

ARREST

Across the East River from New York lies Brooklyn, and there you will find extensive neighborhoods of four and five story walk-up tenement houses. They are packed solidly for miles. That's the way it is along Bushwick Avenue, a busy street humming with traffic. In one of those four-story brick tenements, a family moved into a five room flat on the ground floor last month. The new tenants were one Louis Phillips, his wife, their three children - and a boarder. The neighbors knew nothing about them. The Phillips family was quiet and orderly - and nobody knew the name of the boarder.

Today, ten men moved cautiously around that tenement. Several took their post in front, several in the rear, others on the roof. Two of them knocked at the door of the Phillips flat. No answer. They tried the door. It was locked. Then one of the men tossed several small objects into the open transom - objects that went "pop" when they hit inside.

They were G-men, on a raid, with tear gas bombs.

In a few minutes out came that Phillips family, the Mr.,

and Mrs. and the three children - tears streaming from their eyes. But no sign of the boarder. The G-men dashed inside. And there they found an arsenal - two machine guns, a rifle, three pistols, hundreds of rounds of ammunition and a bullet-proof vest. Still - no sign of the boarder.

The G-men scouted high and low, and finally looked into the dumbwaiter shaft. There, half-way to the floor above, clinging to the pulley rope - was the boarder.

"Come down we'll shoot!" they sang out. So the boarder slipped down the rope, and they grabbed him. Edward Bentz, suspected of being involved in bank robberies at Danville, Vermont; Milford, Pennsylvania; and Moreville, North Carolina - and of being the missing man in the Weyerhauser kidnapping. That's the way they identified him.

You'll remember how last May George Weyerhauser, heir of the big western lumber fortune, was kidnapped? The ransom was paid and he was returned. The lad told how two men picked him up in an automobile. Two weeks later, a man and a woman were arrested and confessed to their parts in the kidnapping.

Harmon Waley and his wife Margaret Waley.

What about the other man, the second of the two who picked up George Weyerhauser?

The G-men think that question may have been answered by the raid they staged today on the tenement flat in Brooklyn.

FLOODS

Floods still surging, from Maine to Maryland today.

But the freezing weather is now stopping them a bit. At

least nine persons have perished in the raging waters. At

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, four ^{perished}~~were drowned~~ in a flooded

home. The coast guard has rushed several amphibian planes

and a dozen power boats to the rescue of families isolated in

the Wilkes-Barre area. And both coast guard and Red Cross

are sending rescue parties to hundreds of flood-isolated

families in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. *And the*

Government is putting up \$5,000,000 for relief.

CONFIDENCE

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~~The grand~~
~~the radio~~ logic of political controversy, gets down to earth, with those good old words - "You're another." That's the case in the latest exchange of political haymakers between Ex-President Hoover and Senator Joe Robinson, administration leader. The Ex-President has been saying that the depression was deepened back in Nineteen Thirty-Two because the incoming Roosevelt Administration destroyed confidence. Mr. Hoover, speaking to a convention of insurance men at the Waldorf in New York, repeats his accusation - of confidence destroyed.

What is Senator Robinson's answer to this? He contents himself with no mere denial. He replies that the Ex-President has been predicting inflation, has cast doubt on the financial policies of the government. And he shouts - "Hoover is destroying confidence." The good old argument - "You're another."

~~It looks as if confidence were having a bad time, with everybody destroying it. In fact, I'm losing confidence and~~

~~SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.~~

FIRPO

Tonight, in the City of Buenos Aires, a great burly fellow is a free man once more. But I don't suppose he's grinning broadly. He was always known as - "Dead Pan". In the ring he fought with an expression ^{less} ~~of a~~ scowl. The night he whaled Jack Dempsey head over heels right out of the ring - the Dead Pan never changed. Yes, ~~the~~ the old Wild Bull of the Pampas, Luís Ángel Firpo, who has been on trial, who was found not guilty yesterday, and is a free man today.

It's the old story of how a famous fighter is too often not a good business man. Firpo retired with plenty of those American dollars and returned to his native Argentina. There he went into business to represent an American automobile firm. But the ways of finance were too tricky for him. He lost heavily. One account tells that he paid ten thousand dollars for a worthless option on a piece of real estate. And that same word "option" brings us to the catastrophe.

Firpo played a part in the auctioning off of a ranch. Apparently, there was nothing but an option to ^{sell} ~~an auction~~. But the people who did the bidding thought they were bidding for the

ownership of the ranch. They were stuck. ^{1/17} ~~and~~ Firpo was indicted
on along with the auctioneer. ^{Whereupon} ~~the~~ man who faced Jack Dempsey didn't
want to face the music. Firpo ran away to Uruguay, grew a beard,
and hid for a while. ~~Mexi~~ But later he came back to Buenos Aires
and ~~was~~ was put on trial. Now the verdict is - that the auctioneer
was guilty of swindle. Firpo - not guilty. The court finds that
the crooked auctioneer fooled Firpo and used him as a dupe. In
the fraudulent real estate transaction he was merely a tool, just
a "Wild Bull of the Pampas".

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The report that we have today of Italy's reply in London is exactly what you would expect. (To ask Rome to join in applying League sanctions to Germany is as weird as anything in a fantastic parody. It's like asking a man to help in horse-whipping somebody, while he himself is being horse-whipped.)

Then -- look at it this way. While Italy is suffering from the League sanctions one of her ways out of the boycott is to trade with the nations not in the League. One of the most prominent of these ^{being} ~~to~~ Germany. Italy is getting vital supplies from the Teutonic Reich. So if Italy were to join in the League of Nations boycott against Germany she would be cutting off her German source of supplies. ~~But~~ By putting sanctions on Hitler, Mussolini would be putting sanctions on himself. That's the paradoxical, whimsical, fantastical twisted comedy that Europe has got itself into.

(So no wonder ~~that~~ Rome is reported today to have told the statesmen in London that Italy will not join in any penalties against Germany -- that is, until she herself has

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been freed from the sanctions.) A report from Rome goes even further and says that Italy will protest against putting League penalties on Germany.

So Mussolini has taken his stand at last. And it leaves the deadlock in London frozen as solid ^{by} as ever. France, Russia and the smaller nations lined up with them show no signs of weakening in their demand that Germany must be punished. England is still determined to ^{work} ~~find~~ out a middle of the road compromise. Italy's stand today is ^{of course} embarrassing to France. It tends to line Rome up with London, and that's an odd transformation -- after all the bitter British-Italian wrangling about Ethiopia. ^{Which} ~~That~~ adds to the paradoxical humor of the situation.

But after all, the diplomatic proceedings in London are behind closed doors. Nobody is really certain of how near the statesmen there are to an agreement. ~~In~~ An official report they handed out after the session today was sweetly ambiguous. It said that the powers were: "in closer approximation of views" -- those are the official words, closer

approximation of views."

Maybe the approximation isn't so close to what the government at Paris wants, because Foreign Minister Flandin of France is taking a plane across the channel tonight, back to his home town to tell the story to his fellow ministers of the cabinet.

I wonder whether that reported German secret emissary will accomplish anything the man they say has been sent to Paris to persuade the French Government to go easy on Germany?

Tomorrow's the day. The League Council meets in London to take action upon the German military movement to the Rhine - Hitler's defiance of the Treaty of Locarno. Tomorrow things will get a bit more out in the open.

D'ANNUNZIO

Today's story about the grave illness of the poet D'Annunzio has one astonishing detail. It concerns his doctor. The very name of D'Annunzio evokes flamboyant visions of literary genius, adventures in war, and ^{scarlet} ~~romantic~~ romance. But what about the name of the doctor? Today's news from northern Italy tells us that the poet is stricken with pneumonia, and mentions his physician as - Dr. Duse'. Strange! Those two names linked again - D'Annunzio and Duse'.

The poet has been one of the flaming writers of our era, with a dazzling succession of poems, novels, plays. And he played a flaunting hand in world politics. His wild eloquence did much to get Italy into the World War. He was an aviator on the battle-front. And he climaxed it all with that celebrated raid on Fiume' after the War. In defiance of the powers of the world, he gathered a handful of men and seized the disputed ^{Adriatic port} ~~city~~ for Italy. But there are many who will remember D'Annunzio mostly for that celebrated romance with Eleonora Duse'.

Utterly baldheaded and quite ugly, D'Annunzio could always charm women. And above all, he charmed the actress who

disputed the crown of the dramatic stage with Sarah Bernhardt. She was already famous when he was a young and unknown poet. She pushed him to the top, insisted on acting in his plays, dedicated herself to his fame.

Then he wrote his famous novel, called in English - "The Flame of Life". In it, he narrated his affair with Duse. He used his life with her as the material for one of the most brilliant novels ^{of our time,} In it he wove secrets that she had told him of her past life, secrets that she had guarded for years. And with a golden ruthless pen he analyzed the sentiment of the youthful poet and the aging actress.

This broke Duse, utterly ~~and~~ crushed her. She ~~loved her~~ left the stage, quit her world famous career and retired into seclusion ^{and} bitterness. The flame of life was like the chill of death to her. - Yet the world has a great book.

Years later, during the World War, she returned to the stage once more, and had an American tour - still remembered as a ghostly pale woman, white face, white hair, ^{and those} white hands. And she met D'Annunzio again, and forgave him - so they say.

That's the background of that one brief reference in the news today - that the physician at D'Annunzio's bedside is Dr. Duse. The story doesn't say who he is. Can it be a relative of that actress of tragic renown? ~~I don't know.~~ All we have is the simple statement, D'Annunzio gravely ill with pneumonia, and the physician striving to save his life - is Dr. Duse.

LEOPARDS

From the inner jungles of Liberia comes a dark, shuddery story - the leopard men are roving! And that ~~sound~~ sends a shiver down the West African spine - the men who wear leopard skins, act like leopards and ~~who~~ kill like leopards. Word has come to Monrovia, the Liberian capital, that in the remote district of Grand Cape Mount, twenty blacks of the tribes have fallen victim to the "leopard men." And now the Liberian government has sent a force of soldiers, headed by Colonel T.E. Davis, to put down this newest outbreak of that secret murder society which for years has been a terror in West Africa.

In the past, from African travelers I ^{now and then} heard strange stories of the leopard men. I heard it explained that they go back to the time when Liberia was colonized by former slaves from the United States. These slaves, they say, brought with them American ideas about lodges - the joiners' spirit. They formed lodges, which combined with the older and darker secret societies of the native African tribes - the Voodoo sort of thing. The result was weird to behold. One of these voodoo lodges ^{took} ~~became~~ became blood curdling form, ~~became~~ ^{^ ^ ^} - the leopard men. I have also heard

them called - water leopards. And I had been told that it is their practice always to kill their victims in the water, luring them to a river bank, or getting them out into a boat, then dragging them ⁱⁿ to the water.

From time to time there has been an epidemic of water leopard killings in the back bush fastness of Liberia. From time to time the authorities at Monrovia have clamped down hard on the assassin society, but ~~it is~~ only temporary ^{it's And} ~~So~~ now we hear of a detachment of troops on their way to hunt down the leopard men ^{and} wipe them out.

MARRIAGE

Down in Maryland - Cupid gets a kick. They are tearing up the orange blossoms and smashing up the wedding bells. ~~What~~ doesn't mean ~~that~~ nobody ^{will} be allowed to get married any more down along Chesapeake Bay. The attack on weddings concerns only the town of Elkton - the American Gretna Green, where the ceremony of marriage is a major industry. Elkton has a population of three thousand. And ninety thousand marriages are celebrated there annually. They call it a marriage racket.

Today, the Maryland lawmakers were in solemn conclave at Annapolis, the state capital, ~~They are~~ figuring out ways to put an end to the wedding ~~industry~~ ^{mill} at Elkton. One way suggested is to stop the marriage bells from ringing out at night. It seems that most Elkton marriages are celebrated after dark.

One senator put it this way: "The marriage racket in Cecil County must be broken up", said he. "And it won't be unless couples are stopped from getting licenses and getting married at all hours from midnight to dawn." So a bill is now before the State Senate, making it illegal to issue marriage licenses between

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six P.M. and 9 A.M.

A curfew for cupid. ~~And~~
~~there goes the curfew for me~~

For sixteen years marrying has been a fiercely competitive business at Elkton. There used to be two chief competitors, the Reverend Edward Minor and the Reverend William R. Moon. The Reverend Moon had the taxi drivers organized. He got all the marriage ^{customers who} ~~business that~~ came in by train and ^{then} took a taxi. The Reverend Minor had the trade that came into town by touring automobile. A couple of years ago, the Reverend Moon died. Last summer the Reverend Minor got into trouble with the town authorities because of the great, gaudily illuminated signs he displayed. Signs reading: "Minister - Marriage License - Drive in." The city made him take the signs down. And now the state is going to forbid marriages at night in Elkton. ~~It is~~ ^{Curfew for cupid. Curfew for me.} ~~all a complicated tangle in the realm of what is cheerfully known~~ ^{And so long until Monday.} ~~as family bliss.~~

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