

L. T. - SUNOCO, MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1935

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Thanks Ben, and my friends of the Sun Oil Company.

I don't look any more like a doctor than I did before. The only difference is I feel more humble.

Well, this week begins with one piece of welcome news.

A notable victory for John Law, a lesson to kidnapers. Uncle Sam's policemen are wearing a new feather in their hats. The success of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice in the Weyerhaeuser case has just about the swiftest thing in the annals of American crime.

This morning's story alone was enough to electrify the country. Two people laid by the heels in Salt Lake City. In Butte, Montana, another man takes it on the run at the sight of a cop, leaving Fifteen thousand Dollars in ransom bills in his abandoned car. And all this within a week after the Weyerhaeuser family turned the Two hundred thousand dollars over to the snatchers. The government men have had Harmon and Margaret Whaley behind the bars in Salt Lake City ever since Friday night.

But this afternoon another sensation broke. J. Edgar Hoover's men found the hideout of the kidnapers in Spokane. There's a real achievement in sleuthing! And it may cause the criminal world to scratch its head and ask: "Does kidnapping pay now?"

The confession of the Whaleys has the police of five northwestern states looking for an escaped bank robber named William Mahan, the man who took it on the lam in Butte, leaving his car and Fifteen thousand Dollars in ransom bills. Every trail, every bus, every car traveling the roads of the northwest and of the intermountain states, has been scrutinized by a cordon of patrols.

The case of the Whaleys proves once more a truth policemen have been telling us for years. Criminals are supreme egoists. You may recall that the writers of the ransom notes boasted of their intelligence. Well, Harmon and Margaret Whaley were nabbed in a Salt Lake City department store. They were trying to get rid of those ransom bills as fast as they could. Tried too fast.

It turns out today that there's an eastern angle to the story of the Whaleys. They used to live in Camden, New Jersey. Philadelphia and Camden police pinched the young man several times on suspicion of robbery. But they always had to let him go for lack of evidence.

And an interesting story about the Whaleys was unearthed by the "Philadelphia Record." They lived in a boarding house in Camden. When they left, Whaley told his landlady and a fellow boarder: "I've got a deal on that's going to fix Margaret and me up for life." Now it looks as though he spoke the truth. Though not in the way he meant. He expected an easy life. Instead, it's probably going to be a prison life.

The prosecutor in Tacoma declares he's going to insist on a death sentence for all the conspirators.

All this adds considerable point to a ceremony at George Washington University last week, when the faculty conferred a degree of Doctor of Laws on J. Edgar Hoover. It's an axiom in baseball that whenever a player gets a public testimonial, he promptly walks to the plate, and strikes out. And he muffs every ball that comes his way in the field. It seems to have worked the opposite way with the brilliant young head of that Bureau of

Investigation. The citation of the University was:- "This degree is granted to John Edgar Hoover, an Administrator trained in law and technique of social justice who by reason of character, courage and skill has caused his name to be associated with those who believe in the nobility of government and the worthiness of life." On top of that, young Hoover and his men went right out and more than justified the citation.

Nineteen years ago, Hoover was a pale faced, dark eyed, dark haired lad, who laboriously got his law degree at George Washington University, working nights. Daytimes he worked in the library of Congress. It was a job paying thirty ~~xxx~~ dollars a month. The advice he got from the older fellows was: "Don't break your neck around here. It won't get you anywhere."

Young Hoover paid no attention to that advice. He broke his neck consistently. He got a raise. He got another raise. Presently, he was making more than any of the older men who had given him that thorny advice. He was the highest paid clerk on the job when he got his law degree and quit to take another position in the United States Department of Justice. In Nineteen

Chief Justice
twenty-four, ~~Harlan~~ Stone, ~~justice~~ of the Supreme Court,

was Attorney General, ^{and} ~~he was~~ organizing ^a ~~the~~ new Division of Investigation. And when he looked through his Department to find a head for it, he ~~looked~~ picked on J. Edgar Hoover. The rest is a matter of criminological history. The breaking of the **E** Weyerhaeuser case is the latest chapter.

KAUL FOLLOW LEAD

Meanwhile the New York cops are still hunting for a five-year-old boy who has been missing since Thursday, little Johnnie Kaul. This case is the foremost mystery of the day. Kidnapping has been suggested, but it's by no means sure that the little boy was snatched.

From this affair the agents of Uncle Sam have withdrawn. They've been standing by all this time, waiting to be assured that it was a case in which the interference of Federal authority would be justified. But there have been no ransom notes. The postcards received by the parents of the missing lad have been dismissed as the work of a crank. They ~~urged that a search should be made of all cellars in the neighborhood where the boy lives.~~ Crank letters, communications from deranged persons are common features in all such affairs. The New York cops believe little Johnnie Kaul fell into the East River.

PITTS

The sporting indignation over Alabama Pitts is hotter than ever. There's hardly a sporting writer in the country who hasn't taken a crack at Judge Bramham for forbidding the Albany Baseball Club to engage the late athletic graduate of Sing Sing. And, oil was poured on the troubled fire by the Executive Committee of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues. The moguls of the minor leagues held a solemn meeting at Albany this morning, and backed up Judge Bramham. So now a fresh storm of disapproval.

The Judge probably never expected such a barrage of verbal brickbats as has descended on his head. But, it doesn't seem to have dented that head, by the way. The Judge sticks to his guns and says he made his decision "for the good of baseball." He no longer claims, however, that the public would resent it. He knows better now.

The Executive Committee, in upholding his decision, thought up a new reason. They profess to believe that it will be for the best interests of Alabama Pitts not to be in a position where some angry fan in the bleachers can shout unkind things,

reminding him of his past. That excuse is like the banker saying:- "It will injure your moral stamina if I lend you this money."

The issue is now up to Judge Landis, the Duce of the Diamond. He hasn't expressed himself on the question at all. So the thing sporting fans are now asking, is: "Will the big league judge uphold the minor league judge?"

"All good men to the rescue! To the rescue of the Constitution!" That was the principal cry to be heard in Springfield, Illinois, today, ^{in the shadow} ~~^~~ the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, ~~as you know, is at Springfield~~. That makes it one of the holy places for the Grand Old Party and that's why it was fittingly chosen for the so-called Grass-Roots Convention.

"Save the Constitution!" That was the keynote sounded by ex-Governor Frank Lowden, once a candidate for the ^{Presidential nomination} ~~^~~ ~~presidency~~. Sixty-five hundred stalwarts of ~~the~~ midwestern Republican ^{ism} ~~^~~ were there. They cheered Lowden to the echo. Of course there was another sentiment among them, almost as strong. That sentiment was - "Defeat Roosevelt!" It was ^{not} ~~^~~ expressed, at any rate not loudly. But it was unmistakably the undertone of the Convention.

The avowed purpose of the meeting is to gird up the loins of the ~~Grand Old Party~~ ^{G.O.P.} in the prairie states for the Nineteen thirty-six battle. To this end they're sending out the old familiar call: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the Party!!" A progressive and liberal platform is also their aim. The question of selecting a candidate was not brought into the open. Of course

that will be up to the Convention of the entire Party next year.

But it was freely and eagerly discussed by numerous groups on the

side. Political observers are finding some significance in the

fact that ex-President Hoover was a guest of ex-Governor Lowden

a week ago.

Or maybe not, — there are many younger Republicans being groomed.

RELIEF

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Whenever the President goes away, his boys in Washington get to scrapping among themselves. While he was taking his ^{usual early} ~~well-earned~~ Summer rest at ~~rest at his Mother's estate at~~ Hyde Park, a controversy was coming to a head in Washington. It's all over the P.W.A., the Public Works projects, the spending of that Four billion, eight hundred million Dollars.

The issue is between two of the big shots of the Administration, Secretary Ickes, and Harry Hopkins, ~~the~~ Director of Relief. Between them they have a problem to settle that's none too easy. The Administration has been criticized because ^{many} ~~a large number of~~ Public Works projects in the past have not been of a kind to provide enough jobs. So the difficulty is, find projects that (a) are ~~xx~~ worthwhile, and (b) will employ plenty of labor.

And that's where the difference in the point of view of ^{the} ~~those~~ two men comes in. Says Secretary Ickes: "The money must be spent on something worth building, something that will be permanent." Says Harry Hopkins: "The main idea is to provide jobs."

N.R.A. FOLLOW RELIEF

And another rumpus has been brewing on Capitol Hill.

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This one ~~is~~ over the N.R.A. A number of the senators are proposing to turn thumbs down ^{even} on the temporary Blue Eagle. They say: "What's the good of keeping that bird hanging round half dead and alive. Give him the axe."

This move comes at an awkward time. Unless Congress extends ~~the life~~ ^{the half-alive Bird's life} the N.R.A. dies at midnight Saturday. So the stop-gap bill ~~has got to~~ ^{must} be rushed through this week if it's ~~going~~ to be passed at all. ~~That situation~~ ^{All of which} has the Democratic leaders in Congress ~~quite~~ worried. They say the measure is sure to pass. But this new opposition in the Senate is ~~nothing~~ ^{not} to be sneezed at.

And now comes ~~another~~ ^a bit of information that's none too encouraging. The National Industrial Conference Board made public some figures it has been gathering. Those figures show that the cost of feeding the Blue Eagle in the last two years has been around Ninety-four million Dollars. That's what Uncle Sam has had to shell out to administer the N.R.A. and its five hundred and seventy-eight codes. About seventy-five per cent of this money was spent by the various code authorities. Those costs were twice as much

CHINA

The Tartar, the Mongol and the Manchu, all down through history, have gone raiding into China. Now, it's the Japanese.

Thirty years ago the allied European and Japanese troops evacuated the Peking-Tientsin area, after squelching the Boxer Outbreak. Today an infinitely stronger Japanese army is marching into that same area.

The question today is: "What is Japan going to grab next?" So there's alarm at Nanking.

Chinese troops abandoning the territory to the advancing Nipponese have been tearing down telegraph poles and disrupting transportation. So the Japanese high command has now sent an advance guard of infantry to prevent further destruction of communication lines.

The Chinese officers are afraid they'll not be able to prevent an outbreak of wholesale looting and other vandalism by their own troops. If that were to happen on a large scale, it would offer the Japanese general staff an excuse for annexing more territory.

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N.R.A. FOLLOW RELIEF - 2

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reasons for their actions. They say the Chinese government is too weak to enforce order anywhere in that vast land of China. So they, the Mikado's men, have to step in to protect Japanese interests. It's all a big international chess game. When the smoke-screen of words is blown away, the fact will remain that the region which used to be the heart and center of the Chinese empire will be virtually a Japanese province.

However, John Chinaman has always had a way of avenging himself on his conquerors. The Tartar, the Mongol and the Manchu all ended up by becoming completely Chinafied. And political prophets are prophesying that this will happen to the Conquerors who have come under the banner of the Rising Sun.

Sum it up this way:—/ Japan has swiftly forced China to withdraw Chinese troops from the great cities of Peking and Tientsin, leaving Japan, tonight, in control of North China.

ASSASSINATION

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A strange bit of news comes from another part of the Far East. At first it looked like ~~xxxx~~ an ordinary police court brawl. But gradually it has developed into a case with ramifications all the way back into the secret politics of Europe.

A tramp steamship called the CALCUTTA was on its way from Marseilles to Japan. When the CALCUTTA docked at Shanghai a fifty-three year old seaman, named Michael Abramovich, was taken off and arrested. He was thrown into prison, charged with assault. Apparently it was a simple case. But while he was being investigated, some suspicious facts leaked out. Abramovich's shipmates said some startling things, ^{which} ~~they~~ got to the ears of the French authorities in Shanghai. Whereupon they became so suspicious that they laid a charge of murder against Michael Abramovich. They're holding him for extradition.

The reason? That fifty-three year old seaman is now accused of having been an accomplice in the assassination of King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia at Marseilles last October. So ~~that~~ ^{the} apparently ordinary, commonplace member of the crew of the tramp steamer turns out to be actually the most sinister kind of conspirator. That is, if the French police are right.

ITALY

8
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The newspaper warfare between Italy and Great Britain has gone too far. It isn't John Bull who says that, it's Premier Mussolini himself. Of course he started it in a way. He said Italy was going ahead with her own plans in Africa and if John Bull didn't like it, it was just too bad. Thereupon the Fascist newspapers, being *— or more duceal than the Duce,* "even more Royalist than the King"_^ took their cue from him and started a campaign against England as violent as only European newspapermen can make it.

Naturally, John Bull's journalists caught the verbal brickbats and threw them back with some extra ones for good measure.

But now, says the Duce, "that's enough." *He has clapped down the censorship* _^ In other words,

8 1/2

it's a question to be settled between himself and Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin. Let the newspapers keep out of it, at least the Italian newspapers. All of which sounds like pretty staunch common sense.

RETAKE

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FUR

Once upon a time you used to have to go to Russia to see the most luxurious collection of furs. At the annual fair at Nijni-Novorjod, the display of gorgeous pelts used to be something to make your eyes pop out.

Today it's right in America, in little old New York, that you'll find the most sumptuous exposition of furs. The annual show opens tonight at the Waldorf-Astoria. Fifteen hundred buyers from all over America, Canada as well as the United States, will get together to stroke the sleekness of such fur coats, capes, and neck-pieces as might astonish even the family of a Romanoff Czar.

And now I'm going to say something that will astonish no one:-

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.