

ROBINSON

L. J. Sanger. Tues., May 12, 1936.

Chambers
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Chief Government Agent J. Edgar Hoover, announces this afternoon that Thomas Robinson, Jr., has ^{confessed} confessed to the kidnapping of Mrs. Alice Stoll of Louisville, Kentucky. And with this, the G-men are making some philosophic reflections on an age-old phenomenon - the manifold differences between men and women. One evening last week we had occasion to discuss the reasons why Thomas Robinson remained the last of the important kidnapers to be caught, why he was the most elusive of all the criminals so relentlessly hunted by the G-men. First of all - he was a lone wolf, an amateur all by himself, not a professional gangster with underworld associations that could be traced. Secondly, he had the habit of disguising himself as a woman, so that the G-men couldn't tell whether they were on a manhunt or a woman-hunt. He was exceedingly skillful as a female impersonator, and could swagger about in fashionable fineries, with all the nonchalance of a Broadway beauty.

Well, let's see how he was caught, as we have the story ⁱⁿ ~~of the~~ full revelation tonight. A drug store at Glendale, ^{California,} a soda jerker behind the counter. In saunters a woman, ~~and~~ She orders ~~an~~ orange ^{juice.} She was handsomely gowned, and carried herself with assurance and grace. But there were some things

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that did not escape the eye of the soda fountain clerk. Some women are tall, of course, but it's unusual to find one nearly six feet in stature. The soda jerker was a trifle astonished by the fashionably groomed giantess. Then he noticed the lady's hands. They were not of the soft, slender lilywhite kind the poets write about - "pale hands I loved ^{beside the Shalimar.}" They were thick and powerful, with heavy knuckles and a sturdy wrist. "Give me an orange juice," said she, in a high voice - pitched high with effort. The soda clerk recognized that it was a man's voice. And then - this fashionable lady had a face painted like a sign-board. The girls are not sparing with lip stick and rouge these days, but she had the paint plastered on so thick that it raised the surmise - a paint job intended to hide the whiskers that insist on growing on a man's jaws.

All of this aroused the soda clerk's suspicion, and he reported it to the police. That put the G-men on the trail, and today we hear how they arrested a big, strapping fellow with a mustache. For Robinson, fearing that his feminine disguise might have been noticed, had made the transformation, started growing a mustache and appeared as a man once more.

Today, the G-men flew their prisoner by plane from California to Louisville, Kentucky, where the kidnaping occurred. They claim they found part of the ransom money in his possession.

The death penalty will be demanded under two laws. The Federal Lindbergh Law against kidnaping provides the maximum sentence in cases where the victim was harmed. Mrs. Alice Stoll, the wealthy Louisville society matron, was brutally beaten when she was dragged out of her home and away in the kidnapper's automobile. J. Edgar Hoover says that Robinson in his confession admits he beat Mrs. Stoll savagely.

The State of Kentucky has a kidnaping law which provides the death penalty, whether violence was used on the victim or not. Robinson's wife and his father were tried for complicity in the crime, but they were acquitted on the ground that they had been forced by the kidnapper to help him. So the full burden of guilt is placed on Robinson alone.

Today's indications are that Robinson's plea will be insanity. That's unavoidable, because he has a record of mad sort of crime - and he was at one time an inmate of a lunatic asylum.

So today closes out the Dept. of Justice's list of hunted

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kidnappers - because the man who disguised himself as a woman had heavy muscular hands, had to pitch up a deep voice, and wore too much paint on his face.

Pat - you're an authority on crime. Pat Withrow, famous mission leader from the South has just dropped in to see me.
Pat -

INFLATION

The drive for inflation went on loudly in Washington today - with Congressman Lemke of North Dakota as the man of the hour. For months he's been pushing that Frazier-Lemke Farm Bill to finance farm mortgages by printing three billion dollars' worth of new money. He was never able to get very far with it, until yesterday - when a heavy majority took the bill out of committee and put it squarely before the House of Representatives for debate. So it was Congressman Lemke who opened the debate today, as chief protagonist of the inflation measure. He immediately launched an accusation against the Farm Credit ~~Association~~^{administration} declaring that that ~~body~~^{federal agency} was "lobbying unfairly" against the bill.

This indicates the powerful administration opposition to the proposal to print three billion dollars' worth of new cash. The Democratic leaders are loudly predicting that the bill will be beaten in the House. The inflationists are declaring themselves just as loudly, shouting that they'll win. And it's to be noticed that the lower House twice has passed an inflation bill - the Patman bonus measure of last year, which proposed to pay the bonus by printing new money. That one, however, didn't

get by the White House. And the prediction is that even if
the present farm inflation bill should be passed by the
Congressmen, it ~~will~~^{will} have much tougher going in the Senate,
not to mention the White House.

HATS

"Hats on to the ladies," says the A.P.T.O.H.E. That's the Association for the Prevention of Taking Off Hats in Elevators - founded in Washington today. The founding fathers of the agitation for father to keep his hat on are members of the National Press Club, and they are embarking upon a nationwide campaign.

Article One of the A.P.T.O.H.E. reads this way:-

"The machine-like removal of hats in elevators on which females are passengers has become a meaningless gesture, as futile as it is foolish - making the male sex an object of derision and causing strong men to cringe² and women to titter."

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The campaign song of the society is - "Keep on your old grey bonnet". ~~And~~ I suppose their favorite girl is "Hattie".

~~All of which reminds me that~~ ^{And} it's time for me to take the elevator down here in the R.C.A. building. So if there's a lady in the car, what'll I do? Keep my hat on, or take it off?

~~That leaves me in a quandary, and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.~~

ETHIOPIA

The international question tonight is - what's the meaning of Italy's latest move? At Mussolini's order, Baron Aloisi and his Italian delegation have packed up, left Geneva, and gone back to Rome. Tonight the League of Nations is wondering - does that mean ~~that~~ Italy is withdrawing from the League? Baron Aloisi himself said before he left - that he didn't know, couldn't answer the question. Previously he had said, if the League keeps on recognizing the overthrown and exiled Ethiopian government, why Italy would have to pull out - as a matter of national dignity. The Italians are professing loud amazement at the League, ^{saying that} instead of considering the actualities of the present moment, it is raking back into the past, and maintaining the fiction that Ethiopia is still a sovereign and independent state.

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Maybe Italy will withdraw from the League altogether, but at present it seems like a half withdrawal, a refusal to participate in any discussion of European affairs, until Geneva agrees to forget about Ethiopia. Meanwhile, there are insistent reports that Italy is conducting secret negotiations

with Germany, threatening a possible lin-up of Hitler and Mussolini, if Italy should decide to chuck up her League membership. Also rumors of a possible break of relations between Rome and London.

What did Geneva statesmen do today? The Republic of Chile said, "Let's stop all this sanction business." South American Equador explained why she had gone ahead and lifted economic penalties against Italy. Then the League Council acted and did what ~~they~~ had been predicted--adjourned putting things off until the next meeting, keeping the sanctions all the while in force. Today's statement by the Council declares that more time is needed to study the Italian - Ethiopian affair and that meanwhile there was no reason to charge the penalties against Italy.

So that stalls off the whole business until next month - things remaining just as they've been,

It looks as if the downfall of one of ~~Great~~ Britain's great political figures might be at hand -- a downfall caused by such exceedingly British things as tea, beer and income. Colonial

Secretary

^ J. H. Thomas has been in the London limelight for a long time, but now the tempest of tea, beer, and income is breaking around his head. He's a man of the people, Cockney unashamed. After his years of political celebrity he still drops his "hs" with cheery abandon. He went to work when he was a lad of nine-- as an engine wiper. Six years later when he had reached the mature age of fifteen, he led an eventful agitation. The engine wiping was done with tallow, and the British railroads decided to save expense by reducing the amount of tallow allowed each wiper from ^{three} lumps to two. The fifteen-year-old Thomas talked up a strike against the two lumps of tallow plan, and under his leadership the engine wipers won out. They got back their three lumps of tallow. That led the way for J. H. Thomas to become leader of the Railroad Workers' Union, five hundred thousand strong. He stood a mighty man in the Labor Party, and entered the government. He was Minister of Dominions

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for awhile. Then he sided with Ramsey MacDonald in breaking away from the Labor Party, and now in the conservative government he holds the position of Colonial Secretary. As such, his position has been ambiguous. His former labor comrades are thoroughly hostile to him and the conservatives do not regard him as one of themselves. That's why they're saying in London tonight that the great old Cockney figure of J. H. Thomas is likely to vanish from the London political scene -- a victim of tea, beer and income.

All on account of

~~That~~ the budget scandal, England's reigning sensation. Several weeks ago Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer presented Parliament with his annual budget, the amount of money to be raised, the schedule of taxes to be imposed.) The budget is always supposed to be an exceedingly

secret affair, until it is formally read in Parliament -- so as to keep anybody from profiting by advance knowledge. But ^{this time}

it had
~~soon~~ appeared that there had been advance knowledge -- a leak.

There were some curious indications of this.

Just before the budget was made public there was a burst of activity on the London insurance market -- world

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renowned Lloyd's, which will write insurance against anything. A whole flock of big policies were taken out against the possibility of the approaching budget calling for a raise in taxes on certain things, and these things were tea, -imported beer and income. Then, low and behold when the budget was read it did specify a sharp rise in the tea tax, tax on imported beer and the income tax. So, the insurance underwriters lost heavily. Attention pointed to one underwriter, powerful in government, a member of Parliament. He had been selling policies against those tax raises right along -- until shortly before the budget was announced. Then he suddenly stopped, and began betting the other way, hedging, covering himself against the policies he had issued. Likewise) -- It was noted that heavy insurance against the tax raise was taken out by Leslie Thomas, a stock broker, the son of Colonial Secretary, J. H. Thomas. As a cabinet member the father knew all about the budget, ² will in advance.

These things provoked a public outcry -- that there had been a leak. And now an official inquiry is underway.

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Today's news tells of the son of the Colonial Secretary on the witness stand. He declared that in taking out the insurance against the tax raises he had acted not for himself, but for an old friend of his father's. The testimony turned to a golf game in which he had played around the course with his father and they had a chat at the nineteenth hole. The stock broker son swears that in the chat the subject of the budget was not mentioned -- not a shadow of a tip was passed.

Yhr question is -- was there a budget leak? Or were some smart people doing a bit of intelligent guessing about tax increases. That's what the Count of Inquiry is trying to find out.

ROUMANIA FOLLOW BRITISH BUDGET.

So much for London scandal, tea, beer and income.

In Roumania they are also having a political uproar. It likewise concerns - a leak. But the only article that figures in it is - tea. Last year at Bucharest they had an investigation of charges that a former Minister of War had made an illegal contract for a supply of munitions. It was all kept vastly secret. Huge quantities of decisions and documents were printed, but they were never allowed to be made public.

Coming down to date - we have the story of how the Roumanian police were searching a man's room, when they found a highly confidential paper, a secret military document, a part of the bulky record of that investigation of a year ago. That was a leak indeed! But the suspected individual loudly announced his innocence, denied he had any part in stealing the military document. He said he had got it merely as a piece of wrapping paper, in which the neighborhood grocer had wrapped a pound of tea. That sounded preposterous, but the police investigated the grocer - and found in his shop two thousand pages of the record of the secret trial. The grocer said - it was just wrapping

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paper to him, the sheets of paper just right to wrap up packages of tea. Down the street, the police found - the same story with a vegetable seller. He was wrapping up spinach and carrots with the confidential government documents. The police went from store to store, gathering in a record of the hidden trial. And I suppose they're still at it.

What's the explanation? Well, it's a mere matter of an official getting a little graft for himself. He was taking stored away papers and selling them to the grocers. And in doing so he ^{peddled} ~~dispensed with~~ the entire record of the military secret, as wrapping paper.

HINDENBURG

Here's a report from the sky somewhere out over the Atlantic. It comes to Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Sunday Editor of the NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE, from Mary Day Winn, of This Week Magazine who is aboard the mighty airship, Hindenburg. Miss Winn sends this radiogram. (I hope they don't hear me read this out there at sky.) She says:-

"Calm foggy sea. Wild, goofy passengers. Ship smooth as a politician."

And that tells eloquently that the greatest of Zeppelins is having a fair flight home.