

~~(Rewrite of train robbery story)~~

Goodevening Everybody

Today's train robbery story has been a maze of confusions, ~~reports contradicting each other up and down the line.~~ First it was said that the hold-up men had got away with fifty-eight thousand dollars, consigned to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. Then suddenly that dwindled. This afternoon A M Kelly, assistant superintendent of the Erie announced that the amount the robbers got was a mere nine hundred and fifty bucks -- that little for one of the boldest and best planned train robberies on record.

The early reports told how swiftly and precisely the bandits seized a large manila envelope that was in the baggage car of the train -- the envelope supposed to contain the fifty eight thousand dollars. Later that was changed, with the robbers now pictured as getting away with several bags of silver coins and a package containing some parts of a ex-ray machine.

On the Erie a crowded commuters' train was rattling along from Paterson, New Jersey, to Jersey City. It was just pulling in to the station at Nutley. Hurrying commuters were waiting to board the coaches. Off to one side stood a green sedan. The train came to a stop. The door of the baggage car slid open. In a swift instant seven men climbed in to the car. Five baggagemen found themselves looking into the muzzles of sawed off shotguns and machine guns.

"The key to the strong box!" One gangster demanded. "Come across and make it quick!"

They took the key opened the strong box, snatched their loot, jumped out of the baggage car, ran to the green sedan, piled into it -- and away they went speeding, a flash of green.

The crowded commuters in the car knew nothing about it, until the trainmen gave a swift alarm and detectives came hurrying to the scene.

~~(Pick up staff about D'autrement)~~

LEAD

Any railroad hold-up takes ones reminescence back to the old era of train robberies in the West. This time though we are reminded -- not of the Western bad men of the eighties, but of a savage wild west affair that occurred in Nineteen-twenty-three, the robbery of the Southern Pacific "Shasta Limited" in Oregon. The D'Autremont brothers did it, with shooting, killing and dynamiting. They escaped, but four years later were caught.

What we hear concerns one of the three bandit brothers, Hugh D'Autremont. For the last nine years he's been in the Oregon Penitentiary at Salem, the news gives us a prison oddity -- Hugh D'Autremont is now editor of the Prison magazine -- "Shadows". The magazine is his own idea, and is a well written, well edited sheet. Prison editor of "Shadows" - an odd finale for a famous train robber.

BOND THEFT FOLLOW ROBBERY

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All day news has been flashing about that giant hoard of stolen American securities discovered in Monte Carlo. One thing about it is an extraordinary turn of coincidence and similarity. Last evening we heard about the big break in the case of five-hundred and ninety thousand dollars stolen from the United States Trust Company. Today it's a break in the case of a million and a half dollars swiped from C. J. Devine and Company, of Wall Street. ^ROn two consecutive days:--
^aarrests and recovery of money, in two such huge robberies. That is ^acoincident. But it goes further than that. The two crimes occurred in almost identical fashion. In each case a package containing a fortune was delivered, and was laying on the desk while being receipted for --and disappeared. The cunningest of bank sneak thieves, swiping huge money in the subtlest way.

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Yesterday we heard of arrests in various parts of the

United States. Today the trail takes us to that beguiling haunt of gambling--Monte Carlo. Two men arrested, and in their possession the Police found four hundred and forty thousand dollars of the million and a half taken in the Whitney robbery. Not only that, but the police are on the trail of a grand total of nearly three million dollars of stolen American securities, loot taken in various robberies.

The story has fastening ^{at} ~~in bulk~~ ^(angles) enough to ^{fill} ~~fill~~ a large volume ^{on} ~~of~~ the romance of crime and detection.

Crooked gangs speeding back and forth in powerful cars between Paris and Monte Carlo. Mysterious women enter. The trail leads across the Atlantic to Park Avenue. The themes of high society and the underworld mingle in the attempts to cash the big money securities.

One angle of the detective story has that telling touch of oddity which snaps up a tale of crime:- From Paris, the New York police got a tip to investigate a fashionable lady

at a swanky New York hotel. She was quite a cosmopolitan -- made frequent trips between New York and Monte Carlo, and had a fancy villa in the ^{Riviera} Principality of Gambling. They questioned her and she said ~~that~~ she had been told about the activities of the ring that was selling stolen American securities in France. She had been told about this by a man named Anthony DePasquale. The Police checked on this individual and found that he used to run a ~~spagetti~~ restaurant in New York's Little ^{Italy} ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ near Police headquarters. The police used to patronize this restaurant extensively because it was near headquarters and because the spaghetti was good. Depasquale had been killed. He was standing on a street of Little Italy when guns blazed from a passing sedan. The police had never been able to solve the murder of the restaurant proprietor whose spaghetti they liked so well and who ^{se name} now appeared in the spectacular drag of the stolen bonds.

From here the trail led to a rich man on Park Avenue, ^{in New York, a man} who

told the cops of an American acquaintance of his in Paris being approached by sellers of the hot and dangerous securities. These were the leads which led to an investigation by the French Police, with today's result of two arrests and the recovery of four hundred and forty thousand dollars of that loot snatched in the big Wall Street robbery a year ago.

~~If you can use holdover, I'll send only eleven~~

~~pages~~

GENEVA

All our items are American tonight - but one. Here that is:- The collapse of negotiations at Geneva today was only to be expected. The League of Nations can hardly say okay to Mussolini's relentless peace terms, and have its face. Committee of Thirteen threw up its task of trying to arrange a settlement between Italy and Ethiopia. The committee handed the whole thing back to the League Council which is scheduled to meet on Monday. The Council will have to decide what's to be done.

Presumably on Monday Captain Anthony Eden, speaking for Great Britain, will demand League action against Italy; and France will oppose any such action.

The League itself threatens to blow up with a blaze of international enmities.

Today there was an exchange of notes between already embittered, Great Britain and Italy. An exchange of notes? It was an exchange of retorts. Britain accused Italy of bombing a Red Cross Unit. To this Rome made a sharp reply. "The Red Cross Unit was to blame," said Mussolini:- "It

repeatedly fired on Italian airplanes." And Italy added the demand that such attacks must be stopped, -- anti-aircraft fire shielded by the Red Cross. "Provocative acts of war!" said Rome. Britain made a come back to this saying that if there were more such Red Cross bombings, she'd demand damages.

From Italian sources come another one of those stories that Haile Selassie is ready to abdicate his throne and turn it over to his son, Crown Prince Makonnen, then Makonnen would ask for peace on any terms and the war would stop. Yes, the Crown Prince would become the new conquering Lion of Judah, or rather the Conquered Lion of Judah. That's the rumor from Rome.

Into the explosive international mixture is loosed another bit of potential dynamite:- A French news agency announces that the Turkish army has entered the area of the Dardanelles. That's supposed to be

demilitarized, unfortified, devoid of soldiers. So commands the Pact of Lausanne. If the news is true, the Pact^t of Lausanne means just another treaty^t torn up. The Turks have been hinting that they ~~are~~^{were} going to reoccupy the Dardanelles with their soldiers -- thereby following the example of Germany on the Rhine.

RITTER

A decree of guilty was pronounced today against a small, thin white-haired man, who had all the reserve and dignity of a judge of a Federal Court of the United States. Judge Halstead Ritter of Florida. The United States Senate today sat as a tribunal. That's the regular way, when there's an impeachment of a Federal judge. It needed a two-thirds majority to convict--and the vote was that-- just two-thirds. There were seven counts against Judge Ritter. He was found guilty on one of them and in consequence he will be removed from the Federal bench.

The formal accusation was -- "High crime and misdemeanors in office." In plain language it was -- fee splitting. Judge Ritter, sitting on the Federal Bench passed judgment in the case of a bankruptcy. He appointed his former law partner as a receiver and awarded him a large fee. Later the law partner paid the judge a fat sum of money. The accusation was that the former law partner had split the receivership fee

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^{the}
with Judge. Denying this, Judge Ritter declared it was all "Co-incidental." He said he was paid the money as his share in the split-up of the law firm -- just an accident that it happened to come right after the receivership case.

A few weeks ago the lower house voted that Judge Ritter should stand trial. There was quite a discussion about the proprieties of receiving gifts, hospitalities, entertainment. One representative got a laugh, when he shook his head in doubt. "If it's a crime," said he, "To accept a free meal, how many of us would be here -- and not in jail."

The House having voted for the trial the Senate did the trying. For the twelfth time in American history the Upper House sat as a Court to hear an impeachment. Eight of those times involved Federal Judges. Today's conviction is the fourth -- Judge Ritter, the fourth Federal Judge to be removed from the Bench by an impeachment.

Autos.

I'm in Detroit tonight, the city to visit when you want to get a line on conditions throughout the country. For Detroit is a sort of national barometer.

Are they making many cars ^{out here?} I wish you could see these busy plants, feel the electricity in the air - the ⁱⁿoptimism. ~~optimism~~ -- and see the smiles on the faces of the men who manufacture so many of the world's cars.

Are any of them ^{plants} back to their 1929 peak? I should say so. For example, Packard this month will reach the largest volume in the ^{entire} history of that old and highly respected organization. The Ford people are elated over the success of their new line, the Lincoln Zephyr. Hudson and Chrysler are going great guns. As for General Motors: the Book-Cadillac Hotel is jammed with weather beaten, squint-eyed, fancy booted Texans in ten-gallon hats. On these big hats are signs advertising the approaching

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Texas Centennial Exposition. But, they are not just Texans. They are representatives of General Motors in the Lone Star State, visiting Detroit, yip yipping and whooping it up over the success of that giant corporation and its 1936 line of autos.

BASEBALL

I met one of these Texans in the elevator late this afternoon. He was muttering to himself: "Thiz zz no town to go to a ball game. I mi-z- well be in Siberia. Why did I leave San Antonie? Tempuhchoor thirty-eight! Bah!" And so on.

Which brings us to the topic of baseball - the only topic in Detroit today. And excuse me if I get personal for a moment. I do so merely to give you a picture of the state of baseball lunacy in Detroit. Having picked up a cold on the train I decided to consult a doctor. When I phoned him he said: "If you're coming in make it ~~am~~ snappy, I'm going to the baseball game in about five minutes."

I realize there is supposed to be something unethical about giving a doctor publicity. But this one is so famous that he doesn't need it. So it ought to be all right to mention his name. As soon as I got to Dr. Burt Shurly's office he gagged me with something down my throat and started talking baseball like a blue streak, told me how he had pitched for

fifteen years himself; then gagging me with another spray he started telling stories about Ty Cobb. "The Georgia Peach was the most perfect specimen of an athlete I ever saw;" swish swish. "All his muscles perfectly developed; everything perfect about him except his temper!" Then to the accompaniment of more spraying he told about the day when Ty Cobb threw down his glove, climbed up into the grand stand, and pounded the day-lights out of a spectator who has been shouting some unkind remarks at him. And of course he assured me that Ty Cobb was the greatest baseball player who ever lived. Giving my throat one more final spray he jumped into his car and raced for Navin Field.

A huge crowd jammed the Detroit ball park today for the opening of the season, a crowd dressed in furs and wrapped in blankets. Even with the thermometer at thirty-eight they were there to cheer Micky Cochrane and his Tigers to victory. But the Tigers didn't win. The wind and blizzard evidently favored the White Sox from the Windy City. And 30,000 Detroit fans probably caught cold. Which reminds me - excuse me now while I spray my throat and -- SOLONG UNTIL MONDAY.