

P.J. - *Sunset*. Thurs., Dec. 9, 1937.

PARIS MURDERS

The news tonight is aptly dwelling upon the fact that in a Paris jail there's a cell once occupied by Landru, the Bluebeard killer - that's where he passed his last days before going to the Guillotine. Tonight, in the cell next to the one Landru occupied is George Weidmann, the German mass killer - arrested today. He has confessed to the ^{slaying} ~~killing~~ of five people, three Frenchmen, a German and the American ^{girl} ~~dancer~~, Jean deKoven.

The story is one of sharp detective work by the agents of the Paris Surete, the French G-men. Dancer Jean deKoven of Brooklyn was traveling in France, when she disappeared. Her family appealed to the Surete - without much satisfaction. The French G-men shrugged their shoulders - an American girl missing, that nearly always meant a love affair. In such romantic matters a French G-man is just a Frenchman.

But meanwhile the Surete was investigating several murders, bodies found. One victim was a real estate agent, shot to death - and in his pocket they found a visiting card. The name on it was - Herr Schott. The Surete searched for this Herr Schott, and found him - a German who had been in the south of

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was living
France but now ~~at~~ Strassburg. This Herr ~~Schott~~ recalled ~~having~~
given one of his cards to a friend of his nephew, The name of the
nephew was Arthur Frommer - and this was the name of one of the
murder victims. The name of the friend was George Weidman. The
agents of the Surete traced Weidmann, and that seemed to lead them
to a German engineer Siegfried Sauerbrey. That's the name of a
highly respectable citizen of the German City of Frankfurt. The
killer perhaps was using his name. The trail led to a beautiful
secluded villa near Paris. A villa near the historic palace of
Malmaison, which Napoleon gave to Josephine.

Two of the French G-men went to the lovely villa,
and there ~~Herr Sauerbrey~~ *Herr Weidmann* came to the door. He recognized them at
once as detectives, swiftly drew a pistol and opened fire. His
aim was bad. He missed them, and they beat him down with their
fists.

Then followed hours of questioning, the ~~burden of evidence~~
production of evidence before the prisoner - and then a ~~confession~~ *confession*.
The mass murderer has a criminal record in Germany, and in Canada,

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where he lived for a while. He left Germany to escape military service. In France he became a killer - for money. He selected the villa ^{near the Mal} ~~the~~ maison of Napoleon and Josephine, because it gave him a hidden retreat. From that ^{base} ~~day~~ he embarked upon a campaign of murderous robbery. ^R A woman seems to be implicated with him, a blonde. It appears it was she who brought Jean deKoven of Brooklyn to the villa. The American girl's body was discovered today buried under the porch, fully attired in street clothes, coat and all. So it seems she was killed, strangled, the moment she got to the place. She was robbed - of some five hundred dollars, ~~including travelers checks. Some of these were cashed by the blonde woman accomplice, it is believed.~~

Tonight Paris has another sensational case, an affair to match the spectacular crimes of Landru, the Bluebeard. And in the cell next to the cell occupied by Landru, George Weidmann, the mass killer, ^{now} ~~awaits~~ the Guillotine.

MOSCOW FOLLOW PARIS MURDER

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Moscow has a story of missing Americans and the word today is that the United States Embassy is likely to investigate. Sinister and familiar in Red Russia is that word - missing. It usually means - arrest, and possibly a secret execution by the firing squad. Time and again people are missing that way - but nearly always Russians. Hitherto there has been no unexplained disappearance of an American, until now.

Donald Robinson arrived in Moscow a month ago with his wife. He's a writer it seems, doing some sort of publishing business in Russia. A few days ago he vanished. His wife said he was ill and went to a hospital for treatment. He didn't return. She was informed that he had contracted pneumonia, and so they had placed him in an iron lung. But later a physician told her pneumonia patients were not placed in the iron lung. She was badly worried, weeping - when she talked to fellow Americans.

This morning, she disappeared. Inquiries at the hotel where the Robinsons lived disclosed no information, but it was noticed that they had been moved out of their

apartment, their belongings taken elsewhere, and a Russian was moving in.

It's all quite mysterious.

MISSING FOLLOW MOSCOW

There's a case of vanished persons in the Phillippine Islands too. But this time there's no weird element of the mysterious. It's a case of -- missing in an airplane flight. Importance lies in the prominents of the persons -- Brigadier General Santos, Chief of Staff of the Phillippine Army, Colonel Segundo, Chief of the Phillippine Intelligence Department, and ^{Commander} ~~Lieutenant~~, William Lee the American ^{head} ~~commander~~ of the Phillippine Army Air Corps.

They were on a flying trip to -- an adventurous expedition. A Moro uprising, outlaws of that war-like ^{race} ~~people~~ on the rampage -- and the three high commanding officers were investigating. They took off from Mindanao and ran into some more adventure, -- a typhoon, which was sweeping across the Phillippines. That forced them to land on Cebu Island. ^{See too} Then when the storm cleared they took off from Cebu to return to Manila. That was three days ago. And since then nothing has been seen of them. Today the search was on, Phillippine Army Aircraft joined by ten United States military planes, while detachments of soldiers searched the coast line.

SPAIN

The Spanish war flares this evening -- with a spectacular air battle. It was a mass airplane raid by the Left Wingers against the Island of Majorca. Franco's warships are blocading the coast and their base is Las Palmas, port of Majorca. So today ~~the~~ a Left Wing sky armada sallied forth to smash at the blockade and bombard Franco's ships, especially the powerful cruiser CANARIAS at Las Palmas. They were received with a hurricane of fire, from anti-aircraft guns and from flights of pursuit planes that went winging to meet them. It was a war all over the blue Mediterranean sky at Majorca today.

As usual the reports are conflicting. Franco announced ^S₁ that seven of the attacking planes were shot down. The Left Wingers declare that only one of their planes ~~fell~~ failed to return ^{- that} ₁ ^{and} ₁ they shot down three Rebel craft. Neither side makes any mention of warships being hit in the harbor. ~~so~~ apparently ~~the sky bombs did not get to their mark, but high explosive did crash on the island, and forty casualties are~~ reported.

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In the Far East the Japanese are still battering at the gates of Nanking -- and continue to demand the surrender of the city.

AMBASSADOR

There's an insistent rumor in Washington that Joseph P. Kennedy will become our Ambassador to London. This is part of a series of reports indicating a wide shake-up at the top of the American diplomatic service. Ambassador Dodd has resigned the Berlin job, with Assistant Secretary of State Hugh Wilson expected to take his place. Next - the word that Ambassador Bingham has offered President Roosevelt his resignation from the London embassy, most glittering of ambassadorial stations. Mr. Bingham is in the United States right now, in a hospital at Johns Hopkins, his health poor.

His successor, ~~XXXXXX~~ as rumored today, is an interesting choice. Joseph P. Kennedy has no diplomatic experience whatever. He's a banker, and his career has been in finance - government finance of late. He was the head of the Securities Exchange Commission and right now is Chairman of the Maritime Commission. So it's not surprising to hear that his rumored going to London has a financial slant. Some of the most pressing problems that London and Washington have to settle are commercial and financial.

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Such negotiation would be right up the alley for Joseph P. Kennedy, the banker with no diplomatic experience.

The rumors of a shake-up mention Moscow also. Ambassador Davies is in the United States rightnow. He's seldom in Moscow. It was a bit of a paradox when he was appointed, the millionaire business man and his multi-multi millionaire heiress wife sent to the Red land of Communism, where capitalism is so loudly hated. But the capitalistic ambassaodr and his equally capitalistic lady have done their ambassadorial duties mostly by staying away from Moscow. That puts a touch of the probably on today's rumor -- that the State Department in Washington will soon accredit a new plenipotentiary to the Red Kremlin.

FREIGHT

54 { The railroads are in a hurry. The trains are speeding of course -- but today's haste and rush was before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The roads are asking for an increase of freight rates, enough to give them an added five hundred and seventeen million dollars a year. And they want it fast. Today they took a step without precedent. They asked the Commission to grant the increase to be effective on five days' notice. That shortness of notice is the part ~~that~~ without precedent. The railroad attorneys told the Commission that the situation is critical, railroad income decreasing -- a boost in rates necessary right away.

BUFFALO

Buffalo is still struggling with its ~~traffie~~ terrific snow fall, the town trying to dig out -- trying especiall y to dig ^a way ^{to} the seventeen persons marooned in a garage out in the country between Buffalo and Tonawanda. Those seventeen, twelve men and five women were caught on the road in their cars ~~xxx~~ when snow drifts choked the highway. ~~They~~ The only refuge they could find was the garage. They've been marooned there since yesterday morning -- no food. This afternoon a reporter of the BUFFALO TIMES got to them over the snow -- on skis. He brought them a couple of pounds of chocolate bars -- their first bite since the blizzard ^(trapped) ~~caught~~ them. And tonight ~~and~~ snow plows are grinding through the drifts to rescue them.

WEATHER

The nationwide cold wave has the usual accompaniment - an epidemic of fires. When ice comes, it always brings its opposite - fire. The news today brings stories of peril in the catastrophe of flames - tragic victims and brave rescues. Nor is the lighter side absent, with the droll and absurd - as we find ^{today} in Berlin, Maryland. ¶ The nurseries operated by G. Hale Harrison, caught fire in the dim hours of this morning. Harrison ~~raised~~ raced breathlessly to the nearest fire alarm, but it wouldn't work. The cold had put it out of commission. So he kept on racing breathlessly - to the house of police chief Taylor. Together they got the fire wagon out and went roaring along the main street of Berlin, with the siren shrieking. One fireman of the Volunteer Fire Force woke up and responded. The other firemen stayed sound asleep, could ^{it} ~~not~~ be aroused even by cannon fire - or was it just so cold and shivery? It's not so much fire-fighting-fun to be drenched with water when it freezes on you.

So the three men in the fire wagon drove to the burning nursery. There they found they hadn't enough man-power to operate

the equipment. They couldn't handle the hose all by themselves.

So the fire wagon went whizzing back to town again.

There they got on the telephone and called each sleeping fireman, number by number. This time they got the brave smoke-eaters out -- all of them. And a complete blaze-battling company finally arrived on the scene. By this time the nursery had completely burned down, a twenty thousand dollar loss. So they all stood around in the ashes and talked it over.

FIRE

Just as melancholy is the case of Mrs. Lillian
Donnelly of Brooklyn. Her house ^{down toward} ~~at~~ Sheephead Bay caught
fire today, and that was ^{a great} ~~an~~ occasion for the local volunteer
fire department -- the only one left in ^{Greater} New York. The volunteers
swarmed to the task -- the first blaze they'd had in a long
time. They were doing fine, squirting the hose on the flames,
when up clanged the city fire department, with all sorts of big
equipment. The big-time professionals ordered the volunteers
to get out of their way -- and the battle was on. They roared
at each other and they wrangled, while the house burned.
They called the police, and when the cops came they had each
other arrested. The case ended in the police court, with charges
and counter-charges before the Judge. Meanwhile, Mrs.
Donnelly's house burned down.

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FOOTBALL

There's no indication who will succeed football coach Harry Kipke at the University of Michigan. It would appear that the athletic board has nobody in particular in mind, because we hear that they're out looking for a football chief.

The one-time all-American star is President of the National Association of Coaches, and his removal was rather a surprise.

KIBITZER

A man with a fractured shoulder stirs our sympathies. When we hear he was pushed so violently he fell over a chair and sustained his injury, our moral indignation is aroused. But when we hear the whole story, our sentiments become mixed.

James H. Carroll, a real estate broker of Hartford, Connecticut, admits that on the fatal occasion - he was a kibitzer. The game was that risky pastime known as draw poker. The pot was large. And the kibitzer advised Anthony Cymerys, a butcher to draw one card to fill a straight. Cymerys did -- and what a sour card he got. I suppose he wanted ²~~the~~ queen and drew a three spot.

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"Get the dickens out of here!" he roared. And he gave the kibitzer a push which sent him tumbling over a chair so hard that he broke his shoulder. So says Poker ^{Kibitzer}~~Expert~~ Carroll, suing for five thousand dollars.

Card Player Cymerys tells a different story. He describes the kibitzer as being - unusually ticklish. He admits that when he made the unfortunate one card draw, he raised his hand - but only as a gesture in the direction of the ticklish kibitzer - who thereupon took a jump, fell over the chair, and busted his shoulder. Just ticklish.

DOGS

A decision was given today in Connecticut in the case of the retiring New York Supreme Court Justice, and his seventy Cocker Spaniels. The neighbors at Greenwich complained -- they were sure that those seventy dogs would never bite, because they were always barking. They charged that there was a nocturnal sleep -- destroying yipping and yapping by seventy spaniels.

Ex-Justice Scudder denied the charge of public nuisance. He proposed that a census be taken of the barking of his spaniels - station a watchman at the kennels, and count the number of barks.

But today the judgement went against the former justice. Seventy spaniels are too many. How many would be enough? About ten - that's the decision. So the eminent jurist is required to dispose of sixty of the seventy spaniels - kepping ten. If I were he I'd be inclined to keep the ten loudest barkers. And that's my final yip and yap for this evening -- and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.