

I Ran Rum



"Two Nifty Raccoon Coats Have Been Seen Around Tiverton..."

A former Rhode Island rum-runner tells the inside story of the liquor racket. In this installment:
 Cops in Fur Coats;
 We Lose the Seaplane;
 Fined for Attempted Bribery;
 Girls and Liquor for the Coast Guard;
 Two New York Gunmen Pull a Fast One.

VII

One night the big boys in the outfit thought they'd pull a fast one on me and sneak the Tramp in with a load without paying me my share. They had her come in to a drop just below Capitol Park in North Tiverton. I was down in the Sakonnet River that night, cleaning out a big, slow boat that had been chartered in New Bedford. When we got this fishing vessel unloaded and the goods safely away from the beach, I went home to bed.

Someone came and rapped on the window. It seems that this special constable had been at a prize fight at Capitol Park and had seen the Tramp unloading. He got another special cop and they went down and seized the whole business—liquor, automobiles and everything else they could lay their hands on. The boys wanted me to come up and see if I could straighten things out.

I didn't have much success with the cops. The only thing they had in their minds was to turn the stuff over to the Feds, which they did. Somewhere along the trip to Providence, while the trucks were in Massachusetts, about 160 cases disappeared.

When the specials came onto the men working on the beach, they found a couple of fur coats which belonged to the big shots in the outfit. I don't know whether the fur coats also disappeared while being moved through Massachusetts. I do know that two nifty raccoon coats have been seen around Tiverton since that night, being worn by a couple of special cops.

Along about the first part of 1925, a young Brava Portuguese fellow named Rose* was found dead near Lampros Brown's place on Long Wharf, Newport. As I remember it, a big cobblestone had been dropped on his head. The police investigated and one of those questioned was Brown's nephew, Louie. I don't know what his last name was—some long Greek name. A few days later, I had orders to take Louie out to one of the vessels. He didn't want anyone to know he was going and hid below until he got clear of the land. He went aboard the Paloma, we took on a load and returned to the beach. From what I heard, I guess Louie stayed up in Canada for quite a time. I don't know where he went after that.

The Lutzen Saw Her Drop
 It must have been during the winter that the seaplane was lost. We'd been working on her for a couple of days at Fogland. It was when we were finishing up the concrete piers for her runway. She was to go out this particular morning with a message for the Lutzen. It was colder'n Hell. I was supposed to go along but I said I guessed I'd stay on the beach and do some more work on the runway. She got out to the Lutzen all right, dropped the message and started back or land. Then her engine went dead and she dropped into the sea. The boys on the Lutzen saw her drop, took her men off and tried to hoist the plane on board. They were hoisting her up with a line fastened to the mooring ring in her snoot. Of course, the thing didn't hold. They had the plane just lean to the water when the ring carried away, the seaplane slipped into the ocean and that's the last they saw of her.

The boys were on the Lutzen for a couple of days. We'd about given them up for lost. Then the Hobo went to the Lutzen one night for a load and brought them back. I remember they came in at the old ferry slip at Somerset.

The pilot we had for the seaplane was a former lieutenant commander in the Navy air corps. He later was killed while working as a test pilot for the Sikorsky people.

After the Dance
 During this time, an average month's work amounted to about 7000 cases. Sometimes, when it was hard to make contact with the outside vessels, we'd only bring in 3000 cases. There were months when we brought in as much

as 12,000 cases. In the winter, when it was rough and the 75's weren't so apt to be around, we'd figure to bring the big outside vessel right in and unload her at the drop. Liquor was bringing big money at that time.

Late in 1925, I'd been at a dance and was taking my lady friend home. I had a new Hudson and when I got ready to drive away from her door, the engine wouldn't start. I monkeyed with it for about ten minutes.

A Ford touring car drove up. The man at the wheel wanted to know if I was in trouble. I said the engine wouldn't start. He then introduced himself as Sergt. Robbins of the State police. He had Trooper Nolan with him. They wanted to see my license and registration.

Asked About Losses

After looking at the papers, Robbins said, "So you're the fellow who owned that Packard with the liquor we knocked off the other night. If we'd been a few hours earlier, we'd have gotten the whole works." Then he asked how I could stand losing such large quantities of goods.

"We can't lose anything we don't have," I told him.

He asked about the money in the rum racket. I said I managed to make a living. Then they said they'd like to come in on a little of that easy money.

I said, "I don't see why."
 They asked what we generally paid for protection.

"That depends on how much protection I can get," I said.

They said they were just speaking for themselves. That is, the Portsmouth barracks. They wanted to know what I could afford to pay a week. I offered 'em \$150 a week and possibly more. They said that was all right and that they'd be over in a few days to see me.

I heard nothing from them for two weeks. I'd been down on the Cape doing some work. I got back to my shack about 10 o'clock one Sunday morning. One of the boys told me there was a message saying to go over to the barracks just as soon as it was convenient.

Fined for Attempted Bribery

I knew then that things didn't look right. I got over there about 1 o'clock, met Robbins and told him to read the warrant to me. He read it. It charged attempted bribery. He allowed me to get a bondsman and then we went to Newport for a special arraignment. I had to furnish \$1500 bail. Later on, after paying lawyer's fees of \$600, it was arranged that if I pleaded nolo, I'd be fined \$200. Which I was.

After that experience, I was always mighty careful in approaching any officials.

During 1926, things went along pretty well. Some months, we carted a lot of stuff. Other months, not so much.

There was one stretch of 23 or 24 nights steady when we waited on the beach at Salters Point for a load to come. They were never able to make contact. At last, the Thorn-dyke—the big outside rig—came in on a bright moonlight night. There was no one waiting for her and she had to go out again without taking off a case.

A few nights later, I went out with the converted sub-chaser Albatross and met the Thorn-dyke down off the Fishing Rips. I brought off 1700 cases. When I got into Salters Point, no one was there. I went up to a house and called Fox. He said they couldn't unload me that night, that it was too late, almost daylight. So I let her drift across to West Island where we lay all day. It blew hard north-west. That night, we went across and cleaned her out at Nonquitt.

Big Shots Dissatisfied

Along in the late summer and fall of 1926, the big shots in the gang began to get dissatisfied with the way things were going. They were jealous of each other, they wanted bigger cuts and they'd learned enough about the racket, both here and up North, so they figured they could go into business for themselves. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know anything about the business end of it up North and I wasn't equipped at the time to tend to both ends of the racket.

The big boys agreed to split up. One was to take this vessel, another that one.

There were some goods outside on the Gaspee Fisherman. About 700 cases of alcohol, Scotch and rye. This stuff was transferred to the Lutzen, which also had some goods aboard. The plan was to bang the Lutzen right in on the beach. It was the first time she'd come into American waters.

It was going to be a big night's work so we wanted to make sure that the 75 on duty in this territory wouldn't be butting in. So a New Bedford fellow invited the captain and crew of the patrol boat to a little party that night. They went up to Fall River and tied up. This New Bedford man had been provided with plenty of liquor, he got some fast women who were paid by the gang, and took 'em down aboard the patrol boat. Then the whole bunch went to a road house and had a helluva time. Two thousand dollars would have been cheap protec-

tion for that night's work and it didn't cost anything near that.

While Guardsmen Partied

While the Coast Guardsmen were having a good time with the girls and the liquor, the Lutzen came into the river and dropped anchor, about half past nine, half a mile south of High Hill.

The Cachalot and the Mary C. were to take the liquor off. The Cachalot, however, hit a rock while going into the Franklin Wilbur drop to put off her shore boat. She sank, empty, in 20 feet of water.

A pokey boat, the George Curtis, an old schooner, the Smead, and the speedboat Eaglet** went to the Lutzen and cleaned her out. It was the craziest operation I've ever seen in the racket. They had lanterns on deck. They were smoking cigarettes and yelling. Three-quarters of the boys had a slant on. You never heard such a racket. There was no attempt to hide or keep quiet.

The Eaglet went to a drop in North Tiverton, the Smead unloaded between the bridges in Tiverton and the George Curtis went up to Crowninshield's in Somerset. She got up there so late—it was coming daylight—that there wasn't time to unload her. So she was put on the railway so's no one would see how deep in the water she was. They put her over again that night and unloaded her.

Two New York Gunmen

Some of the goods from the Lutzen went to the Bergeron farm in North Dartmouth and the rest to Parson's farm in Somerset. The Parson place is on the road between Fall River and Warren. The Lutzen went back to Nova Scotia.

One of the boys in the gang cooked up a job on the liquor at the Parson place. He was acquainted with two New York gunmen who were supposed to have been very tough eggs. They were to come up and grab the stuff. The gunmen said they had a couple of friends who were Feds. The agents were to come along to make the taking of the goods look legitimate.

The gunmen said they'd meet this fellow at 2 o'clock the next day. In the meantime, this fellow made arrangements to put the goods in a hide over near the Portsmouth coal mines.

The gunmen and the agents showed up and went into the Parson place about half past three in the afternoon. The Feds said the place was pinched.

Three or four men who owned part of the liquor were there and they offered the Feds money to lay off. The Feds wouldn't take anything. The owners were put under arrest and handcuffed.

Then the Feds called up a legitimate mover in Fall River, said there had been a raid over in Somerset and to send over some trucks. There were nine trucks as I remember it.

Afraid to Go In

While all this was going on, Fox and I drove around sort of keeping an eye on how things were going. We were afraid to go in there because we thought it was the Feds.

While they were loading the trucks, they sent the fellow who was to pilot them to the hide in Portsmouth over to wait at the East end of the old Slade's Ferry bridge. One of the gunmen was going to pick him up there when the trucks rolled through on the way to Portsmouth.

Well, pretty soon a machine with the gunman in it came along and behind him came the trucks with the liquor. This fellow who was to show the way to the hide started to jump into the machine, but the gunman fired a shot past him and this fellow beat it away from there. Then the machines and trucks turned north, instead of towards Portsmouth, went back across the river over the Brightman street bridge and headed for New York.

They'd been out of Fall River only a short time when the boys began to realize that something was phoney. So they called up the New London police and tipped 'em off that a fleet of liquor trucks was coming through. New London flashed the word around. About seven that night, we got word that the trucks had been grabbed in Groton, along with the Feds, the gunmen and the drivers. The truckmen, of course, were innocent because they thought it was a legitimate raid. But they were fined. If I remember it right, the Feds got from three to five years and the gunmen also did time. The trial was in New London.†
 (To be continued Monday Bulletin)

*The body of Leroy Rose was found on Long Wharf, Newport, on Jan. 12, 1925. In newspaper accounts of the investigation conducted by the Newport police, the names of those questioned do not appear.

**Available records indicate the Eaglet first was captured with rum on board off Block Island, Jan. 11, 1925. She was taken by the Coast Guard on July 20, 1928, and was examined by a patrol boat on Nov. 4, 1929. She was seized after a chase on June 2, 1930; the authorities expressed the opinion that her liquor cargo had been jettisoned. The vessel was freed by Judge Ira L. Letts in Federal Court, Nov. 12, 1930. The Eaglet sank in flames off Sakonnet, Aug. 22, 1932. Two of her seamen were wounded. A jury in Federal Court found the crew guilty of rum charges on Mar. 22, 1932, the captain was sent to jail for six months, the engineer for three months.

†The account of the theft of liquor from the Parson farm agrees, except for small details, with newspaper stories published at the time of the incident. According to the contemporary accounts, there were four trucks—not nine—and they were seized at Groton early in the morning.

JOURNAL IS MOVED INTO NEW BUILDING

Continued from Page 1, Col. 3.

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I Ran Rum

A former Rhode Island rum-runner tells the inside story of the liquor racket. In this installment:
My New Hide;
The Coast Guard Helps Out;
I Fly a Plane;
My First Trip Up North;
Encountering the Feds;
The Alpaca Escapes.
This is the 14th in a series of 25 installments appearing daily in The Evening Bulletin and Providence Sunday Journal.

XIV

After the fight at the farm, the hide in the hay mow of the barn was useless. The Feds knew where it was. And the hide I'd built up in the woods wasn't very convenient. So I decided to build a new one.

To get a hide, we had to build a garage against one end of the barn. After we got the garage up, I picked out four men I could trust and we went to work, digging out the inside. The first thing we did was blast out a big rock that was in our way. Then, with wheelbarrows, we carted out the dirt and rocks until we had a hole about seven feet deep. I bought a cement mixer for \$75 and we ran in concrete walls, 22 inches thick and reinforced with wagon axles. After the walls had set, we put on a top of concrete, reinforced with railroad ties that we got over at the old car-barn in Portsmouth. The top was 16 inches thick and made a cement floor for the garage. At one end, we built three rooms. One, with a stove in it, we called the office. The other two were fitted with bunks so that quite a few of the boys could sleep there.

The entrance to the new hide was through the barn cellar. To get in, you had to pull out a lot of the rocks from the foundation of the barn. Behind the foundation wall was a steel trap door, half an inch thick. The door was opened and shut by a cable connected to an electric motor hidden in the garage above. After you'd put the foundation stones in place and filled the barn cellar with manure, it was a pretty safe hide.

It would hold 4000 cases. Outside of myself, only the four men who helped build it ever knew about the hide. We used it right straight along.

Runner's Locked Up

When runners from New York, Boston or other places rolled in for a load of goods that had to come out of the hide, I'd lock 'em in the little office so's they couldn't see where we kept the stuff.

Just about the time that the hide was finished, we planned to hang the firelight into the drop at Warrens Point. The little boat Greta was supposed to tow the three unloading skiffs around to the drop. She was going down the river from Almy's Wharf with the skiffs in tow when Bos'n Lathan of Price's Neck Station showed up in his picket boat. He ran up alongside the Greta and asked, "What part of the river is she coming to tonight?" After they hummed and hald' around out there for quite a while, Lathan brought the Greta and the three skiffs into Sakonnet breakwater and kept 'em there until daylight.

Meanwhile, the firelight came into Warrens Point and put over her three dories. The 1600 cases she had aboard were taken off in these boats. Naturally, we felt kind of grateful to Mr. Lathan for holding the skiffs and thus calling attention away from the place we were working.

In 1928, I first became actively interested in aviation, and invested some money in the flying field at Island Park.

First for Fun

The next summer, I bought a plane. I'd taken some instruction from a former Navy flier back in the days when the New Bedford outfit had the little Curtiss seaplane and I'd done some flying with a fellow over at the naval training station. After taking some more lessons, I got a private pilot's license. When I first got the plane, there was a rumor around that I was going to run in dope but there was absolutely nothing to that. I got mixed up in flying more for the fun of it than anything else.

My interest in flying goes way back to 1914 when I was working for a Newport florist for fifty cents a day. I'd saved \$13 and I borrowed \$2 more from the man I worked for and I gave the \$15 to the late Jack McGee for a 15 minute ride in his plane. Ever since then, I've had a hobby for flying.

As it turned out, this first plane I owned, and others I bought later on, were very useful in the racket. With them, I could run down the shore from Castle Hill to Cuttyhunk, then out over No Mans, and out to sea, cutting back to shore at Newport. I made this trip whenever we planned to work, getting an idea where the cutters and cans were. Of course, I made the trip on days when we weren't working, too, so's the Coast Guard wouldn't get wise.

Up until the fall of 1929, I had simply been handling the business at this end, mostly carting liquor for other people. I knew nothing about the end of the racket up north.

Argued About Costs

My associate in Boston and I got into an argument over what he said was the cost of the goods in Canada. He'd show me the bills, but I learned later that the bills didn't show any record of the discount he had been getting. At any rate, he said if I didn't think the bills were on the level, I could go up north with him sometime and see for myself. I decided to accept his offer.

I met him at the North Station in Boston and the next morning we got to Montreal. We went to see the agent for Limited Distillers, Abe Broffman, I think his name was. We bought part of a cargo—Indian Hill, Lincoln Inn, Golden Wedding, and so on—from him. The rest of the shipment we got over at Consolidated Distillers. That was my first lesson in how the northern end of the business was handled.

During the winter of 1929-30, things went along as usual for a while but in February, the harbor at St. Pierre was closed with ice and the boats couldn't get in or out. So we decided to go to Bermuda and take liquor

out of there until we could use St. Pierre again.

We went out to Bermuda on one of the regular boats from New York and bought a load of rum from a dealer in Hamilton. He was agent for one of the Canadian firms. We came right back on the same boat. The firelight made either two or three trips down there. The stuff cost 50 cents more a case down there because of the higher export tax. As soon as we could, we started using St. Pierre again.

The firelight came into Warrens Point one night with one of the loads of Bermuda liquor. The truck that was fixed up to look like an A&P truck and two smaller rigs were on the beach to cart the stuff up to the farm. They'd made one trip and were back for another when I saw a State Police car go down by the drop. I went up to the farm right away to warn a couple of other trucks we were using that night that things were hot.

Tailed by Feds

On the way to the farm, I saw a car parked on Swamp Road, Little Compton. I had an idea it was the Feds and stopped to make sure. I recognized Mike O'Brien and some of the other agents but I pretended not to know 'em. I went up to the car and said, "What are you doing down here, Slim Roberts, looking to stop some lead?" O'Brien said he wasn't Slim Roberts and explained that he was a Fed. "Oh," I said, "I thought you were hijackers."

I headed along toward the farm and the Feds tailed me. I left the machine about a mile north of the farm and sneaked down through the woods. I warned the boys. There was some liquor there in a truck and the rest was in a big heap in the woods nearby. I figured it was safe because I didn't think the Feds knew about this place. But that night, they had a stool pigeon—one of the neighbors—who showed 'em the back road into the farm. They came in and grabbed the truck and the heap of liquor in the woods. They planted three or four cases in a Ford coupe that was there and then seized that.

They gave the Ford back a couple of days later, but a pair of boots, a robe and some tire chains were missing. The truck they grabbed, so far as I know, was never offered for sale at auction. It later became the property of a man who did some trucking for the prohibition officers. The two men the Feds grabbed that night were later discharged by the commissioner at Providence.

The big A&P truck, which had been at the drop all this time, rolled away from there about eight o'clock that morning and went over the back roads through Adamsville to New Bedford and so safely to Boston.

Met at the Old Bull

A Providence combination had an outside vessel named the Alpaca that they were working from during the spring of 1930. She was a 90-foot schooner type vessel, slender built, that would lug 2200 cases. One night, they planned to bring her into Horse-neck Beach, but it was too rough. They came to my house and wanted to know about bringing her into the river, and asked what the situation was with the Coast Guard. I said I guessed everything was alright. I offered to put a pilot aboard of her, but they said she had her own American pilot who knew these waters like a book. So I told 'em to wire the Alpaca—they had a radio station somewhere over Westport way—to come into the river and make the Old Bull bell buoy. I would have a little motor boat there with a man aboard to bring 'em into Brown's drop.

Well, the night she came in, it was raining very hard. She got to the Old Bull about ten o'clock. We watched her from the beach as she came into the drop. I said, "My God, if they keep coming, she'll be on the rock," and, sure enough, in a minute she was. My man later told me the Alpaca's American pilot said he knew more about these waters than my man did. The pilot came ashore and said the Nova Scotian crew wanted to leave her. I rowed out and tried to back her off, but she wouldn't budge.

The boys started unloading her. There must have been a gang of 60 men working there. We used the Alpaca's dories and our own shore boats. The radio set was brought off because it wasn't licensed.

Goods Heaped On Beach

Finally, all the stuff was on the beach. But the fields between the drop and the main road were so muddy that trucks couldn't come through. Some of the stuff was stored in shacks along the beach. The rest of the goods—perhaps 400 cases—remained in a heap on the beach.

One of the owners of the goods asked me to take a look around the river to see where the patrol boat was. I drove up the east shore and finally located the 75, tied up at Fall River. I went aboard and found a fellow I'd done business with in charge. I explained the situation and said there was \$500 and I didn't know how much more if he would sort of overlook the Alpaca until they got her off the next morning at high water. I gave him the money and said I'd get some more from the owners of the boat.

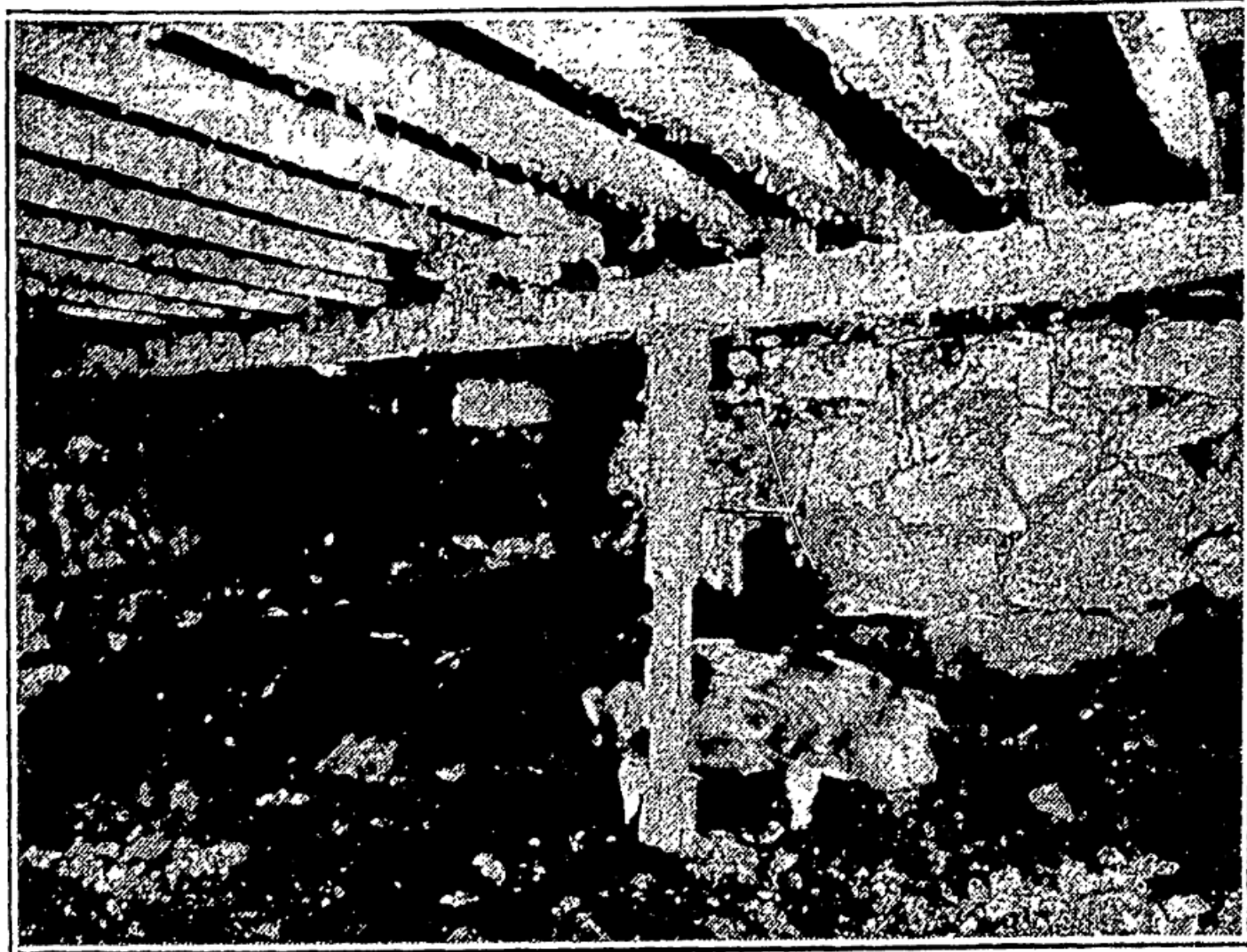
He said he was due to go back to the New London base the next morning and that he thought maybe he'd have to meet the 75 that was relieving him down in the river. I asked him whether he could get in touch with this other boat and make arrangements to meet in the east passage by Newport. He said he'd try.

Ten Minutes Margin

I came away and sneaked down to the drop again. I looked the vessel over. She wasn't leaking. We ran her two anchors off the stern, putting the lines through the stern chocks and to the winch head. I told 'em to take up on the lines and put her engine in reverse at high water and she'd come off. When they got her off, they were to make the middle of the river and head due south 'til they got clear of land.

That morning at high water, I went to High Hill, about three miles above the drop, and watched with glasses to see what would happen. Just at high water, you

IN THIS CASE, THE PIG IS A BLIND



The "Hide," Described in Today's Installment of "I Ran Rum," is Behind the Barn Foundation Wall in the Background. The Entrance to the Liquor Cache Can Be Seen, When It Was in Use During Rum-running Days, a Solid Steel Door, Electrically Operated, Closed the Aperture and Then Foundation Stones Were Replaced, Defying Detection.

could see her start to move and then drift clear. She put to sea. Not ten minutes later, the relief patrol boat came down the river.

I'm still waiting for the \$500 I paid to give the Alpaca safe passage to sea and I don't suppose I'll ever get it.

The liquor remained there in the shacks and on the beach until that night when they hired three or four farm teams at \$50 a piece—they had to guarantee the teams if they were grabbed by the Feds—and trucked the stuff up through the deep mud to the road. They took about 30 cases a trip. Some of the goods were stored in Tiverton for a few days but most of it went right straight through to Providence.

(To be continued in The Evening Bulletin tomorrow.)

*James H. "Slim" Roberts had devious connections with the rum racket. He acted for a time as a government stool pigeon. He was indicted for the robbery of the government bonded warehouse on Harris avenue, Providence, pleaded guilty to the charge and acted as witness for the prosecution. He was placed on probation, Dec. 3, 1929. On Aug. 10, 1931, Roberts was sentenced to a year in Atlanta by the Federal Court here, Editor's footnote.

ROOSEVELT HAILS LOW COST POWER

Continued from Page 1, Col. 8.

resources. You have acreage capable of supporting a much larger population than you now have. And we believe that by proceeding with these great projects it will not only develop the well-being of the Far West and the Coast, but will also give an opportunity to many individuals and many families back in the older settled parts of the nation to come out here and distribute some of the burdens which fall on them more heavily than fall on the West."

Quoting Horace Greeley's famous advice, "Go West, young man, go West," Mr. Roosevelt said it was "supposed to be out of date today but there is a great opportunity for the people in the East, people in the South and in some of the overcrowded parts of the Middle West—some people from sub-marginal lands—who have proved conclusively that it is a mighty difficult thing to earn an adequate living on those lands."

"I leave here today," he concluded, "with the feeling that this work is well undertaken, that we are going ahead with a useful project and that we are going to see it through for the benefit of our country."

The Presidential party, aboard the air-conditioned train that will take Mr. Roosevelt through the American Northwest to Chicago, left the dam-site at 12.30 p. m. (Pacific Standard time) for Spokane.

Tonight his train sped along for Glacier National Park in the northwest corner of Montana, where the Sabbath day will be spent.

Radio Address Tonight

Arrangements have been made for the President to deliver a 15-minute address from Glacier Park, Mont., tomorrow night. Two National Broadcasting Company networks and the Columbia Broadcasting system are to carry the address from 9:30 p. m. (Eastern Standard time) to 9:45. The broadcasting companies said more than 150 stations would be included in the three networks.

At the Grand Coulee dam site, Senator C. C. Dill, Democrat, Washington, gave President Roosevelt credit for conceiving the plan for development of the Columbia river, with threefold objective of power production, flood control and reclamation of more than 1,000,000 arid acres in the Columbia basin project.

Senator Dill introduced the President to the thousands of persons gathered in the natural amphitheatre at the head of the Grand Coulee as "the greatest builder who ever sat in the White House."

The Senator predicted "this river will become the principal power source of a super-power system to provide electricity without profit all over the United States."

Called Master Builder

Roosevelt, Dill said, was "the master builder of our time" because, through his conception of power development, reclamation, reforestation and decentralization of factory population, "he is building a new America in which all will have a more abundant life."

Dill said that after the President had studied the details of the Columbia basin project in the spring of 1933, "he told me it was too costly,

that it involved the sale of too much power, and that it would irrigate too much land, if we built it all at this time.

"I argued that although the project was exceedingly large, since it would take so many years to settle the lands, we should start it now. But he still refused.

"Suddenly, he asked, 'Why not build a low dam and sell the power to pay for it and build the high dam upon it later?'"

"I replied that I feared the cost of the low dam would be so great that the price of electricity would be so high we could not be able to create a market.

"The President then said: 'You take it up with the reclamation engineer.' Then he added words I shall never forget. 'You know, engineers can do almost anything, if you just tell them what you want.'

"A few weeks later, the engineers reported it could be done, and the President directed the public works board to allocate the \$63,000,000 for the dam and power plant and transmission lines."

Roosevelt Text

Following is the unofficial text of President Roosevelt's address, transcribed by a court reporter in short hand:

"Senator Dill, Governor Martin and my friends:

"I go back a long, long way in my interest in the Grand Coulee. Some people in this country think this is a new project. I remember very well in the campaign of 1920 when I was out through the Northwest it was a very live subject at that time. My old friend, Senator Dill, being of an historical turn of mind, went back into the dark ages—14 years ago—and dug up a speech I made in Spokane and he brought it to me on the train, and I am going to read it to you. Not the speech, but about two sentences of it for the historical record to show that people have been thinking of the Columbia river for a great many years.

"In 1920 I said this: 'Coming through on the train today—it was coming through from Montana and Idaho—has made me think pretty deeply. When you cross the mountain States and that portion of the coast States that lie well back from the ocean you are impressed by those great stretches of physical territory, now practically untouched but destined some day to contain the homes of thousands and hundreds of thousands of citizens, a territory to be developed by the nation and for the nation.

Problem for Whole U. S.

"As we were coming down the river today (this was 14 years ago) I could not help but think, as everyone does, of all that water running down to the sea."

"Well, there is the text of what we are trying to do in this country today. And then I went on and said: 'It is not a problem of the State of Washington, and it is not a problem of the State of Idaho—it is a problem that touches all the other States in the Union.'

"It is a problem, as I said then, that interests us away back in little old New York State. We have made a beginning in scratching the soil, this soil of ours; we have made the beginnings and I like to think they are only beginnings and that even in our lifetime we are going to see with our eyes this problem taken up on a vastly greater scale.

"It took 14 years for that prophecy to come true, but is on its way. And most of us here today are going to be alive when this dam is finished and a lot of other dams are finished.

"As I said to the Secretary of the Interior on the other side of the river a few minutes ago we are in the process of making the American people 'dam-minded.' People are going to understand some of the complications of building dams in the higher stretches of rivers all over the country. The chief engineer was telling me a few minutes ago that the eventual completion of this dam is going to mean the doubling of the potential power of every city on the Columbia river between here and the mouth of the Snake—and that is a lot of power.

Defends Low Gain

"It is going to affect not only the Columbia river basin, but it is going to affect all Mountain States and the Pacific Coast territory and we are going to see, I believe, with our own eyes, electricity and power made so cheap that they will become a standard article of use, not only for agriculture and manufacturing, but also for every home within reach of an electric light line.

"The experience of those sections of the world that have cheap power proves very conclusively that the cheaper the power the more of it is used—the more of it is used in home

and small businesses; and that makes me believe that this low dam which we are undertaking at the present time is going to justify its existence before it is completed by our being able to contract for the sale of practically all of the power it will develop.

"And if we are justified in that hope we come down to chapter two, which is the building of the high dam.

"I want to take this opportunity, my friends, of telling you something of the amount of money the Federal Government is spending in the three States of the coast. I should have liked to personally (and so would the Secretary of the Interior) to proceed from the very beginning by setting aside and allocating the money for the complete project at this place, but the fact is that out of the total made available to be administered by the Congress we have allocated in these States of the coast a much larger proportion of that fund than the population of the three States justifies.

Lion's Share for Coast

"Now that has meant a very simple thing and I am talking to you frankly. It has meant by allocating a larger portion of the \$3,000,000,000 fund to the coast than a mere figure of population would justify. We have had to take some money from other States and give them less than they would have gotten—less than what might be called their normal equity. Why did we do it?"

"We did it in my judgment with perfect propriety and with the knowledge that those States that did not get quite as much as the Coast got would understand and approve it. We did it because out here in the Mountain States and in the Coast States you have unlimited natural resources. You have acreage capable of supporting a much larger population than you now have. And we believe that by proceeding with these great projects it will not only develop the well-being of the Far West and the Coast, but will also give an opportunity to many individuals and many families in the older settled parts of the nation to come out here and distribute some of the burdens which fall on them more heavily than fall on the West.

"You have great opportunities and you are doing nobly in grasping them. A great many years ago, 75 or 80, a great editor in New York said: 'Go West, young man, go West.' Horace Greeley is supposed to be out of date today, but there is a great opportunity for the people in the East, people in the South and in some of the overcrowded parts of the Middle West—some people from sub-marginal lands—who have proved conclusively that it is a mighty difficult thing to earn an adequate living on those lands.

Foresees More Homes

"You here shall have the opportunity of still going West.

"And so I am going to try to come back here when the dam is finished. And I know that this country which is looking pretty bare today is going to be filled with the homes not only of a great many people from this State, but a great many families from other States of the Union, men, women and children who will be making an honest livelihood and doing their best exclusively to live up to the American standard of living and the American standard of citizenship.

"I leave here today with the feeling that this work is well undertaken, that we are going ahead with a useful project and that we are going to see it through for the benefit of our country."

6000 GREET PRESIDENT AT STATION IN SPOKANE

Roosevelt Shouts to Be Heard Above Tumult.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 4.—(AP)—En route to Glacier National Park from the Pacific coast, President Roosevelt's special train arrived here at 6:04 p. m. (Pacific Standard Time) and departed five minutes later.

Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by Senator C. C. Dill, of Washington, appeared first as the train stopped. Two minutes later the Chief Executive, bronzed and smiling, emerged to be greeted by the nearly 6000 persons who jammed the narrow platform of the station.

"I'm glad to see you, my friends," the President shouted above the tumult.

"The last time I came here it was 3 o'clock in the morning in 1932. A dear old lady came down to see me, and she told my son, Jimmy, that if Mr. Roosevelt did not get up to see her, she would vote for Hoover."

The President posed for a dozen or more photographers before the train pulled out for Glacier National Park to the east.

I Ran Rum

A former Rhode Island rum-runner tells the inside story of the liquor racket. In this installment: Activity in Madison Square; Yvette June Sunk; Raising the Wreck; I Hear About Kidnaping; My New Boat, Sea Gull; A Hangar for Storage.

This is the 21st in a series of 25 installments appearing daily in "The Evening Bulletin and Providence Sunday Journal."

XXI

It was in the dark of the moon in July, 1931.

The man I had at the farm, listening to the Coast Guard radio signals, heard the commander at the New London base order all boats in this area to blockade Madison Square Garden. That was the Coast Guard code, at that time, for the Sakonnet River.

But as luck would have it, I didn't go over to the farm that day to see how things were. If I had, a lot of trouble could have been avoided.

The reason the Coast Guard ordered a blockade of the river was because these two stoolpigeons from Newport had told them several loads were coming in that night. Their information on this point was quite correct.

My outside vessel, the Ruth F. had gone back up north for a load against the dark of the moon in August so my speedboat was chartered to the local representative of the Lillian Brothers. He also had chartered a vessel from New Bedford, the Mary Lou. This vessel and the Follow Me were to take loads from the Alpaca.

The Eaglet, owned by a southern Massachusetts party, was going to work from the Silver Arrow, an outside rig owned by the same person. He also had chartered the Yvette June, owned in Tiverton, to freight stuff from the Silver Arrow.

Lot of Motors Churning
The College Boys, who were paying the stool pigeons, thought that by having boats owned by two Tiverton outfits and this Massachusetts independent knocked off, it would get a lot of the competition out of the way and leave this part of the coast clear for their own racket.

Instead of going to the farm to get a report from the radio man, I went down to my cottage at Sakonnet Point.

About half past 10, I looked across the river and could make out a cutter sneaking up the west shore. About half an hour later, I could hear a lot of motors churning out there and I knew there was more than one cutter in the river. Then I saw a couple of tracer bullets streak through the darkness.

The Follow Me was supposed to come in to Sherer's drop so I went up there right away. The watchman at the road above the drop said the boys on the beach had telephoned up that the Follow Me was almost unloaded. I started for the beach.

Yvette June Ducked and Sank
While I was running down across the fields, machine guns opened up from it seemed like everywhere out on the river. All the cutters turned on their lights so they wouldn't be shooting at each other.

The firing was at the Yvette June which had started right up the middle of the river under the button like she had a license to cart rum. For 10 or 15 minutes, the June ducked this way and that way while the machine gun bullets ripped into her from all directions. Then the cutters hemmed her in and sank her off Church's Pier.

The minute the fireworks started, the Follow Me slipped her cable, dumped the 35 cases she still had on board and sneaked up the river close to the beach. She went up through the bridges and was stopped up there by a blockade of two 78's. After an inspection, she was allowed to continue to Newport. The men on one of the cutters said they'd already heard by radio that the June had sunk.

The Eaglet was abreast Sachuest Cove when the shooting began. She headed right back out to sea, dumping her load off Sachuest Point. The cutters didn't see her at all.

Right behind the Eaglet came the Mary Lou. She ducked over to the west shore and sneaked in back of a stub trap where she dumped her load. The trap was off Stoney Brook. Then the Mary Lou went back to New Bedford.

Two Cutters Over Wreck
There was more shooting and ac-

tivity in the river there for a few minutes than I've seen before or since.

The vessels that blockaded Madison Square Garden that night included three 78's, two 75's and two picket boats at the south end of the river and two 78's at the north end.

The next night, two cutters were anchored in the middle of the river, over the wreck of the Yvette June, so's no one would take and grab the liquor.

We got two little boats—a mahogany speedboat and the Greta—and with three big skiffs in tow, sneaked down the west side of the river and located the heap from the Mary Lou. We got some of the goods that night and more the next night. About 325 of the 350 cases were fished up.

Coast Guard divers cleaned out the Yvette June. When the goods were taken out of her, she had enough buoyancy to clear the bottom. The Coast Guard put a line on her and towed her three miles down the river to deep water. But they gave out a statement that she had been lost off Common Fence Point while being towed up to Providence. I knew that was a lie because I'd watched 'em tow her down river.

When things weren't so hot, I spent half a day locating the Yvette June, using a 150-foot sweep chain. After I'd gotten a range on her position, and acting for the owners, I went to a New Bedford wrecking company to see about raising her. They weren't excited about it.

Gang Victim's Story

Finally, I got an old lighter in Fall River and a tow boat from New Bedford to come over and raise her. As she was being taken up the river, they lost her off the bell at Fogland. Then the tow boat quit. Then we got another old tow boat from Fall River that didn't have power enough to pull your hat off, raised the June and finally got her onto the railway at Somerset. She was all twisted out of shape but they made repairs and she continued in the business until they grabbed her again.

Late in the summer of 1931, I had to go to Halifax to see about some business in connection with the Ruth F. On the boat out of Boston, I met a Providence man who was in the business. He told me about having been kidnaped and shaken down by gangsters in Pawtucket. They grabbed him from his machine one day near his house, threw him in the back of his machine and put a blanket over him.

He didn't know exactly where he was taken but he thought it was Pawtucket. There, this machine was driven into a garage hidden in a basement. From that, he figured the place had been a hide used by bootleggers. Then they strapped him with adhesive tape over his eyes and mouth and put him in a machine and rode around for several hours. He thought they probably took him to Boston. He was taken upstairs in a house and thrown on a bed. While they were taking the tape off his eyes they told him to keep his eyes closed. Then they had him write notes to his wife, demanding \$40,000, which he claims was paid. He was there for five days. They'd come in during the day with guns and threaten to kill him and other members of the gang would say not to. When he was turned loose, the kidnapers told him not to say anything or they'd kill his little girl.

Sea Gull too Slow

The bottom of the Follow Me had begun to get kind of weak by this time and I figured she wasn't fit for service during the winter. So I planned to build a heavier boat, put the Deisel engine from the Elsol into her and disguise her as a fisherman.

I arranged at the Casey yard in Fairhaven to have a vessel built on the frames used for the Elsol. There was a boat on the ways there, practically finished for another outfit and I made an arrangement to take that vessel instead. This other outfit, which didn't want a boat quite as soon, were to take the one I ordered.

After she was built, I put the Diesel into her and she was ready early in October. She was called the Sea Gull. At the boatyard, I did business as John Black. She was first registered to a former Navy man who claimed to be an engineer.

The Sea Gull was fitted as a fisherman. I put two auto-trawls aboard of her and for a few weeks, she was offshore fishing. We'd planned to bring in some liquor on her but she was too slow, being capable of only about ten knots. She went out to the Ruth F. a couple of times with supplies.

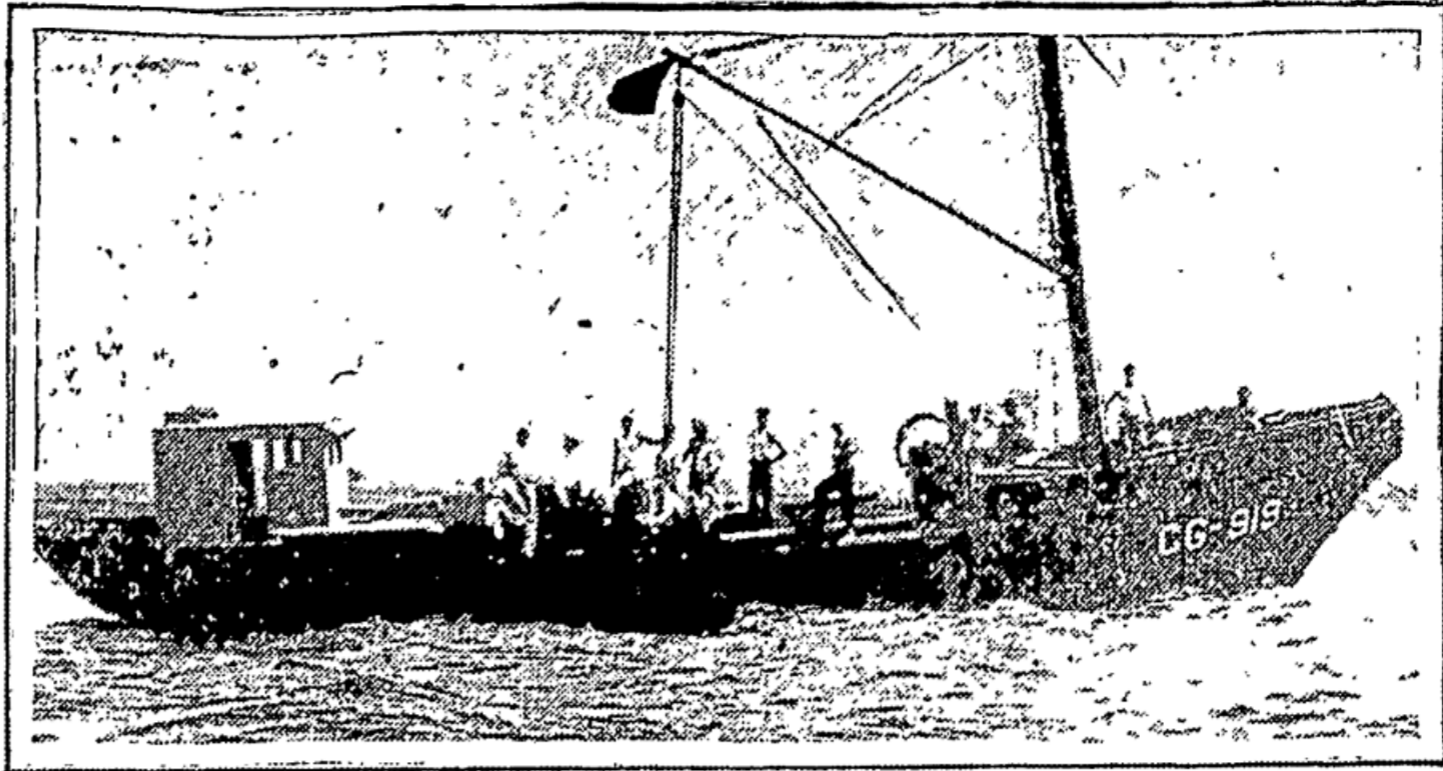
Flares for Rhode Island

She was useless as she was. I heard of a man in Jamestown who had a pair of Sterlings for sale. They were supposed to have been rebuilt at the factory and he said I could have them for \$700 apiece.

While the Gull was over there, the Ruth F. came down and the Follow Me took off about half her load. Then one night I decided to clean her out. I chartered the Rhode Island to bring in 600 cases at \$6 a case and the Follow Me was to take off the remainder, about 450 cases. The Follow Me was to drop at Warren's Point, the Rhode Island at Long Rock, Westport.

While we were waiting over at Westport that night, we saw machine gun fire several miles offshore and then some flares went up from a Coast Guard boat. We figured the

COAST GUARD DIVERS, A HEAVY-WEATHER SMUGGLER, AND A HANGAR FOR RUM



The Coast Guard Lighter in the Top Picture is Seen Anchored Over the Wreck of the Yvette June, While Divers Go Down to Remove the Potable Gall. The Rum-Running Sea Gull, Described in Today's Installment of "I Ran Rum," is Pictured Below the Diving Operations, and at the Bottom is the Dirigible Hangar at Round Hill, Sometimes Used for the Storage of Rum.

Rhode Island had been taken. We waited for a couple of hours and then went over to Warren's Point. There was no sign of her anywhere and I heard nothing about her until the next morning when one of the crew told me they had seen the fireworks while 15 miles of Sakonnet.

They dumped the load. That was silly, but the captain I had on the Follow Me at that time was a former Coast Guard skipper and very nervous.

18 Knots Pleasing

When we got back to the farm that morning, the man who had been listening in on the short wave set told us he'd heard a 75 report that the Rhode Island had been scuttled and that the patrol boat had arrived in time to seize a few cases and take off the crew. * * * Which meant the loss of 1000 cases to me and the owner of the Rhode Island lost his vessel. That was his risk.

The engines the man at Jamestown put into the Gull were old and broke down before we could get her across to Fort Adams.

Disgusted with all this, I brought the Sea Gull up to Tiverton, yanked out the Sterlings and installed a pair of Vimalerts. The pair cost me \$5500. I worked all through Christmas week and on New Year's Day, putting them in and we tried her out on Jan. 2, 1932. I was very much pleased when she turned up 18 knots over a measured course.

The Follow Me and Mary Lou had been operating while we fooled around, getting the Gull ready.

Round Hill Ideal

When the Ruth F. came down in December, we were unable to clean her out right away and she had to stay over a moon. Then I chartered the Overland and the Mary Lou to bring in the goods.

The first trip the two boats made, they came into the Round Hill estate of Col. Green, over in South Dartmouth. The Overland lugged 102 bags and 48 kegs and the Mary Lou had on 297 bags. They ran right into the dock there. On the other side of the dock was the old whaler, Charles W. Morgan. The trucks backed out on the dock and it was very easy to transfer the rum. Then we drove the trucks into the dirigible hangar, where they remained hidden until about daylight.

The Round Hill estate was an ideal drop and two or three outfits tried to get in there. After a while, it really got kind of burned up on that account. I worked in there off and on. Sometimes, when we didn't have enough trucks, the liquor would be stored in the hangar overnight.

All the outside vessels that carried radios had more or less trouble with the Nova Scotian authorities because the transmitters weren't licensed. The boys would have to dismantle the equipment before making a Nova Scotian port. Like the others, the Ruth F. ran into this trouble and I was considering putting her into the Newfoundland registry. That would have cost \$1000.

A friend of mine in Boston who was in the racket told me he'd had a couple of his vessels changed over to Barbados registry for \$25 apiece. So I had my attorney in Halifax, Mr. Melnnes, switch the registry of the Ruth F. so's her home port was Bridgeton, Barbados. Then, as a foreign vessel, she could go into Nova Scotian waters without having any trouble about her radio equipment. (To Be Continued Monday Bulletin.)

The Yvette June was reported sunk off Church's Point on July 14, 1931. Newspapers a few days later quoted Coast Guard officials as saying that the vessel, while under tow to Providence, had sunk a second time off Common Fence Point. When the Yvette June reappeared, the Government sought a libel against her, but the Federal Court, on Jan. 17, 1933, held that a salvaged vessel could not be libelled. The Yvette June was taken with rum on board in the Westport river, April 3, 1932.

Four men said to have been members of the Rhode Island's crew on the night of the sinking were acquitted of rum charges by a jury in Federal Court and the Court discharged a fifth defendant, March 18, 1932.—Editor's footnote.

NEW FLOATING DRYDOCK LAUNCHED FOR U. S. NAVY

Will Be Used for Destroyer Base at San Diego, Cal.

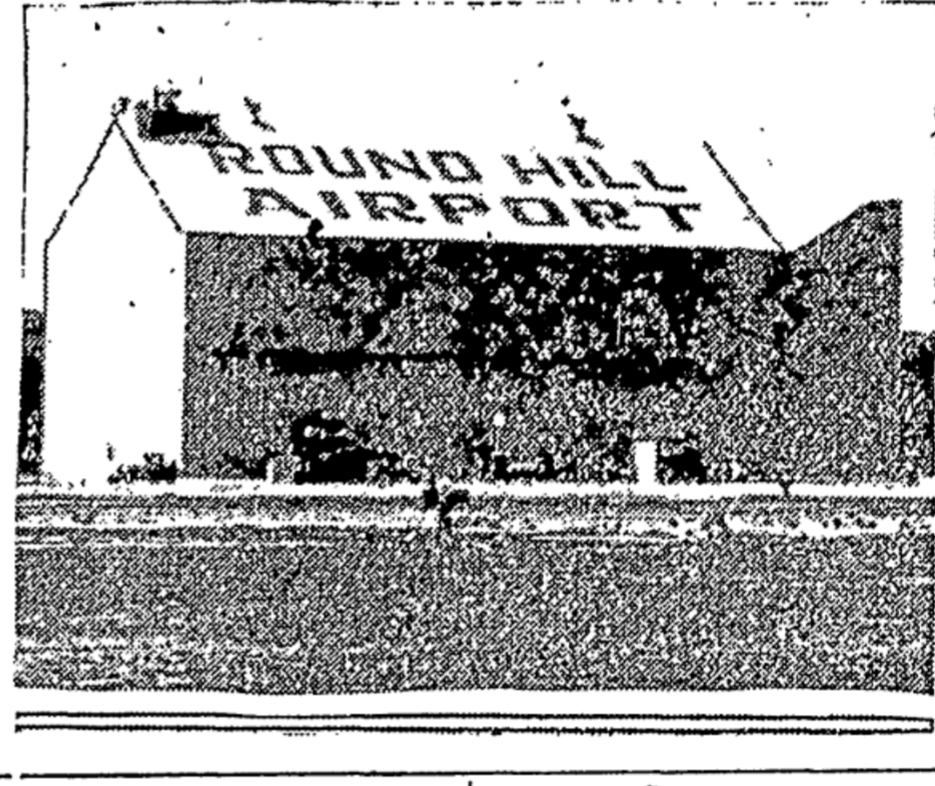
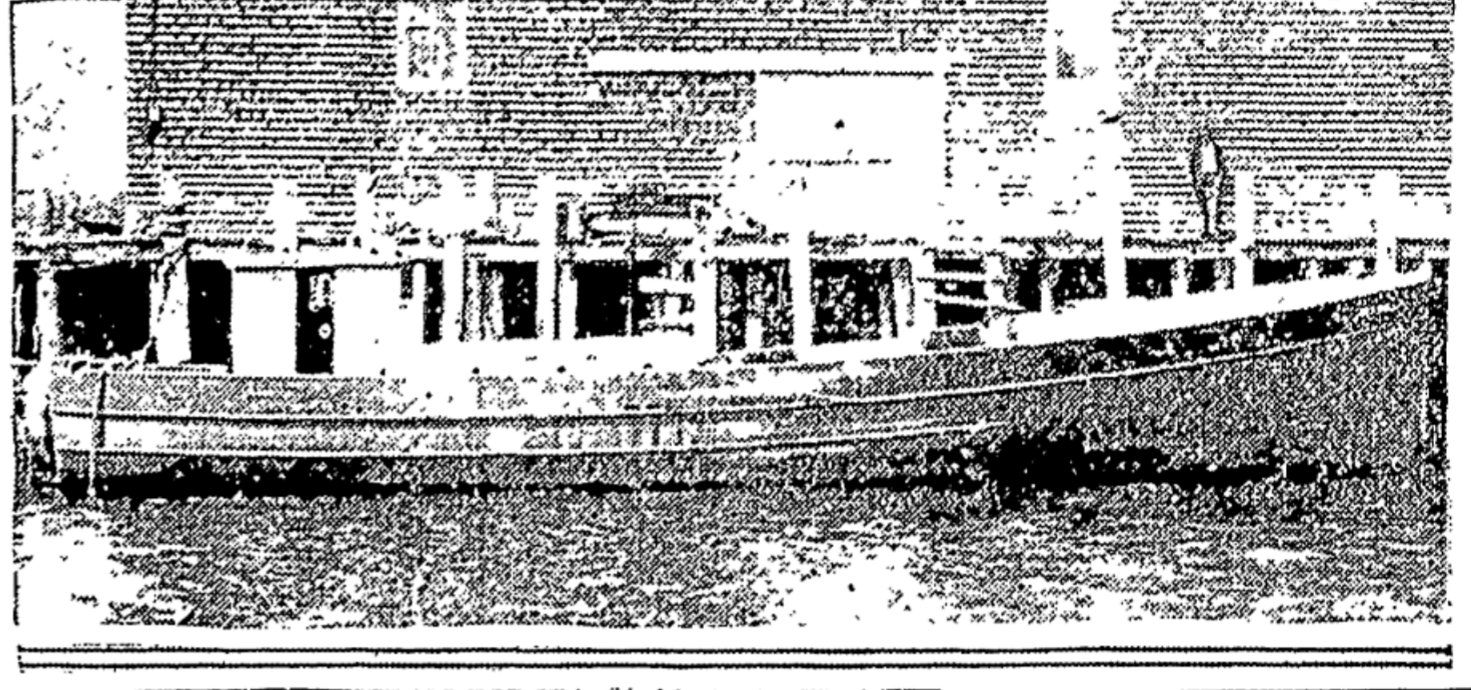
Wilmington, Del., Aug. 11.—(AP)—A floating drydock constructed for the navy was launched today at the shipyard of the Dravo Contracting Company.

The drydock, 393 feet 6 inches long and 60 feet wide, is for service at the destroyer base at San Diego, Cal., where it will replace a marine railway. It has been under construction five months at a cost of \$352,680.

The drydock will be towed to the Philadelphia Navy Yard where work on it will be completed before it is towed to the West Coast. Lieut. George Evans, commander of the navy tug Allegheny, will command the new drydock.

The navy has two other and larger floating drydocks, one at New Orleans and the other in the Philippines.

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PELKEY'S REFUSAL PUZZLES G. O. P.

Continued from Page 1, Col. 1.

of Woonsocket and William A. Needham of Providence.

"Former State Chairman William C. Pelkey will co-operate in the State campaign, representing the national Republican Senatorial Committee in New England."

Pelkey Denies Part

Mr. Pelkey was called and asked for a statement on what his part in the campaign would be.

"I shall take no active part in the campaign," he replied.

"Then what does this announcement mean?" he was asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

"Haven't you been approached on the subject?" he was asked. "Hasn't anyone talked to you about it?"

"I have been approached a good many times, but I repeat that I'm taking no active part in the campaign."

"That means both State and national campaigns?"

"It means any campaigns," said Mr. Pelkey.

"And what about this announcement that you will represent the Republican National Senatorial committee?"

"There's nothing to that," said Mr. Pelkey.

Wright Questioned

Secretary Wright was called for an explanation, and asked what was the meaning of the statement as it referred to Mr. Pelkey.

"Mr. Pelkey just called me and wants that struck off—the last part of the statement that refers to him," said Judge Wright.

"How did it get in there?" he was asked.

"I was told to include it. I was told by someone else," he said.

"By whom?"

"Well, whom do you think? Anyway, I'm not being interviewed on that subject. It came from the national end. I thought it was all right. I supposed Pelkey knew all about it."

It was Judge Wright's statement that the inclusion of Pelkey came from "the national end" which prompted the interview with Senator Hebert.

GEORGE WEBB FILES SUIT FOR INJURED REPUTATION

Former Husband of Esther Ralston Accuses "Modern Screen."

Los Angeles, Aug. 11.—(AP)—A \$500,000 damage suit was filed in Federal Court here today by George Webb, film director, who charges his reputation had been injured by an article published in Modern Screen magazine about his wife, Esther Ralston, blonde screen player.

Also named as respondents in the action were Mary Burgum, identified as editor of the magazine; Gladys Hall, who allegedly wrote the article, entitled: "Could you have borne such pain," in the magazine's July issue, and Walter Ramsay of Hollywood.

A copy of the article was attached to the complaint, Webb charged it

was false and defamatory. He said that as a result of the article his character had been defamed.

The article purported to be a story of Miss Ralston's life, Webb said.

Miss Ralston was awarded an interlocutory decree of divorce March 8 from Webb, but the divorce does not become final until March 8, 1935.

ALLEGED KIDNAPER CAPTURED IN SOUTH

Alvin Karpis Arrested in Connection with Bremer Abduction

Paducah, Ky., Aug. 11.—(AP)—Chief of Detectives Kelly Franklin announced today that a man arrested here had been identified as Alvin Karpis, alias R. E. Hamilton, long sought for his alleged part in the kidnaping last January of Edward G. Bremer, St. Paul.

Karpis was arrested shortly after 1 o'clock this morning, as he was asleep under a tree on the outskirts of the city. Detectives seized a pistol lying beside him, police said, as the sleeping man squirmed and reached for the weapon.

Police refused to disclose Karpis' identity until after a study of fingerprints.

A truck gardener's report to police that "I think there's a dead man out in my field" led to the arrest. Detectives Herbert Sheehan and Barber Daily went to the field and flashed their lights on the sleeping man. Daily sighted the pistol and grabbed it.

"Are you cops?" Karpis asked. When the officers answered "Yes," he consented to be searched and let his captors take him to the City Jail without trying to resist.

RHODE ISLAND ARBORISTS WILL MEET IN BOSTON

Inspection of Trees in Arnold Arboretum Planned

The mid-summer meeting of the Rhode Island Arborists Association will be held Wednesday at the Arnold Arboretum, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Those attending will meet at the corner of Pawtucket and Newport avenues, Rumford. An inspection of the collections at the Arboretum will be made and in the morning and at noon the business session is to be held.

In the afternoon, members will listen to addresses by leading authorities and an inspection will be made of trees in the Arboretum. Arrangements are in charge of William G. Aborn, president, and Vernon A. Hill, secretary.

SOCIETY OPENS OUTING

The first annual outing of the Lebanon Fraternal Society of Providence opened last night with a dance at Duby's Grove, Warwick. More than 300 persons attended. More than 1000 persons are expected at today's party. Entertainment and games will be held. The committee includes Francis Simon, president of the society; Louis Lobris, chairman of the committee; Samuel Thomas, Thomas Gorgora, Thomas Ruffel, Anthony Simon, Thomas David, Fred Howard and Sam Simon.

RACKETEER SHOT TO DEATH BY ANGRY STOREKEEPER

Brooklyn Man Fires Six Times, Reloads, Fires Six More.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 11.—(AP)—A young man described by police as a South Brooklyn racketeer was found slain today in the candy store of Gaetano Cricchio.

Cricchio told police that the young man, Joseph Caputo, 26, came to the store today and demanded \$40 "protection" money. The candy store owner said that after he handed over the money Caputo turned his back and began counting the money.

According to Cricchio's story, he reached under a counter in the store, pulled out a pistol and fired six bullets into Caputo's body, re-loaded the pistol and fired six more.

When police arrived they arrested Cricchio on a charge of homicide.

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NEW AIR ROUTES BELIEVED LIKELY

General Balbo Foresees North Atlantic Lines as Next Advance

Rome, Aug. 11.—(AP)—The North Atlantic will soon be traversed by regular airlines, Gen. Italo Balbo, Governor of Libya, predicted in a statement issued today on the eve of the anniversary of the former air marshal's completion of the Italian round trip mass flight to Chicago.

"No obstacle will be permitted to halt man's progress in the air," the General said. "Great progress has been made this last year in flying the South Atlantic and the time is not far off when commercial lines will be operating also in the North Atlantic."

Describing aviation as "the poetry of our time," Balbo said it will open the world to a new era of peace and welfare because "all great nations instinctively see in aviation the renewing and reinforcing of civilization."

He concluded by saying that the flight to Chicago had crystallized Premier Mussolini's hope, namely the tightening of the bands of sympathy and friendship between the American and Italian peoples.

THREE GREAT AIR ROUTES HOPE OF P. O. DEPARTMENT

Announces Plans for Lines to Europe, Hawaii and Alaska.

Washington, Aug. 11.—(UP)—Dreams of regular transoceanic air mail and passenger service moved toward reality today when the Post Office Department announced that it hopes to establish routes to Europe, Hawaii and Alaska within the next three years.

The United States hopes to lead the world in establishing regular scheduled flights across the Atlantic and Pacific, Harlee Branch, Assistant Postmaster General, said.

"We are making a comprehensive study of routes and conditions looking forward to transportation of mail and passengers by plane to Europe, Hawaii and Alaska," Branch added.

"Aircraft companies and engineering experts are working on the problem and we believe that within the next three years we will be in a position to ask Congress for an appropriation to establish this transoceanic service."

Branch pointed out that considerable study already has been made of flying conditions on both the north and south air routes between this country and Europe.

The northern route is shorter, but the danger of fog and ice is greater. The southern route by way of the Azores is less hazardous, but considerably longer.

The Graf Zeppelin, making oceanic flights for several years, chooses to cross the South Atlantic on voyages to Pernambuco.

The Post Office Department is concerned principally at present with development of an air mail route between the continental United States and Alaska and hopes to submit a definite plan to the next session of Congress.

"It may be possible for us to go before the next Congress and request an appropriation to establish service between some point in the Northwest, Seattle or Tacoma, to Fairbanks," Branch said.

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