

LOWELL THOMAS - SUNOCO - TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1934

LINDBERGH

Startling claims of more and more evidence against Hauptman, connecting him with the Lindbergh money and with the clues left at the Lindbergh house. One detail comes from Chief of Police Hildreth, of Savannah, Georgia. Chief Hildreth wires that eight persons down his way have identified Hauptman's photograph. They identify him as a man who lived on Tybee Island near Savannah immediately after the kidnapping.

This is just another item of various bits of evidence indicating that from the time of the kidnapping there was a great and sudden change in the life of Hauptman, the obscure, German carpenter -- travelling, no more work, transactions in the stock market, evidence of money and affluence.

There is one suggestive social angle in the stories that have come to light about the stolid, silent suspect in the Lindbergh kidnaping. It's a detail with a distinct sociological slant.

Hauptmann seems to have been a good soldier, doing his bit in the World War, esteemed by his officers. He was active, athletic. He could toss a hand grenade almost two hundred and fifty feet. He got a prize for that.

Then, In the last months of the war he was employed in a munitions plant. The pay was good, the same in Germany as with our munitions workers over here. The young soldier had plenty of cash, had a good time, cultivated expensive habits -- the old story of easy money.

During the troubled time after the war was over, he missed the good times, couldn't gratify those expensive habits. And the people of the little town in Germany say that's ^{how} ~~the way~~ he took to the ways of robbery, ^{the road that} ~~ways which~~ led to prison. ~~and~~ ~~that~~ Still the old story of easy money.

Then the ex-convict sneaked his way to America -- the

land of easy money. It was in the height of the boom time --
the era of easy money.

Well, however the case may turn out, no matter how
they are able to connect Hauptmann with extortion and kidnapping --

~~he did have easy money~~ that Lindbergh bundle of
fives, tens and twentys, was -- more easy money.

New details concerning the resignation of General O'Ryan as New York's Police Commissioner. ^{They} indicate that there were some sharp exchanges between Police Headquarters and City Hall. A formal statement issued by the General tells of warmer and sharper ^{exchanges} ~~arguments he had~~ with the Mayor. These are just what we have been hearing -- how the Mayor disapproved of the General's disciplinary ideas and counter-manded the General's stern measures against labor disturbances and radical demonstrations.

ES

But later tidings today represent the arguments as being ~~even~~ ~~he~~ still warmer and sharper.

We are told of the immediate incident that led to the General's resignation. He was talking on the 'phone to Mayor La Guardia. They were having a lively difference of opinion. La Guardia, who is renowned for getting hot under the collar, started to flare up with all that Latin temperament of his. O'Ryan slammed the receiver on the hook, and hung up on the Mayor, which is rather a novelty in civic affairs.

The Mayor, nothing daunted, called him back and picked up the ^{super-heated} conversation where he had left off. This time the

General ^{called a halt in a different way.}
~~cut the conversation short in the another kind of~~

~~procedure~~

"I resign!" he shouted.

"Accepted!" the Mayor shouted back.

That's the inside story of the resignation that so dramatically followed the break in the Lindbergh case. And, it's the first open rift in the Fusion concert at New York City Hall.

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DEMOCRATS

Here's a new turn in the practice of having government employees contribute to party funds. The Secretary of Agriculture comes out with a denouncing blast.

Down in Florida, the Democratic party needs some funds. It has a deficit to make up. So a letter was sent to government job-holders, asking them to kick in with ten dollars a piece. Government job-holders include all those on the Federal pay roll in connection with various relief projects.

Yes, they got a letter, each man asked to put up a ten spot, but immediately afterward they each got another letter from Secretary Wallace of the Department of Agriculture. Having learned about the way funds were being raised, Mr. Wallace wrote that he didn't mind if the workers employed by his department kicked in with a contribution, but added that it would have to be one hundred percent voluntary.

"If you don't want to give you don't have to, and you won't be fired." That was the reassuring gist of his letter. They all contributed! Do you think they did?

ROBINSON

Now about the Arkansas traveller. I don't mean that legendary figure in the old song, but the modern Arkansas traveller. He's been wandering around Europe, visiting potentates and statesmen, and at the moment we find him in the most romantic surroundings of all.

The news tells how Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas is being entertained in Turkey. He's been sitting-in at the sessions of the Turkish Parliament, which is meeting at Constantinople in the historic Yildiz Palace. The Turkish lawmakers are giving the Senator from Arkansas a glittering reception at their Parliamentary doings. He's been sitting in a gorgeous chair of honor, a regular throne, decorated with gold, jewels, red plush, and peacock feathers. Good old Joe. They've given him everything but a harem. He says, "I'd just love to be a Sultan."

The Arkansas traveller at the Yildiz Palace! That does evoke reflections. It was the favorite palace of the Red Sultan, Abdul Hamid the Second, whom they called Abdul the Damned. And the sinister scarlet intrigue of the imperial divan

made pages of wicked, fantastic history. We see visions of the Red Sultan, the Grand Vizier, the secret splendors of the harem, the veiled wives, Fatima and Suleika, the whispering, the intrigue, the mysterious plotting and swift death.

The Arkansas traveller at the Yildiz Palace -- that's almost as good as "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." ^{the Court of} ~~the Court~~

~~RUSSIA~~ RUSSIA

The news from Russia time after time has told us of those strange, Communist trials, those spectacular, grim and startling ^{ly} dramatic proceedings before the Red Tribunal of revolutionary justice. And once more today we have tidings of a trial in a Soviet court.

The defendants are twins. They are black. They are limp. They are empty. They button up the sides. They are a pair of galoshes. Yes, a pair of galoshes are on ~~trial~~, in ~~Soviet~~ ^{Red} Russia.

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It's another instance of the way the ~~Red~~ rulers of Moscow like to dramatize an idea. There has been a lot of complaint about bad merchandise in the Communist Utopia, buckets that leak, stoves that won't give any heat, watches that won't keep time. The government-operated factories have been turning out bungled and inferior products. So the great Commissars of Moscow have started a drive for better merchandise and they are dramatizing the drive.

They have issued a decree that anybody who is ~~xxx~~ displeased with the stuff he buys shall have the right to go

to court; ^{not to} ~~but, they won't~~ sue the maker of the article. The
government itself does the manufacturing. ~~They will bring~~
^{shall be}
The court proceedings [^] against the article itself -- the
defective merchandise ~~to be~~ led to court for prosecution before
^{a solemn}
[^] Soviet judge. !

That explains the trial of the two galoshes. They
are charged with having seams that leak, soles that crack,
and a shape that doesn't fit any human foot properly. I
suppose if the judge finds them guilty, that pair of galoshes
will be ^{sent on a walk} ~~exiled~~ to Siberia.
[^] [^]

HINDENBURG

Oscar Von Hindenburg, son of the late President of Germany has resigned from the German Army. He is only fifty-one, and that's no age for a German officer to retire.

It is being surmised that Hitler may have something to do with it. May be afraid that the son of the old Field-Marshal might become too influential with the troops.

Anyway, the retirement of Colonel Oscar is being surrounded with considerable ceremony. Reichsfuehrer Hitler has made the formal announcement that the Colonel is retiring as a Major-General, and will be permitted to wear his Major-General's uniform in civilian life. This is a singular and distinguished honor.

OLYMPIC

Tomorrow the palatial liner, the Ile de France will dock at New York. One man among the passengers will come ashore and will head straight for the Woolworth Building where a committee will be waiting for him. The passenger is Avery Brundage of the Amateur Athletic Union. He's on his way to make a report to the Athletic Union Committee, and that report will decide whether the United States will participate in the Olympic games at Berlin.

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Avery Brundage has been in Germany investigating the charges of Nazi discrimination against Jewish athletes. If he tells the committee ^{tomorrow that} ~~that charges~~ the charges are true, and that the Nazi discrimination against Jewish athletes is a substantial fact, why then the American Athletic Union will not send a team to the Berlin games.

LEAPING LENA

Jumping Jeosaphath, here's Leaping Lena again. A few weeks ago Lena leaped in and arranged a beautiful garland of romance. Now the story is different. She ^{has} leaped in and disrupted the romance. At least so says the fan dancer, who married the prize-fighter.

Leaping Lena is both a sister and a manager. In her own uproarious way she conducts the pugilistic affairs of her brother, King Levinsky, of the Chicago Cauliflower Levinsky's. Lena was also trying to be both sister-in-law and manager to the fan dancer who was her brother's blushing bride. That was the trouble.

Yet, it was ~~Leaping~~ ^{the Leaper} Lena who arranged the marriage, in her sisterly, managerial way.

"He never knows what's good for him," she explained ^{at} ^{that time,}

"I always gotta tell him. Right now he's just plain lonesome but he don't know how to tell it."

And so she married him to the fan dancer. The wedding bells rang just a month ago, and today we hear about the divorce papers. The fan dancer said -- it was too much

Leaping Lena. When Lena leaps in the door, love leaps out of the window.

And then the fan dancer, just the bride of ~~two~~ a month told a couple of reporters that her pugilistic husband used, as she said, "vile epithets."

"That means cuss words," she explained obligingly to the reporters, both of ^{whom were} ~~them~~ Harvard men.

SHIP

Tomorrow John Bull will be giving three rousing cheers -- three rousing hear, hears for an ocean liner.

Cut { England and France, in their maritime competition for the supremacy of the Northern Atlantic, are launching two great oceanic palaces, as rival queens of the seas. The French boat is the Normandie.) I don't know the name of the new giant English liner. About the only one who does know is Queen Mary. At the great launching ceremony tomorrow, which will be broadcast over the N. B. C., Her Majesty will smash a bottle of champagne over the bow of the giant Cunarder, and she will utter these words:- "I name thee ---", and then she'll speak the name.

I don't know whether Her Majesty, the Queen knows it, but the big ship has already, quite unofficially been given a name. When the scaffolding was removed from the immense hull, staid British officials were horrified to see two names written in huge letters, six feet tall, one name on the starboard side, the other on the port side. And both in the place where the name of the ship should be. And the names were Jean and Agatha.

A shocked investigation disclosed the fact that workmen often baptize ships in advance by painting in the names of their sweethearts, in giant letters. But, I hardly think that Queen Mary will take the cue and christen Britain's new pride of the sea ~~with the name~~ either ~~of~~ Jean or Agatha. Experts say that the name will probably be ~~either~~ Brittania or Victoria.

It's a partiality of the workmen for lassies like Jean and Agatha that causes one rule of ship-building to be slapped on over in England. During the building of a giant liner no woman is ever allowed to enter the shipyards. The reason for this is explained by a Scotch official.

"There ^{are} ~~are~~ so many ^{work} ~~work~~men," he ^{burro} ~~explains~~, "That if they all stopped to look at a ^{girl} ~~girl~~ it would cost fifteen hundred dollars a glance."

~~Just imagine what it would cost if Mae West went curving through that shipyard!~~

YACHT

The yacht race has ended with the Stars and Stripes fluttering triumphantly in the breeze, Old Glory flying victoriously at the masthead -- Yes, the American flag, also the red flag, the Protest flag.

Captain Sopwith called "Foul" in the fourth race on Saturday. He raised the red flag. And today both the yachts sailed in with the red flag flying. Some unsophisticated Communist might have thought that Newport was going Bolshevik.

It was a ^{fourth} ~~regular run away~~ victory that the American cup-defender scored today, five hundred yards ahead at the finish. And that ends the thrilling series of yacht races with still another American victory. Uncle Sam's eighty-fourth consecutive triumph.

Of course those two red flags might tangle things up a bit with both skippers protesting against each other's tactics ^{today.} If the British protest were upheld, it would mean another race.

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But as it stands, the glory goes to ^{Harold} ~~skipper~~ Vanderbilt, the tall, bronzed skipper and bridge player. He is a director in forty-two corporations, a member of fifteen clubs, plays

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golf and pilots his own airplane, but these are really side-
lines. He devotes his summers to yachting and his winters
to bridge. With both boats and cards he is a mathematically
minded theorising expert. It was he who worked out the
complicated scoring system of contract bridge, and he worked
the Cup races out on paper ~~far~~ in advance, mapped out the
course of action for every emergency, the proper tactics for
every imaginable turn of the wind.

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At the bridge table he plays so slowly that his fellow
bridgers or bridgets get the fidgets. But Vanderbilt, the
yachtsman moves with lightning, swift speed. With thirteen
cards in his hand he never utters a word, is a monument of
silence. But on deck he doesn't merely talk fluently, he
bellows fluently, an old-time skipper roaring down the deck
to his crew.

At card playing he is a regular sphinx, the old poker
face. And he is a yachting sphinx too, never a flicker of
expression, winning or losing, a poker face of the bounding
main.

Most of his business associates call him "Mr. V". His fellow bridge players call him "Mike", so, Congratulations Mr. V, Atta boy Mike, and -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

9/2

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