

L.T. - Sunoco - Fri., August 28, 1936

An unusual expedition started on its way in Southern California at dawn this morning. It is composed to two policemen and fifteen newspaper men. Their starting point was a place called Warner's Hot Springs, some miles north and east of San Diego. They are bound for the ~~Cajun~~ ^{Cajunaca} Mountain country, desert for the most part. It's a manhunt. But the person for whom they are looking is not a fugitive from justice. Those cops and reporters believe they are ^{at last} on the trail of the Honorable Joseph Force Crater, once Justice of the Supreme Court of New York State.

It's just a little over three weeks since I retold the tale of the ~~Honorable Joseph Force~~ ^{Justice} Crater, one of the few persons who, although exceedingly well-known, contrived the unusual feat of disappearing from ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~eyes~~ ^{at least} from the ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} of all who knew him.

Since he vanished six years ago, thousands of tips have come to New York Police Headquarters from all over the world, letters from persons who were sure they had seen Judge Crater in South Africa, in South America, in the Malay Peninsula,

In Australia, in the Far East, ^{and} in Egypt. For a while the police diligently ran down all such clues with all the resources at their command. All ~~of them~~ were found to be false alarms. In fact, every year, ^{on} ~~at~~ the anniversary of Judge Crater's disappearance, such tips are multiplied.

But a bit of information recently came to the Los Angeles police which bore signs of being authentic. The information came from a desert rat, a prospector who has been hunting gold in the parched, rugged country of the ^{Cayumacas} ~~Cayumacas~~ for thirty years. He is known in the neighbourhood as "Lucky Blackie ^{it.}" They say there's not a canyon or water hole within a radius of two hundred miles of that rugged desert country, that Lucky Blackie ^{it} doesn't know. What's more, they say he has previously given information to the police of Los Angeles and San Diego which led to the capture of people, the cops were looking for.

Now Lucky Blackie ^{it} comes to the front with a tale of having met Justice Crater some hundred miles back in the mountains. He even admitted that he was Judge Crater. And he

said to Lucky Blackie^{it:} "In one year more I'll be legally dead.

I hope I can stick it out." Lucky Blackie^{it}'s description of

the man tallies with the personal appearance of the missing

judge. And the police captain who heads the expedition

declares: "Blackie^{it}'s story tallies with another that we

heard in this same section of the country concerning Crater,

five years ago." The old desert rat is serving as guide

for the expedition.

What a story there will be to tell if those cops
and reporters do find that missing New York Judge and Tammany
potentate.

SPAIN

For two days there has been ^{little new} ~~nothing~~ from Spain, ~~worth~~
~~saying about.~~ ^{But} ^{it's different. A} [^] today ~~there's a really~~ spectacular report ^{has just}
^{come through} ^{from the terror-ridden Land of Granada.}
Ex-King Alphonso steps into the picture. In a way, this

confirms a cable that I quoted a couple of weeks ago, a cable
dispatch to the new republic.

Throughout these weeks of tragedy and bloodshed, the
exiled ruler with the long Hapsburg upper lip, has continued
to say: "I've had nothing to do with it, neither I nor any of
my family have any connection with the counter-revolution."

Nevertheless, it has been positively known for some time that
a big American built airplane was being kept at a field near
Innsbruck, Austria. A crack English pilot is also in waiting,
warming up that plane's motor every day. Nobody denied that
the ~~plane~~ plane was Alphonso's. It has also been reported that

^{-Fascist-}
Spanish grandees on the rebel ^{side}, have had long secret
conferences with his Ex-Majesty at Innsbruck. And his mail,
they say, has been so voluminous that it almost over-taxed the
local post office.

All the while, both King and rebel leaders, stoutly

denied that any part of the rebellion's purpose was to restore the monarchy. The King's second son, Don Juan, Prince of the Austrias, tried to enlist in the rebel army at Burgos. The rebel generals wouldn't have him, it was said, and shipped him back to France.

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On the whole, there is no real surprise in the fact that the rebels on their side have dropped that veil of pretense. Their plans are to establish first a military dictatorship that will be maintained long enough to restore order out of the chaos created by the revolution. Thereupon, they will hold a plebiscite, a general election. The one question to be asked of the Spanish people will be: "Do you want your king back?"

On his side, Alphonso issued a statement through the mouth of his confidential secretary, the Marquis de Viana. Says the noble secretary: "If his people call upon him, His Majesty is ready. He will respond to the call of duty."

However, the situation is a triangle, and the third side is represented by an aged gentleman who lives with only one servant in a small house in Vienna. His name is Don Alphonso

Carlos de Bourbon. In other words, he's the present Carlist pretender. The last Carlist uprising, which lasted three years, was not finally squelched until the accession of Alphonso the Twelfth. There are many Carlists today among the rebel forces. When it comes to a question of monarchy, they will have something to say. From his modest quarters in Vienna, the present Don Carlos issued a significant statement. His ~~is~~ version of the revolt is, "General Emilio Mola started the Spanish movement in cooperation with the Carlists." And he added: "The Carlist troops are under his orders." *Those are his words. So he seems to be taking some of the credit.*  
The Carlist pretender is eighty-six years old.

The fact that Russia has just opened an embassy in Spain out of sympathy for the hard-pressed Spanish red-government brings us again to that recent Russian mystery:-

RUSSIA

A curious kind of ferment seems to be working in the  
<sup>U.S.S.R., the</sup>  
body politic of the <sup>^</sup>Soviet Union. For the last couple of days  
the world has been mystified by the report of that speech with  
its warning of imminent war, made by Dictator Stalin to the  
Red Army. Now here's a <sup>^</sup>~~strange~~ <sup>^</sup>strange follow-up to that denial from  
Moscow. Today's official Russian newspapers are clamorous  
with warnings of war. The official organ of the government and  
also the official organ of the Bolshevik party, are unanimous  
on the subject.

<sup>^</sup>But They couch their warnings of alarm in <sup>^</sup>~~a strongly~~ <sup>^</sup>far  
different fashion from the <sup>^</sup>~~admonitions uttered by~~ <sup>^</sup>mysterious warning from Stalin. They

<sup>^</sup>Moscow editors  
<sup>^</sup>raise a hue and cry against Hitler. It is the Nazi Fuehrer,

they say, who is on the verge of bringing all Europe to blood-

shed. <sup>^</sup>~~The~~ <sup>^</sup>They declare that the recent attacks upon Russia in the Nazi press are

nothing but a "campaign of preparation for new foreign political

adventures." <sup>^</sup>And They describe the actions of the German papers <sup>^</sup>as

~~also as "just"~~ a smoke screen for Hitler to spring a new surprise."

They add: "German Fascism, armed to the tooth, is preparing

new slaughter for Europe."

This is the Russian answer to Hitler's action in doubling the term of military conscription in Germany, which was excused by the German government as being necessary because of Russian militarism. The official Soviet press retorts with the charge that German workers are on the verge of starvation and that Hitler needs war to keep himself in power.

All of this of course seems to provide further confirmation for Wednesday's story in the "LONDON EVENING NEWS", the sensational account of Stalin's speech to his red troops.

Meanwhile, the Soviet Dictator continues his iron-fisted elimination of every official who doesn't agree with him: -- yesterday the arrest of General Putna, late Military Attache to the Soviet Embassy in London; today two more important officers of the Red Army arrested by the ruthless Secret Service, charged with being Trotskyites.

Apparently, Bolshevism is going through a blood purge.

Russia also is asking the League of Nations to outlaw any aggressor nation. Wonder if that has anything to do with Stalin's speech predicting war?

## EGYPT

A hero of the moment in Great Britain is a six foot four handsome giant in His Majesty's Diplomatic Service.

The Egyptian question had caused endless headaches, so finally London sent its diplomatic giant to Cairo. And it was Sir Miles Wedderburn Lampson who brought about this new treaty between England and Egypt, the treaty which is expected to solve all those twenty-year difficulties.

It soothes the feelings of the Egyptians but at the same time it preserves John Bull's guard over the Road to India. Or as someone expressed it: -- Britain loses a slave and gains an ally. The smooth, tactful Sir Miles Wedderburn Lampson, like Winston Churchill and many others, has American blood in his veins, said to be the son of a once-celebrated Vermont financier.

The new treaty seems to answer the objections of the Egyptian leaders. John Bull withdraws his troops from the banks of the Nile. No longer will the Egyptians endure the humiliation of seeing Cairo and the other city from Alexandria to Wadi-Halfa, controlled by British garrisons.

However, it is conceded that Egypt is not strong enough to protect herself in case of attack by some ambitious foreign nation. So British aid will not be far away. A system of broad roads will connect the British garrisons in the Sudan Palestine, Sinai, and along th Suez Canal with all parts of the young Egyptian King's realm. British planes will watch like eagles any troubles that might prejudice British interests in Egypt. And Mohammed or Moses or whatever name symbolizes modern Egypt, will have John Bull all around him.

But, Britain will now sponsor the admission of Egypt into the League of Nations.

A little over five years ago, the whole country rang with the praises of a thirteen year old boy. A terrific blizzard in the mountains near Towner, Colorado, trapped a school bus. Twenty-one children ~~were there~~, snowed in. The driver of the bus had gone away to obtain help for his young charges. Before he could reach any ranch house, he was caught in a snowdrift, where he froze to death. So, there were those twenty-one children, imprisoned in the cold, <sup>half-buried in the</sup> ~~with nothing but~~ snow, <sup>in a blizzard.</sup> ~~around them and a wind howling mercilessly.~~ <sup>TP</sup> But one of those youngsters had unusual stuff in him. Thirteen year old Bryan Untiedt took charge of the party. Ripping up the wooden floor boards of the bus he made a fire in an empty milk can. He started a song festival, and kept his mates awake and active for a while that way. Then he started a jumping competition in the narrow confines of that bus. By one device or another he kept them from succumbing to the ~~insidious~~, deadly hypnotic effects of the <sup>intense</sup> cold. If any child showed signs of being sleepy, Bryan slapped him into wakefulness. He gave up his coat to keep the others warm. Despite

his efforts, five of those children died. But when the rescue party broke through the frozen drifts, they found that sixteen of the <sup>men</sup> thanks to young Bryan Untiedt, were alive.

Naturally, that story hit page one for days. President Hoover invited the thirteen year old schoolboy from the lonely Colorado farm to the White House. There he stayed as a guest. His fellow guests were the King and Queen of Siam. On his way to Washington, Mayors of all the cities he passed through pinned medals on him. Bands blared in his ears.

After four days it was all over. Bryan went back to Colorado. He became once more a school lad on a lonely Colorado ranch. Worse than that happened to him. Hard times overtook that Colorado ranch. Bryan had to leave school without graduating. He needed a job, worked as a farm-hand, worked on the railroad track. But they were only temporary jobs. In desperation <sup>the other day</sup> he hiked to Denver. There his misfortunes reached the ears of a man with a memory. Walter Lear, Secretary to Governor Johnson of Colorado, recalled Saint Patrick's Day, Nineteen Thirty-one, when young Bryan

Untiedt became a national hero. The Governor's secretary promptly got on the ~~ix~~ telephone and <sup>now</sup> ~~in a short time~~ Bryan <sup>^</sup> had <sup>s</sup> a job with a construction company, a job for which he <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ well fitted. Though he is only eighteen, he is six feet, two inches tall, broad of shoulder, and strong of muscle.

For all he has been through, he has kept his optimism. Says he: "I have three brothers and three sisters who have to be fed and clothed. But if I can make good on this job, maybe I can go to Kansas City and study engineering. But anyway, I have a job and a strong back."

~~and,~~

~~SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY~~

BASEBALL

*I'd like to*

~~watch a spectacle there will~~ be at Wrigley Field, in

Chicago, on Sunday, ~~when~~ <sup>and</sup> The Chicago Cubs ~~play that double~~

~~header with~~ the New York Giants, <sup>in a double header.</sup> There have been more than

one so-called crucial series in the National League this season, but this one promises to be the most excruciating of them all.

Just two years ago, we baseball fans were sitting up tense, watching the amazing climb of the St. Louis Cardinals from the second division to the head of the League. New Yorkers were greeting with loud boos the corresponding slump of the Giants, who had led the League for most of the season. This year the amazing come-back of Memphis Bill Terry's men bids fair to make up for their ~~and~~ humiliation in Nineteen Thirty-four. A little more than six weeks ago, the Giants were in sixth place. And if they moved out of that, said the experts, it ~~will~~ <sup>would</sup> be in the direction of the cellar. Instead of that,

what has happened? They haven't lost a game in the whole month of August. <sup>And -</sup> ~~they've~~ won thirty-five out of the last forty. They

are sitting ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> the top of the ~~league~~ <sup>league</sup> with a margin of three full

games. And the St. Louis Cardinals, the once redoubtable gas house gang, are tied with the Chicago Cubs for second place. Frankie Frisch and the Cards have had tough luck.

With the once invincible Dizzy on the sick list, his brother Paul Dean retired by his own request with his arm gone, most of the gas has gone out of that Gas House Gang.

So today it's the clawing Chicago Cubs the Giants are worrying about. Between the Giants and Cubs feeling always runs high. And the Giants will have one thing to face that they don't like. It's the custom at Wrigley Field, if the crowd is big, to let the overflow sit in the outfield. The consequence is that a visiting outfielder chasing a long hit or a pop fly, has a mass of humanity to stumble over. For the Chicago fielders, the crowd always makes way. So there'll be a hot time in Chi on Sunday.

POLICE

A merry little tale is going the rounds of police departments in the East. One of the prisoners escaped from the jail of a small town somewhere on the Atlantic seaboard. The Chief of Police promptly notified all surrounding peace officers. And to the Police Chief of the nearest large town he sent six pictures of the man who had escaped. They were all photographs of the same man, but each showed a different pose, a different angle of his face.

On the next day he received the following telegram:

"We have arrested five of the men you want. Expect to have the sixth shortly."

And -- SOLONG UNTIL MONDAY.