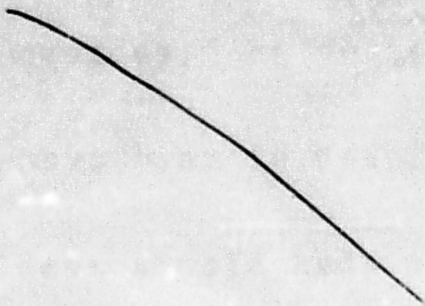


SUBSTITUTE POLITICS

The first gun in the Republican Campaign was fired tonight. Replying to that first campaign cannonade hurled by President Truman yesterday. Former Minnesota Governor Harold Stassen accused the President-- candidate, of trying to incite class warfare in this country. Said Stassen: "He used a day set apart for all Americans to honor labor and, instead, dishonored labor with an extreme demagogic appeal to set class against class. I am confident," Stassen added, "that labor will not be deceived."

He ran down a line of charges the White House makes against the Republican-controlled Congress, and answered them one after another. The matter of high prices, for example, he



SUBSTITUTE POLITICS - 2

blamed on unsound policies of the administration during the period of worldwide *shortages* after the war -- and argued further that the amounts of food we sent to Europe have helped to push the cost of living up. "Which is part of the price we pay ^{for} ~~for~~ helping the world," said the *former Minnesota governor.*
~~Wald Stassen.~~

On the subject of Communist espionage, he blasted away at the Presidential contention that the Congressional disclosures amount to -- a red herring. "Let me assure him", cried Stassen, "that the Republicans are not pulling a red herring across his trail. They are driving a red herring out of the official waters of the Potomac. This is long overdue," he contended, *And then he went* ~~and added,~~

on: - "too many red herrings have been in Washington for too long a time. The President should help man the red herring nets instead of complaining against the fishing".

SUBSTITUTE POLITICS - 3

Such was the sound of the opening gun of the
Republican campaign. The artillery on both sides ^{having} ~~not~~
begun to fire, ~~and it~~ ^{there} will be ^a continual cannonade until
November.

VIRUS

Here's a medical mystery from the mid-Pacific - and the implication would seem to be that out on the broad expanses of the sea, near the International Dateline, there lurks a virus. From the description, it's a weird sort of virus - which causes both the common cold and appendicitis. ~~Which~~ ~~also~~ Sounds like a mid-Pacific puzzle for the science of medicine to solve.

The report comes from a ^{U. S.} ~~United States~~ naval craft, an escort carrier - the story being related by a Marine Corps ~~some~~ medical officer, Commander George Calvy. He tells of three separate instances within a year.

The first ~~was~~ during a voyage from Guam east. Six days out of Guam, as the escort-carrier approached the International Dateline, enlisted men started coming down with violent colds, and five of them suffered symptoms of appendicitis. After the escort-carrier, ^{ing} ~~continued~~ its voyage ^{sed} ~~passed~~ through the area, nothing more happened.

Eight weeks later, that same naval vessel was on

its way back to Guam, and again approached the International Dateline - and once again sailors were stricken with colds, and had symptoms of appendicitis. Two and a half months after that, there was a repetition all over again, the escort-carrier voyaging in mid-Pacific, with an outbreak of colds and appendicitis when the International Dateline was reached.

(The common cold is, of course, caused by a virus - and hence it would appear that there's a cloud of some kind of virus in the mid-Pacific, at about the line where one day changes into another. But a virus that complicates the common cold with appendicitis has a fantastic sound. Yet the medical officer, Commander Galvy, reports that appendicitis operations were performed, and the appendix showed evidence of acute inflammation.)

All of which provides a strange sounding medical mystery, the virus out there on the vast expanses of the Pacific.

MITCHUM

(In Hollywood Robert Mitchum has been indicted. Late today a Grand Jury returned two counts against the motion picture star and three companions, whom the police arrested for smoking marijuana.) At the proceedings today testimony was given by ~~police officer~~ Sergeant J.A. Allan of the Police Chemical Department, who made an analysis of the cigarettes Robert Mitchum and his pals were smoking. "They are not a very good grade of marijuana", said the sergeant, "they probably cost one dollar each".

Mitchum himself was not in court today, to the disappointment of several bobbysoxers -- who waited all afternoon. Their hero on trial for smoking reefers! -- seems like an odd time for bobbysoxers to hang around!

KILLERS

The New Orleans murder sensation came to an end today, as fantastic as its beginning. The two criminals, called the "laughing killers", were captured - in a way that was never expected. After the cold-blooded slaying of ^{Detective} Nicholas Jacobs, yesterday, the laughing killers kidnapped the New Orleans Assistant Chief of Detectives, John Jackson, and took him away in his own automobile, a prisoner. Then, later, he was found - unharmed.

Jackson tells how, in a wild ride, the laughing killers boasted how they had shot the detective yesterday, and were sorry they missed shooting his policeman partner.

Jackson described them as - "crazy murderers." But the Chief of Detectives is past sixty, and they told him - he was too old to kill. So they turned him loose. At the same time, they informed him they expected to slaughter a few more cops.

All of which dictated the character of the manhunt today. Police and posse went out heavily armed, and were instructed - to take no chances, shoot to kill. All signs

indicated that the ~~laughing killers~~^{fugitives} had taken refuge in woods and swamps of the bayou country north of New Orleans, and the manhunters went stalking through marsh and thicket - guns ready, taking no chances with the crazy murderers, ready to shoot.

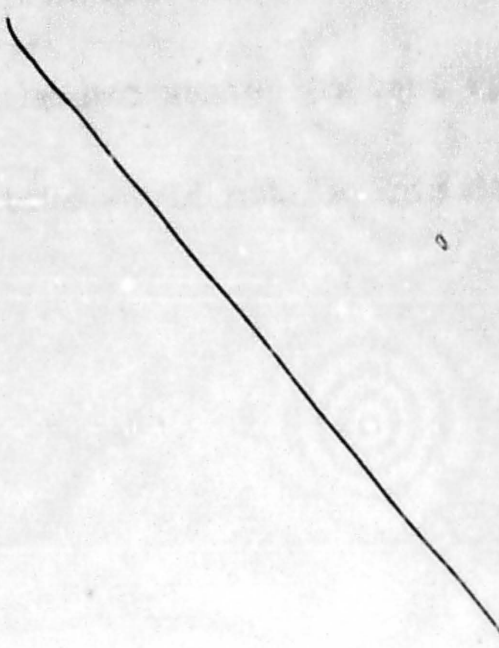
Then today two men walked into a country general store at Galvez, Louisiana. They went to Storekeeper R.F. Factor, and told him they were the cop' killers. They had two guns each, and lay these down on the counter. They said they wanted to surrender to a civilian, and not take a chance of meeting the police - knowing what was likely to happen. They might not get a chance to talk and surrender.

The storekeeper went out and called a state trooper, who walked into the general store. There were the two laughing killers, four guns on the counter beside them. They meekly held out their wrists for handcuffs, which the state trooper snapped onto them. They were wet and muddy to the waist, having spent the night in the water and mire of the

KILLERS -3

swamp. Maybe that had taken the starch out of them. Anyway, the two laughing killers, who were supposed to be ferocious desperados shooting it out, were meek and mild, begging to surrender. "Please arrest us."

The latest - Dale Simpson is talking tonight, the one who killed the detective yesterday. He says that Miller, the other fugitive, is a military policeman on leave from the Army, and they were together in New Orleans, where Simpson was passing bad checks, two thousand dollars worth. Whereupon Miller stole four hundred and fifty dollars of his money.



So Simpson went to the police, and put in a complaint against Miller - who thereupon was arrested at Gulfport.

Simpson, as complainant, went with the two detectives, to ~~bring~~ get him. Then, on their way back to New Orleans, Simpson asked Detective Jacobs for permission to take Miller out of the automobile and beat him up. Jacobs replied that the police would take care of Miller. Whereupon Simpson flew into a rage, and shot the detective.

Thereafter, he and Miller went on ^{their} a wild rampage of escape - a ^{freakish} strange pair, Simpson and the former friend who had robbed him, and whom he had wanted to beat up - committing murder because the detective would not let him do it.

TRAP

Over in England, in the town of Banbury, they were all set to have a shocking scandal - when the story got out that Detective Sergeant Robert Morgan, a middle-aged police official, had been spooning in a public park with a seventeen year old girl. The British require their policemen to be the height of respectability. The detective sergeant has a wife and two children, while the seventeen year old girl, Edna Wills, is the daughter of a sedate family held in good esteem. ^{ff} Then Public opinion at Banbury was puzzled, when it was disclosed that the ardent spooning in the park had been done with the consent of the policeman's wife and the girl's mother. What was respectable England coming to! However, it all turns out to be quite proper - clever.

Banbury Park was frequented by a purse snatcher, complaints telling of a stealthy individual who sneaked up and grabbed handbags from ~~girls~~ at night. So Detective Sergeant Morgan set a trap - based on the theory that the favorite game for a purse snatcher is a spooning couple on a bench. They're

so distracted, and all that. So he used Edna Wills - after being given permission by his wife and the young lady's mother.

And so it was that the middle aged detective and the seventeen year old girl sat on the park bench at night, with such appearance of moonstruck romance, that any thief might be fooled. On the bench lay Edna's purse, as if she had forgotten all about it in the excitement. Then, sure enough, the stealthy hand of the prowler in the dark reached for the purse - and snatched it. What the crook never guessed was that there was a long string attached to the purse, and tied around Edna's wrist - which was pulled violently from around the policeman's neck. Whereupon the detective sergent went into quick action, and arrested the purse snatcher - who had so neatly fallen ~~ix~~ into the trap.

So today in Banbury, England, the thief was sent to jail for three months - while the policeman and Edna were duly vindicated of any romantic intentions.

*Ride a white horse, to Banbury
Cross - - and talley ho, here's Jay Simms.*