

KIDNAPPING

L.J. - Sunoco. Tues. June 11, 1935.

Chamber

~~Sitting~~ To the east and south of Salt Lake City <sup>tower</sup> ~~the~~ the Wasatch ~~Range~~ <sup>W</sup> mountains. Through this range of rugged summits runs a pass, a steep valley, ~~the~~ Immigration Canyon. It gets its name from a famous historic scene eighty-eight years ago. It was through Immigration Canyon that the Mormons entered the basin of the ~~the~~ great Salt Lake, their Promised Land. A story is told how the apostle, Brigham Young at the head of the great caravan of wagons, rode through the canyon, saw the valley opening ahead, and spoke up and said: -- "This is the place." Historic words in Utah. In Immigration Canyon today stands a monument to the Mormon pioneers, a massive stone ~~shining~~ shaft on which are engraved the words -- "This is the place."

About a week ago Immigration Pass was the scene of another significant episode -- lurking figures, ~~xx~~ moving warily about. Perhaps they too may have said -- "This is the place." Cautious scrambling up the slope, the digging of a hole, the burial of a bulky package. Then away -- an automobile speeding up along the highway through the canyon.

Today -- the epilogue. <sup>Q</sup> ~~The~~ party of men, "G" men. They had all the reason in the world to repeat the legendary catch

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phrase of Immigration Pass and say -- "This is the place." It was indeed. Up the hillside, a swift bit of digging, and they uncovered more than ninety thousand dollars, a bulky heap of bank notes wrapped in black oilcloth and a gunny-sack. Nearly half of the two hundred thousand dollars of the ransom money paid for the return of the Weyerhaeuser boy.

The trail had been simple enough to follow. J. Edgar Hoover the chief of the government agents said that the money had been found by dint of questioning and cross-questioning, the tireless interrogation of Harmon Waley and his wife. They confessed their share of the kidnapping. This brings the amount of recovered snatch money accounted for, up to one hundred and ten thousand dollars:- There's the fifteen thousand dollars abandoned by the fugitive William Mahan, when he ran away from the investigating policemen. Waley himself burned up four thousand dollars in ransom bank notes, afraid of having it in his possession. The money was so hot that he burned it. Waley and his wife spent only several hundred dollars of the great haul of kidnapped cash.

*And,* The fabled "honor among thieves" <sup>idea</sup> receives a bit of

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<sup>elucidation</sup>  
~~hallucination~~ in the fact that Waley got only ninety-five thousand of the two hundred thousand, although ~~they were~~ <sup>there was</sup> supposed to be a fifty-fifty split. His kidnapping partner Mahan short-changed him, gypped him out of five thousand. The ninety thousand still missing is believed to be in the possession of the fleeing men, who are being hunted far and wide.

A statement has been made that William Mahan now becomes Public Enemy Number One. That isn't true. He's only Public Enemy Number Two. J. Edgar Hoover's "G" men still assign the first ~~rank~~ place of dishonor to Alvin <sup>Gargis</sup>, the only big-shot left of all those notorious mobs <sup>ters who</sup> ~~that~~ terrorized the Middle West.

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A strange slant on the case comes from Tacoma, Washington where little George Weyerhaeuser was abducted. It is revealed that the father of Harmon Waley, the confessed kidnapper is a foreman in one of the Weyerhaeuser <sup>t</sup> ~~timer~~-plants and the suspicion instantly flares -- is there any connection between this fact and the kidnapping? It may indeed be that his father's employment in the Weyerhaeuser plant may have suggested to Harmon Waley the idea of striking at the millionaire lumber family. There may be something

in that notion, but there seems to be nothing more. When the general manager of the Weyerhaeuser timber plant was told that the kidnapper's father worked there -- he said: "I don't know anything about it. I don't know if his father works here or not. Even if he does what about it? I'm not going to fire a man for what his son did." <sup>So</sup> There's a gleam of shining humanity in the situation -- a father kept at work in a plant belonging to a family, a child of which had been kidnapped by his son.

We have all had occasion to notice that both of the men involved in the Weyerhaeuser crime are convicts out on parole. The President of the United States has noticed it too. Mr. Roosevelt enters the picture today with a demand for an immediate study and survey of the parole system <sup>of</sup> ~~in~~ the nation. He sent a note to Attorney-General Cummings urging him to use the resources of the government and find out what is wrong ~~in~~ -- why it so often ~~xxx~~ happens that the worst of crimes are committed by convicts who, instead of serving out their sentence, have been released on promise of good behavior.

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PITTS

Just to provide a bit of paradoxical contradiction -- while the President <sup>announced</sup> ~~commenced~~ an inquiry into the criminal doings of paroled convicts, there's one paroled convict whose case is still exciting all sorts of sympathy. Yet of course there's nothing paradoxical in the idea that a convict on parole should be allowed to play baseball.

Today official action was taken by Judge Landis, the Czar of hits, runs and errors - although of course no judge ever makes an error. The Judge said: "Bring me the papers". He calls for a full record of the events that have revolved around the former baseball and football star of Sing Sing - the record which tells how Alabama Pitts was released from the Big House, was given a contract by Manager Johnny Evers of the Albany Club, of the International League, and <sup>how</sup> ~~then~~ the governing powers of <sup>that</sup> ~~the~~ League said: "Nothing doing", "not pure enough for baseball."

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So now Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis is in deep thought, a deep pit of thought, about Pitts.

All along we've had a sort of half knowledge, a fifty per cent understanding, about the big event of next year, the Nineteen thirty-six campaign. The Democratic stand ~~of the coming~~ ~~campaign~~ is pretty clear - President Roosevelt, the New Deal, a platform based on the policies of the present Administration. But what about the other side? What will the Republicans oppose to the Democratic program? ~~We~~ One of the important things that will develop during the months to come, will be the formation of national policies on which the Republican Party will stand in battling for the presidency - the program they will place before the voters in opposition to the Roosevelt New Deal. We of the general public are ~~x~~ like ~~the~~ <sup>2</sup>~~the~~ fellow who is going to be given his choice between two things. He knows what one alternative will be, but he isn't clear about the other. One ~~follo~~ <sup>chap</sup> is going to offer him an apple, but he doesn't know whether the other ~~chap~~ will have in his hand a plum, a peach or a bunch of grapes.

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Well, today provides us with a bit of finding out. We've got something to go on, concerning the Republican platform for Nineteen thirty-six. It isn't final, of course, but it does come

from that exceedingly important pow-wow at Springfield, Illinois, the Grass Roots Convention. The Grass Rooters today adopted a presidential platform representing the strength of the Republican Party in the middle west. What are the Grass Root policies?

Well, we observe several items -- collective bargaining for labor, stabilization of agriculture, justice for the veterans. These Grass Roots are fairly general! Not specific in detail. More precise among the underground filaments that give nourishment to the foliage, is the mention of old-age pensions. And there's precision in the call for - balancing the budget. The old age pension plank is eloquent indication that the Republican Party, like any other living organism, feels the tendency of the times. Balancing the budget has been, of course, a basic and constant Republican demand, the G.O.P. sticking to fundamentals.

So today's program from Springfield gives us a significant hint of what the Republicans may have to offer in contradistinction to the Democrats in Nineteen thirty-six -- the roots from which the western Republicans expect plenty of grass to grow.

And, the foreshadowings of the political sabre strokes to be used in the cut and thrust of Nineteen thirty-six, were clearly visible at Springfield. The Grass Rooters did plenty of attacking, and showed pretty clearly just what joints of the Democratic armor they consider most vulnerable. They struck gleefully at the joint opened by the Supreme Court -- where the armor breast plate joins the neck piece. With a cry of "Defend the Constitution!" they concentrated on the unconstitutional acts of the President during the heyday of the N.R.A.

The Supreme Court decision opens a wide strategic line for political sword play -- that the President in the N.R.A. violated the fundamental laws of the land.

So from those Grass Rooters we have a hint of the kind of platform on which the G.O.P. will stand and the kind of thrust it will use while standing on it.

Home owners who have a mortgage in addition to a roof over their heads, hear encouraging words from Washington today. The Home Owners Loan Corporation is extending its activities a bit. It will keep on doing business until June twenty-seventh. It will receive applications from home owners until that date. But there's no need to apply unless x the home owner is in real difficulties. Applications will be considered, only from such persons as are threatened by foreclosure, people who are in danger of losing their homes, because they must pay and can't - involuntary default.

PERSIA

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The westernization of the East is an old story, but it's always providing new angles. There's Persia, the ancient land of the fire-worshippers, which many a century ago became a stronghold of Islam, devoted to the mercy of Allah, the truth of the prophet and the ~~secret~~<sup>sacred</sup> words of the Koran. Today we hear that Shah Riza Pahlevi, in his palace at ~~Isfahan~~<sup>Teheran</sup> has ~~agreed~~<sup>decreed</sup> that Persia must become westernized, and saying this he pointed to his two handsome daughters. They are westernized. They are expert horsewomen. The moment their father's modernizing edict was announced, they rode through the streets of ~~Isfahan~~<sup>Teheran</sup> in the latest London fashion of riding garb for ladies. That was merely an object lesson to emphasize the fact that Shah Riza Pahlevi commands that the women of Persia shall no longer wear veils, according to the old Moslem tradition.

And, there's ~~modernized~~ a modernizing word from Turkey, an old story now ~~from~~<sup>in</sup> the former sultanate of the Ottomans. Kemal Attaturk, who several years ago ordered the Turkish women to discard the veil, has gone a step further -- a drastic step to anyone who knows the East. "The day of rest ~~is~~<sup>shall be</sup> Sunday."

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decrees Kemal Attaturk. Sunday has always been the telltale  
day of the Christian in the East. The weekly holy day for Islam  
is Friday. But from now on Friday is just another day of the  
week in Turkey. The day of rest is Sunday.

AFRICA

I don't often give any news from the domestic relations courts. It seems hardly a theme of nationwide scope. However, when the Domestic Relations Court is in Africa, there are likely to be strange angles of the curious and the odd.

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In a settlement on the African <sup>d</sup>W<sup>e</sup>lt, in the region of Johannesburg, a British magistrate sits in judgment over the complaints and difficulties of the variegated assortment of natives, white settlers and white drifters. Some of his most thorny legal problems concern the marital affairs of the black tribesmen. He has to be a veritable Solomon.

Here's one case that came before him - <sup>the</sup> sort of domestic affair that occurs in those wilds where the Bechuanas and Zulus range and roam. Malapoa, a black man, was brought before the judge, and told his story. He married a girl and warned her not to talk too much. Malapoa didn't like a chattering, scolding wife. Many times afterward he told her to be silent, innumerable times, over many years. Just recently, on her ninety-fifth birthday, he had told her she was talking too much. But she would not be silent. So Malapoa killed her.

The patriarch of the black tribes told this story with all the simplicity of the primitive soul. I suppose the magistrate could have had him hanged, but he didn't.

"I don't know what to do with you, Malapoa," he said. "You are ninety-six, too old to be whipped. And ~~too~~ old for a long prison sentence. You have always been a good man, but you should have known it was wrong to kill your wife."

The judge finally compromised by giving Malapoa seven months in jail! -- and told him not to do it again.

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CHILDREN

Twenty or thirty years from now a lot of ~~matinee~~ matured gentlemen are going to speak of somebody or other and say - "He was my youthful hero." Who will those heroes be? Here's a survey that gives us an answer, a survey made by "The Boys' and Girls' Newspaper" - a test to find out which celebrities are the most popular with American youth. <sup>TP</sup> Who do you suppose took first prize with the boys? Same as ever -- Colonel Lindbergh. Among the girls -- Shirley Temple. On the boys' list figures of adventure and sport predominate. The girls prefer movie actresses. On the list of heroes for boys there are no heroines. But the girls have their heroes, among whom <sup>good looking</sup> Admiral <sup>Dickie</sup> Byrd ranks first. <sup>TP</sup> The lads prefer ~~Babe~~ Babe Ruth to Dizzy Dean, but the lassies prefer Dizzy to the Babe. <sup>girls</sup> They also prefer the Mrs. to the Mr. in the White House. One highly encouraging feature in the list is that neither the boys nor the girls display any vast preference for ~~radio~~ radio stars. Maybe youth doesn't like to be talked to by its elders -- but then we always knew that.

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## COLLEGES

These are commencement days. All over the country proud parents and grandparents are beaming while youth in cap and gown is getting its sheepskin. At Claremont, California, the beaming was particularly bright on the part of the proud parents and grandparents -- I mean the proud children and grandchildren -- and also the great grandchildren. The sweet girl graduate there, instead of being twenty, is eighty. She's a great grandmother. The gist of the story is that Mrs. Lilliam G. Gist has a line-up of sons, three of whom have master's degrees. She herself had only a Mistress degree. That dates back to sixty years ago, when they didn't give women the degree of "Bachelor of Arts." The feminine equivalent of it was "Mistress of Liberal Arts." Since then the "Mistresses" have become "Bachelors" -- showing what a complicated thing higher education is. And now Mrs. Gist has become a "Master".

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She felt she was ~~lack~~ lagging behind her three M.A. sons, so this year she did some sixty-year-later post graduate work, just to keep up with her boys. They say her dormitory looked just the same as that of any other co-ed, just as snappy and collegiate -- except that, instead of having pictures of the

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football team and the current matinee idols plastered all over the wall, she had pictures of her eight children, her numerous grandchildren, and equally numerous great grandchildren. ~~The~~ The theme of her twenty-eight thousand word thesis was -- "Lucretius ~~was~~ as a poet of nature." That <sup>80 year old</sup> girl graduate knows that nature is wonderful.

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The commencement day in New England was featured by a New England lassie, who scored quite a triumph of good old-fashioned Yankee scholarship, derived from the earnest spirit of our Puritan ancestors. The New England lassie's name is Miss Mary Chin Heung of Portland, Maine. Miss Chin Heung's ancestors came over on some MAYFLOWER or other, only instead of sailing across the Atlantic, it sailed across the Pacific. These Celestial pilgrim fathers came here to gain the right of worshipping Confucius in their own way. In other words, Miss Mary Chin Heung wins the highest rating in English among twenty-five ~~the~~ hundred students competing in a contest for scholarship at the University of Maine.

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Yes, it's commencement day all over the nation. But I don't need a commencement, <sup>What is</sup> I need an ending, and here it is --  
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.