

L.T. Sunoco - May 3, 1935

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Good Evening Everybody:-

Among the points of wonderment and contention in the Lindbergh case, none were sharper and more pertinent than those that concerned Jafsie, the eloquent Bronx educator. No phase in the trial at Flemington was more discussed than Jafsie's identification of Richard Bruno Hauptmann, as the man to whom he had given the ransom money in the Bronx Cemetery. This afternoon a new dramatic scene was added to the already excessive drama of that best-known and most pitiful of crimes. At the Bronx Courthouse was made a revelation that has a significant bearing upon the conviction of Hauptmann,

The story begins several days ago with a statement by a man named Harry Whaley. Whaley was a member of the Bronx Grand Jury which, in 1932, investigated the Lindbergh ransom payment. That was right after the major events of the kidnapping. The Grand Jury proceedings, which led to nothing in particular, included testimony by Doctor Condon, who had just leaped into renown as "Jafsie," the ransom go-between. What did Jafsie say on the

witness stand at that time? That, of course, was ~~ix~~ not made public. Grand Jury proceedings are kept secret. The minutes of that ~~Grand Jury~~ hearing have been filed away ever since. ^R But now along has come one of the men who sat on the Lindbergh Grand Jury in the Bronx, ^A and he's been telling things that have had the local authorities in a fever. Harry Whaley's story has been that when Jafsie testified in 1932 he swore that if he were to see the man to whom he paid the ransom money he would not be able to identify him. That disclaimer of identification was made before the Bronx Grand Jury -- so says the man who sat on the ^T ~~Grand~~ Jury. And this, of course, ⁷ has all the bearing in the world on the fact that at the Flemington trial three years later, Jafsie on the witness stand did positively identify Hauptmann as the man to ~~wh~~ whom he paid the money.

No wonder there was agitation among the ~~Bronx~~ authorities. It became so hot that today an appeal was made to the Grand Jury records themselves, those transcripts of testimony that have been lying in secrecy ever since. This was done by order of ^{N.Y.} Supreme Court Justice McGeehan, who at one time was a

Bronx District Attorney. The Judge ordered the records to be opened and made public to the press. And this was done. What's the verdict? What did ^{Jafsie}~~Jafsi~~ testify according to the minutes of the proceedings?

The answer is in favor of Jafsie. The records contradict the story of former Grand Juror Whaley. The transcript of Jafsie's testimony shows that the much-testifying educator testified then that he was positive he could identify -- he was certain that if he came face to face with the man to whom he paid the money in the cemetery, he would recognize him.

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And that sets at rest a story that caused misgiving about Jafsie's testimony, and the jury's verdict at Flemington.

KIDNAP

A perennial candidate for high office has been kidnapped! That was the startling headline from New Mexico. The candidate in question was a perennial Communist nominee, which diminishes the mystery melodrama perhaps, and increases the element of probability. But, if he was kidnapped, he's not kidnapped any more. He's been found after plenty of dramatic excitement.

It all follows from the intrusion of an organization called the International Labor Defense into that fatal New Mexican riot of just a month ago -- the tragic unemployment disturbance which culminated in the killing of three persons. The International Labor Defense activity is because of the arrest of ten of the rioting unemployed. They are being held for trial. A lawyer was sent to the Southwest to defend them in the court -- David Levinson of Philadelphia. With him went Robert Minor, the Communist leader, who has been the Red candidate for various offices.

In New Mexico Levinson and Bob Minor jumped with customary vigor into the task of defending the prisoners. Then -

Levinson and Minor were missing - said to have been kidnapped.

The Government of New Mexico was requested today to send troops to the town of Gallup, and that request was accompanied by a story told by the wife of one of the men held on murder charges. She telephoned to the Governor, declaring that a masked mob grabbed Levinson and Minor last night, beat and clubbed them, and drove away with them in three automobiles. So the supposition was that the mob was holding them, kidnapped. That was one side of the story. The other side was given when the Governor proceeded to make quick inquiry. He was told by the Chief of Police, and the Sheriff at Gallup, that there had been no such kidnapping. Nothing of the sort had occurred.

That left it all as one of those yes and no affairs.

The Governor refused to send troops, saying he wanted positive certain evidence that there really had been a kidnapping.

Now comes word that the two men announced this afternoon that they have been located at Tohatchie, Arizona. They reported to the Governor that they were seized and beaten by a party of men wearing hoods -- carried off and dumped in the desert.

They are now in a hospital in Tohatchie.

Amid all the hullabaloo, it's pertinent to note that Levinson has been in the Red spotlight more than once. At the time of the bonus army march on Washington, it was he who appeared with Writs of Habeas Corpus to free fifteen of the marchers. When a young Italian anti-Fascist jumped threateningly onto the running board of Dino Grandhi's car when Grandhi was a visiting Foreign Minister, it was Levinson who appeared for the defense. When those three Bulgarians were on trial in Germany charged with setting the Reichstag fire, Levinson offered to go to Germany and plead their case -- but that didn't happen.

As for Robert Minor, that prime leader of the reddest Communism represents a character and career full of surprises. Years ago he was one of the prominent cartoonists of big American newspapers. That seemed an appropriate enough vocation for the son of a Texas judge, as Bob Minor is. He worked into prominence on the old New York World. A brilliant and delightful fellow. Then he went on a tour around the world during the final year of the war. I don't know if the round-the-world or the War, or Lenin,

did it. Anyhow I first encountered him in Europe during the Russian Revolution. He came out of Russia an ardent Socialist, and proceeded to do some Socialist writing for "The Masses." Suddenly his mildness turned to extremism. Pink turned to Red. And the one-time typical representative of a successful newspaper cartoonist grew a bushy beard and became a champion of the leftest of left-wing revolution, a leader of the Communists.

CRIME

In Boston here tonight, amid the old New England quiet, there are several angles of excitement. For example its exciting in a gustatory way that Brad Cushing, famous Manager of the Hotel Statler, has undertaken to show a gang of us what real old-fashioned Yankee seafood is like. And there's excitement in the newspapers, concentrated around one of the biggest local stories that's broken in these parts in a long time. It's nationwide news also -- that crime fortress in Providence, Rhode Island. As local news it keeps making the big headlines day after day. Naturally, it's a loud noise in the staid New England hush and quiet, when a dignified old mansion of traditional quality and rank is found to have become a gangster hideout, a fortress of felony, with hints of robbery and murder.

And the affair keeps developing day after day in melodramatic fashion. Even the love angle is present, to give Priscilla New England all the shivers of shock and scandal.

We heard the other night that there had been a confession in the affair of that old Providence mansion. A man

and wife, keepers of the castle of crime, have confessed.

They are brother-in-law and sister-in-law of the man accused of being the gang leader. They have told all they knew, and

according to the police, that's enough to solve the big Fall River

129,000 mail
~~Fall River~~ robbery, the crime in the foreground of the whole affair.

And there are also leads reaching out to ^{the} half-a-million-dollar armored car hold-up in Brooklyn last summer, one of the biggest ~~robberies~~ robberies on record. And there are mentions of various sinister murder angles, gangsters bumped off in the course of mob feuds and fighting.

Today's most talked-of angle here in New England concerns the reason for the confessions of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Steel, brother-in-law and sister-in-law of Carl Retich, ^{alleged} ~~alleged~~ gang leader. They say that Steel spilled the beans because ~~he~~ he was jealous of Retich, told his story because he was suspicious of Retich and Mrs. Steel. When Retich ~~is~~ in his cell heard about this, he yelled -- "Rat!" He snarled that the police had told those things to Steel to put suspicions in ~~gi~~ his mind to inflame

him with jealousy and make him talk.

But what of the woman in the case -- the blonde? Yes, she's a blonde, but hardly of the orthodox description of a vamp. She has two daughters in school. Why has she spoken? Why did she testify before the Grand Jury today? They say it's to show to prove graphically that she thinks more of her husband than of her brother-in-law accused of being the boss gangster.

It all makes a story for a stage play, with all sorts of embroideries of major crime woven around the central human theme.

Philippines

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Let's get several things clear about the disturbance in the Philippine Islands. First -- about the Sakdalistas. That word is derived from the Tagalog language which is the old native speech of the ^(the region around) Filipinos of ~~Manilla~~ Manila. It is quite common for Filipinos to talk Spanish as the polite formal language, and ~~Talk~~ Tagalog for familiar home conversation. Anyhow, Sakdalistas in Tagalog means "exposure of government abuses."

^{HP} But the Sakdalistas party, in addition to the exposure of government abuses, goes in for left-wing independence ideas. It is the extreme element of the independence party, opposed to the middle-of-the-road independence group ~~it~~ led by Manuel Quezon. The Sakdalistas are ^{against} ~~opposed to~~ the present new Philippine Constitution, in which the United States agrees ^{to grant} ~~to grant~~ independence to the islands in ten years. The Sakdalistas want independence right away. On top of that, they are said to have a reddish color of communism, influenced by the Soviet-inspired revolutionary ideas that filter more or less vaguely through the masses of the Orient.

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Then take Benigno ^hRamos. He is said to be the leader of the Sakdalistas uprising. He used to be a lieutenant of the orthodox independent^{el} leader, Manuel Quezon; but he broke with Quezon -- and since then has been leading the left-wing movement. Quezon is in the United States right now, in New York. Today he took a good deal of time off to explain what he thinks of ^RRamos. "He is an irresponsible demagogue," declares Quezon, "A demagogue" who was at one time in my employ in the Philippine Senate, and was discharged from my service."

The rebellious outbreak is directed against two objectives -- against Quezon's moderate party, which has put across the present independence arrangement. And also against the American authorities -- because the United States still remains in command of the Philippines for that ten-year period. And an American Governor General sits in state in Manila. And the forces quelling the outbreak are the American-trained American-led Philippine and ~~the Philippine~~ constabulary.

With that background we see the sweep of insurrection

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across the province of Laguna, and extending into adjacent provinces. In the reports of skirmishes in many places, two fierce encounters stand prominent, savagely fought battles between the Philippine constabulary and the Insurrectos. The list of casualties mounts toward a hundred. Telephone and telegraph lines are down as the shooting and bushranging goes on among the rice paddies, sugar-cane patches, and tropical jungles of the island of Luzon.

Hungary

In Budapest, the capital of Hungary, they are saying in sad tones of voice -- Jack Delport is going back to America. Just who Jack Delport ~~is~~ may be is rather hazy. That may be his right name, or it may not. But he's a famous and romantic person in Budapest.

Eight Years ago, he appeared in the Hungarian capital and called a meeting of newspaper reporters. He asked them about conditions of poverty and ~~hope~~ hopelessness in the Danubian city. He didn't say any more than that he was from Minnesota and represented a philanthropic organization that didn't want its name revealed.

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Then he went to work. With a staff of agents that he organized he patrolled the bridges of the Danube during the hours of night. When they saw hopeless-looking despondent people who seemed as if they might be in a mood to end their lives, Jack Delport and his men talked to them and helped them with money. He spent a fortune preventing suicides, cheating the Danube of scores of victims.

But now he's ~~leaving~~ leaving, going home -- a quiet man of about fifty, lonely but always smiling.

Ending

Hungary - 2

^{now}
He ends his strange missionary service along the Beautiful Blue
Danube. And all Budapest is talking of its regret. One Hungarian
newspaper devotes ~~thirteen~~ four columns of praise to Jack
Delport, the mysterious American.

DERBY

This should be a horse story, but it's a storm story.

Down in old Kentucky tonight they are clearing up the wreckage and polishing up the festive decorations ~~and~~ for tomorrow's great classic of the American turf at Churchill Downs. The horses will run fast in the derby, but hardly as fast as the storm winds that blew havoc across the Kentucky Bluegrass.

Louisville was packed with horse enthusiasts when the blast

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began to ^{knock} ~~knock~~ houses apart, ^{bat} ~~knock~~ down telephone poles and

And I imagine you could see Kentucky Colonels fleeing in
uproot trees. [^] The city was all dolled up with banners and gay

festoons when the tempest started. It was ~~that~~ different when the tempest ended. Banners and festoons blown to shreds by the gale, washed out by torrential rains. Just a litter of rubbish.

But the race track and the horses were not damaged, nothing really to impede the derby tomorrow, merely a considerable impediment to the decorations and holiday frills.

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The storm cut a wide path of damage across fields and towns of the Blue Grass. Several fatalities reported, and scores of injuries. All kinds of property damage. At Frankfort, the

all directions.

State Capital, the city power system was put out of business, with wind-blasted trees and storm-torn shrubbery littering the highways.

END

As I come to this point I am reminded of an affair taking place in Toledo. A gala annual event, the theatrical performance in which the actors ~~and~~ and actresses are newspapermen and women. This year's play is "The blessed Event." Which suggests that to many of you, the blessed event right now is when I say:- so long --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.