

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

It became fairly manifest today that Mr. Justice Hugo L. Black is on the Supreme bench of the United States to stay. His colleagues in the Court swiftly rejected the latest protest against his presence there. It was the petition we heard about last week, the appeal of the lawyers for four Florida brokers who claimed that Mr. Black's presence on the bench was injurious to their interests.

In the previous decisions of this kind, Chief Justice Hughes had announced that Mr. Black had not taken part in the discussion. This time no such announcement was made. So the inference is that the ruling was made unanimously by the full bench.

Today's proceedings in the Supreme Court Building in Washington were more interesting than usual because they showed that Mr. Black has already commenced to take an active part in the work of the court. Customarily, a new justice takes

considerable time getting into harness, becoming familiar with the procedure and technique of Supreme Court work. But one of the rulings handed down today was written by Mr. Black. It concerned the Federal Trade Commission.

It was noticed that the language used by Mr. Black in this opinion is exceedingly similar to words used by President Roosevelt in a message to Congress in Nineteen Thirty-Three.

Ex President Hoover came back today with a resounding protest against what he termed "that special breed of cultivated untruth we call 'propaganda'."

He was speaking at Colby College in Maine, and the occasion was the Hundredth Anniversary of the death of a pre-civil war newspaper editor who was killed by a mob.

Mr. Hoover pointed out that one of the first and most frequently used weapons of dictatorships was propaganda. And he said that the worst blemish to free speech in this or in any other country is the increasing use of propaganda.

ED THORGERSEN

L.T.: In the topsy-turvy world of football, last Saturday was a thriller so let's follow the ball with Ed Thorgersen, star sports reporter of Movietone News -- Carry the ball Thorgy.

THOR: Lining up the survivors of last Saturday's crucial warfare leaves only one team of national standing without the stigma of defeat or a tie. Actually there are five major college teams with spotless records -- namely Alabama, Santa Clara, Colorado, Lafayette and Montana. But of these five the great standout is the Crimson Tide of Alabama -- standing alone tonight as the ranking contender for the national championship and among the leading candidates for Eastern representation in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. Facing Tulane last Saturday, Alabama encountered it's stiffest opposition to date as Tulane held the vaunted Crimson Tide to a 6-6 tie right up to within two minutes of the final whistle, when Alabama's substitute end Sandy Sanford was rushed into the game to boot the twenty-eight yard field goal that kept Alabama's record spotlessly clean.

Fordham came through with a surprising display of aerial power in smashing out a twenty-one to three triumph over

the ponderous Boilermakers of Purdue. If Fordham maintains the pace throughout its two remaining games -- the Rams well in the running for the Rose Bowl nod.

Pittsburgh staged a ruthless attack in the final quarter of a thriller against Notre Dame and reaffirmed its claim to the National Crown by annihilating the Fighting Irish twenty-one to six.

The Dartmouth Indians invaded the lair of the Princeton Tiger and for the first time in Palmer Stadium history scalped the jungle-pussy in his own back-yard and so Dartmouth remains in the all-star lineup, -- having sustained nothing worse this season than a tie against Yale.

The Bulldogs in their Saturday encounter with the Brown Bear proved little that we did not already know but of the Bomb-shells that reverberated throughout the breadth of the land perhaps the most stunning was the setback of Ohio State in its quest of the Big Ten Conference. It took Indiana to do it.

In the Southwest, startling indeed was the upset of the Baylor Bears at the hands of Texas. It topples Baylor from the pinnacle of the undefeated and untied.

California's Bruins are licking their wounds tonight as a result of a scoreless tie played with the Huskies of Washington. And so it remains. After a Saturday of bruising encounters that witnessed the downfall of three ~~in~~ hitherto invincible teams, the ranking contenders for the national crown are -- Alabama, California, Pittsburgh, & Fordham, Yale and Dartmouth and the greatest of these, Lowell, is Alabama. So much for football.

Let's wind up tonight on a sentimental note -- a short short story of an Army horse -- and perhaps the most beloved old fellow in the service. His name is Joe Aleshire -- a stately bay gelding eighteen years old. It happened last night at the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, New York that Joe made his farewell appearance. He was retired from the Army late this afternoon. In point of service the old fellow is without a peer -- having completed as a jumper for the past twelve years. And it was after Joe had made a complete circuit of the stiff jumping course in competition with some of the world's outstanding competitors that Joe appeared for the final curtain call.. Lieutenant Franklin Wing was astride as Joe,

came out for the fjump off against four other veterans and observers expected that he'd come through as he's always done. But the grind was a bit too stiff for a man of his years. Joe hit the top cross-bar of a high hurdle, stumbled -- pulled a tendon -- tried to recover -- and in so doing strained a shoulder muscle. The aged heal slowly -- and so as keen followers of his glorious Army career swallowed hard, Joe with head still high limped slowly out of the spotlight. Of Joe Aleshire Captain Madison of Fort Reilly and captain of the U. S. Army team said to me this afternoon -- he was one of the gamest and most dependable jumping horses that the United States Army has ever had. He gave his best at all times. And the ending of his brillinat career, was indeed a tribute to his courage. And so Joe Aleshire tonight has been honorably discharged from the Army.

CULT

Ed, let's look at the late dispatches and see if there's anything interesting:-

The French government has found a new religious cult in Indo-China. It's a cult of people whose god is a gigantic python. Mr. Python speaks with the voice of a human being, -- a far Eastern esoteric Charlie McCarthy they say, but the dispatch does not inform us whether it talks French or Annamese. The high priest of this python god goes by the interesting name of Dambam -- nto Bergen. But nobody, neither French officials nor native worshippers, has ever seen the Reverend Dambam.

The French fear a pythonic revolt.

EUROPE

52
There's going to be no war among the first class European powers. So says Lord Beaverbrook, publisher of the LONDON DAILY EXPRESS and numerous other papers. He arrived in New York today and that was the message he seemed most anxious to give to reporters.

It's good to have some reassurance on this point, but the news that came over the cables today ^{at least} reveals Europe in the throes of another nervous spasm. It's that three-power treaty between Italy, Germany and Japan. The anxiety and fear it has provoked ^{today} produced a situation that caused Premier Mussolini to cut short his vacation on the seashore and return to Rome by airplane.

The hubbub was started by an unexpected visit of the Soviet ambassador to Mussolini's son-in-law, the Italian Foreign Minister. It was dramatic and startling because today is a national Soviet holiday, the celebration of its Twentieth Anniversary. Normally, all ^{Russian} embassies, legations and consulates would be closed. So when Ambassador Stein arrived at the Foreign Office in Rome, everybody knew something serious must be

up. At first it gave rise to a rumor that the Moscow government had asked Italy for an explanation of that anti-Communist pact between the Mikado and the Rome-Berlin axis. Late this afternoon it turned out to be even more serious. For it was publicly admitted that the Soviet Ambassador had informed Count Ciano that Russia considers that three-power treaty an unfriendly gesture. In official language, it is deemed "contrary to the accord of friendship of Nineteen Thirty-Three" between Moscow and Rome.

The guessing is that it's quite in the cards that Russia may break off diplomatic relations with Italy. That is, unless Mussolini feels inclined to assure Stalin that the agreement with Japan implies nothing unfavorable to the Soviets.

The French newspapers are in a particularly chattering state of excitement over this new development. They are predicting that if many more countries are dragged into this anti-Communist movement of the Rome-Berlin axis, even Uncle Sam might find himself concerned in it. For French editors point to an article written by an Italian editor who is supposed to speak unofficially

for Mussolini. This article prophecied that not only six European countries but Brazil and other Latin-American governments would soon join the Fascist bloc.

So the French newspapers are conjecturing what might happen if Communist trouble broke out in South or Central America. Under the Fascist agreement, would not Japan, Italy, and Germany consider they had a right to send munitions or even armies to uphold the Fascist cause? If such a thing as that happened of course Uncle Sam would have to use force to maintain the Monroe Doctrine.

On sober thought, however, it does seem as though those French editors were looking for a mare's nest. The spectacle of Hitler, Mussolini or Japan sending munitions or troops to South America is one that hardly comes within the

limits of probability— although a reliable friend of mine in oil fields of Latin America writes me that Japanese are pouring into Central America.

FONTANGES

Today provided another dramatic chapter in the hectic life of the lady who calls herself Magdaleine de Fontanges.

Yes, the lady who said she was Mussolini's sweetheart and who shot an ex-ambassador because, she says, he ~~ruined~~^{spoiled} their romance.

She arrived in New York today as expected. Awaiting her was a curious, eager and expectant group of newspaper men and women.

They had a little difficulty in finding her at first because she was registered on the passenger list by her real name, which is Magdaleine Coraboeuf, which sounds like something on the menu of a French restaurant but isn't.

The heroine of this strange romance was not as communicative as she was in court when she was tried for shooting the Count de Chambrun. All she was willing to say to reporters was that she was a newspaper woman and had been promised a job on the stage in New York. Naturally, the American reporters weren't going to be put off with such a brief answer as that. They asked her about Mussolini. She shook her head sadly, saying: "I don't want to answer those questions." So they asked her why not. "Because I want to forget him," she replied.

Most of these questions were asked and answered through an interpreter. But when a photographer, focusing his camera, said: "Smile, baby!" she seemed to understand that at once and complied beaming.

All this while, officials of the NORMANDIE were hovering around anxiously and at that point they decided the interview had gone far enough. So they hustled the lady away to the lounge where another reception committee was awaiting her. It was a committee of inspectors of Uncle Sam's Immigration Service. When the reporters tried to follow, a husky squad of the ship's personnel kept them out with a flying wedge.

The case of the lady who shot the Count ^{because of} ~~was~~ _^ ^{Mussolini was} _^ evidently considered so serious that the chief inspector was on the job in person. After some deliberation, he and his colleagues decided that the self-styled sweetheart of the Duce would have to spend the night on Ellis Island. There a special board of inquiry will consider her case tomorrow.

She was visibly and perhaps naturally distressed by the decision. She attributed her bad luck to the fact that

General de Chambrun, a brother of the man she had shot, was on board the NORMANDIE. That made a somewhat embarrassing situation for both of them. And, she explained, the Chambrun family had always meant bad luck for her. It was through one deChambrun that her husband had lost his job in the government service. The Count she potted in a railroad station had broken up her romance with Mussolini, and it so happened that the general, who was her fellow passenger, had once replaced her uncle in a military command. "Those Chambruns!" she said, "always bring me bad fortunes!"

The immigration officials were not communicative about the affair. A newspaper man asked the chief inspector whether the sharp shooting French lady was being held on a charge of moral turpitude. And the inspector replied: "That's none of your business!"

GREEN

8 } In the band of Uncle Sam's Navy, there's a young musician, a second-class seaman named Bradford Green. He enlisted in the Navy only after great difficulty. (In fact, it is said that he even used the influence of friendly congressmen to help get him in after he had been rejected twice.) One of his principal reasons for wanting to join was to get the benefit of the Navy's school of music. That was six months ago.

Today he's moving heaven and earth to get out of the Navy that he was so anxious to join. For, only a short while after he put on his gob's uniform, a musical score that he had written was accepted for production in a Broadway theatre. So he wants to be free to pursue his career as a composer.

8 1/2 } A young lady in the Bronx even wrote to President Roosevelt on young ^{Brad} ~~his~~ Green's behalf. She said she's his sweetheart and she wants the President to order the young composer's discharge so that they may enjoy his success together and go hand in hand down Broadway.

This is one time when Cupid has to take a licking from Mars. The request for Composer Green's discharge was referred to

Rear Admiral Adolphus M. Andrews, Chief of the Bureau of

Navigation. *And Rear Admiral Adolphus says: -*
~~And the answer is,~~ "Sorry, but the regulations must

be observed." (If Green were let out of the service for such

2 { reasons, "it would," in the language of admirals, "create an

9 { unwelcome precedent.")

So for the next two and a half years the band of

Uncle Sam's Navy will have the services of an accepted composer.

And the young lady in the Bronx will have two and a half years

to learn whether it's true what they say about long engagements.

2 1/4 *And s-l-u-t-m.*