

BANDIT

L. J. Hoover, Inc., Dec 2, 1935

A thrill went through police circles in the middlewest today. It was not merely that there was a gun battle in Kansas City, a blazing of police guns and of gangster guns - not only that a bandit bad-man was captured. That was the smaller part of it. Homer Fanning was caught by the Kansas City police, but that was the smaller part of it. Who was his companion - the one that got away? That question and its probable answer is what has flashed the mid-western police thrill.

Draw a typical picture of an arrest with a shooting, nothing especially fatal or wildly spectacular. Picture Homer Fanning and his sinister companion - Homer grabbed by the cops and yanked away to jail, that benevolent pal of his escaping, ducking, getting clear.

And then imagine the astonishment of one of the police when things happen this way - they question the crook they nabbed, and ask him: "Who was the other guy?"

And the reply is complete in one word - "Karpis".

Yes, the captured bandit ~~ix~~ identifies his escaped partner as - ^{Old Creepy,} Karpis, Alvin Karpis, ~~old Creepy~~ The last remaining

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survivor of that notorious line-up of big time desperadoes that had the country terrified - Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, Baby Face Nelson, Karpis the last one left unhangd, unburned, unshot.

For long months he has eluded the most intensive search by the police and by that arch Nemesis of his pals, the "G" men. Time and again there were clues and rumors that made it seem that Karpis was about to be caught. But Old Creepy always crept away.

The manhunt is on tonight in Missouri, with the police hoping to catch Karpis, collar Old Creepy, and make him creep his last creep.

Jim Barret.

Dec. 31,
1935.

NEWS - INTRO TO MR. BARRETT

Another year! Time, change, and many events, meaning -- news. So let's pick the ten biggest news stories of the year.

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Or rather let's let Jim Barrett do the picking. James W. Barrett, editor of the Press Radio Bureau (to all newspaper men known as Jim), City Editor of the old NEW YORK WORLD in its brilliant days.

Jim Barrett -- as editor of Press Radio, you have watched and guided the flow of news to the radio stations. What's your slant on the big stories of the year?

MR BARRETT AND L.T.

J.B.:- I'd give first place to the trial and conviction of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the murder of the Lindbergh baby. When the jury brought the verdict "Guilty," nobody had ears or interest for any other news.

Second, the tragic death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post. I shall never forget the galvanic effect of the Associated Press flash -- Post and Rogers killed in Alaska!

Third, the assassination of Huey Long. Some hated him, some admired him, and everybody talked about him. He was a potential presidential candidate, eliminated from public life, by bullets.

For fourth place, the United States Supreme Court decision that killed the Blue Eagle. All of us were affected by the passing of the N.R.A.

I'd give fifth place to the story you've just talked about, Lowell -- the flight into exile of the Lindberghs. Incidentally it was the outstanding scoop of the year. The NEW YORK TIMES broke the story and nobody else had it.

For sixth place I'd name -- Ethiopia.

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L.T.:- I have been wondering when you'd come to it. Why do you put it so far down on your list?

J.B.:- Oh, just considering the viewpoint of the average American -- whose feeling is "let 'em have a war, but keep us out of it." Though history, of course, will put the clash of Mussolini and Haile Selassie as story Number I for this year.

Seventh -- the crash of the United States Navy dirigible the MACON. Eighty-three men aboard ~~xxx~~ and eighty-one saved. The MACON was a part of our national defense, and suddenly she plunges!

Eighth -- nearly a year ago. The MOHAWK disaster. Forty-six lives lost! Fifty special bulletins sent out from Press Radio, and the whole staff worked virtually without sleep for forty-eight hours.

Ninth -- The stratosphere flight, two army captains ascending fourteen miles into the blue. Daring, thrilling, and an important contribution to the scientific knowledge of the universe.

Number Ten may surprise you; the Joe Louis -- Maxie

Baer fight. If this is editorial treason, make the most of it, but that prize fight did stir the imagination of the American man in the street.

But now, Lowell, it's time to leave the news of the year and go on with the news of the day.

ETHIOPIA - FOLLOW BARRETT

L.T.:-

All right Jim, here's your Ethiopia. From London the word comes of more giant ships, sent to the Eastern Mediterranean. Along with this news, however, comes word of some ship withdrawals, so that we hear the British fleet movement described as some sort of friendly gesture toward Italy.

Meanwhile, Red Cross Workers in Ethiopia are protesting ~~vigorously~~ vigorously against the bombing of a Swedish Red Cross on ~~in~~ the Southern Front. Nine Swedes and twenty-three Ethiopians are said to have been killed. There was a call for gas masks down that way, with reports ~~with~~ that the Italians are going to start gas attacks. There's indignation in Sweden -- a guard around the Italian embassy.

LINDBERGH

Two scenes today. Each of them utterly sad, distractingly pathetic. Put them together, and the melancholy is doubled and tripled -- tormentingly. One was a scene of hello. A greeting is often ~~and~~ cheery. But this hello was as lugubrious as any salutation has ever been. ~~The~~ The other was a scene of goodbye, and a farewell is often wistful and regretful. This one was a ghastly throbbing thing of pain. ~~The~~ The tragedy of "hello" occurred in the great British port of Liverpool today. The tragedy of ~~the~~ "goodbye" was spoken at the State Prison in Trenton, New Jersey. ~~Yes,~~ In one case Lindbergh, in the other -- Hauptmann.

It might have been New York harbor, instead of Liverpool. ~~But that didn't soften the Lindberghs with any sweet reminiscence of home. For home is not so sweet to them. It was~~ The same army of ships news reporters and photographers, waiting, eager for interviews and photographs. Two hundred of them and a great crowd of the curious, craning their necks for a glimpse. (A battallion of police holding back the throng, keeping a way open -- those quiet, ~~and~~ efficient British bobbies.) It was a cold winter day in England, a lugubrious rain pouring in torrents. The steamship American Importer, came slowly into dock. The

gangplank was lowered. Figures appeared. A murmur in the crowd, then a roar -- Lindbergh. ~~Mrs. Lindbergh~~ ^{His wife Ann} stepped first down the gangplank, the Colonel followed carrying little Jon. (They smiled their greeting -- their "hello" to England.) A double line of police held everybody back, the sightseers, reporters, photographers. And through that path made by the bobbies the Lindberghs walked quickly to a waiting limousine -- its motor running, ready for a quick get-away. A roar of the ~~motor~~ ^{engine} -- and ~~away~~ ^{off} they go.

But that wasn't the only car waiting at the Liverpool dock for the Lindberghs. There were a dozen others, powerful and fast. ~~Its~~ ^a pursuit, a chase. The dozen cars are crammed with newspaper reporters, photographers, news reel men, ^{British.} They follow the exiles to a Liverpool hotel where the Lindberghs are stopping in seclusion, ^{before going to Wales.}

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Meanwhile other newspaper and picture people have boarded the American Importer, observing the ship that brought the Colonel and his family across, scrutinizing the Lindbergh baggage -- and the Christmas trimmings and decorations left since the Yuletide celebration in mid-ocean. This all material for stories.

Publicity follows grimly after the Lindberghs. Follows the Colonel, his wife and their baby -- the publicity they have tried vainly to shun, the publicity that drove them from their home. The Lindbergh fame relentlessly pursues its luckless possessor.

The English newspapers have been discussing the strange drama of arrival: talking sedately and politely -- something like this: "Colonel, we are glad you are here, and we respect your privacy. But," they add "the British public has been looking forward to your coming. The people here are interested in you. They'd like to know something about your stay in England. (So - with all that fine British reserve and courtesy the newspapers over there have been advising the Colonel to speak to the press and say a word to the British public, and get it over.)

(English editors have made the comment that by refusing to give interviews to newspapers you can defeat your own purpose, just as Colonel Lawrence of Arabia did. Too much silence can merely stir up the publicity it seeks to avoid.)

But the Lone Eagle of course hadn't read all this British

And -
journalistic advice. [^] Maybe if he had, he wouldn't have ~~been~~
paid any attention to it. His first word upon arriving at
Liverpool was -- "No interviews." So today as he went speeding
away, the newspaper cars were rushing on his trail. ^π If the
tragic ~~Lindbergh~~ story needed any ironical finishing touch --
you would find it in the line of reasoning those same English
editors ~~took~~ take. They ask -- "What if the Lindberghs had, in
going abroad, ~~via~~ quietly taken passage on a regular transatlantic
liner. Suppose they had boarded the vessel at the last minute,
and quietly kept in their staterooms. (In that way and with a
minimum of excitement they could have avoided the news men and
the picture men.) ~~Suppose they had kept inconspicuously in their~~
~~cabins on the way over.~~ Of course their departure would ^{have} become
known, but they could have landed without ~~the~~ the smallest amount
of dramatic publicity. Suppose they had taken a country house
in some quiet ~~English~~ English shire, as is quite usual. All this
would have been with a minimum of fuss.

But the mysterious departure~~s~~ in the dead of night, lone
passage on an obscure freighter, the secret flight into exile,

and the fateful headlines -- emphasizing the concealment and hiding. The English editors make a dramatic point of the irony -- the irony of the distracted family seeking a normal family life - and not knowing how to get it - though any reporter could have told them. In their desperate attempt to escape the public gaze, they chose a course of action that could but bring upon them the white light of sensationalism and public excitement -- as they landed in Liverpool.

Yes, that alone would be a depth of tragedy, without having that other nerve racking scene to go with it -- that scene of "goodbye" in the Trenton Prison. No crowds, no excited spectators there. A cold, dreary, silent prison. A line of cells; in one -- Richard Brune Hauptmann. There's a stir. Footsteps echo on the stone floor. A key rattles in a lock. An iron door clangs open and shut. A negro condemned to death for murder is led down the corridor -- walking his last mile. As he passes the cell of the Bronx carpenter he calls out -- "Goodbye Hauptmann." But Hauptmann doesn't stir; doesn't reply. He knows that two weeks from this New Years' Eve he too will

tread that same path -- unless the New Jersey Board of Pardons commutes his sentence to life imprisonment. Reports from the prison tell of Hauptmann weeping; his food untouched. Even so, he shows no signs of breaking down, although the authorities are watching and waiting hoping that he will speak and say more than he has said.

(But the days are growing short. The Pardons Board will soon have its say. They have left it to Governor Hoffman to name the day when they will consider Hauptmann's plea.)

GUFFEY

Suppose a fellow gets a punch in the nose because somebody doesn't like the kind of necktie he's wearing. And then he gets a punch in the eye because somebody else doesn't like the color of his suspenders. That's what you'd call tough. And if the Guffey Coal Bill had a tongue and could speak tonight, it would be saying "Ouch! - double ouch!"

Today's Court decision isn't the first that has taken a smack at the bill which designs to create a little N.R.A. in the coal industry and regulate the working conditions of the miners. Today's Kansas City judge does pretty much the same that the District of Columbia judge did not so long ago. Only he did it for a different reason.

The District of Columbia judge didn't like the necktie, which in this case means the wage and hour provisions in the Guffey ~~ex~~ Bill. The Federal Court in the District of Columbia said the regulation of those coal mine wages and hours were unconstitutional.

The color of the Guffey suspenders, which the Kansas City judge today said he didn't like, comes to this - the provision in

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the law which imposes a fifteen per cent tax on companies that do not abide by those labor and working conditions, an attempt to enforce an N.R.A. plan on an industry by putting a high tax on companies that do not abide by it and a low tax on firms that say, "Okay, chief". In this the Administration is basing itself on the tax provision of the Constitution which gives the Government the right to impose taxes as it sees fit. But today Judge A.L.Reeves, in the District Court at Kansas City, said that it was using taxation for punitive purposes and he ruled that the taxing power granted by the Constitution does not include the right to penalize and punish.

On top of this the District Court in Pittsburgh took still another punch at the ^{Guffey} ~~Coal~~ Bill, by granting a temporary injunction, forbidding the law to be applied until the legalities have been cleared up.

MILNE

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I suppose that some New Year's party tonight will be graced by the presence of an ingenious and imaginative young man who wants to be an actor. This young man's gay presence, ~~aided by the~~ ^{at some} midnight noise-making, will be by the grace of His Honor, the Judge.

Yes, that sprightly young man, Caleb Milne, was today released, turned loose on bail, a Seventy-five hundred dollar bond. That let's him free for the New Year, but he'll be back again on January ninth, back before the judge, to face the charge of attempted extortion. A lively young man for anybody's New Year party, this ambitious ~~young offspring of~~ ^{thespian of a} wealthy family, who performed the theatrical exploit of kidnapping himself. He ought to be able to think up a good trick or two ~~at midnight~~ ^{for New Year's Eve.} So

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Happy New Year, and s-l-u-t-m.