

LINDBERGH

There was a sudden stop, an abrupt halt in the proceedings in a New York court today. It was in a small, humdrum, Magistrate's Court, in the Bronx. The judge was on the bench. A lawyer was saying something. A couple of burly coppers were guarding the prisoner. He was a sullen, blue-eyed man, rather nondescript. He was being arraigned on a charge of extortion. Then unexpectedly a message came, and the proceedings stopped then and there.

The prisoner was Richard Hauptman, the central figure in the new break in the Lindbergh Case, the man of the Lindbergh ransom money. The only charge on which the New York authorities could hold him was one of extortion. The interruption came from New Jersey. "We want him. We want him on a charge of murder." That was the flash from New Jersey. Governor Harry Moore had just signed a murder warrant for Richard Hauptman acting on the advice of his State Police, the Governor demands him as the kidnapper of Baby Lindbergh.

So instead of being held for extortion, the prisoner is now being kept waiting until the New Jersey Governor sends a formal request of extradition to Governor Lehman of

New York. This will be put through by Monday, until which time Hauptman will be kept in jail without bail.

So as the case stands now, the next step will be for the New York judge to decide whether ^{or not} the suspect shall be extradited to New Jersey to face the murder charge. The general belief is that ~~they~~ ^{he} will ^{be; that New York} will turn him over to the state across the river.

The case still has two distinct and sharply different angles -- the kidnapping and the ransom. And the dominant question remains; Did the ~~same~~ same man do the kidnapping and get the ransom? Or was each act done by a different man?

In the ransom charge against the prisoner, various additional details have come to light, but they are just so much embroidery around the central fact that the ransom money was in his possession. In the course of the most patient and competent detective work, the police have nailed down that fact.

The indications that might tend to connect Hauptman with the actual kidnapping still remain pretty much the same, save that they are ~~shapening~~ ^{shapening} a bit, being asserted more

47

positively. ^TFirst, there is that familiar element in criminal affairs -- handwriting. There are three exhibits of handwriting, the script on the note left by the kidnapper at the Lindbergh house. Secondly, the writing on the note sent ~~to~~ by the man to whom the ransom money was given. Thirdly, the handwriting of Richard Hauptman, himself, as is found, for example, in his application for an automobile license. It ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~stated~~ ^{claimed by the Dept. of Justice itself} that these three exhibits of handwriting were penned by the same man.

Then there are renewed statements that Hauptman worked at Hopewell, near the Lindbergh home. From the very first, the police believed that the kidnapping was the doing of somebody in the Lindbergh neighborhood.

48
It is repeated also that Hauptman had access to the lumber yard from which the kidnapper got the wood out of which he made the ladder used in climbing to the window of the baby's bedroom. The wood of which the ladder was made bore the same manufacturer's mark as the wood in the lumber yard.

It was noted during the early investigation of the

crime that the ladder, while hastily hammered together, was a neat and skillful bit of work, which led to the surmise that the kidnapper was a carpenter. Hauptman is a cabinet-maker.

These are suggestive indications; but, they are by no means proof.

The prisoner, who served in the German Army, and who left his native land with a criminal record behind him, continues to assert his innocence with a dogged repetition. The police have been questioning his wife, but there is no certainty that ^{has} she told anything, or knows anything.

49
Meanwhile, the Lindberghs, who are at Los Angeles, are displaying little interest in the news which concerns them so nearly, and which has the ^{whole} country excited. To them it is not so much an affair of exciting news, as a re-opening of bitter memories.

Last night the New York Police Commissioner told the world about the startling break in the Lindbergh Case. Tonight the news ~~xxxxx~~ gives us the name of the new Police Commissioner of the metropolis. He is Louis Valentine who until now has been Chief Inspector.

There is a dramatic swiftness about it all, with General O'Ryan playing his biggest part in the brightest limelight -- and then -- Presto! Changed his successor is announced.

The Commissioner had his resignation on file some days ago, and was staying on the job just long enough to handle the Lindbergh^h Case. It's an open secret that Mayor La Guardia and his Police Commissioner were not exactly in closest agreement. Before the last election both of them were in line for the Mayor's job, but O'Ryan withdrew his name in favor of La Guardia. And so when La Guardia was elected, he reciprocated by giving the general the Police Department.

Thereafter the two men were not at all in harmony concerning police policies. The ~~xxxxx~~ Commissioner who had risen from buck-private to major-general in the Army, wanted

50

to militarize the ~~police~~^{cop} of which the Mayor didn't approve. Their most acute difficulties concerned strike and radical disturbances, ~~concerning~~ⁱⁿ which the general had the ideas of a disciplinarian, while the Mayor advocated a policy of "Go easy and speak softly."

So the only surprise is in the way the general's resignation takes effect right on the heels of the Lindbergh case -- blaze of glory and out:

The new Commissioner, Louis Valentine is a policeman, who for years was pushed around and kicked around by political influences. He was regarded as an honest cop, deep in the shadow, when La Guardia picked him out from nowhere and made him Chief Inspector, second in command. Now he becomes first in command.

ROBBERY

The Lindbergh Case sensation and O'Ryan's resignation were followed swiftly by a big robbery. Maybe the crooks, with the Lindbergh case headlining the newspapers, figured that the police were being kept busy. Anyway a Corn Exchange bank in New York was robbed of forty-two thousand dollars.

It was just at opening time this morning. The gangsters held up the employees, as they were getting ready for work. They handcuffed the bank workers and looted the cash. So now the police have another case to work on.

There will be a roar of shooting, vollies and fusillades at Teaneck, New Jersey. Ralph Kirbery, who is pistol coach for the Glenrock New Jersey police, tells me that five hundred policemen from all over the country, as far away as Los Angeles, will blaze away in the National Pistol Shooting Championship. It would be just too bad if any stick-up man tried to hold-up that party.

Robinson.

Sept. 21,

1934.

TALL STORY

The tall story champion is with us tonight, the biggest liar of the Maine woods. He is Fred Robinson, the man of the northern forest who won the tall story contest that the Gannett string of newspapers conducted among the Maine guides.

by tall talker Major Edwin C. Cooper, ex-nat. Com. of The Leg. of Val. 5
He has come down from the tall timbers, to tell us his prize winning whopper about how he caught a fish with a magnet..

Fred brings a letter from the Honorable Louis J. Brann, Governor of Maine, who speaks in high praise of those hardy pioneers of the pine forests. "They're adepts in the art of telling tall stories," declares the Governor of Maine.

Of course, Fred Robinson claims that the story of catching the fish with a magnet is true -- the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In fact, he is so truthful that he ^{even} ~~always~~ ends his letters "yours truly". ~~Yes~~ his veracity is so great that he's won the tall story championship among the Maine guides.

Now tell us about it, Fred, what kind of fish was it?

FRED:- It was a trout, the smartest trout I ever seen. I was after him for ten years. I tried all kinds of hooks and all kinds of bait, but he always broke the line and got away. I must have lost three hundred flies and hooks.

L.T.:- That must have been the smartest fish in Maine. But how about the magnet?

FRED:- Well, one day last winter I had my rifle and was down on the river looking for muskrat houses. I broke through the ice and lost my rifle.

So I got a magnet, tied it to a line and dropped it to the bottom to bring the rifle up. I sure was surprised when the line began pulling and going round and round. I pulled it up and what do you suppose I had? Yes, sir, it was that old trout. He had so many hooks in his mouth that the magnet grabbed him. That magnet held him tight.

L.T.:- How much did he weigh?

FRED:- He weighed twenty-two pounds, hooks and all. But when I took the hooks out he weighed only seventeen pounds. It's against the law to catch trout with anything but legal

tackle, which a magnet is not. So I threw him back. ^{! Yes sir}
I had enough hooks and flies to last 2 years. And if you don't believe my story just ask Doc. Bodge of
L.T.:- That was too bad. But did you get your rifle?

FRED:- Yes, but when I pulled the rifle up I found the barrel was full of trout eggs. It's against the law to disturb trout eggs, so I threw the rifle back until they hatched.

L.T.:- Well, you Maine guides certainly are scrupulous and careful about the game laws, aren't you? But I suppose that's a tall story too.

Salvage Labels

HORSES

After the tallest story let's take the smallest--
horses. They're not ponies, they're midgets. They're ~~to~~ to
ordinary horses what Tom Thumb is to human beings. They're
to be shown at the Trenton Fair, which begins next week. The
smallest is Tiny Tim, a perfectly formed horse that stands only
thirty-three inches high. His father was a huge, stately
Percheron, which won prizes in horse shows all over the country;
and his mother was a ponderous percheron too.
~~There's another midget of horse flesh thirty-eight inches high~~
~~and still another a fraction of an inch taller.~~

Echoes of the Morro Castle disaster are seen in a new set of British maritime regulations. ^{The people of} ~~England~~ ^{have} followed the story of the oceanic calamity and of the investigation with the closest interest -- screaming ^{ing} headlines in the British newspapers. And now His Majesty's Government is following suit with a general study of fire hazard aboard ships.

The new regulations will call for the use of fire resisting materials for interior decoration aboard passenger liners, no more of those inflammable fripperies of woodwork and curtains. Special fire brigades will be formed aboard liners, with a large proportion of the crew trained especially for handling a blaze and launching life boats.

These are the most obvious points of a whole series of fire preventing reforms ⁱⁿ England.

TYPOON

That Japanese typhoon story grows bigger and more calamitous. The victims are now numbered in the thousands. The typhoon devastated a great industrial region where it could do the worst.

The most amazing detail is the fact that the big wind blew two railroad trains off the track. It takes an infuriated blast of breeze to do that. But then that old wicked devil of the Oriental Ocean, the China Sea Typhoon, blows so hard that only our own Occidental hurricane of the West Indies can match it, blast for blast.

It hit near the great city of Kobe. The wildest fury of the storm was concentrated on a village called Fukura. The typhoon blew the town down, blew the waters of the ocean piling onto the land. Five Hundred school children were at their desks when their classroom tumbled on them, maiming, killing. And a tidal wave sent flood waters rushing through the streets. Japan so often devastated, devastated once again.

Seems as if the Terrible Turk might be called the "timid Turk".

Anyway, the Ottomans of Asia Minor are having a sky scare, afraid of enemies who might come out of the blue.

The Government of the formidable Kemal Pasha is feverishly at work building a network of defenses against airplane attack. Nests of anti-aircraft guns are being established.

Fortifications in strategic areas are being zealously concealed ~~from~~^{against} possible warfare from above. The sky above Turkey has been zoned. Foreign planes are permitted to fly only along certain limited air-routes. The important naval base at Izmit is being as carefully guarded as a forbidden seraglio of a sultan of old. Even Turkish planes are forbidden to fly over Izmit, and motor travel must keep away from the vicinity. And the same thing is true of the great port of Smyrna, which is a forbidden city, so far as ~~of~~ observation from the air is concerned.

The question is -- what air fleets are the Turks so afraid of? The nearest sky powers are Italy on one side and Russia on the other. But, modernistic new Turkey is supposed to have a close agreement with Soviet Russia. And we haven't been hearing

57

of any points of dispute between ~~the Terrible~~ Turkey and Italy.

So, what's the Terrible Turkey so timid about?

STRIKE

President Roosevelt comes to the front today with a strong push for peace in the textile imbroglio -- this in the form of a strong and urgent statement.

~~Here~~ is what he says:--"I wish to express the very sincere hope that all employees out on strike will now return to work and that all textile manufacturers will take back employees with ^{out} discrimination."

58

This is the President's pressing advice as he calls on both sides to accept the plan worked out by the government's Mediation Board. This plan is for both ^{bosses and men} ~~sides~~ to agree that the strike shall be called off, with the settlement of the dispute left to a new mechanism of arbitration -- a new and more effective Board of Mediation. ^{And it looks} really optimistic now.

58 1/2

The strike leaders seem to be willing to call off the strike, if a way to arbitrate be definitely established. They are in Washington tonight debating the matter. The leaders of the textile industry are in Washington too, where George A. Sloan, head of the Textile Institute has gathered them for a consideration of the government's proposals.

L. T. Sinner, Friday, Sept. 21, 1934

Here's a pretty sentiment prettily expressed:- "It's worth getting old to have a party like this." That's what the President's mother said today as she beamed, upon the celebration of her seventieth birthday. What was it that she liked so much about the party? It was the crowd --- the crowd of her son, daughter-in-law, grand children, great grandchildren, neices and nephews.

So, she congratulated herself that she was old, because you can't be young and have children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

And that's a pleasant note of sentimental philosophy on which to say solong until Monday.

59 1/2