

*Answered
1/16/35*

Good Evening, EVerybody:-

If you don't like crime and thrills ~~you'd~~ better tune out right now. For the battle between criminals and the law is smeared in glaring headlines.

Your newspapers tomorrow morning will give you a graphic account of the melodramatic prison break in California. Only the sketchiest details are at hand right now. It happened this afternoon at San Quentin, California's grim fortress of punishment, where Tom Mooney is the most famous prisoner. It has long been known as a tough pen, and it was tougher than ever today.

The details of what **h**appened are not clear, what sort of incident led to the outbreak. But the main facts are **iix** vivid and startling. The California Prison Board was in session in a meeting room of the prison. Warden James Holohan of San Quentin, one of America's best known penologists, and three Prison Board members, were deep in discussion when suddenly a gang of ~~convicts~~ convicts entered. They were armed

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with pistols and two machine guns. They seized the Warden and the three Prison Board members, and forced them to come along to the prison yard. And there the escaping convicts took the four officials in an auto and went dashing away in a wild ride for freedom!

Tonight the highways of the Sunshine State are swarming with police and posses. There are reports that Warden Holohan was beaten up by the convicts and thrown out of the car a short distance from the prison. And a late rumor that the convicts have all been captured. There are rumors likewise that weapons made by the prisoners, have been found in the cells. But the details are all sketchy. News flashes from the coast will keep coming all night -- to provide drama for your newspaper in the morning.

And there was machine gun drama in that other Sunshine State.

CRIME

And now -- before we take a look at what happened today at Oklawaha, Florida, let's answer a few questions about Fred Barker.

He was born in Oklahoma. Together with his brother he engaged in a series of Midwestern crimes. Fred Barker was one of the prisoners who escaped from the Kansas State Penitentiary in 1931. Since then, he has had a career of hold-ups and killings. The authorities identified him ~~as~~ with the notorious Blackburn Gang, the mob that for more than a year has been hunted in connection with the kidnapping of Edward G. Bremer, the Saint Paul brewer. Federal men announced sometime ago that the two Barker brothers had been identified by finger prints as members of the Bremer kidnapping gang. So Fred Barker has been rated as one of the country's most dangerous outlaws.

And now let's see where Oklawaha is. The lake country of Florida runs down the center of the state, honey-combed with lakes and ponds. A region of farms, truck farms, where the Florida winter vegetables are grown. Oklawaha is on Lake Weir, a small town drowsing in the mellow warmth of the South. ^F And now -- what happened? Fred Barker and several others of the

Blackburn Gang ^{took possession of a handsome} ~~were in a~~ summer cottage on the banks of the lake. With them was Barker's mother, sixty-five years old.

They call her -- "Ma Kate". The federal agents got a tip so today fifteen government men of J. Edgar Hoover's staff, helped by the local police, surrounded the cottage on Lake Weir and the battle was on. The outlaws and Ma Kate barricaded themselves in the house and fought it out with machine-guns. The federal ^{men with} ~~men~~ ^{machine guns and tear gas bombs} fought like skirmishing soldiers on the outside, from places of shelter, from cover. The ~~gunfire~~ ^{gunfire} was incessant. People from the surrounding country reported that the continuous shooting sounded like a small battle.

The fight lasted for five hours. The ^{ment} ~~government~~ agents riddled the cottage with bullets. And how did it end? The announcement tonight is -- the chief outlaw, Fred Barker, shot ~~and~~ ^{and}, killed. And his sixty-five-year-old mother, Ma Kate -- shot dead ~~with~~ ^{with} a machine-gun at her side. The several others of the gang -- all accounted for, either killed or captured.

It looks as if the federal agents with one stroke, down there in the lake country of Florida, had wiped out the Black-

burn Gang.

That's one gun-fight story, and here's another. It happened at Lenore, Illinois. A gang of bandits with machine-guns descended on the bank at Lenore. The robbery didn't go off so smoothly. Shots crashed. The mobsters killed the cashier, and wounded the bank president. They were driven off. And then followed a wild chase.

The bandits grabbed an automobile with two men in it, and took the two along on a wild ride. A town posse, led by Sheriff Axeline, sped after them in a gun-fighting chase. In the battle the sheriff was killed.

But the robbers couldn't shake off the pursuit. They were finally trapped in a farm-house -- the end of the trail. One bandit committed suicide. Two others were captured, one badly wounded, the remaining one got away on foot through a cornfield, and is being hunted right now.

So, today was gunfire day along the line where crime meets the law.

LINDBERGH

And the theme of the law is rounded out by the events at Flemington, though there's not much of luminous interest to be told - a full long day of testimony; ~~but it's~~ still handwriting, nothing but handwriting. It can all be summed up in the fact that

Three more experts today identified Hauptmann as the writer of the ransom notes. The defense is ~~now~~ more and more pointing the accusing finger at the dead man, Fisch. One of its intimations in the face of the State's heavy batteries of expert handwriting testimony, is that Fisch, writing the ransom notes, might have imitated Hauptmann's handwriting.

Meanwhile, the relatives of the late Isidore Fisch, come from Germany to clear the memory of their kinsman, arrived at Trenton today, there to be questioned by Attorney General Wilentz, who is prosecuting Hauptmann.

~~As for the court proceedings in Flemington~~ The handwriting complexities can't last forever. And ~~any~~ time now the graphological maze is scheduled to come to an end and the case will break open with new sensations.

SAAR

From the Saar Valley angle of news we have two pictures -- one bright, the other morose and melancholy. The bright angle follows ^{that} a declaration of Hitler which we quoted last night, the triumphal statement that the Saar Valley victory opens the way for better relations between Germany and France. That was followed by a statement made by Minister of Propaganda Goebbels to the Foreign newspaper correspondents, in which Goebbels declared that Germany is eager for peace and friendship with France. On top of that German patriotic societies and Nazi newspapers ^{today} burst forth with expressions of good will toward the great republic which has so long been at odds with the Teutonic Reich. That's the bright angle -- better prospects of international harmony.

^A ~~The~~ gloomy picture is seen in the stream of refugees leaving the Saar, Jews, Socialists, anti-Hitlerites in general. There seems to be no prospect that the Nazis will go easy on their opponents in the valley of the coal mines.

RUSSIA

The grim Communist spotlight is on a court of law - the trial of the old Bolshevik leaders, Zinovieff and Kameneff and their associates, for complicity in the murder of Kiroff. We heard some weeks ago that Zinovieff and Kameneff were being exiled to a bleak Arctic island in the White Sea. Moscow now explains that this exile had been ordered, but that meanwhile new evidence has been discovered, linking the Zinovieff and Kameneff group more closely with the Kiroff assassination.

It is another one of those terrifying law court proceedings, with significant aspects of a political circus.

The spectacular part of it takes that form so characteristic

In Red Russia - confessions, abject, enthusiastic confessions. For example, there's the old Bolshevik warrior Zinovieff himself, shouting confessions in that curious Communist jargon. He is quoted as saying, concerning the Kiroff assassination: "This foul crime throws such a ghastly light upon our anti-party activity, that I admit the party is fully justified in holding our former opposition politically responsible for the crime." Strange confession that.

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One of Zinovieff's co-workers, a prominent Bolshevnik leader in the days of Lenin, falls all over himself confessing machinations against Stalin. And he concludes by declaring: "Zinovieff was horrified at being put on a level with murderers and bandits, ~~but~~ but I feel", the confession continues, "that we all were guilty of systematically poisoning the minds of the people and must bear responsibility."

Famous old Communist leaders, who are on trial now, will not face the firing squad. This opinion is founded in the fact that with all the terrorism, bloodshed and thousands and thousands of executions that the Communists have carried out, no one prominent Bolshevnik leader has been shot.

Bearing the responsibility in this case would logically mean being executed by a firing squad. (The Zinovieff trial is on before the 9 readed military Collegium of the Soviet Supreme Court This is the tribunal that has been executing a vengeance of wholesale terror as a reprisal for the assassination of Kiroff, It has caused a hundred and seventeen persons to be shot.

Well, the opinion in Moscow is that Zinovieff, Kameneff and their coterie of famous old Communist leaders, who are on trial now, will not face the firing squad. This opinion is founded in the fact that with all the terrorism, bloodshed and thousands and thousands of executions that the Communists have carried out, no one prominent Bolshevnik leader has been shot.

WATERSPOUTS

I've seen a few waterspouts in my time. They were a sight of never-failing beguilement. So I certainly wish I'd been aboard the Japanese steamship Tatsuta Maru as she steamed off Waikiki Beach at Honolulu.

To see one waterspout is fairly common; to see two is a rare thing. But three waterspouts at the same time, three whirling, swirling columns reaching into the sky - that's almost unheard of! Yet it is precisely what was witnessed from the deck of the big steamer of the Nippon Yusen-Kaisha Line. Each is described as a hundred and fifty feet in diameter. The sky was overhung with low black clouds, like a heavy drift of smoke, and from the dark cloud mass three spouts dropped in dramatic fashion. They reached downward to the surface of the sea and remained whirling there.

One was within a few hundred feet of the deck of the ^{N.Y.K. liner,} ~~Tatsuta Maru~~

The ship was weaving among waterspouts. Nearby were three United States submarines on manoeuvres, also weaving among water spouts.

After a few minutes, the three swirling columns lifted slowly and withdrew themselves back into the ~~sky~~ clouds.

BEATTY

Some day Clyde Beatty is going to decide that if he wants a pet, a small kitten or a lazy pup is about the thing for him. But, as it is, Beatty insists on having lions and tigers for playmates and so - he's in the hospital again. He staged another one of those thrillers.

Clyde, the man in the Big Cage,
At Rochester, Indiana, ~~he~~ was teaching a newly imported lion some tricks when the ~~great big~~ ^{huge} animal attacked him. With a blow of its paw ~~the~~ the giant cat knocked the trainer forty feet, all the way ~~ex~~ across the training arena. Beatty fought the beast in the usual way, with a chair, and held the lion off until the attendants rescued him. Tonight he's in the hospital with several ^{more} broken ribs and ^{more of those} assorted cuts and bruises.

MOHAMMEDAN

It looks as if New York's Harlem might fall into the throes of a black Mohammedan-Hitlerite movement. A hint of this was given by the appearance in court of Sufi Abdul Hamid, who is the head of a Mohammedan ^{cult} ~~movement~~ in Harlem. Sufi Abdul Hamid is six feet tall and coal black. He appeared before the judge in his purple turban, a green shirt, a gold braided cap, and riding boots. He was arrested for making a speech before two thousand Harlem negroes without getting a police permit. But that negligence of the law is a minor thing beside the ideas that were being expounded in ^{that} ~~the speech~~ ^{oration} of Sufi Abdul Hamid. The cops say that he was ~~xxxx~~ starting an agitation for the negroes to drive the white people out of Harlem, especially the Jews.

That's why Magistrate Aurelio, of Italian antecedents, gazed sternly at ^{the} Sufi, Abdul Hamid, in his purple, green and gold, and demanded:- "Do you think you're the Harlem Hitler?"

An expression of pain crossed the inky features of ^{the} ~~Sufi Abdul Hamid~~ ^{souffled Sufi}. "I don't know what I am," he replied. "This trial confuses me."

And any one might be confused by the Harlem-Hitler idea.

It could hardly be called a one hundred per cent Aryan or pure Nordic movement.

Magistrate Aurelio didn't seem to be able to keep his eyes off Sufi Abdul Hamid's purple turban, green shirt and gold-braided cap. Coveted them, perhaps.

"What's the idea of that uniform?" demanded the Judge.

To which the Harlem Sufi replied with dignity:-

"We all have our idiosyncracies. Gandhi has his goat skin. Spinoza wore long hair. And I'm dressed as I am because I don't believe in the social behaviorism of other people."

That made the Judge blink. He swallowed hard and held Sufi Abdul Hamid without bail, for trial on Saturday.

The whirling dervish of Harlem says that he was born in the Sudan, where the faith of the Prophet is ~~stax~~ strong. The police think he was born in North Carolina. Just a Bull Durham whirling dervish.

And now I'm a broadcast whirling dervish, whirling from the mike. And,

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.