

P.T. - ~~Sumo~~ Nov., June 3, 1935.

*Sumo*

KIDNAP

From the kidnap front, news of a varied kind. The hounds of the law have not yet caught the miscreants who snatched little George Weyerhaeuser, collected Two hundred thousand Dollars, and sent him back Saturday morning. The net that <sup>has</sup> been spread around Oregon and Washington has caught no fish as yet. One story has it that the cordon of troopers, sheriffs and government men is closing in. Another report is that the snatchers have sneaked through.

To balance that, there's good news. J. Edgar Hoover's men have got Volney Davis. Not one of the top-notchers among the public enemies but a bad enough egg at that. He was the machine-gunner of the sanguinary Barker-Karpis gang.

Hoover's men scooped him up from the streets of Chicago. They hustled him out to an airport, chucked him into a plane, and in a few hours he was in St. Paul, where about a year and a half ago he took part in the kidnaping of the young banker, Edward Bremer. The first dope was that Uncle Sam's men refused to say what kind of good<sup>s</sup> they had on Davis. But late this afternoon the word came over the wire that Davis had pleaded guilty to taking part in that

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Two hundred thousand Dollar Bremer kidnapping. This wipes out that whole lot of public enemies, with one exception. However, the exception is a serious one: Alvin Karpis, listed today as public enemy Number One. Nine year old George Weyerhaeuser brought back an important bit of information from his precocious experience, that Alvin Karpis was one of the ruffians who kidnapped him.

Volney Davis, the haul they made today, is a dapper little fellow about a hundred and twenty-five pounds, thirty-three years of age. Behind a machine-gun he was a paladin of bravery. When you took the machine-gun away from him, just another rat. He was doing time in the Oklahoma Penitentiary when he met the top man of the Barker-Karpis mob. The moment he got out he made for their principal hiding place and joined them. He had coal black hair when he helped kidnap Edward Bremer. When the federal men picked him up in Chicago today, that coal black hair had turned grey. His fingerprints were a mass of mutilated muscles. He had done that to disguise his fingerprints.

## SUPREME COURT

This afternoon a farewell was said in Washington.

A curtain fell on a famous room -- a room not advertised far and wide by newspaper pictures or newsreel shots, but one that is of abiding renown in the affairs and the history of the nation. Photographers were forbidden there. It's no great and spacious hall full of architectural grandeur. In fact rather a simple unpretentious room, mellowed by age, the judicial chamber of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Supreme Court adjourned today, after one of the most momentous sessions of its history -- a session that built up to exciting drama in the Gold Clause decision and came to a climax with the downfall of the NRA.

It wasn't a mere adjournment today. It was also a farewell. The nine highest justices bade farewell to their old home, the courtroom that has been the chamber of the Supreme Court for forty years.

When the Court meets again it will have new quarters, that new ten million dollar building, facing the Capitol. The old courtroom will be just a relic of the past. It may be kept as it is, a memento of Supreme Court history. Or it may be

turned into a museum for important State documents. Either would be appropriate -- for that little courtroom in the forty years of its career has witnessed the making of imposing pages of legal history, the exciting days of big business legislation back in the Nineties <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ the early Nineteen Hundreds, <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ the solution of portentous questions during the World War and the post-war period.

This year, ~~its~~ last year, was its banner year -- the decisions on Gold and the Blue Eagle.

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Today the nine lonely old men handed down a few minor decisions of little importance. <sup>And then</sup> With simple ceremonies ~~the court~~ adjourned, ~~and said faire~~ Farewell to the old courtroom!

## NORMANDIE

A new queen of the seas, a new Atlantic record! The great NORMANDIE, the pride of France's mercantile marine, swept majestically past Ambrose Lightship at three minutes after eleven this morning. She had dashed across from Bishop's Rock on the English coast in ninety-nine hours and five minutes, just a hair-line over four days. Beating the previous record by more than two hours. And at that her Captain declared, shrugged his shoulders:- "Poof it eez nothing! Macherie, she wasn't even hurrying, poof!" said he.

As a matter of fact they did slow down for a few hours to repair a broken condenser tube. Nevertheless, on the last two days of her trip, she averaged more than thirty-one and a half knots an hour, the fastest time ever made by any liner. Her average for the entire crossing was just under thirty knots. In other words, she was traveling at the rate of more than a mile every two minutes. And in water that's dazzling speed! N'est pas?

What a superb spectacle she was as she steamed through the harbor and up the river, while everything afloat shrieked a deafening welcome. Little old New York just filled its lungs and

let go. You'd have thought the racket could have been heard all the way to St. Louis,-- or at least to Clearfield, Penn. Squadrons of planes zoomed and swooped around. Clyde Pangborn flew one of them a hundred miles out at sea to greet the new monarch of the ocean. I was watching her from the top of the great R. C. A. Building. It was a curious experience to realize that that great mass floating up-stream was actually longer than the huge skyscraper on which I was standing was tall.

RUTH FOLLOW NORMANDIE

The arrival of the NORMANDIE produced one quite unexpected effect. An upheaval in major league baseball. Everybody is asking today: "What will Babe Ruth do now?"

Late afternoon dispatches indicate that one of the first things he'll do will be to attend that celebration on the NORMANDIE tomorrow night, the celebration over which the big Bam had his ~~xxxx~~ now famous smash-up with Judge Emil Fuchs of the Boston Braves. Even such a whale of a party as that's going to be seems hardly a sufficient reason for throwing up a Twenty-five thousand dollar a year job. Twenty-five grand plus a share of the profits - if any. But later reports indicate that the differences between the old Sultan of Swat and his bosses were bound to come to a head before long anyway, so why not end it with a flourish and blame it on the biggest ship in the world.

The good old King of Clout may still be a champion in a baseball game. But the Bambino seems to fan out when he starts fanning the air with his voice. And it's tough that it should have happened just as he seemed to be getting back into his stride, with those three home-runs in one game at Pittsburgh. He should have done it that day! What a Roman finish it would have made.

So today the first time in twenty-one years, for the first time since he left St. Mary's Institute in Baltimore, George Hermann Ruth is looking for a job. But he won't have to sell lead pencils. He has much mazuma in the old sock. Quite aside from his hitting, the Bambino has long been recognized as a player whose instinct for the game amounts to genius. Whether that genius would extend to the art of handling men is still to be proved. Among the Babe's gifts is not the quality of tact. And the country is not teaming with vacancies of the sort the Babe wants to fill. Because, he'll be manager of a big league ball club or nothing. There are only sixteen such berths, and all of them are filled. And Mgr. McKechnie blames Ruth for the dissention on the Boston team.

Well, his hobby is duck hunting. And he's got plenty of small change with which to buy shot gun shells.



## CAILLAUX

The wheel of destiny turned in amazing fashion over the weekend. Once more it brought to the top a man who has had more vicissitudes in his career than any other statesman in France - in the whole world for that matter. At the top! And then Fate • toppled him to the bottom.

A leading character in a sensational tragedy, his name attached to the most notorious French criminal trial since the Dreyfuss case, former Prime Minister of France, and then, along, in the dark, charged with treason.

Now he looms again in the front rank of statesmen. In the latest hour of France's need, Joseph Caillaux is called to be Minister of Finance, for the sixth time in his checkered career.

Monsieur Caillaux comes to the rescue of the franc at the age of seventy-two.

Just about twenty-one years ago he passed through the first big tragedy of his life. He was then serving his third term as Minister of Finance. Gaston Calmette, editor of the Figaro, started a virulent attack on Caillaux. Calmette was a dirty fighter. He reached the climax of his campaign when he started

publishing letters that had passed between Monsieur and Madame Caillaux before their marriage. One day in March, Nineteen fourteen, Paris rang with the news that Calmette had been shot, killed. A distinguished looking woman, perfectly dressed and swathed in rich furs, had walked into Calmette's office. Under those furs she had a revolver. And she shot the editor of Figaro as he sat at his desk. That woman was Madame Caillaux.

The trial that ensued was a sensation equal to that of Captain Alfred Dreyfuss. Caillaux of course resigned his job in the Cabinet. Madame Caillaux was triumphantly acquitted just as the soil of France rumbled under the tramping feet of its million of soldiers going to the colors to repel the German.

The next enemy that Caillaux had to face was the old Tiger, Clemenceau. During the War he threw Caillaux into prison, accused of high treason. Actually, his offense was that he had issued a plea for peace. He said that whoever won the war, the victors would lose as much as the vanquished. He was tried by the French Senate, convicted and sentenced to exile. In May Nineteen twenty-four the French Parliament pardoned him.

In Nineteen twenty-five, when the franc was at its lowest ebb, the man whom Premier Briand summoned to the rescue was the man who seven years before had been convicted as a traitor. And now he's in the same spot again, called in to save the tottering finances of his country. <sup>R</sup> Even many people who don't like him admit that Joseph Caillaux knows more about finance than anybody else in France.

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aside from being a royal anniversary, the King's birthday means a great deal in England. That's the date on which titles are handed out by the monarch, knights, knight-hoods, baronetcies, peerages. They are all granted in the King's name. The only trouble is that His Majesty has precious little to say about it. The Prime Minister hands him a list, His Majesty says O.K., and there you are.

GEORGE

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This has been a big day in the life of John Bull, ~~too~~  
The seventieth birthday of His Britannic Majesty, King George the  
Fifth, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the dominions  
beyond the seas, also Kaisar-i-Hind which means Emperor of India.  
There was a slight cold in the royal head a few days ago, but today  
he was well able to bear up under the weight of all the letters,  
telegrams, congratulations and festivities.

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Meanwhile London has had something to think about even more serious than the list of new laid ~~xx~~ knights, baronets, and viscounts. I mean the armament conference between John

Bull and Germany. ( Chancellor Hitler's delegate, Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop is realizing today that he has his work cut out.

It's up to him to say to John Bull: "You ought to let us have a navy at least thirty-five percent as strong as yours."

Of course, that's dead against the provisions of the Versailles Treaty, but the Versailles treaty is now generally recognized as a thoroughly moribund piece of paper.

## TERRA

President Getuilo Vargas of Brazil has been making a good will tour of his neighboring republics in South America. He has collected quite a number of souvenirs on the journey. Some of them were illuminated scrolls of welcome, some were new treaties and trade agreements. Also, blisters from shaking hands. And today he made an addition to his collection -- bullet extracted from the leg of his host, President Gabriel Terra of Uruguay.

It was during the welcome to the President of Brazil that a fanatic tried to assassinate the President of Uruguay. But it was not a crile shot - the aim was bad. They rushed him straight to a hospital, and President Vargas accompanied him and watched the operation. The moment the surgeons had removed the bullet, President Terra sat up on the operating table and with a bow and a smile, handed the leaden pellet to President Vargas as a souvenir.

A new South American way of entertaining a guest. Incidentally, it means that the President of Uruguay is not seriously wounded and is recovering handsomely.

## QUAKE

Some forty-five years ago Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem beginning: "Jack Barrett went to Quetta, because they told him to." Nobody will ever again tell Jack Barrett or anybody else to go to Quetta. There is no Quetta. It's a city of the dead. Yes, and it's declared dead -- officially abandoned. The British Raj has promulgated an order that the city is sealed -- a locked tomb.

Crowded trains are carrying survivors away from the place that the earthquake turned into ~~xx~~ one huge sepulchre.

It has been one of the most complete disasters in the history of the world. Quetta literally razed to the ground. Just two buildings are standing today. So the government will not even attempt to rebuilt the metropolis of the Baluchis.

In the ruins of Quetta alone are twenty thousand dead bodies. The total death roll of that latest earthquake is now estimated to run as high as forty thousand. Six thousand more are in hospitals. And apparently the terror is not over yet. The earth continues to quiver from time to time. One of the latest shocks shook loose the side of a mountain and down it came in a devastating landslide.

## FLOODS

People in the middlewest have sore need today to be staunch and stout of heart. Those who aren't living in fear of more floods, are again being visited by ruinous dust storms. This surely has been a weekend of terror in Kansas, Colorado, Missouri and Nebraska. The water has been receding in Nebraska. But the ink was hardly dry on that news when word came of a new peril in Kansas. The waters of the Kaw River and its tributaries are rushing down in a giant torrent. Towns and villages are threatened. Already more than a hundred and twenty people over the whole flood region have either been drowned or have disappeared.

But in other regions it's dust. Southwestern Kansas, the Oklahoma panhandle and southeastern Colorado are again in the grip of those whirling clouds of thick black grime. Highway traffic blocked, people forced to remain indoors. Ceiling zero.

Evil days, these in the prairie states.



WEATHER FOLLOW FLOOD

but this is not the only country that is having unusual weather. Unseasonable snow and ice are reported from another place. From the planet Mars, to be exact. E. C. Slipher has his eye on Mars. Peeking through the great telescope of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, he finds Mars visited by snow and ice, unusual at this time of year. But that weather story is from thirty-five million miles away. Too far to travel if you want to get away from the heat.

Anyhow, it's time for me to travel somewhere, so --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.