

L. T. SUNDGREN, Monday, January 21, 1935.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

Once more, today, the unending campaign of the law
against crime, predominates in the news. Some people don't like
to hear about crime in the news, don't like to be told about
bandits, ~~and~~ banditry, ~~of~~ gunmen, and gun-play. But the crime
news these days is of such sort that about the only ones to whom
it will sound really unpleasant are the criminals. Because
the authorities are after them, with a bitter, relentless
tenacity.

First place, of course, is taken by the "wipe-'em-
out" war of the federal agents against their blacklist of public
enemies. And they have wiped 'em out at such a rate, shot down
the criminals at the head of the list in such unrelenting succession
that ^{at} the rank of Public Enemy Number One now is held by a crook who
several months ago was way down on the list. But, so many names
above his have been crossed off that Alvin Karpis is now top-
ranking figure in the nation-wide manhunt.

KARPIS

Tonight public enemy number one is without trousers. He has no pants on -- that is, unless he's been able to get a pair somehow in the past few hours. In that blood-curdling escape at Atlantic City Karpis got away from his bedroom with nothing more than an overcoat over his underclothing. His companion and fellow gangster is somewhat better off, a pair of trousers better off. He just had time to get 'em on and throw on his overcoat, when the escape battle began.

Now, comes an answer to the question of how the two public enemies could have escaped the police trap; how they could have battled and machine-gunned their way down a flight of stairs and down the street to a car in a garage - all of this in the face of a squad of police sent to catch them.

It was just because the Atlantic City cops didn't know the caliber of the criminals they were trying to arrest. They had merely picked up a Florida license number and connected it with a warning about a stolen car. So they thought it was an ordinary stolen-car-case when they battered down the bedroom

door and were greeted by a hail of machine-gun bullets.

Naturally the astonished cops ducked to places of safety, to fight it out under cover. So Karpis and his pal made their getaway by spraying machine-gun fire on every side.

They say that public enemy number 1 even took the trouble to blast a stream of bullets into the door of the bedroom that adjoined their own. This to arouse and warn the two women that occupied the room, and enable them to escape.

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The two women were companions of the gangsters. But they didn't escape. ^{The} ~~They~~ only effect of the rain of shots into the door, shots that Karpis ~~took care to fire~~ ^{ed} low, was that one of the women was hit in the leg, and both are in the hands

of the police tonight. ^{ff} Federal agents arrived shortly after the battle, ^{- fed up.} ~~and they were annoyed~~. They were hot on the trail of the two gang men, ready to spring a trap, when the Atlantic City police, knowing only of the stolen car, jumped in ahead ^{of them.}

~~off.~~

The manhunt is on tonight. ~~xxxx It is believed that Karpis and his partner may not have been able to get off the~~

And once more the subject of trousers appears. Karpis and his pal, Campbell, having made their escape in scanty garb, the police have flashed warnings far and wide to be on the lookout for men getting a new supply of clothing; also for a wounded man, as it is believed that Karpis' partner may have got a bullet in him, in the fight.

KIDNAP

The crime of kidnapping figures in the news from Philadelphia where the police announce they have finally solved the abduction of William Weiss, who was a gaudy magnate of night clubs in the City that is said to be dedicated to sleep. Weiss was known as a partner of that entertaining Philadelphian, ^{Booboo}~~Buba~~ Hoff, another luminary of night life. A month ago, Weiss walked out of his house of nocturnal entertainment, and from that day to this nothing has been seen of him. ~~But~~ But now the Philadelphia cops are about to bring the night club magnate to the light of day once more--^{that is,} his body.

^{This} follows the arrest of a couple of notorious bandits in New York. ^{It}~~This~~ happened some days ago, and now we hear that one of them, the gang leader, Robert Mais, has broken, confessed, told it all, spilled ^{everything.}~~it all.~~ He has admitted, the police say, that he and his mob, snatched Weiss. What did they do with the big shot night-club ~~entertainer of~~ Philadelphia? That question was answered ^{the arrested} amply when ~~the~~ gangster told where they had hidden the body.

WIFE

It turns out there is a clever detective story in the case of that interesting New Jersey wife and her rather fortunate husband - they say he's not fortunate in having such a wife, but fortunate in being alive. The newspapers today are telling us ^{all} about the picnic party of Mr. and Mrs. Hey of Bogota, New Jersey, Mr. Hey a good deal older than Mrs. Hey, who is a mere kittenish thirty-two. They were picnicing at the edge of the Palisades, that beetling cliff of romanic renown, when two men came along, ^{pulling out their guns and hollered:} ~~cried~~ "hands up", and then pushed Mr. Hey over the edge of the cliff. ^{precipice} The ~~cascade~~ there drops a sheer five hundred feet. Mr. Hey would have been dashed to pieces at the bottom, save for his quickness in grabbing hold of some scrub vegetation which grew on a slight rocky ledge, a few feet below the edge. The two robbers threw stones at him, trying to loosen his hold, so that he would fall. Just then a siren was heard, seemingly a police siren but really an ambulance. The two men were frightened off, and Mr. Hey, shouting ^{"hey, hey"} for help, was pulled to safety.

Now for the sleuthing Sherlock Holmes angle, which is given to me by Chief Lockwood of the Bergen County detectives. It concerns Rolph Dowgin, a young New Jersey state trooper. The Jersey troopers failed to cover themselves with glory as ingenious detectives in the

Lindbergh kidnapping. In fact varieties of bricks have been hurled at them, such heavy verbal bricks as - "They balled up the case; they couldn't catch a cold." But this time the story is ^{all} the other way around. A New Jersey state trooper figures as a sleuthing master-mind, sniffing clues and making deductions. ^{He} Rolph Dowgin, investigating the hold-up, noted the fact that October thirtieth, the day of the ~~picknick~~ picnic, was cold and shivery, an odd day for an outing. And then Mr. Hey told the odd circumstance - that he had offered the hold-up men his money, but instead of taking it, they pushed him off the Palisades. ^{So} ~~the deductive trooper sleuthingly~~ ^{he} decided to ask a few questions ~~and Mrs. Hey~~ of Mrs. Hey, and went to her house. Just as he approached, he noticed a big passenger bus drove by. ^{It} ~~he~~ slowed up in front of Mrs. Hey's house, tooted its horn loudly, then picked up speed and drove on. That was ~~his~~ clue, a clue that many a smart detective might have missed. But Trooper Dowgin seized upon it. He inquired of neighbors. He was told that the same thing happened every day - a bus tooting its horn in front of Mrs. Hey's house.

To the Jersey trooper this seemed to hint of romantic sentiment~~a~~, and from sentiment his thoughts drifted to insurance.

He discovered that Mrs. Hey had ~~recently~~ taken out a Ten thousand dollar insurance policy on her husband, without his knowledge.

His next sleuthing task was to pick out the horn-tooter from among the drivers of the Bus Company. And now the Bergen County Prosecutor announces that the bus driver and Mrs. Hey have both told the story of ^{the way} ~~how~~ they planned to dispose of Mr. Hey. They hired two thugs to do the pushing, and Mrs. Hey persuaded her husband to take her on that frosty October-day-picnic ~~to~~ the edge of the most dangerous cliff of the Palisades.

The worthy folk of Bergen County are greatly astonished at this unfolding of evil in their midst, with no one more surprised than Mr. Hey - who hadn't suspected a thing until the police told him.

LINDBERGH

It is perfectly well known that all that transpires on the witness stand is not pertinent, relevant evidence, in the legal sense of the term.

At Flemington Attorney General Wilentz was questioning a government expert who was giving an analysis of Hauptmann's deals in the Stock Market following the kidnapping. And his questions hammered away at the number of Curtiss-Wright shares Hauptmann had gambled in. The prosecutor exclaimed in a significant voice - "aviation shares!" And then he added a jabbing reflection that as the whole world knows, Colonel Lindbergh's world fame is in the realm of aviation.

No, that had no legal logic, but it did strike a deep note of moody irony, the insinuation that Hauptmann with the ransom money paid by the Lone Eagle of aviation, had gambled in aviation stocks. But, the court ruled it out, after a violent protest from Defense Attorney Reilly.

The day was given over mostly to the intricacies of brokerage house finance. Testimony indicated that the defendant

had indeed played the market before the time the ransom money was paid, also that the Hauptmanns, husband and wife, had money previous to that critical ransom date. The sums involved were not large.

But the Hauptmann wealth jumped abruptly after the date of the ransom payment. The figures indicated Hauptmann's possession of sums of cash amounting to Forty-four thousand dollars.

That figure stands in glaring relation to the Fifty thousand the ransom collector got.

Defense Attorney Reilly, intimated that Hauptmann's forty-four thousand dollars might in part be explained by winnings, money made in Wall Street. But the government expert answered that with a reverse picture, declaring the figures showed that Hauptmann had not made money, but had lost -- that his Wall Street speculations had ended Five thousand dollars in the red. Maybe the philosophy is - you can't win.

The testimony got out of the financial thickets late in the afternoon, when the statement was given from the witness

stand that Hauptmann had quit his carpentry job the day when the ransom money was paid. This was told by the time-keeper who functioned in the construction work of the Majestic Apartments in March and April of Nineteen thirty-two. Hauptmann was a carpenter on the job. He worked right up to the day of the ransom payment, then didn't show up again.

It was a bad day in court for the Bronx carpenter, at least so far as connecting him with the ransom money was concerned. But outside of the court, there is one bit that looks favorable for him. Walter Manly, a Bronx janitor, told newspapermen today, that he expects to go to Flemington and testify for the defense. He stated ~~he~~ that he is prepared to swear that Hauptmann was waiting for his wife in a Bronx bakery the night that Baby Lindbergh was kidnapped.

And the first half of the case is about to close. The Attorney General announces he'll complete his evidence tomorrow. He must still place Hauptmann more clearly in New Jersey.

Then the Defense begins - and Hauptmann takes the stand.

SUPREME COURT

A lingering echo of a crime of another year comes with today's mention of the Supreme Court. The crime was that Preparedness Day bombing in San Francisco, back in World War time. The highest tribunal in the land has handed down another decision concerning the grim grey prisoner of San Quentin. And the decision is No. Still another No. Tom Mooney made a plea for the U. S. Supreme Court to review his case, so as to compel the courts of California to give him another trial. Today the high justices refused to review the case.

But they made clear their belief that Mooney deserves to have his case reopened in the California courts. They criticized the Coast judicial authorities for refusing to let the prisoner have another day in court that is, in view of the many complications and contradictions that have come to light since Mooney's original conviction.

Meanwhile, ~~the~~ a possible pardon for Mooney is before Governor Merriam of California, four of whose predecessors refused to grant a pardon.

But the Mooney decision was not the hottest point of interest concerning the Supreme Court today. The national capital was in a state of jitters, because today was the time set for ~~the~~^{an} highest tribunal to call a halt in its session and take a recess. And it was thought probable that the justices before knocking off work temporarily would announce their decision on gold. ^P Washington ~~is~~^{was} eagerly waiting for the word that the government's gold ~~and~~ policy either had or had not been declared unconstitutional. But nothing happened. The justices ~~in the~~ adjourned until February 4th, and said not a word about gold. In their judicial calm they are withholding their decision until they meet again on the first Monday of next month.

MINE

The news has a somber cast tonight -- not only with the series of crime stories, but also with tales of disaster: - disaster darkly accomplished by the nemesis hand of nature; and, threatened disaster with bright hope still aglow.

The theme of disaster - accomplished takes us underground to that fateful old subterranean world -- the mine.

At Gilberton, Pennsylvania, in the heart of the Allegheny coal country an explosion flamed in the black pit. Nine men killed, forty overcome by the deadly fumes.

More than two hundred miners were in the coal shaft. They were trapped. The sudden blast of the explosion choked all the exits at various levels. The fumes were so bad that even rescue squads were overcome. And it's lucky no more than nine lives out of two hundred paid the price.

As for the cause, they are investigating now. Perhaps the old story of some haphazard bit of flame igniting the natural gas that wells from the coal.

There are two mine stories. The second from the far-off Balkans - Yugoslavia, where a terrific explosion of natural gas wrecked a mine. Eleven reported killed, a dozen injured.

58 And the stories of sea peril tonight are two in number. One tells of the British freighter "Valverde", in Mid-Atlantic, in a storm, and on fire. Forty British sailors fighting the blaze ~~xxxx~~ incessantly and one radio operator just as incessantly sparking out distress calls.

The flames ~~have~~ ^{the ship} devastated and swept the ~~ship~~ ^{decks so} ~~so badly that~~ only two lifeboats remain, the rest turned to charcoal. And those remaining

~~two lifeboats~~ can't be launched, for the winter gale is blasting, and ^{There is a cargo of oil aboard - threatening to explode.} mountainous seas are running. A late message picked up at Halifax told

that the electrical equipment giving power to the radio ~~had~~ burned out,

58 1/2 and that the operator was using emergency power to keep his set going.

The bright side is that two British warships and six merchant vessels

are steaming at full speed to the rescue ^{the rescue about to begin}

Sea peril Number Two flashes from far out in the Pacific.

The Radio Marine Station at San Francisco has picked up a message

from the Japanese freighter "Hokuman Maru", and this is the gist of

the message: "The ship is listing badly and in danger of sinking."

Mighty terse, but it eloquently evokes the old picture of a ship that

59 has sprung a leak and is settling in the troubled sea, threatening to

turn turtle.

That's all the information given by the Japanese wireless operator, save for one additional detail, hopeful - that another ship is ~~nearby~~ rushing to the rescue and is not so far away.

So on a message of hope we

9 1/2 say s-l-u-t-m.