

LT in
Crawford
Notch.

June 4, 1936.

L.T. - SUNOCO. THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1936.

Cramer
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GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

It isn't every evening I have the luck to broadcast looking at one of the most beautiful views in all North America. My microphone tonight is in the lobby of the Crawford House at Crawford Notch, in the shadow of Mount Washington. And I have come across several things I did not anticipate. I came here for a bit of trout fishing and skiing. Ski-ing in June. Absolutely. Starting out tomorrow. Bound for the North Side of the Presidential Range. The snow in Tuckerman's ravine according to Joe Dodge of Pinkham Notch is still some fifty feet deep. And then if not too worn out - we'll fish for speckled brook trout. Colonel Barron, of Crawford House, and chairman of the New England Council, just brought one in to show me - a brook trout weighing three pounds four ounces.

All of which is by way of explanation that I'm combining work and fun. When I came here I little expected to find myself on the trail of a famous character of the old West. Brigham Young, no less. Browsing around in the ancient registers of the Crawford

House, the most curious and surprising thing that caught my eye was the signature of the second most celebrated of the Prophets of Mormonism. Evidently he came here to find relief from cares of state as absolute dictator of Utah -- cares of state or the tumult of the Beehive House where his seventy odd wives used to dwell. In those days it was the custom for husband and wife to register as Mr. So and So and Lady. In the case of the prophet from Utah, Mr. Brigham Young and three ladies.

And now from Mount Washington let's look out thru Crawford Notch and see what's going on in the wide world that seems so remote from where I am:-

SPEAKER

Today's news was for a time uncertain as to whether a new Speaker of the House of Representatives would be selected to carry on the work of the late Speaker Byrns, who died early today. The Lower House of Congress can't go through its parliamentary procedure without a presiding officer. And a successor has just been chosen, Mr. Bankhead of Alabama. According to seniority, he was next in line.

Representative Bankhead is known both as an able Congressman and as father of the ravishing Tallulah. His daughter's theatrical fame is not in ~~hi~~ disharmony with the Congressman's own career. In his early twenties, he ran away from his Alabama home and joined a theatrical troupe. However, his grease paint career didn't last long. His strong-minded mother wrote to him that he would have to give up either the stage or his family. He couldn't have them both. Young

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And -

Bankhead chose - family, and politics. He began his political career, strangely enough on the Bowery, New York's bowery. He took a hand ^{in a} ~~at the~~ New York election, and delivered his first political utterance on the Bowery, from the tail end of a delivery wagon. Then back to Alabama where he rose from one office to another, in rapid succession. He's been in Congress for nearly twenty years, ever since Nineteen Seventeen.

The death of Speaker Byrns comes to political circles with a startling suddenness. He was sixty - five. He had been known to have a weak heart, the result of an influenza attack some time ago. Likewise, he had been working desperately hard as the driving hand of the administration. Still, there was no premonition. He suffered a sudden heart attack and then a cerebral hemorrhage. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ He died in harness, a few hours after he had returned home from a long gruelling day, driving, speeding up the wheels of legislation. Washington was shocked, ~~to learn~~ it, for the Speaker was one of the most familiar figures in

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the national capital, where he had served as a Congressman ever since nineteen eight. He grew up in politics from boyhood - and for twenty - eight years was a significant figure on Capitol Hill. His appearance was rather terrifying, flashing eyes, beetling brows and a belligerent manner. But ~~him~~ he was one of the kindest of men, a maker of friends. Ray Tucker of Colliers once wrote of him; "they love this homely, grizzly old-timer of Tennessee".

For days there ^{has} been a discussion as to whether or not Congress would be able to finish its job and adjourn before the Republican National Convention opens next week. The death of Speaker Byrns removes the last vestige of doubt.

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Today Congress ^{of course} immediately called off all business, and took a recess out of respect for Joseph Wellington Byrns. The Senate ~~was~~ had been expected to pass that bitterly debated tax bill today, but when the lawmakers of the upper house assembled at ten o'clock, the only thing they did was to make regretful remarks about the passing of Speaker Byrns and vote "Let's adjourn". And so the tax bill, which is the

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It became apparent today that the New York Authorities are going to have plenty of trouble laying their hands on Ellis Parker, Senior. They've indicted him, had him arrested, but the arrest occurred in New Jersey and he will have to be extradicted to New York, to get him at all. The New York Authorities have had Parker's son under indictment too, for some time now, but they've never even been able to locate him over in New Jersey. However, ^{were} plans ~~are~~ announced this after afternoon to make a drive for the extradition of Parker Senior, and force the New Jersey authorities to turn him over to New York.

So ~~are~~ once more headlines were made by that case which is of such evil notoriety in American crime history - the Lindbergh kidnaping. Parker, Senior, like Parker, Junior, is wanted for that weird kidnaping of the disbarred lawyer Wendel, who was kept prisoner in Brooklyn and forced to sign a confession that he was the kidnapper of the Lindbergh baby. All a part of the last minute attempt

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to save Richard Bruno Hauptmann.

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The arrest of Parker was just as bizarre as so many other events in the Lindbergh kidnaping. The law laid its hands on him at Mount Holly, New Jersey, just as he was leaving the Elks Club to go home for dinner. Was he taken to jail, or submitted to any similar inconvenience? Not at all. The New Jersey officials were hastily summoned and right there in the Elks Club a court of the Justice of the Peace was set up. A card table provided the legal bench at which the Justice sat. And so, with the surroundings of the Elks Club and the card table, the case was heard.

The New York authorities wanted Parker held for extradition on a large bail. The New Jersey Justice of the Peace denied that. He held the prisoner on a bail of five hundred dollars, and took Parker's word as bond. In twenty minutes the prisoner was free, announcing loudly that he would fight extradition to New York. He is a close personal friend of Governor Hoffman of New Jersey, and had the sympathetic ear

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of the Governor in his contention that Hauptmann was innocent--
framed.

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Now for a picture of the New Jersey Sherlock Holmes--
for Ellis Parker, Chief of the Burlington County Detectives,
has had a reputation for years as a local crime sleuth. He
got his start years ago chasing horse thieves through the
Jersey cranberry bogs. He goes in for scientific detection,
with accent on fingerprints, footprints, cigarette ashes,
and the traditional paraphernalia for finding big clues in
little things. He lays heavy stress on what you might call
the "psychological angle". He tries to figure out how a suspect
would act and react if he were innocent. If he finds that the
behavior of the suspect does not fit the pattern of innocent
behavior-then he feels he is on the trail. It is by such methods
that the sleuth of Burlington County came to the conclusion
that Hauptmann was innocent.

In his personal appearance, the New Jersey Sherlock
Holmes is not at all like the gaunt, weird master of detection

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portrayed by Conan Doyle. Sleuth Ellis Parker is aging, heavy, fat. He walks with a ponderous, rolling gait, like a substantial Jersey countryman. He smokes a Missouri corn cob pipe, isn't too careful about having his clothes pressed, wears suspenders.

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The labor crisis in France approaches a climax, as the new radical government takes power - - semi-revolution greets the reddest ministry France has ever had, a coalition of socialists, Radical, Socialists and Communists.

More than four hundred thousand workers are on strike. Today only half of the taxicabs in Paris were operating. Newspapers were on strike. Automobile and aeroplane industries tied up. The manufacture of war munitions at a standstill. And today coal and lumber and carpentry joined the walkout.

All of France in the throes of a labor revolt.

Such is the unhappy irony that confronts the ultra-radical government, headed by the veteran Socialist leader Leon Blum. He hasn't announced his cabinet yet- and that points to the embarrassing fix he's in, Reports are that Blum had his list of ministers complete. But, in the face of the ugly strike situation, politicians are not jumping at those glamorous portfolios. They would rather take office at some comfortable time. A minister forced to deal with the labor revolt might easily lose his political life. So Leon Blum is

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having trouble making up his list of ministers. The radical government is desperately handicapped by the uprising of its own followers.

RESCUE

Rescue at sea is an old story off the New England coast, and it was repeated today with fine effect. Tonight, twenty-six passengers who were shipwrecked in Vineyard Sound, are safe --- just telling about their exciting experience.

The Furness Red Cross liner Fort Amherst was steaming through Vineyard Sound, enroute to New York from Halifax. Those waters are not dangerous for navigation, but a blind ~~is~~ fog covered the sea. The Fort Amherst struck the rocks off East Chop Light, near the shore of Vineyard Haven.

The distress signals flashed, ~~ix~~ and swiftly the coast guard cutter, Argo, came steaming from Newport. The cutter came alongside and took off the passengers, and landed them at Woods Hole.

No, the Fort Amherst is not lying there impaled on the rocks tonight. With all pumps working, she was able to beat her way to harbor on Martha's Vineyard, that New England island next to Nantucket, and like Nantucket, famous as a summer resort.

COG ROAD

As I mentioned at the start of my broadcast, this evening I am about as far away from my regular headquarters in Radio City, New York, as I can get - in a world of forests, mountains, trout fishing - and even summer skiing! Here at Crawford House in the White Mountains! I'm a little ahead of the season - all alone in a vast hotel, with an N.B.C. engineer, a telephone company engineer to open special wires, a Western Union man to keep me in touch with the world, and a few old timers of these White Mountains such as Colonel Barrow and the Pecketts of Sugar Hill and Colonel Henry Teague who is called "The Old Man of the Mountain." Let me tell you about him.

The White Mountain season doesn't open for some days, but Henry Teague, who owns the famous Cog Road up Mount Washington, got up steam in his weird locomotive today and up the Mountain we went.

Railroad President Teague (three and a half miles, that's how long his railroad is), said it was the most thrilling Cog Rail climb in the world. I didn't tell him that I used to live on the slope of Pikes Peak or about cog rides up old Mount Vesuvius.

~~But, he's right. It's~~

But, he's right, it's worth a lot to climb Mt. Washington and look out over glorious New England from an altitude of 6000 feet, worth a lot to a city chap like me to let the wind blow some of the mental cobwebs away. And the wind does some magnificent blowing up there at times.

Philip Kenworthy is Uncle Sam's weather man up there on the mountain. With him is Wendell Lees, a weather expert from Harvard. They told me they had recorded winds up there where I left them - winds blowing over 230 miles an hour! And the mere thought of that blows me right away from the microphone. Out to see if I can catch a speckled trout.

And s-l-u.t.m.