxury — great if you could afford it — a nuisance if you couldn't. He had to admit, though, that somehow Orson continued to pile up the bucks.

Tom resented his brother's many successes. Orson was a financial wizard who could predict with uncanny accuracy the rise and fall of the stock market and the treacherous shifts in the economy.

With all of Orson's apparent expertise, Tom could not bring himself to follow his brother's advice. He couldn't stomach all the moralizing that went with it. Tom sincerely believed the only way to survive in business was to be as cut-throat as the competition — even more so. Business is business.

Ethics are for school marms and we all know what kind of salaries they have to live on.

Ever the optimist, however, Tom was now convinced that his brother would take care of him in his Will. Brothers, after all, are brothers. The hope burned strongly in him that Orson would atone for all the times he had denied Tom financial assistance.

Taking out his handkerchief, he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and thought with relief that when he left the attorney's office today, his troubles would be over.

All thoughts returned to the present as Anthony A. Cuser cleared his throat.

“As all of you are aware, Orson was a wealthy man who was very generous throughout his lifetime. At the time of his death, his estate totalled \$1,683,000. The distribution of the estate as presented in Orson’s Last Will and Testament, consists of a statement to you, the family, together with a sealed envelope for each of you, and a hand-written diary.”

Anthony Cuser observed the puzzled and impatient expressions of the three heirs.

He was aware of the contents of the Will itself, and felt that Orson had distributed his wealth appropriately and fairly — in keeping with the values by which he lived. It seemed that now, how-

ever, with the addition of the sealed envelopes and diary which Orson had given Anthony just a few days before his death, he would accomplish this in his typically colorful way. And so, curious himself, Anthony A. Cuser presented the Last Will and Testament of Orson Collins.

The  
Will

“I envision Counsellor Cuser’s conference room, and I see you Ron, Tom and Dorothy, attempting to appear bereaved as though you had suffered a great loss. In truth, I’m sure your thoughts are occupied with plans for spending the money you’re expecting as a result of my death.

Ron, my son, I must accept some of the responsibility for your failures. I tried my best with you, but sometimes a man’s greatest efforts are not enough. You shunned my guidance and all the opportunities I gave you to lead a productive, respectable life. Instead you chose the easy way out and frittered away your advantages in a lazy, shallow life — caring for no one but yourself. It deeply saddens me that I am ashamed of my only son.

Dorothy, I don't think I ever really knew you. It seemed you were always out and about fussing up for your extravagant social affairs. I imagine you have already spent more money on caviar and p<sup>o</sup>t<sup>e</sup>'de foie gras than most people will spend on food in a lifetime.

Thomas, you always had grandiose ideas, and usually pursued them at the expense of others. Wherever you placed your hand, someone got hurt. Perhaps your fate would have been different if you had followed my advice rather than coming to me only when you required financial assistance.

I will get to the point. Good things should come only to those who have duly earned them. True selflessness is the measure of worthiness, and it grieves me to know that none of you has measured. I cannot in good conscience reward you for that now.

As of June 30, 1979, my net estate was \$1,683,000. I bequeath one million dollars to The Jon Kern Foundation for the Handicapped, \$458,000 to the Ross Foundation for Educational and Charitable Funds, and \$200,000 to The Harding Foundation for the Advancement of Sciences. *I have hidden the remaining \$25,000 in the form of gold Krugerrands as a challenge for my family and the public to discover.*

Within these pages lie the clues that will lead you to the treasure. It will be a challenge to your thought processes, ingenuity, and perseverance. Through hard work, perception and interpretation, you will be able to retrieve my golden endowment.

I also leave to each member of my family an additional clue to give you an advantage over the public. If you succeed in finding the treasure, you will be worthy of true admiration for your efforts.”



*For those who are WORTHY*

*For those that take CARE*

*For those that think TWICE*

*And those that BEWARE*

*All that glitters is GOLD*

*And not out of REACH*

*To you who are WORTHY . . .*

*To you I BEQUEATH*

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Don Collins". The signature is written in black ink and is centered on the page.

*Dorothy's Clue*

Dorothy, my dear, if you had known that it would never do to work alone, you'd call on Tom and you'd call on Ron and whisper the message of this poem.

*Things are seldom as they appear,  
A magician's wand is at work here.  
I see Green and you may too . . .  
but Tom and Ron say, "No, that's Blue."  
One sees Art,  
Another sees Trash.  
Keep that in mind as these pages pass . . .*

*Tom's Clue*

*Through the eyes of Leo the picture is clear  
Sagittarius, Aquarius and Cancer  
are here  
Gemini in pairs  
And Scorpio, too  
Do you think that Capricorn knew?  
Aries to the South  
And Taurus to the West  
Virgo contended that Libra's the best  
Eleven there are  
And twelve there should be  
Oh! My Heavens! What happened to me?*



*Ron's Clue*

Ron, one of the fondest memories I have of time we spent together is when we watched the total lunar eclipse from the U.S. Naval Observatory. We seemed closest then. Time plays tricks on us sometimes . . . it seems like just yesterday.

The Earth's shadow began to move across the face of the moon at 8:05.

At approximately 8:23, the height of the eclipse was apparent, and by 8:41 it was over.

We both enjoyed sharing the experience. I can only wish we had shared more than that one fleeting moment of harmony.



The  
Diary

6 July 1979

10:00 A.M.

*Dr. Campbell just told me that I have only two months at the most to live. He's a dear old friend and knew that I'd want to know — that I'd have things to prepare.*

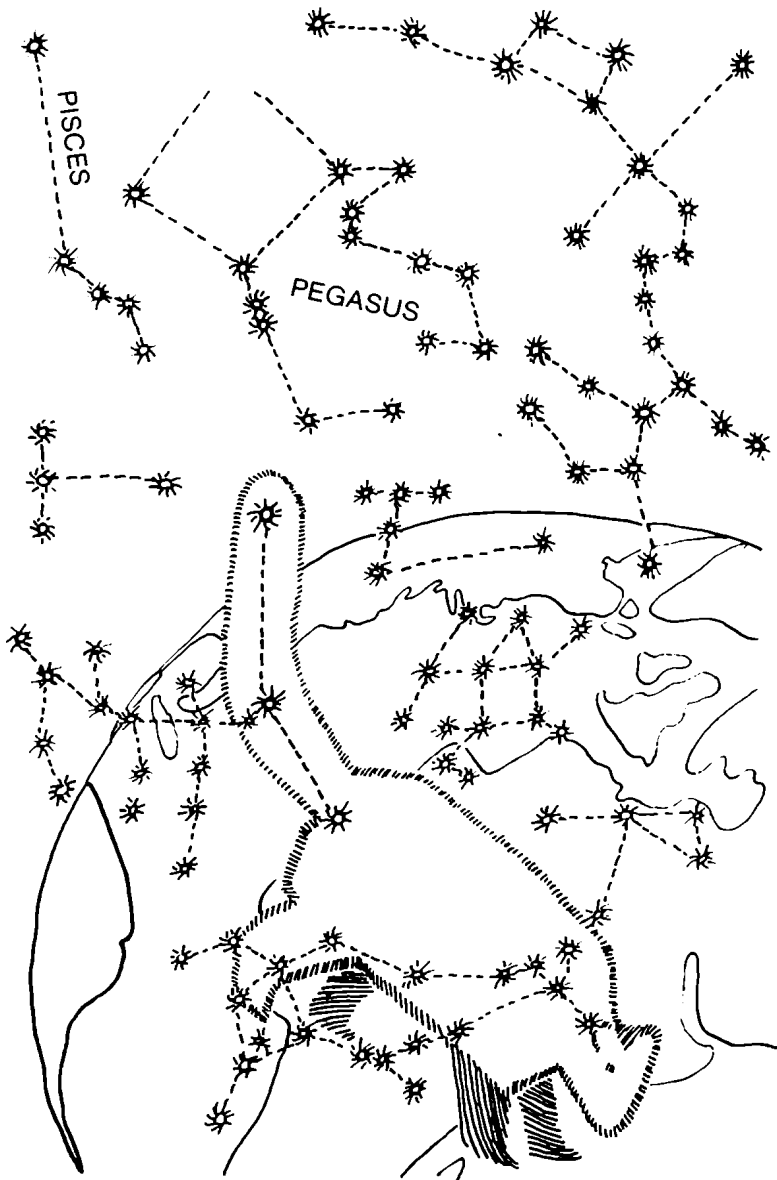
*I thought this would be a fitting place to start —the tangible beginning of the end. I feel quite fulfilled. I've had a very rewarding life.*

*I've already decided upon the distribution of my assets. This is the part I'm leaving to you.*

*I give you this diary as an opportunity, an adventure and a challenge. I'll be sharing some of my thoughts and my life's experiences with you.*

*By knowing and understanding me, and by utilizing your ingenuity and determination, you may discover my golden bequest.*

*I stand as an Ancient*  
*whose life has gone by*  
*And before my departure*  
*I would like to try*  
*To tell of my learnings*  
*of eighty-three years*  
*To the Young, to the Old,*  
*and to all of my Peers.*  
*The world revolves round;*  
*nothing stands still*  
*So look to the stars*  
*for man's ultimate Will.*  
*The secret of life*  
*is no secret, you see*  
*So envision the abstract*  
*and follow me . . . . .*



8 July 1979

8:00 A.M.

*It's a beautiful early summer morning. Thought I'd take a stroll in the park. Such serenity — not many people about. The skies are blue. The lake laps softly upon the shore. I see a lone fisherman waiting.*

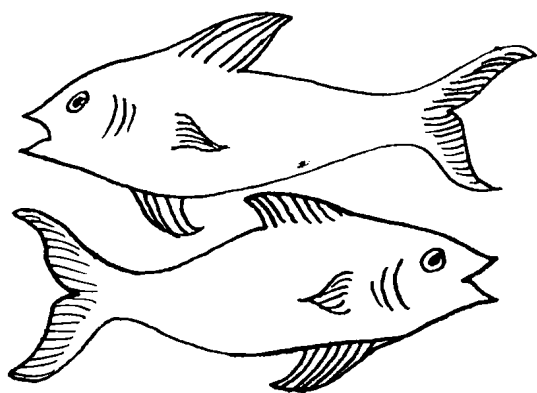
*Fishing was one of my first loves. I yearn for my angler days gone by. I imagine I'm there again off the coast of Cape May. The line glides out behind me, and in an instant it arches out before me.*

*I'm lost briefly in that special meeting of man and nature. The darkness of the sea challenges, and the determination of the man accepts.*

*Suddenly my line is taut! The rush is known only to a comrade of the sea.*

*The line is my friend — my instrument of victory. It helps me through my struggle and brings to me my adversary.*

*The challenge is over. I look into the eyes of my foe and return him to his Kingdom.*



*10 July 1979*

*11:00 A.M.*

*Thought I'd visit one of my favorite places  
today for the last time.*

*Do you think you might know where I am?*

***5 W33 and W34***

*it is fitting of reflection here  
of life gone by and meaning*

*i'm so small compared to all  
there is that i can see*

*i'm just below the zenith of the  
earth, man-made of stone*

*yet i know less of all the rest  
there could be left to see*

*it can be more for you, though,  
if you're reflecting just like me*

*About time for me to be getting back —  
big day tomorrow . . . . .*



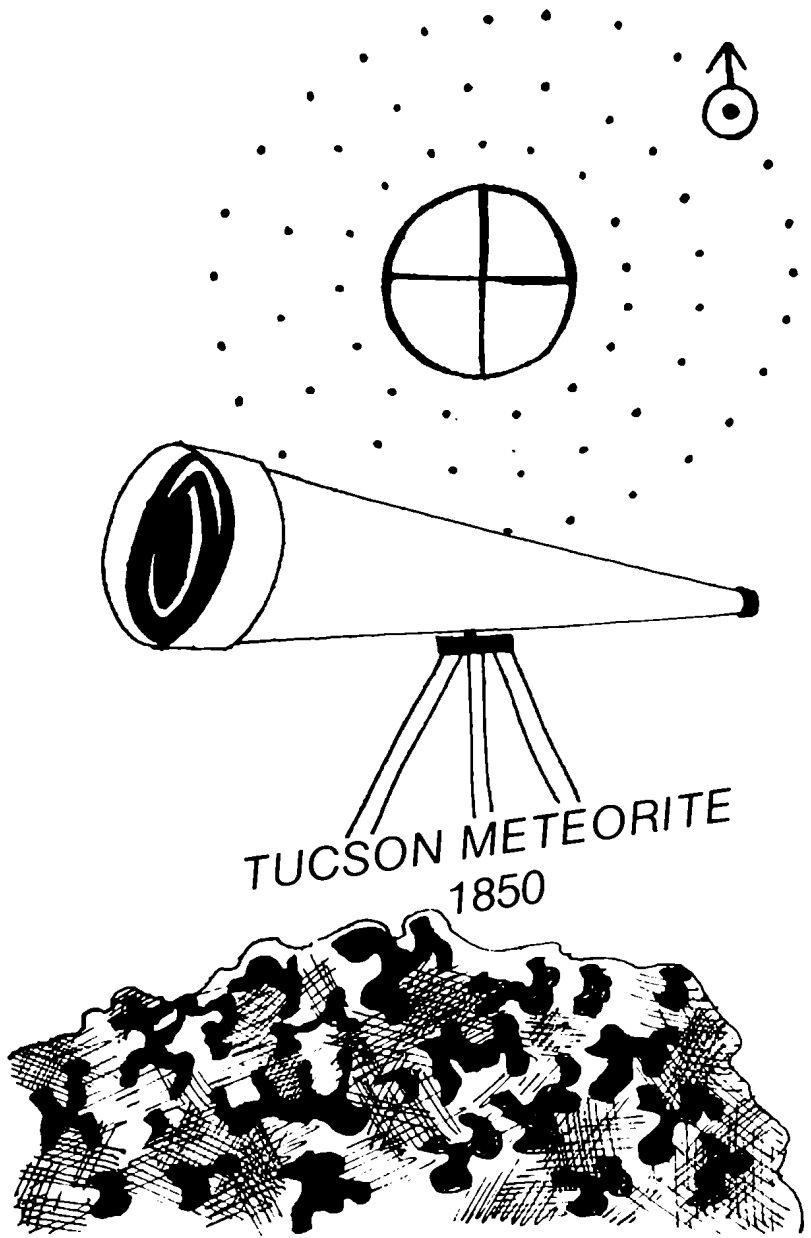
11 July 1979

6:30 A.M.

*I'm looking forward to this morning. I'm taking Claude, Bill, Ed, Nickie and Al to the Hayden Planetarium. I've called for a driver to come by early, as it will take us about an hour and a half.*

*The children live at the Jon Kern Foundation for the Handicapped. They don't often venture far from the shelter of their school and families. It pleases me to see the exciting gleam in their eyes—the anticipation of a new experience.*

*The children will be introduced to simple astronomy, and I'll have the pleasure of visiting with our beloved Fathers of the Universe . . . Albert Einstein, Nicolaus Copernicus, Galileo Galilei, Edwin Hubble, William Herschel, Sir Isaac Newton, and Claudius Ptolemaeus.*



*11 July 1979*

*3:00 P.M.*

*What a great day! The kids asked me to try to stump them with a word game during the return trip.*

*The riddle has two parts:*

*Name a word that can be an apple, a blueberry, a cherry, or a pizza.*

*What do Mediterranean, Asiatic, Red and Caspian have in common?*

*14 July 1979*

*4:30 P.M.*

*I had a visitor today, Professor Corbin from the University. We had become fast friends when I attended a number of his lectures.*

*His visit reminded me of my fascination with chemistry symbols and atomic numbers. I used to view them as symbols of a secret code. They were easier to learn that way.*

66 *Dy*

68 *Er*

89 *Ac*

66 *Dy*

68 *Er*

7 *N*

66 *Dy*

7*N* *NITROGEN*

8*O* *OXYGEN*

79 *Au* *GOLD*

2 *He* *HELIUM*

75 *Re* *RHENIUM*

*I hope I'm not confusing you. Perhaps the answer to this puzzle will help you follow me . . . . .*

*The beginning of the world is seen with nothing in the middle.*

*The middle does not stand alone, its twin will help this riddle.*

*The first of darkness comes along with the start of silence after.*

*But silence may not be so bad as the quiet turns to laughter.*

27 July 1979

7:00 P.M.

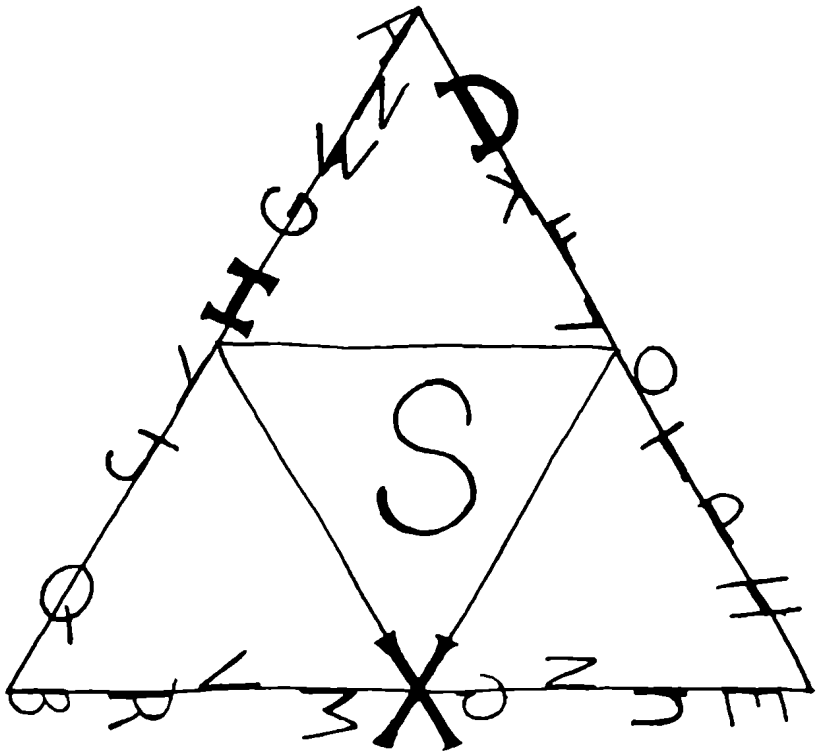
*As you can see I haven't written in quite some time. I've been feeling rather weary.*

*I'm resting today, and reading fables of far-away places. They stir fond memories of my travels.*

*Books inspire imagination, but experience has no substitute . . . . .*

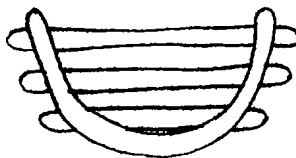
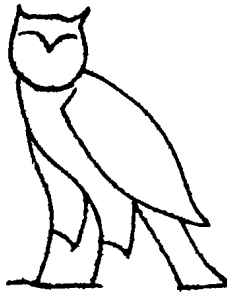
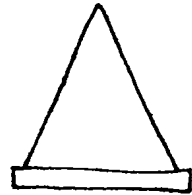
*Perhaps Egypt was the summit of my travel  
Where mysteries of millennia begin to unravel.  
The Great Pyramid of Cheops stands lone and tall  
Her walls hold the greatest secrets of all  
I circled her base with a reverent smile  
I remember that twice was more than a mile  
Her vastness awed and her walls perplexed  
Her apex was worthy of regal respect  
Pythagoras and Plato would be sure to agree  
The Great Pyramid sees more than them, you,  
or me.*





*I learned much from my Egyptian travels.*

*Here is a hieroglyphic message for you:*

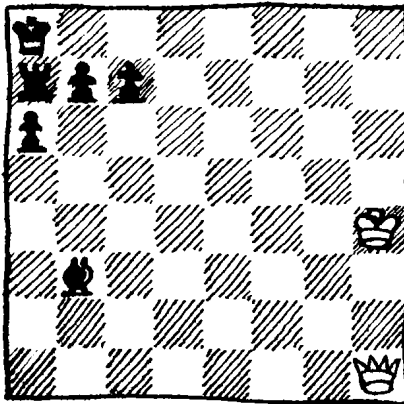


31 July 1979

3:00 P.M.

*Stevie Carson came by today for his chess lesson. He's one of the neighborhood children and comes to visit often.*

*I presented him with a thought provoking situation — to try to mate the Black King in five moves, remembering that the key is for the White Queen to move across the board and capture the Black King.*



*Stevie ran into some difficulty with the problem so I gave him the solution.*

*1K — N5    B — N1!    2Q — B3*

*B — B2!    (2Q — R8 ? P — N4)*

*3Q — KR3!*

*The Queen is now hitting both points  
(QB8 and KR8) at the same time.*

2 August 1979

5:00 P.M.

*This afternoon I called Patrick Casey, a young pilot friend of mine. He's a fixed base operator at a local airport. I asked him to take me up tomorrow in one of his planes and he was happy to oblige—he's aware of my love for flying. I've been unable to pilot my own plane for years now, as age has taken its toll on my reflexes.*

*Well, I must get some rest . . . I want to be alert. The weather's supposed to be CAVU . . . . .*

*3 August 1979*

*9:00 P.M.*

*It was a wonderful day! Patrick flew, and I navigated the two-hour course I had plotted earlier. We took off from East Hampton airport and turned to a heading of 280°, flying off the north shore of Long Island.*

*Soon we crossed the Stillwater VORTAC and we could see the Delaware Water Gap to our left. We then turned northeast and climbed to 5,500 feet to gain a full view of the Catskills, following a heading of 060° to Pawling.*

*We flew the final leg on the Pawling 141° radial back to East Hampton.*

*I hated to see the trip come to an end, it was so delightful. Flying offers an unparalleled means of treasuring our diverse and beautiful land.*

6 August 1979

10:00 A.M.

*I am fascinated by the two fair-haired girls that just arrived here in the park with their mother. They are identical twins, but as I watch them, I see two totally different individuals.*

*As one zestfully joins a group of children playing, the other, bashful and apprehensive, clings to her mother on the park bench.*

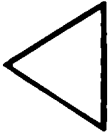
*Isn't it curious that two things so seemingly alike can be so different?*

$C = \pi r^2$

SN74S288N

$$A^2 + B^2 = C^2$$

$$\frac{((12 \times 14) + 12) + (9 \times 5) + 14 = 239}{}$$



SN74148N

SN74LS90N

SN7410N

$$E = MC^2$$



8 August 1979

8:00 P.M.

*This is my final entry. This diary has been a part of me for many weeks and has injected fun and adventure into my final days. I hope it has done the same for you.*

*If you have been able to follow me, congratulations! you have earned your reward.*

*If you haven't, remember,*

*“The language of truth is unadorned and always simple.”*

**A**nd so, the Will was read. Anthony Cuser peered over his spectacles at the three stunned heirs. It seemed to the attorney that Orson, even after death, followed through with his conviction that rewards are earned. At the same time, he had left behind a sense of adventure, challenge, and humor to many. To many, that is, excluding the three before him. As he observed Orson's family, the attorney had no doubt that Ronald, Dorothy and Thomas did not share his satisfaction with the contents of the document, and he doubted that any one of them had what it takes to accept Orson's challenge, not to mention the desire to do so.

Ronald Collins was brooding. How could the old man do this to his only son! He might just as well have disowned him! Acapulco, the beautiful

people, the good life, all seemed on the other side of the moon now! He slumped further into his chair.

Dorothy Collins fought to maintain control. She wondered just how legally solid her brother's absurd Will was. She knew one thing for sure —she certainly did not intend to search under rocks for \$25,000 — not when there was more than a million at stake. She decided her only recourse was to contest the Will.

Fat beads of perspiration were trickling down Tom's forehead. This was it; his last chance to save himself from prosecution and bankruptcy was gone. His fear turned to anger. This Will is the work of a lunatic! His brother should have been locked up years ago!

Dorothy was the first of the group to emerge from their state of disbelief. She stood and asked the attorney for a copy of the document and

announced that he would be hearing from her lawyer. Counsellor Cuser stated flatly that Orson's Will was not the death-bed ravings of a senile old man, and he was sure her attorney would find everything in order. With a mumbled, "We'll see about that," Dorothy stormed out of the office.

Ron stood and took his copy of the Will and his clue from the attorney. He made the decision to search for the treasure. \$25,000 would at least afford him a taste of his dreams. By that time, maybe Aunt Dorothy would have succeeded in breaking the Will and he'd get his due share of the estate.

Tom felt nothing but sheer desperation. Instinctively, he proposed a deal. "Help us find the gold, Cuser, and we'll split it three ways." The attorney, of course, refused.

Ron was already heading out the door. Tom

quickly took a copy of the Will and his clue from the attorney, and ran out after his nephew.

Anthony A. Cuser sighed and sat back in his chair. He doubted that any one of them had the wits to find the treasure. He hoped not. Orson would have preferred that some worthier person be rewarded for his efforts.

Outside, Ron climbed into his car and pulled away from the curb. Tom was at his heels calling for him to wait. “Two heads are better than one! Let’s do it together!” But Ron was on his way.

Tom frantically hailed a cab and climbed in. “Follow that car!”

And the hunt began . . . . .

*If the golden treasure described herein is not discovered within 10 years of the initial publication date of "The Will," the authors reserve the right to retrieve the treasure.*

*Any offer contained in this book shall be void in any state or territory where prohibited, licensed, or in any way restricted by law.*

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| Total Amount @ \$6.95 ea.     | 1 | 50 |
| Shipping & Handling           | 1 | 50 |
| NJ Residents Add 5% Sales Tax |   |    |
| <b>TOTAL</b>                  |   |    |

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## ORDER FORM

TRICORE ASSOCIATES, INC. / 69 RTE. 23 SO. / RIVERDALE, NJ 07457 / (201) 835-9219

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies) of "The Will" @ \$6.95 each + shipping and handling.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

### METHOD OF PAYMENT

- CHECK ENCLOSED  
 MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED  
 C.O.D. (+ \$1.50 for C.O.D.)

|                               |   |    |
|-------------------------------|---|----|
| Total Amount @ \$6.95 ea.     | 1 | 50 |
| Shipping & Handling           | 1 | 50 |
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| <b>TOTAL</b>                  |   |    |

**PHONE ORDERS CALL:**

**TRICORE ASSOC. — (201) 835-9219**



From left to right are Dorothy Newton, Thomas Dowd, and Ronald Franks, authors of "*The Will*," shown with more than twenty-five thousand dollars in gold krugerrands; the hidden treasure which you, the reader, may possess by unlocking the secrets of "*The Will*."

The idea was originally conceived on a whim by the three friends and eventually developed into a feasible and exciting reality. The book was written, published and is being distributed by the trio.