

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The word from London and Paris tonight is just as we expected, short and negative, the word - "No." It is not an official "no" formally pronounced by the British and French governments, but on all sides the indications are -- a rejection of the proposals Hitler made in his long awaited peace declaration today. The most official thing we have is a statement issued by the London Ministry of Information. This sticks to the Allied thesis:- get rid of Hitler.

"It is remember," says the Ministry of Information, "that assurances given by the German government in the past on so many occasions proved worthless, that something more than words are required today to establish that confidence which is essential as the basis of peace."

(London characterizes the Nazi Fuehrer's proposals as --
vague and obscure -- and they certainly seem none too clear and

precise. Take Hitler's suggestion for a conference of nations for peace and disarmament. He wasn't specific at all, as he addressed the German Reichstag in today's speech broadcast to the world. He didn't say how he thought such a conference could be summoned, or what guarantees could be given.) There was a hint there should be an armistice, but this was said indirectly in a statement that a peace conference would be impossible "under the roar of cannon", as Hitler expressed it.

(Hitler was somewhat clearer when he started threatening. He said if the Allies refused to make peace, it would be a fight to the finish, and that would be - "a triumph of destruction.") Those were his words, and so are these:- "Everybody should realize that war and all that it means will strike in everybody's back yard." So the threat is -- the unlimited terror of war unleashed against the Allies, and unleashed against everybody.

Hitler put it in these precise and vivid terms:- Said he "The day will come," he cried, "when France will begin to bombard and demolish Saarbruecken. German artillery will then lay Muhlhausen

in ruins. France will retaliate by bombarding Karlsruhe, and Germany in her turn will shell Strasbourg. Long range guns," he continued, "will then be set up and from both sides destruction will strike deeper and deeper. And whatever cannot be reached by long distance guns will be destroyed from the air". That's the threat of what has been called - "the total war," unlimited havoc.

What has Rome to say about it all? A thermometer reading of -- lukewarm. Italian official quarters are quoted as of the opinion that the Hitler declaration was moderate, rather average in tone. But the Italians have little hope that it will have any effect. There are Roman expressions of relief, because the Nazi Fuehrer put on time limit on his peace suggestion, because he didn't say he'll give you until such and such a date -- after which the full fury of war will be hurled. So (nobody knows when the "total war" will begin, or how long the present state of half-war will continue.)

From the Vatican we hear that the pronouncement in Berlin caused postponement of an encyclical by Pope Pius the Twelfth. The Pontiff had intended to issue his First Encyclical since his elevation to the Papacy, issue it today. But with Hitler making his

trial for peace, the Pope decided to withhold his message until he has a chance to study the world reaction.

CANADIAN SOLDIER

9 Here's what happened at Lindsey, Ontario, when Moose Russell tried to get into uniform, enlisting in the Forty-Fifth Field Artillery for service over there. The quartermaster sargeant gave Moose the biggest uniform in the outfit. Moose got the tunic on and buttoned it up. Then when he tried to move, off flew the buttons, and the tunic split down the back! As for the trousers, he couldn't even get one leg into them. Russell is only six feet tall, but he has a chest measure of forty-seven inches, and the calf of his leg is seventeen and a half inches around. That's why they call him "Moose". He's the burliest solder in the Canadian army, and now the army tailors are patching together two uniforms, in an attempt to get something big enough for him.

IROQUOIS

Today the British Admiralty used the words "criminal mentality", in characterizing yesterday's German warning to the United States. The British cast unmeasured scorn on the tip that the United States passenger ship IROQUOIS would be torpedoed as the ATHENIA was. The inference being - torpedoed by the British in an attempt to get the United States into the war. The ^{London} ~~British~~ Admiralty statement employs these words:- "The fact that such a suggestion could be made by the German Government enables us once more to realize the measure of criminal mentality of the Nazi Party leaders." And then the Admiralty adds this rather wistful statement:- "It is surprising that an officer of the former imperial German Navy, like Admiral Raeder, should demean his uniform by lending himself to such baseness."

We learn a further curious detail today about the warning. When Admiral Raeder gave the message to the American naval attache in Berlin, he made the attache sign a receipt for it. This seems curious. Was the Admiral suspicious - like somebody who pays money, and makes certain that he gets a receipt? ^{Berlin today} ~~And then~~ explains that the warning of the IROQUOIS was not conveyed formally to the United States government. It was just a tip handed to the naval

IROQUOIS

attache as, what the German informant calls, "an act of comradship," as from one officer to another. A further German report is that the Hitler government got its information from Ireland. It's not explained just how ~~but~~ ^{said that} merely from a neutral Irish port ~~the~~ the Germans got word of the plan to torpedo the American IROQUOIS which is crowded with American refugees *now* returning home.

DIES

The Dies Committee today received a drastic account of subversive activities by the German-American Bund. The witness, named Neil Howard Ness, used to be an official of the Bund. He told how three years ago in California, he was with a German agent who had come to the Pacific coast. Driving along with this agent, he mentioned that a golf course they were passing was a proving ground for coast defense artillery.

"This made the German agent quite excited," so the witness testified today. The agent said he wanted to make some pictures." And he did, snapped photographs of the doings at the proving ground of the coast defense artillery.

He also took pictures of the fleet and the destroyer and submarine bases. This was espionage, testified the witness, espionage promoted by the German-American Bund.

He stated further that sabotage plans were discussed at Bund meetings, plans to wreck docks, waterworks, and such -- to paralyze the Pacific Coast in time of war. There were a hundred members of the Bund that could be depended upon to do sabotage work -

most of them employed in key industries, such as aviation and armament manufacture. The German-American Bund has a Hitler agency for wholesale espionage and sabotage -- such was the picture presented to the Dies Committee today.

(Another presidential boom was launched today, with Senator Capper of Kansas as the boomee. Who launches the Capper trial balloon? Why, another Kansan. Those Sunvlower Staters sure do stick together. It's Alf Landon, who comes out for Arthur Capper -- Alf who was Republican presidential candidate in Nintean Thirty-Six.)

He reiterates that he himself is definitely out of it so far as the Nineteen Forty nomination is concerned. Recently, there was a widely publicized suggestion that Landon was a logical possibility because of his stand in favor of the repeal of the Arms Embargo. This suggestion, Landon said today, was a political trick. He declared it was a New Deal strategem to get **back** at him for the **stand** he took -- that President Roosevelt should come forward with an outright rejection of the third term idea. In return for that, they were trying to pin Nineteen Forty aspirations on Landon. So today he not only denies any **such** aspiration, but emphasizes the denial -- by coming out for Senator Capper -- Alf for Arthur.

BASEBALL

Cincinnati was displaying the good old "Never say die" spirit today. The Reds were received with as much loyal enthusiasm as if they had won two games -- instead of losing two. A huge throng with a display of red bunting welcomed the home town warriors -- five thousand fans waving pennants of red. Cincinnati believes that the World Series will really begin tomorrow.

Manager Bill McKechnie provided no news today. He nominated Junior Thompson to pitch tomorrow's game. With his two aces, Paul Derringer and Bucky Walters beaten on Wednesday and Thursday, Deacon Bill has no other pitcher to send on the mound on Saturday except Junior Thompson. He's hardly more than a rookie, but he did some brilliant pitching for the Reds during the pennant race.

For hot news we've got to look to Joe McCarthy. The Yankee pilot went into the World Series with a hospital full of cripples for a pitching staff. Nothing with which to face the Cincinnati batters but sore arms. Red Ruffing had an aching flipper -- and he won the opening game, allowing just one tally. Monte Pearson has had a still worse case of sore arm, and it was doubtful whether

he could throw a ball at all. But he won the second with a two-hit shut out. But McCarthy's most complete cripple is Lefty Gomez. Two weeks ago, Lefty pulled a muscle in his right side, and has had it plastered with bandages and tape ever since. El Goofy is a port sider, but no matter how utterly left-handed he may be, he needs his right side -- and not donw up in splints, either. Senor El Goffey Gomez, being the most decrepit cripple of all -- McCarthy has selected him to pitch tomorrow. Yet only yesterday in the Yankee Dugout Gomez told meh is injurty would not be well for about a month. This morning Gomez peeled off the bandages, and tried a few shots with a baseball into a catcher's mit. Then he told Manager McCarthy that he thought he was enough of an invalid to win tomorrow's game. Whereupon the Yankee Manager made the announcement -- his worst hospital case is his selection tomorrow for the third battle of the World Series.

RACE

In New York today a prisoner was arraigned in court, a minor race-track hanger-on. There was one thing the judge did not elicit from him, the most interesting thing of all - did he place a bet yesterday on Reminiscent in the seventh race at Belmont? The story is one that has vividly dramatic elements, a twister plot that might make a knock-out fiction story.

One of the ace high jockeys these years is Don Meade, a rider of winners, ~~one of the best known of the wearers of the flashing silks~~

~~the~~ Night before last, Don Meade left the New York apartment of a friend, where they had been having a quiet game of cards. As he strolled down the street, two men sidled up to him, poked a gun at ~~xx~~ him, and made him get into a nearby automobile. The two crooks drove off with the jockey, and proceeded to tell him that they had kidnapped his seven weeks' old baby, and they demanded a four thousand dollar ransom. Meade was skeptical about the kidnap story, but there he was with the pistol stuck in his ribs. He started to talk his way out, and told them he would give them ~~some~~ money on the following night. ~~To make the promise sound~~

And he added one other thing -- a tip on the races.

"If you fellows want some dough," Don Meade palavered, "why don't ypu put a bet on Reminiscent in the seventh race at Belmont tomorrow? I'm riding that horse, and I'm going to win." That was the hot tip Don Meade gave the two extortionists. And then they made an appointment for Don to deliver extortion money the following night.

At home, Don Meade found that his baby son was quite all right. He called in the police, and with them laid a trap to catch the extortionists when the time came to hand over the cash.

All of which brings us down to yesterday afternoon when Don was riding in the races at Belmont Park, riding plenty -- in five races. Four of those races don't count -- he lost them. Then came the seventh, with Meade up on Reminiscent. And Don Meade could not get the thought out of his head -- had the two crooks gone ahead and bet on Reminiscent? And what if he failed to win? What if they were to lose their money? You can think up all sorts of dramatic possibilities concerning Don's baby son, and concerning

the jockey himself when he went to make the payment at night.

You can imagine the Jockey riding the race of his life. You can also imagine it a good deal more thrilling and hair-raising than it was. Meade was on the favorite, and the favorite proved himself. Reminiscent took an early lead, and Meade kept him out in front, he won by two lengths. And once more he was wondering - had the crooks bet? And, if so, how much had they won?

At night he kept the appointment to hand over the two thousand dollars, kept it in collaboration with the police. He drove out to an appointed place and met an automobile, according to schedule. One of the crooks was there to collect. He ran into Don's car and snatched the envelope that was handed to him - a dummy envelope supposed to contain money. Then the extortionist ran back to his own car for the getaway. A police car was lurking nearby, and it looked like an automobile chase, but it all ended with another twist, quite an ignominious twist. As the crook jerked at the gear lever to start his car, the lever broke off, and he was left holding it in his hand. He jumped out to make a run for it, but the cops quickly got him.

Today he was arraigned in court, but he still hasn't told -
whether he and his partner did put a bet on Reminiscent in the
seventh.

Here's one from the AMERICAN Magazine. Up in Kansas a bus driver, got tired of the way motorists ignored his signals when he thrust his hand out of the window, meaning turn. They paid no attention to his hand. So out of wood he carved a leg, a beautiful leg, and put a silk stocking on it and a high heeled shoe. Now when he signals "turn", he sticks that shapely leg out of the window and do the motorists take notice! ~~Whatxxxxxx~~

~~Their eyes pop out. Who's that lady I saw you with?~~

9 1/2 And what's that of which
You are taking notice, Hugh?