

L.T. - SUNOCO. THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1936.

732

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The big word in the news tonight is - G-men. The government agents smacked hard at crime, a double blow, ^{a one-two} ~~in one~~ punch. Two mobsters, long hunted, in two sensational kidnappings, were arrested today.

6
They had been hunting William Mahon for ~~nearly~~ a year, ever since the kidnapping of the Weyerhauser boy, son of the wealthy lumber family of Tacoma, Washington. The lad was held for ransom - then returned, after a huge ransom was paid. The police swiftly implicated three persons. Harmon and Margaret Whaley, husband and wife, were sent to prison. But the third of the accused got away - William Mahon.

He had a record. In Nineteen Twenty-Three, the judge gave him two years in a Montana prison for stealing an automobile. Later, he was sentenced to twenty years in Idaho for robbery. He served part of the term and was released by the State Pardon Board in Nineteen Thirty-Three. And then the Weyerhauser affair! - he

turned out

turned out to be an elusive fugitive. The manhunt went on month after month, but no sign of William Mahan. We are told of a method he had of disguising himself - by bleaching his eyebrows. He must have had plenty of black eye ^{cream} to make that effective. ^{But -} They caught him today, in a tenement house in San Francisco. No fireworks, no shooting. ~~It was~~ a quiet arrest. The prisoner meek and mild. The G-men say they found in his possession a wad of hot money, mighty hot, part of the two hundred thousand dollars of the ransom paid for the return of the Weyerhauser boy.

Tonight only one important kidnapper remains at large, the last criminal implicated in that series of sensational snatching affairs. He's ^{Thos,} ~~Edward~~ Robinson, who abducted Mrs. Alice Stoll. He's the most elusive of all, because he's an expert female impersonator, and knows how to disguise himself cunningly as a woman. That makes the trail a difficult one to follow - when you can't tell whether it's a manhunt or a woman-hunt.

ARREST

Yes, only one kidnapper still at large - because the G-Men today made that other arrest. In a sense it was not one of those big time affairs - catching a public enemy Number One. The way the government agents have rounded up those captains of crime, there's not one left deserving Number One ranking. Didn't J. Edgar Hoover, the chief of the G-men, say the other day - that the ace high public enemy now is - politics? Anyway, Harry Campbell always was very much of a Number Two man - Number two to Alvin Karpis, last representative of the Dillinger tradition.

The G-men grabbed Karpis the other day, after that long drawn out manhunt. Today's arrest of Harry Campbell comes as a mere follow-up. They got him at Toledo, Ohio. Nothing melodramatic happened. J. Edgar Hoover says that - "only slight resistance was encountered." Just some pushing and pulling about but no wild burst of pistol fire. They have taken Campbell by plane to Department of Justice headquarters in Cleveland.

Campbell is described as a mere small time gangster - never amounted to much in the underworld, until he met Karpis - and then he began to shine by reflected glory.

All of this is playing the story down, but now we

can begin to build it up - because reflected glory from Alvin Karpis was a wicked baleful glow, bright enough to make a small time crook a gleaming mark for the police. And Harry Campbell, the second-rater, played his inferior part in some of the spectacular episodes of that brief gun flashing era of killers and ~~the~~ G-men.

They claim that Campbell helped Karpis in the kidnapping of Edward Bremer - the second fiddler kept the vigil with public enemy Number One in standing guard over the captured St. Paul brewer.

This crime was engineered by the Barker-Karpis mob, which was led by the dangerous Karpis and the deadly old woman, Ma Barker. Harry Campbell was in the thick of things, when the Barker-Karpis mob was crushed by the G-men. Ma Barker and one of her bandit sons, had their ~~hideaway~~ hideaway in an inconspicuous bungalow at Oklawaha, Florida. Karpis and his second fiddler Campbell were living with them. And all the while the G-men were closing in on them. Just before the catastrophe came, Karpis ~~was~~ always restless, felt the itching urge to be on the

move. So he and his henchman, Campbell, hit the trail, just to go somewhere. That accounts for their absence when the gun battle blazed, the pistol and machine gun fight in which the G-men killed that mother of crime, Ma Barker, and her son.

It was Campbell who was the partner of Karpis in the wild incident that followed shortly afterward at Atlantic City. The local cops stumbled on them, not suspecting how dangerous they were. The gangster guns blazed, as Karpis and Campbell shot their way to freedom through a young army of police.

The G-men charge that Campbell was with Karpis in a big mail robbery at Garrettsville, Ohio, last November -- a crime against the United States Post Office which incited top speed sleuthing of the government agents. It was effective sleuthing, because they caught Karpis - and today nabbed his Number Two man.

One thing about the Karpis mobsters was the desperate means they used to escape detection; to disguise themselves from the sleuthing eye they resorted to that familiar device, plastic surgery. They had their finger tips altered, hoping their fingerprints wouldn't give them away. They had their faces changed

so the detectives wouldn't recognize them. Dillinger did the same thing. The G-men have long had their eyes on a doctor who performed the gangster plastic surgery, a Dr. Joseph Moran of Chicago. They've been after him for a long time, but they are not so hot on his trail any more. Not that they've caught him. They'll probably never catch him alive. J. Edgar Hoover said today that he had information which leads him to believe that Dr. Moran is "at the bottom of Lake Erie." The indications are that the gang surgeon was killed by the mob, for fear that he would squeal.

DETECTIVE

In France an old man has died, a hermit who for many long years had lived in lonely seclusion, in a remote village. Henri Latour was his name. And today there's a compassionate lifting of brows and shrugging of shoulders among the old-timers of the Paris Surete, the detective force of France, the French Scotland Yard.

Twenty-five years ago Henri Latour was hailed by the chiefs of the French police as their most brilliant detective. He had a knack for unraveling tangles of clues in a difficult case. He had a keen nose for a criminal's trail. Yet all this was ruined and wasted. The future of Henry Latour, as a French Sherlock Holmes, turned into dust and ashes. And it happened in such a strange, sudden way.

In the north of France, a gang of bandits was robbing and murdering. There was a deed of especial brutality, an old couple killed and robbed. A man was arrested, charged with the murder. But the local authorities had their doubts. So they called upon Paris for help, and the chiefs of the Surete sent their best man to investigate - Henri Latour. This acute unraveler of

crime found that the suspect under arrest was innocent. More than that - he picked up the trail of the bandit gang, arrested the criminal who had committed the murder, and built an iron clad case against him. When in court, the verdict of guilty was returned, the judge spoke up and said that ~~the~~ Henri Latour's detective work in the case was the most brilliant he had ever seen.

As soon as the ^{trial}~~case~~ was over, the master detective, crowned with his honors, resigned from the Surete, and was seen no more in the world of crime and crime detection. He retired to the village of Elers, and there lived in an isolated, lonely cottage - a hermit. For twenty-five years he survived, an anchorite. Now that he has died, his story comes to light.

In that big case of his, in that height of his glory, the murderer he detected, arrested and convicted, was - his own son!

Early in his career, Henri Latour had married, but the marriage didn't go so well. His wife deserted him and took away their infant boy. Henri Latour hunted for his wife and son, but was not a good enough detective to find them. Or rather, years later, he was too good a detective - he found his son. He traced

down the fact that the murderer he had caught was the same as the baby his wife had taken away years before.

That is why Henri Latour, the brilliant detective, became a hermit.

Harris.
May 7, 1936.

PRECEDE H.H.

One of the pioneers of aviation is here in the studio tonight -- one of the founders of the most elaborate system of airways in the world. Some of you air-minded folks may remember him as the founder, the first member of the Caterpillar Club, for he was the first flier in this country to save his life by jumping from an airplane and coming down with a parachute. That was back in the days when he was a test pilot in the Army Air Service at Cook Field -- at Dayton, Ohio.

Years ago, after leaving the Army Air Service he did a great deal of flying in this country, and in Mexico, and in South America, as a "duster." Which means that he was one of the first to use an airplane to spray chemicals over farm lands. The life of a test pilot is exciting enough; but flying a "duster" is still more so. For in that game you might as well leave your parachute at home. You have to fly so close to the ground that if anything happened there wouldn't even be time to jump. Harold Harris, for that's his name, in his dusting plane usually flew not even sixty feet above the ground. Most of the time he was tearing along at an altitude of only six feet. His flying friends used to say that he killed the insects by running over them.

In 1927, just on his own accord Harris went around South America to investigate the possibilities of a commercial air route. Then he came to New York and told aviation and financial people ~~in~~ what his conclusions were. Result: today he is Vice President and Operations head of Pan American-Grace, the line down South America's west coast and over the Andes;

and it's no exaggeration to say that he played a vast part in creating what is today the greatest aviation system on the planet - Pan American Airways.

The first passenger planes began to operate on the West Coast of South America just eight years ago. Today Pan American flies planes up and down three continents -- North America, South America, across the Pacific Ocean, and along the China Coast.

Harold, you've spent an immense amount of time in South America in recent years, and here's a question I've long wanted to ask you: How seriously do the rather frequent South American revolutions interfere with the operation of a great airways such as Pan American?

-- o --

HARRIS: Not seriously at all. Our South American neighbors are a most considerate and thoughtful people. Perhaps I can illustrate it best by telling you of what happened when the Prince of Wales was in Peru a few years ago. The Leguia Government had been overthrown. Sanchez Cerro was in power.

But a revolution was about to break out. Sanchez Cerro was to be ousted. You may remember how, shortly afterward, he was assassinated. Well, the leaders of the revolt postponed their revolution in order that it might not upset the visit of the Prince of Wales. Then, the day the Prince left Peru they proceeded with the revolt.

And, since you have allowed me to speak into your microphone for a moment, I hope you don't mind if I toss this aerial salute to Doctor Eckener and his crew on board the Hindenburg out there somewhere ~~ix~~ on the Atlantic Ocean.

-- o --

L.T.- And while we are at it, Harold, let's both salute Amy Mollison. Jim's blue-eyed, innocent-looking, bland-faced blonde who has come through with another record.

MOLLISON

From London to Capetown, England to South Africa, in three days, six hours and twenty-five minutes. That's the record Amy set today when she landed in the African metropolis of the south. The previous record was three days, seventeen hours and thirty-eight minutes. So Amy Mollison smashed it by about eleven hours.

Another crown of glory for the feminine half of Britain's famous flying couple. I was talking today with Truman Talley, producer of the Movietone who is a close friend of Jim Mollison. He told me that at the time of the wedding Jim was regarded in England as something of a British Lindbergh. And Amy corresponded to an American Amelia Earhart. So when the wedding bells rang out for them, England thrilled with sentiment. And, he added that right now Amy is Aviation Editor of the LONDON DAILY MAIL, an indication that it's a well educated and exceedingly competent young woman who broke the England-to-Australia record today.

ETHIOPIA

For the Ethiopian news tonight, just take what it was last night and carry it along with a strictly ~~ix~~ logical sequence. The Italians are rapidly consolidating their position in the conquered kingdom and extending their control far and wide. General Graziani's army has occupied Jijiga and is moving on the southern capital of Harrar -- without resistance. As ~~xxx~~ soon as he has finished his job, Graziani will be named Governor General of Ethiopia.

POLITICS

What about Governor Landon? That's the prime question of our latest U.S. primaries. He took a licking in California, and seems to have won an unexpected victory in South Dakota against Senator Borah. That would seem to be even Stephen, a stand-off. But the cold fact is, that Ex-President Hoover beat the Kansas Governor in California, which has the exceedingly obvious meaning -- that Herbert Hoover will speak at Cleveland with a voice of power.

The first national convention of a political party this year has been held. It closed a four-day session today, and nominated a candidate. The National Prohibition Party, and the candidate Dr. D. Leigh Colvin. If you look the doctor up in WHO'S WHO, you'll find the record simple, terse and expressive. He identifies himself as - a prohibitionist. And he's all of that. He has been fighting liquor, not booze, ever since he graduated years ago from the American Temperance University at Harriman, Tennessee. He has written a seven hundred page volume on the history of prohibition in the United States. For thirty years, he has been high in the councils of the bone dry party.

POLITICS - 2

This year he was the keynote speaker at the convention, and today he was nominated. Dr. Colvin's race for the White House this year comes under the heading of dry humor and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.