

KIDNAP

L.S. - Sunco Tri., Jan. 15, 1936  
1937

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An ironic drama was played in a Seattle police station today. A man walked in, looked around. He saw scattered newspapers telling of <sup>the</sup> hunt for a suspect in the Mattson kidnapping case, more than a thousand officers of the law searching for Fred Orrin Haynes, the Number-One-wanted-man. The newspapers were plastered with pictures of Haynes, a former California convict. The man walked to the desk and said he wanted to see the police captain. The sergeant said the captain was out, but would be in soon - wouldn't the visitor please wait.

The visitor waited - sat down, scanning the newspaper stories and pictures in the hunt for Haynes, the much wanted suspect.

Finally the captain arrived.

"What's your business?"  
~~What do you want?~~

he said to the visitor.

Thereupon the man pointed at the newspaper stories and pictures: "I don't want to get mixed up in that ~~that~~ thing," he said. "I'm not connected with the case."

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They looked at him, looked at the pictures - and saw

he was Haynes, the wanted man. He had come in to surrender himself, ~~and had a little trouble doing so.~~ *and had to wait.* Maybe the pictures didn't look so much like him. Photographs sometimes are that way.

The Seattle police captain says he doesn't think the man had anything to do with the crime, and believes he will soon be released.

STRIKE

( One highly encouraging thing about the strike truce is the determination for peace that drove ~~ix~~ on the negotiations. That determination is manifest in one of the terms of the <sup>temporary peace,</sup> ~~truce,~~ The strike is held in abeyance, pending further negotiations for a final settlement.) The terms specified that the decisive parley shall begin next Monday and shall continue for fifteen days -- ~~until~~ <sup>unless</sup> they come to an agreement sooner. In other words, they won't give up, no sudden breaking off -- they'll keep working away for a settlement for fifteen days. ~~Meanwhile~~

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The other conditions of the truce look like a fairly even compromise. ( On the Union side -- the sit-down strikes are called off, the men moving out of the factories. On the side of General Motors, the company agrees not to try to start the <sup>sit down</sup> ~~plants~~ going. They will be left just as they are. )

the Auto Union gave in on its demand that it should be recognized as representing all the workers, all the 135 thousand employees of General Motors. It stands to bargain merely for the Union men.

The Union Leader, Homer Martin interprets this <sup>union</sup> concession as a Union victory -- a partial victory. He says it implies recognition of the Union -- ~~but not~~ <sup>partial</sup> ~~not one hundred percent~~ recognition.

Anyway there's a truce, <sup>and</sup> they're ~~going~~ giving themselves fifteen days <sup>to hammer out a permanent settlement.</sup> Meanwhile the National Guard is going home.

TREASURE

The hunt for buried treasure in Dover, Delaware, is a classic to delight the hearts of those that fancy mysterious old charts, cryptic directions, strange legends, and the hunt for secret gold. Dover is a pleasant place, and never expected anything so exciting and romantic as a treasure hunt, a search for gold - until <sup>the</sup> a strange thing happened.

Three brothers by the name of Lord, John, Fred and Ralph, own~~ed~~ the old Bayard house, one of those antique places from times gone by. They were having some work done in the cellar, some digging - when twelve feet below the cellar floor a workman's shovel uncovered a mouldy, ancient bottle, brown xxxx and of antique shape. (In it they found an aged sheet of paper, a message - in itself a classic to beguile anyone who has ever dreamed of buried treasure. It is cryptic, suggestive, involved in mysteries.)

Here's the way it reads: "Darling - From this spot go north four hundred and fifty meters, then ~~xxx~~ to Center Lane, then west four meters, then south twenty-nine meters. Dig five meters and find fifty thousand Pounds of gold in a metal coffin. Fare you well, my daughter . Colonel R.C.Y."

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( Now that's something to catch the fancy, all the way from the many meters to the metal coffin- not forgetting the Fifty thousand Pounds of gold.) With the finding of the mysterious document, the search is on. First, they had to try and figure out the meaning of the <sup>ancient caligraphy</sup> ~~message~~. The first calculation <sup>began by figuring that the</sup> ~~made was to figure that the~~ fifty thousand Pounds of gold would be worth about a quarter of a million dollars. That made the quest all the hotter. The next thing - who was Colonel R.C.Y.? An investigation of old records of Dover shows a man named Robert Young. .But he wasn't a colonel. He was a corporal in the War of Eighteen Twelve, and later became an ensign. But in those days most anybody might be called a Colonel, as is still the case in Kentucky.

But the most baffling thing of all is the mention of - Center Lane, which is the keypoint in the directions. But nobody in Dover ever heard of a Center Lane. It must be some long forgotten path of the old days.

That angle of the mystery has Dover in a state of

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confusion - because if there ever was any Center Lane ~~maybe~~  
it's likely to be under the middle of the ~~city~~<sup>town</sup> now. The  
directions say dig down three meters - sixteen feet. So  
maybe they will have to go boring sixteen feet under the  
town's tallest buildings to find Center Lane and the treasure.

The Lord brothers say they are determined to hunt  
for that gold, which leaves Dover in a state of perplexity.  
Will John, Fred and Ralph tear  
the whole town down?

## HISTORY

The shade of Benjamin Franklin, beams benignly tonight. In fact the voice of Franklin speaks from the sky tonight at Philadelphia, his old home town. There they have a nationally known club of advertising men, which is called after Franklin's whimsical pen name - "Poor Richard." Tonight sixteen hundred of these Poor Richards, some of whom are not so poor, are gathering for a toast to the immortal Benjamin. Outside a searchlight beam of a million candlepower will stream into the sky and pick out a silvery monoplane high above:- Slightly reminiscent of the famous kite Franklin flew, only the plane is so different. From the cockpit, a voice personifying the original Poor Richard, will give a message to those other not so Poor Richards - by radio.



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Next Wednesday is going to be a busy day. I find myself scheduled to be in two places; at the Inauguration in Washington, and I have just recalled that I had promised to meet Sir Wilfred Grenfell at the Metropolitan Opera House. Every year the Metropolitan puts on an opera for the ~~Grenfell Association, and the~~ fisher folk of the bleak coast of Labrador. But, it will be difficult to attend the ~~Grenfell~~ Labrador opera. Instead of hearing Kirsten Flagstad in "Tristan and Isolde" I'll be in Washington listening to the equally famous voice of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Several of my fellow members of the Explorers Club are here in the studio with me tonight. We've been discussing plans for the nation-wide broadcast <sup>over</sup> ~~of~~ this same network from the Explorers Club annual banquet tomorrow night at ten-thirty, when Explorers Wilson, Strom, Miner, ~~Ansley~~ and Hall, and a number of others will be on to describe their adventures in different parts of the world.

Sir Gerald Campbell, His Britannic Majesty's

Sir Gerald  
Campbell.

Sen. 157  
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Consul General in New York, another member of the Explorers Club, is sitting here with us. Sir Gerald, in mentioning the Labrador and Sir Wilfred Grenfell I wanted to pay a little tribute to the work ~~that~~ has been done by the International Grenfell Association. But, you can do that far better than I. How about it?

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FOR SIR GERALD

SIR GERALD:- I understand that the people of Labrador have to go on catching fish whether they or the fish like it or not and that there is a net loss on each kettle of fish because the fish used to come to roost, or whatever a fish does in such circumstances, in the digestions of people of various lands and tongues, shapes and sizes, and that of recent years many of those digestions have struck work so that the fish are nobody's darlings, which is just what the Labradoreans would be if Sir Wilfred Grenfell and his fellow workers and supporters did not do all in their power to show those children of destiny in the far north that somebody loves them.

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Personally I cannot blame the owners of the digestions, because I have met that dried cod in ~~Spain~~ Spain, Italy and Brazil, and I remember so well how in Rio de Janeiro we used, instead of troubling to learn the names of streets, to direct people by the first, second or third odour on the right, and the odour in question was dried cod or bacalhao.

Later in life I was to meet a still worse odour, namely that of

an elephant which had been floating down the River Congo for many days and had been dragged to the bank by a crowd of triumphant natives busily cutting up the flesh for a tasty meal. With my civilized sensitivities I could not approach very near but I did signify something of my concern to the native Chief, holding my nose tight the while. He gathered my meaning but exclaimed: "We don't eat the smell; what does it matter?"

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Later in a large city in California I was present at a lunch on a Friday when both meat and fish were served, and the fish sounded so loud that most of us had meat. A flummoxed waiter, after waving a plate of fish all round the room, planked it down in front of the Roman Catholic Archbishop, saying: "You've gotta eat fish."

FOR L.T. - FOLLOW SIR GERALD

--o--

L.T.:- Thank you, Sir Gerald Campbell, you have indeed told us about the work of The Grenfell Mission on the Labrador.

AMBASSADOR

The coming of a new French Ambassador inevitably suggests that familiar word - debt. There's no mystery in why Premier Blum asked former Cabinet Minister Georges Bonnet to take the legation in Washington. The purpose was to have Bonnet take on the job of negotiating a debt settlement. The word from Paris is that the former Cabinet Minister has decided to accept - he says yes, he'll go to Washington to talk over money matters with the Roosevelt administration. Paris believes that this is likely to be the beginning of a general debt settlement, with President Roosevelt taking the lead in a "gentleman's agreement" between the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy.

One surmise is that the coming of the new French Ambassador will tie in with the American visit of Sir Walter Runciman. That distinguished Britisher has been invited to *the* *White House to* ~~come over and~~ discuss world peace with President Roosevelt. ~~French Ambassador Bonnet would fit nicely in these conferences~~ for peace. And here ~~XXXXXXXX~~ once more the word "debt"

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creeps in, with the guess that in addition to world peace,  
Runciman ~~could~~ <sup>will</sup> have something to suggest in the way of  
collections and payments.

He's one of Britain's paladins of big business and  
finance, a small, gray haired, pale, thin lipped, rather  
sombre looking gentleman. His father was a sea-faring man  
who founded the Runciman shipping dynasty. So the present  
Sir Walter is a magnate of oceanic trade. He has been in  
politics since he was twenty-nine, and that's nearly forty  
years ago. He has scores of steamships, ~~a famous collection~~<sup>s</sup>  
~~of~~ books on Napoleon, <sup>and teaches</sup> a Sunday school class, ~~that he teaches,~~  
~~and an American wife.~~



INTERNATIONAL

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The highly decorative visit of General Goering to Rome assumes the aspect of strong-handed play in the game of state. The reports indicate that Nazi Number Two man and Duce Mussolini are planning to put some heavy pressure on Great Britain. They are preparing to demand, say<sup>S</sup> the rumor, that Great Britain shall join that anti-Communist line-up which Germany, Italy and Japan have already formed -- an understanding directed against the Reds everywhere and Soviet Russia in particular. London <sup>hasn't</sup> ~~isn't~~ the slightest desire to join ~~ix~~ any such combination. Britain wants to keep clear of both Fascism and Communism and maintain a middle position.

But Goering and Mussolini are said to be planning to apply the pressure. What kind of pressure? Spanish intervention -- that's the threat, heavy forces of Italian and German troops

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to be thrown into Spain to assure a quick victory for Franco's Fascists. "Come and join our anti-Communist party, or if you

don't -- we'll jump into Spain with both feet." *That's the Goering-Mussolini idea.*

If the diplomatic squeeze works out that way, it would leave Britain in a dilemma -- something for the most supple of

British statesmanship to cope with.

Word of an opposite sort comes from Paris today -- ~~an~~  
by  
~~an~~ unanimous vote ~~by~~ the French Chamber of Deputies saying: "We'll  
keep French volunteers from going to Spain." (Socialist Premier  
Blum asked the Chamber to give his government the authority to  
stop that ~~xxxxx~~ stream of Frenchmen going to the aid of the Left  
Wingers.) ~~It was~~ It was supposed that the Left element in France  
would be hotly opposed to this, but the vote of the Paris lawmakers <sup>today</sup>  
was -- unanimous.

<sup>However</sup>  
The halting of French volunteers is conditional -- it  
depends upon whether Germany and Italy will stop their nationals  
from fighting on the side of the rebels. ) The old conditional  
IF -- "We'll do it if you'll do it." Germany and Italy don't  
seem so much inclined to do it -- unless. Some more of the  
conditional, ~~xxxxxx~~ unless Britain joins the anti-Communist  
line-up. I'd call the whole thing -- too conditional for comfort.

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WEATHER

The cold wave is traveling east, stopping floods as it sweeps across the middlewest. ~~From~~<sup>To</sup> Indiana and Ohio the freeze came today and covered flood streams with layers of ice. The freeze ~~catches~~<sup>has caught</sup> the rising waters in its grip, and tonight the middlewest flood danger is reduced.

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The cold hasn't hit Pennsylvania hard enough yet to do its work there, so the Pennsylvania story is, rising waters - rural schools closed in the southern part of the state, a hundred and fifty thousand acres of farmland under water.

Families paddling their way to safety in boats.

As I paddle my way to the farm for the weekend - and so long until Monday.

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