

L.T. Sunoco, Thru., Aug. 15 - 1935.

CRIME

~~Here's a question.~~ What ^{is} the second largest industry in the country? Automobiles ~~are rated as the~~ ^{are} first. The Movies ~~are said to be in~~ third place. What's the second? "Crime," says Colonel ~~H. Norman~~ Schwartzkopf, head of the New Jersey State Police. The Colonel was in charge of things at the Lindbergh's Hopewell Estate at the time of that tragic kidnapping.

At the Fifth Annual Conference for Engineers at Johnsonburg, New York, Colonel Schwartzkopf told of the millions of dollars that the crooks take every year. And he said crime was the second largest industry.

But he added, there's hope. Because there's improvement. Law enforcement has been making long strides.

MURDER

One of the weirdest looking of murder mysteries is reported from Chicago. The victim is an official of Public Parks. His reputation was that of the most sedate family man, no gaddabout, never a hint of scandal. He was found in his automobile, dead, shot three times. At first glance the police thought it was a robbery, but his money was in his pocket. And on the body they found a mysterious, grotesque sheet of paper. It was a note, written in a woman's handwriting. It read, "You are the ugliest creature God ever made." Apparently the note with this flattering message had been signed and the signature torn away; and then placed on the murdered man's body. There's a clue for you detective story fans.

A second aspect of weird melodrama in the case brings us to a familiar crime story stunt -- a murdered man propped upright, so that he isn't noticed, seems to be alive. The Chicago Parks official was found sitting in his car, a half-smoked cigarette between his lips. The police believed the killer placed him that way, sat him upright, and stuck a cigarette between his lips, so that to passersby he might seem to be merely sitting in his car, smoking.

SHOWGIRL

Wild melodrama appears in the case of the former showgirl at Buffalo, New York, under arrest for the killing of her husband. Offhand, it is just one of those affairs. The former beauty of the stage, red haired and of fiery temperament, tells how she was trying to save her restaurant-owning mate from the curse of drink and there was a bitter quarrel, violence, and then shooting.

But now we find the mention of one of the most celebrated of mysteries -- that inexplicable disappearance of Judge Crater. Some years ago the prominent New York jurist walked out, and never returned. There was a search all over the world, but never a word of explanation. ~~All sorts of theories, All sorts of rumors,~~
And but the mystery has never been broken. Now the Buffalo police find that the former beauty of Broadway was a friend of the Judge who vanished so strangely, and they are going to question ~~her~~ her about the Crater case. ~~They'll try to find out if she knows anything about the disappearance of the jurist.~~

That's merely the highest of several high spots of melodrama in the husband-shooting case. The man who was shot was

the second husband of the one-time showgirl. Her first husband was the owner of a prohibition-time Cordial Shop in New York. He was killed by a man who was sent to prison for the crime.

And then there was the time when the fiery red-headed beauty was out to shoot a well-known ~~movie~~ movie actor. A taxi-driver noticed that she had a blue-steel automatic tucked away in her fur coat. And he called a cop. She admitted that she was out gunning, out to take a shot at the movie actor.

A youngwoman of trouble career, who is now in more serious trouble than ever.

BERGDOLL

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Sone of a millionaire German brewer, - and one of our pre-war sportsman aviators, he didn't want to fight against Germany, the land of his forefathers. He was so bitter about it he evaded military service and fled, a fugitive. He took refuge in Germany, the land against which he would not bear arms.

Would the time come when, after all, he would feel he was an American?

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his children ^{as you have heard. In fact he} over here, ^{He} is desperately anxious for them to remain here and be educated -- Americans. And now Bergdoll, ~~Number One Draft Dodger~~, offers to serve a prison sentence, if he can only return.

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He made this declaration today at Weinsburg, Germany, where he has been living ever since the war. He makes one condition. He is willing to face the music, but not the military music. He asks that his case be taken out of the hands of the Army. In the Army files he's listed as a Deserter in War, and that is punishable by death. Not that the Army Chiefs would inflict the death sentence, but Bergdoll is afraid they would be too severe. So he asks that the court martial be voided, and that he be tried in the Civil Courts as a Draft Dodger, the penalty being a year in prison and a ten thousand dollar fine.

The pleas for forgiveness that his wife and his mother have made have all been turned down by the authorities. It remains to be seen how they will accept his offer to face his penalty not under military, but under Civil Law.

There are some who think he has already suffered punishment enough --- for 18 yrs a man without a country.

Sometimes bits occur here and there in the news, items of interest in themselves. And then when you put them together, they combine with dramatic eloquence. Today we have three such stories. One tells of an eviction, the second of the removal of an emblem, the third foreclosure.

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The eviction is a follow-up to a story we had some time ago -- N. R. A. drama. It told of Frank Vanderhoof of Greenwich, Connecticut, who, with a little sensational headlining, could be called -- the father of the N. R. A. Frank Vanderhoof was a New York advertising man. When the depression came on, he lost his job. When the New Deal came into power he wrote a letter to President Roosevelt setting forth an idea -- a way to create employment, to provide jobs. He proposed a regimentation of industry, codes and an emblem card for all business firms that lived up to fair-play rules. In return he got a letter from the President thanking him for the suggestion. Then, when the Blue Eagle was hatched, the jobless advertising man took a good deal of credit -- father of the N. R. A. The last time we had a story about him was more than a year ago. The Blue Eagle was dominant

in the land. The job-making N. R. A. was high in power and glory. But Frank Vanderhoof was still out of a job.

Today we hear about him again. What about him? Now --N. R. A. affairs are very different. How different is indicated by word from Washington. The Post Office Department today addressed an order to all ~~Postmaster~~^{s.} The gist of the order is that all N. R. A. emblems on Post Office bulletin boards are to be destroyed or disposed of as waste paper. That's like a belated funeral ceremony, and tells with ^{appaling}~~a~~ ~~palin~~ work-a-day, factual eloquence how completely the Blue Eagle is no more.

When the N. R. A. was lofty in greatness, its father was without a job. And now it's just the same -- only worse. A brief note from Connecticut tells us that Frank Vanderhoof is being evicted from his apartment for non-payment of rent. His only support comes from his son who workks for twelve hours a week in the town of Greenwich, clearing mosquito swamps.

And evicition with a story! -- and now a foreclosure with a story. In New Mexico an old man is fighting the mortgage

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holders who want to take his ranch. The man is Albert Fall, Secretary of the Interior in the Harding Cabinet, who was brought low in the oil scandals. His ranch is a ~~h~~ fabulous place of three-quarters of a ~~mm~~ million acres, improved to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars. It figured prominently in the Teapot Dome affair. Fall began suddenly and suspiciously to spend great sums of money on his ranch. That's what gave the game away and led to the oil investigation. Secretary of the Interior Fall had turned over the great oil resources of the United States Navy to the oil men Doheny and Sinclair, and had received great sums of money from them. From Doheny he got the hundred thousand dollars *in* the little black bag. And there was a trail of other cash and mysterious Liberty Bonds.

~~Doheny has since died.~~ Today Albert Fall from a sick-bed is fighting against the foreclosure of that famous ranch. Who is doing the foreclosing? It's the Doheny interests, which hold mortgages on the ranch.

~~It has been xxxxxxxxxx back and forth and all over the place~~

HOPSON

The Lower House has him now. The Senate wants him. He has refused to obey the Senate order to appear and be questioned. The House supports him. And that points to a profound legal problem:-- If there are two inquiries, Lower House and Upper House, and if both inquiries want the same witness at the same time, who's to have him? I suppose Soloman would decide -- cut Hopson in two and give each side half. But one-half a man could hardly answer a whole question. Neither the Senate nor the House would like it. And Hopson, the Utilities Magnate, wouldn't have liked it either.

Today's solution seems to be based on the sound old legal maxim -- Possession is nine-tenths of the law. The answer is -- the House keeps him. The Senate will get him later.

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It's been rumored back and forth and all over the place that the Kingfish may or may not run for the Presidency next year. I suppose "Swim" is a more appropriate figure of speech. So let's phrase it this way -- Will the Kingfish swim for the Presidency? Recently the insistent word has been that he would. Now Huey himself steps forward and tells us. He doesn't tell us any too definitely. There are plenty of ifs and buts. He declares that he will be an independent Presidential candidate, with reservations, lots of reservations. He will swim for the Presidency if the Democrats renominate President Roosevelt, and if the Republicans nominate Ex-President Hoover, and if there is no Liberal candidate ^{ticket.} ~~or~~ a third party, ^{If} ~~if there is~~ the Democrats or the Republicans put up a Liberal Huey won't swim -- he will support that Liberal. I wonder what he thinks Franklin D. is? A Conservative?

At any rate Huey's attitude is that he's scornful of professional politicians. He says that the U.S.A. is run worse than Ethiopia. He believes that he could carry plenty of states, but adds he'd rather some other liberal would make the race.

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In the history of Great American Fortunes we frequently find the word philanthropist -- a high term of praise ascribed to a man who dedicates great wealth to the service of society. And Above all the Rockefellers have earned the name of philanthropist This becomes doubly evident today when we hear that John D. Rockefeller Junior within the last eight months has given one-fourth of his giant oil company holdings to scientific and charitable organizations.

The John D. Junior holdings in Standard Oil Company are estimated to have been two hundred and fifty-six million dollars. In the last eight months he has disposed of more than seventy-seven and one half million dollars worth of this. And the far greater part was turned over to science and charity.

This is revealed only now, because Rockefeller himself never made it public. According to law he reported the fact to the Securities Exchange Commission. We learn about it from the Commission reports. *or any of his staff at Rockefeller Center* Nor did John D Rockefeller Junior reveal to what scientific and charitable causes he gave the value of one

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quarter of his Standard Oil Stock. In his report to the Securities Commission, he merely labeled ^{each} ~~the~~ gifts as -- "donation to a scientific organization," "donation to a charitable organization."

One angle of this giant philanthropy is being pointed out. The largest gift of more than two million dollars was made nine days after President Roosevelt came out with his demand for heavy taxes on estates and gifts. If the whole amount of seventy-seven and a half million ^d ~~has~~ been handed out in one donation after the gift taxes were enforced -- the cut of the Government would amount to more than thirty-eight million. If John D. Rockefeller Junior had held the amount until his death and passed it on to his estate, the Government taxes would have amounted to more than fifty-five and a ~~hi~~ half million.

So two phases are being noticed. It's a stupendous philanthropy and it is made before the new tax ~~is~~ goes into effect.

GERMANY

~~Tonight there's a great hurrah and hallelaloo in the capital city of Germany - the Swastika on parade, Storm Troopers shouting through the streets, the Jewish population indoors, keeping out of sight.~~ ^{How a} spectacular Anti-Semitic demonstration ^{tonight in Berlin,} is on, Germany's Jew Baiter Number One has arrived in Berlin to make Anti-Semitic speeches.

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He is Julius Streicher. Goebbels is the chief Nazi propagandist. Streicher ranks second to him in blaring the Nazi bugle. But he ranks first in Anti-Semitic fury.

He goes further than any other leader in attacking the Jews. He demands that the researches of famous Jewish Medical Scientists shall be eliminated from German medical textbooks. To the discoveries of such men as Koch, Wasserman and Ehrlich he says out, "herraus." They say that, anyway, he believes in nature cures, not medicine.

Streicher is a soldier-like man of fifty. Hitherto his Anti-Semitic campaigning has been on tour in the German provinces. He travels around in a Storm Trooper uniform,

followed by a Fife and Drum Corps walking beside him -- a sandwich man carrying a sign which reads -- "National Socialists awake to the peril of Judaism."

Now, he has taken his Anti-Semitic campaign from the Provinces right into the center of things -- Berlin. So tonight's a big Swastika night for the Nazis. And it's Jewish time of fear and misgiving.

SCIENCE

Scientific voices say "Yes" to that claim of the Russian scientists about the number of people that could live on this globe of ours. There's Professor Herman J. Muller, well-known geneticist of the University of Texas, connected also with the Academy of Science at Moscow. "The Russians", says he "have already sufficient facts to substantiate the opinion of their agricultural scientists." And that opinion makes a rather sensational picture of human life on this globe.

Anyhow the Soviet scientists tell us that we have scarcely begun to realize the resources of the earth. They figure that with science doing its job there's a place for twenty billion people upon the earth, ten times as many as there are now.

They base their calculations on what they have accomplished in Russia in the development of agricultural science. They have started growing things in the immense spaces along the Arctic borders where it was thought that crops were impossible. They found a way to increase the crops tenfold in northern lands now sparsely cultivated. They do it by keeping the seeds in cold

storage for a month. And so they say that vast spaces of northern Russia, now uncultivated, can be filled with a thriving population. And applying that reasoning to the whole world, they predict that the total human population can be ten times what it is now -- twenty billion. And then I suppose the whole planet would look like the beach at Coney Island on a hot weekend, with everybody shouting what Jimmy Wallington is shouting now:- "Move over! Give me elbow room!"

So, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.