

STOLL

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

There's more than the usual quota of kidnapping news tonight.

First of all, there's a hunt for the former-lunatic-asylum-inmate who kidnapped Mrs. Stoll. Right now the busiest activity is in Chicago where the police have a tip that Robinson the kidnapper is probably trying to lose himself in the crowded millions of the Windy City.

There are many gaps, many unfilled spaces in the story of that brutal snatching and the return of Mrs. Alice Stoll of Louisville. The most perplexing figure is the rather presentable young wife of the kidnapper. She was a party to the crime, looked after Mrs. Stoll in the hideaway in Indianapolis. Mrs. Stoll speaks highly of the woman's kindness toward her, and now declares that Mrs. Robinson saved her life, though she does not explain how--perhaps from the demented fury of the kidnapper. That's the inevitable surmise. And Mrs. Robinson,

instead of fleeing with her husband when he got the fifty thousand dollars ransom, accompanied Mrs. Stoll, ^{when she was released --} took her to the house of a minister connected with the Stoll family. So there are profound human conflicts to be inferred in the ^{story of the} young woman who married the former inmate of a lunatic asylum and was involved by him in one of the most outrageous of all ^{those} outrages, ^{on a} ~~the~~ crime^s of kidnapping.

And there seem to be some vague ^{ap} ~~places~~ in the story of the release of Mrs. Stoll. The money was paid to the kidnapper's wife, who took it to the Indianapolis house where her husband and Mrs. Stoll were hidden. The authorities all along were working on the ~~principle~~ principle that they would not engage in any activities that would jeopardize the safety of the kidnapped woman. We are told that ~~Ex-Ed~~ J. Edgar Hoover, ^{Dept. of Justice Agents,} head of the ~~Government Secret Service men,~~ saw to it that his men were present, on the job, when the ransom was paid. In fact the ace of all the Government agents was there, Melvyn Purvis, the young Southerner who figured brilliantly in the

trapping and killing of Dillinger.

When the money had been turned over to Mrs. Robinson, ^{the Agents} ~~Secret Service men~~ trailed her. And they kept a watch for her thereafter, so that when she accompanied Mrs. Stoll, ~~weak and in a condition of semi-collapse,~~ and restored her to her friends, the department agents ~~were there. They~~ took her into custody, ~~for questioning.~~

This latest countrywide kidnapping sensation has turned out much better than might have been expected -- considering its strangely sinister elements -- the insanity angle -- the shock from the first, the description of the weird white-faced kidnapper who looked demented, like a maniac. And on top of that the deep emotional implication of the kidnapper's wife seemingly torn between her husband's crime and her own decent feelings.

LINDBERGH

48
They say Hauptmann is still hoping that he may be able to evade the murder trial in New Jersey, but the hope would seem to be a slim one. He is safe in New York until Friday. The court that ordered his extradition across the river has given him until then, a few days of grace to make an appeal to the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court. Of course, the Appellate Division might over-rule the extradition decision and refuse to send Hauptmann to New Jersey. But the bets are against it.

So, in all human probability the New Jersey authorities will claim the prisoner on Friday and make him stand trial for the ~~kidnapping and~~ killing of ^{Baby} ~~the~~ Lindbergh. ~~baby~~
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FORD

In Detroit a would-be kidnapper is under arrest tonight - the man who threatened to abduct Edsel Ford. The Department of Justice agents, acting ~~via~~ silently and swiftly, have arrested Edward Lickwala, a youth who now has confessed that he was the author of the note threatening to kidnap the ^{middle-aged} son of the great motor magnate, ^{Lickwala} ~~and~~ ^{ed} demanding ~~ing~~ ransom in advance, money to keep him from acting. With the note ^{as the} ~~and~~ clue, ^{and with the pretense of paying the money} the Department of Justice men went sleuthing and got their man.

NEW YORK

And there's a kidnap hunt on in New York. Louis Esposito, a twenty-three year old law student, is missing. Members of his family have received several mysterious telephone calls asking for twenty thousand dollars.

In this case the police are up against the same old thing, only more so - the family doesn't want to cooperate. The relatives are thoroughly frightened. They are Italians, and Italian memories go back to the old terrorizing days of ^{the Black Hand,} ~~blackmail~~ The Espositos are so scared they won't give any information to the authorities and even refuse to let the police into their house to talk to them.

AIRPLANE

One of the singular stories that follows the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia is the tale of the news reels which caught the terrifyingly dramatic pageant of that international tragedy. It is a story dogged by ill luck and evil fatality - which culminated in that spectacular airplane crash today far out on the Atlantic.

On Tuesday of last week in Marseilles, the news reel camera men were grinding away, in the thick of the murderous event. And the news reel bad luck started right there. One cameraman was shot through the leg by a random heavy slug bullet from the pistol of the killer. Another news reel man was so badly injured that he died. A Fox Movietone man, with a hand camera, pushed right into the wild melee, taking pictures as he hurried, the lens catching the full detail of the wild scramble of shooting and slashing. And this is the reel that brought about the airplane crash at sea today.

Naturally, with news reels that were really flaming historical documents, there was a wild scramble to get the celluloid on the way to America. The Fox Movietone reel, around

which the story centers, - the story featured in the newspapers of the world tonight, was hurried to a plane, to be flown to a liner about to leave port. But the French authorities decided to seize the films, and stopped the plane as it was about to take off. They held up all news reels, declaring they would never release them. Then they changed their minds. In the face of loud protests the French government handed the reels back. Once more there was a tremendous scramble to get them under way to the United States. The French government changed its mind again, and seized the celluloid, but another right-about face quickly followed. At last all of the news reels of the assassination were put aboard the American liner George Washington, under the command of Captain Fried, renowned for his rescues at sea:- The Antiope in 1926 and the Florida in 1929.

That would seem to be the end of the story, but it was really only the beginning of more spectacular doings. Fox Movietone decided to get the jump, by sending a plane far out to sea, to meet the ship, and take the Movietone reel and wing it swiftly to New York. So all was set for a daring flight from New York out to sea to meet the ship far off Newfoundland, in

distance the equivalent of a trans-Atlantic hop.

Aboard the big plane were Edmond Reek, news editor of Fox Movietone and survivor of twenty-five disastrous accidents, and Jack Kuhne, ace cameraman and aviation supervisor, who was the first to fly in the fog over the burning Morro Castle and just the other day filmed New York from the edges of the stratosphere six miles up. The aviator was Marion Grevenberg, a veteran pilot, and with him were two passengers.

They made the long flight to sea with swift precision and sighted the GEORGE WASHINGTON on schedule. Aboard the liner was Carl Bickel, President of the United Press, who sends an eye witness account. The sea looked rather rough for a landing beside the ship, so they tried to pick up the cans of film by grappling for a line floating in the water. They circled the ship, fishing with the grappling hook, but it didn't work.

So they decided to try a landing, rough sea and all. The plane came down, scudding just above the waves. As she tried to level out under the water, one wing struck a high wave and instantly the big ship took a nosedive into the sea. She

sank, with her tail sticking out of the water.

Captain Fried, the hero of rescuers, was the swift acting rescuer once more. With prompt precision, a boat was lowered to pick up the survivors. With the life boat riding on the stormy sea, two sailors jumped overboard and swam with a line to the sinking plane. The survivors were clinging to the tail, which was still above water. From then on the rescue was eventful and efficient. Of the six men on the plane, five were saved - one was lost, drowned - he was one of the passengers, Henry Johnson, a veteran aviation mechanic.

So once more that ghastly political assassination had taken another life, the trail of the news reel dogged by another mischance. Tonight they are coming in by boat, accompanied by the survivors of the news reel airplane dash.

FOOTBALL

Here's a college that certainly does stick to its academic standards, even though it hurts. We've all heard gossip of how ~~x~~ football players kick, run, tackle, and throw forward passes, whether they know their lessons or not, with a sly wink if they fail to keep up to the study grades require of them. But not Brown University. Brown right now is in the midst of a shining display of academic integrity, combined with a football tragedy.

It's the old college that turned out Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, ^{John Hay, Dr. Gamage} ~~and the late John Hay~~ and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. - also Fritz Pollard. You old grads will remember Fritz Pollard, the great negro athlete, one of the mightiest of football stars. He fought the ~~great~~ gridiron battle for Brown and in nineteen fifteen made the All-America Eleven. ^π That was the great Fritz Pollard of the days of yore, and the present Fritz Pollard is said to be even greater. The son of the negro All-American Star of nineteen fifteen is so good that it ^{-- or rather a tragedy:} is a joke at Brown. He plays in practice against the Varsity team, and the Varsity doesn't have a chance. Hr crashes through the line ^{up} of the regulars ~~team~~ like a football star in a high school game. But he's playing only ~~in~~ the practice team - because

FOOTBALL - 2

he isn't up in his studies. Somewhere down the line from math to sociology, he fails to make the academic grade, and the puritanical authorities of Brown are obdurate. Learning scholarship come first in Rhode Island - even at the expense of a football tragedy.

So the Brown Eleven is going to the football wars minus one of the greatest quarterbacks in gridiron history, who watches from the stands. That football sob story is going to continue until Fritz Pollard, Jr., boning away at his skull practice, pushes his scholastic grades up to the required point - and then watch the black ghost gallop.

5-5
From a mission exposition in Brooklyn come the exceedingly East Indian tidings that the Kumar of Bhowall is still sitting on his tiger skin by the Burenganga River, while his law-suit is up for decision in the British courts.

The mission exposition is at Columbus Hall, Brooklyn, where two hundred Catholic missionary societies are represented. Among the lecturers is Father Michael Mathes of Notre Dame, also of Bengal, who tells the bizarre story of the Kumar of Bhowall.

He was the ruler of a small principality in northeastern Bengal, and a scheme was hatched to kill him. On a trip to Darjeeling members of his retinue gave him a powerful drug, and he sank into a coma, a state of catalepsy. They arranged for his funeral ceremonies, his funeral pyre. They left him with a gang of coolies, who laid him on the pyre and lit the flames. Just then a violent storm broke, with hail and drenching rain. The coolies fled before the pelting tempest.

The downpour put out the fire. The Kumar of Bhowall awakened. An ascetic monk came along and found him sitting on his funeral pyre, meditating upon the vanity of human life.

6
They talked of Karma and of Nirvana, and the Kumar, ^{still} sitting on his funeral pyre, determined to embrace a life of asceticism.

He retired to the wilderness, cultivating holiness. After ten years he went wandering over India as a Mahatma, a saint. Finally he came to the banks of the Burenganga River and there he sat himself down on his tiger skin to spend the rest of his life in meditation.

People from his old domain of Bhowall passed that way and saw him. They looked and said:- "It's the Kumar -- he has come back to life." And throngs of pilgrims from Bhowall came to witness the strange reincarnation, their former prince reincarnated as a holy man.

From them the Kumar learned that a kinsman had taken possession of his domain. It meant nothing to the ascetic monk, who had renounced all worldly possessions and all earthly feelings. So he sat on his tiger skin by the Burenganga River and remained silent, [^]until his sister came.

His sister told him they had seized her wealth, and she was a widow. They made her endure the worst fate of a widow

57

in India. With that the Kumar of Bhowall spoke. He told the story of the crime against him.

He engaged emissaries to take his case to the courts of India. He entered suit, not for himself, but for his sister -- to get his former properties for her. He himself remained sitting on his tiger skin by the Burenganga River -- he is still there, and while his case has been making its way through the mazes of the law courts.

That's the story told at the Brooklyn Missions Exposition.

TERRORIST

The terror of the terrorists is abroad - especially down in Cuba, where they've just caught one of the most ~~■~~ terrible terrorists on record. He is no Nihilist of tradition, burly and bearded. He's only thirteen, the youngest terrorist on record. Yet Rafael Tocatoronte, a skinny, awkward, bashful boy, gets six years in the juvenile penitentiary as a bomb-maker and a bomb-thrower. He was convicted of having a regular bomb factory in his house, and of running through the streets tossing ~~explosives~~^{explosives} explosive missiles which roared with shattering ~~de~~^{ton}tonations. And most amazing of all, the thirteen year old terrorist has confessed that ~~he~~ he has been making bombs and throwing them for several years. ~~He must have started his bombing in~~ ^{Bombing his way from} the cradle ^{to} the grave.

58

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All sorts of up-to-date, modern improvements are being shown at the National Business Show which ^{is now on} ~~opened~~ at the ^{vast} Port Authority Building ⁱⁿ ~~at~~ New York, ~~today~~. The exposition is the biggest ever, the biggest by forty percent. ~~It is~~ Twice as large as the Business Show of last year. ~~And~~ Among those up-to-date marvels of modern improvement is one which certainly should make the world a better place to live in. You've all heard of the talking typist, but now comes the talking typewriter. It's a regular machine with keys, ribbon, and space-bar -- and it can talk to you. Just why you should want a typewriter to talk to you I don't know, commonly the typist can do all the talking that is necessary, and ~~some~~ more. But I suppose the idea is for the typist and the typewriter to talk to each other, hold a conversation.

The typist says: "I was out late last night and I don't feel so good today."

And the typewriter answers:- "Me too, I couldn't sleep last night, and I've got a awful pain in my shift key."

Well, if a typewriter can talk back to the typist, this microphone might start talking back to me, and before that

58 1/2

59

happens I'd better say:-

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

59 1/2