

*(Lanner)*

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Tonight's principal news reminds one of an old Quaker saying: "All the world is mad, Friend, except thee and me, and even thee is a little mad."

Insanity is the obvious keynote of the story that holds people tense today -- the story of Robert Irwin. He was arraigned in the homicide court here in New York this morning, accused of the murder of his former landlady, Mrs. Mary Gedeon, her daughter the beautiful ~~xxx~~ model, Veronica Gedeon, and the forlorn cockney waiter, Frank Byrnes. Irwin's air and demeanor as he appeared before the magistrate, charged with that horrible crime, was jaunty, even swaggering. Dressed in a white linen suit, he never winked an eyelash, but looked calmly and debonairly

around upon the scene. He seemed fully to realize that he was its principal actor.

It was difficult to believe that this intelligent looking, nattily dressed young man, should appear in any dock to answer to the accusation of such a terrifying three-fold crime. Even more unbelievable was it that a fellow of Irwin's outward appearance and intelligence should hear such charges uttered against him without shrinking, without any manifestation of horror, dismay, or distress.

What is more, neither of the confessions he is said to have made include so much as a syllable of regret or even of discomfiture. He does say he didn't want to kill the Englishman Byrnes. But says that in such a situation a man doesn't have a chance to think what he is doing. Says he didn't want to kill the model, Veronica because he hates to destroy a thing of beauty. He wanted to kill her sister, the woman he loved. But she, luckily for herself didn't appear at the apartment that night.

As might be expected, the authorities aren't jubilant over the fact that this man for whom the cops of all the United States have been hunting since Easter, came into their hands through the offices of a newspaper. Naturally, the paper had full opportunity to get the story first and in full. And, as live journalists, Mr. Hearst's bright young men in Chicago made the most of it. One thing they have not told is how they got hold of Irwin. One story is to the effect that he went into the offices of the HERALD EX-AMINER on Saturday afternoon, asked for a cigarette and sat there quite a while before anybody knew who he was. The obvious supposition, however, is that he went there in order to make an arrangement to sell the story of his life.

And there is one ironic circumstance about the long and futile police hunt for the murderous sculptor. Last week, and for several succeeding weeks, he worked at a Cleveland hotel, worked as bus boy and also as a handy man behind the bar. On the other side of that bar for the last two weeks, some of New York's crack reporters stood from time to time.



They were in Cleveland covering the steel strike. Not one of those journalist, the cream of the country's news gatherers, recognized the young man who was wanted by the New York police for those weird murder. But, it was the memory and sharp eye of Henrietta Kiscianski, the scullery maid of that bar, who recognized the similarity between Bob-the-barboy and Irwin-the-sculptor-wanted-for-murder. That turns out to be a stroke of luck for Henrietta. A detective magazine offered a reward of a thousand dollars for just such information. Even though her recognition did not lead directly to his arrest, the magazine decided that Henrietta's keen memory and eyesight had earned the thousand. So she came to New York today by airplane to collect it.

It is obvious that Irwin's defense will be insanity. The verdict his counsel will hope for, it is said will be "guilty but insane." But the New York District Attorney won't accept any such verdict without a fight. The law will demand the extreme penalty. Irwin spent



51  
long periods of his not so long life in mental institutions and psychiatric wards. He was taken to Bellevue, New York, in Ninet~~ten~~ Thirty-Two. There his case was handled by Dr. Frederic Wertham, who diagnosed Irwin's disease as "catathymic crisis," a new type of mental affliction. A person suffering from that is unhinged by some psychological event such as jealousy, fear or hate. The effect is to make him feel that only an act of extreme violence can relieve him. The consequence, says the Bellevue Doctor is suicide or murder. So, five years ago, when Irwin was discharged from the psycopathic ward of Bellevue, Dr. Wertham predicted that this patient was still dangerous and might some day commit a crime.

The District Attorney will place his evidence before the Grand Jury tomorrow. The indications are that the Irwin trial will be a late summer sensation in the news.

## STEEL

On the far flung battlefield of the steel strike, there are contradictions, angry threats; in one or two places violence. "The strike is practically broken," say the independent steel heads. "Nothing of the sort," reply the Union chiefs.

"It's bending. It will be all over the end of the week!" say the steel masters. "It won't be over till we win," says the C.I.O.

"Our plants will soon be running with full staffs. The men are returning as fast as they see they have protection." say the steel men.

Let's see what facts emerge from all this statement and counterstatement. In Youngstown, Ohio, something like fifteen thousand, five hundred men did return to the plants and to work. Those figures are given out, not by the employers but by Major General Light of the Ohio National Guard, who is in command of the troops keeping order in the Mahoning Valley.

In Johnstown, Pennsylvania, eighteen hundred men were on the job in Bethlehem's Cambria plant. That information

comes from the factory's superintendent. And the steel masters are preparing to reopen their plants in the Calumet region of Chicago.

The Republic Steel Corporation announces that forty-seven hundred men have returned to work at Warren and Niles, Ohio.

The union chiefs are breathing loud charges against the National Guard officers. They say the soldiers are being used to break the strike. They talk of a systematic campaign of terror in Pennsylvania and Ohio. And they issued a warning to Governor Davey: "We'll take all necessary action to fight it." Said they. Governor Davey retorted with a warning to the C. I. U. that the tide of public sympathy had turned against them in the conditions that had been brought about.

Violence broke out at Johnstown, where two non-strikers who passed through the picket lines, were badly beaten.



When a bunch of negroes appeared on the scene, ready to enter the Bethlehem plant, the pickets became so menacing that a squad of state troopers had to take them out of the lines into a place of safety.

Meanwhile, Charles P. Taft, Chairman of the Federal Mediation Board, prepared to go to Washington to make a report. Apparently the Board has completely failed to bring about peace. Mr. Taft had ~~intended~~ to sail for Europe on Wednesday, but he cancelled ~~his plans~~ <sup>that -</sup> presumably at the request of the government.

54  
The developments of the last few weeks have ~~also~~ led Senator Vandenburg of Michigan to offer three amendments to Senator Wagner's Labor Relations Act. The first one he claims would put the employers on more of an equal basis with the employees. It will enable them, as well as the workers, to call upon the National Labor Relations Board to hold an election among their employees to decide which union they prefer.

Senator Vandenburg ~~second amendment would make written~~ <sup>also plans that</sup> ~~agreements necessary on both sides. It would also provide that~~ no strikes ~~could~~ be called except by a majority vote, not merely

of union members but of all the workers. His third amendment would forbid officers of a union to compel members to pay assessments. It would also forbid them to use threats,~~or~~ intimidation, coercion or physical violence while organizing. ~~their union.~~ And finally, it would make it impossible for aliens to become officers or representatives of an American union.

## DISTRESS

In baseball three strikes is OUT, while in old frontier days three shots out of a rifle meant -- a signal for help. And now that old pioneer distress signal is being revived -- by the National Forestry Service. Of course, in these modern days we don't all carry a musket, as Daniel Boone did. So three whistles will do, three blasts of an auto horn. In case you can't whistle, you can give the old Indian smoke sign -- three quick puffs. Or a lady may use her pocket mirror as a heliograph - three flashes in the sun.

Such is the regulation that is being put into effect in the National Forests, as a hlep to people who are lost, or are in difficulties of one sort or another. To the distress call of three the forest rangers will reply with a whistle, two shrieking blasts -- meaning "Help is Coming." But don't try any false alarm. If you send out a signal of three, and no adequate cause is found for it, you'll have to pay the expense of the rescue.



## SPAIN

The high spot in the European situation today is the mysterious bombardment of the Spanish coast. As the first reports had it, the Valencia government proclaimed it to be the act of German warships. Later, this was corrected. A Rebel cruiser did the shooting. It turned out that the bombardment blasted the ancient historic and town of Sagunto one of the oldest of Iberian cities. There, in the year of 219 B.C. occurred a momentous siege when the Carthaginians under the great Hannibal, destroyed Saguntum, and brought about the second Punic War. Later on, a noble Roman Consul and General, the famous Scipio Africanus, rebuilt the City of Saguntum.

Today's bombardment apparently did less damage than Hannibal's catapults did two thousand years ago. An examination of the shells showed that they were of Spanish origin. So the inference now is that Sagunto was bombarded by the Rebel Cruiser Canarias.

But the most sinister piece of news concerns a supposed attack by government warships upon an Italian steamship. The vessel was lost last week in the Dardanelles. Today the Italian newspapers are full of charges that she was rammed by warships of the Spanish government.

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The tension between the great powers grows no easier. The British and French governments had suggested that they alone should undertake the patrol of Spain's shorelines, blockading the entrance of ~~any~~ munitions. The reply from the Fascist powers came from Rome: "Nothing doing." The Italians were speaking for the Germans as well as for themselves. "Neither Italy <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~ Germany, nor Europe as a whole, such of it as is sane, can <sup>accept</sup> ~~expect~~ the plan offered by London and Paris!" That's the Fascist sentiment.

Following on the declaration Chancellor Hitler made in Munich yesterday, this points to only one outcome in the Spanish peninsula. The Fuehrer, who has baffled diplomats with the strange policy of being absolutely frank in all his statements, told his followers in all candor that what he wants ~~is~~ the rich ore deposits of Spain. And <sup>only</sup> through a victory for ~~General~~ Franco's armies can

Germany get access to those ores which she so badly needs.

57 In other words, nothing but a complete and definite success for the Spanish Fascist rebellion will satisfy the Fascist chiefs of Germany and Italy. Such is the <sup>view point</sup> ~~standpoint~~ from which this week's events begin in Europe.



## TENNIS

For a breath of fresh air ~~and sanity~~ let's turn to the tennis courts at Wimbledon. The news isn't so cheering if we are patriotic, since one of our American aces took a shellacking. ~~But even that's better than murder and war's slanders.~~

Little Byron Grant of Atlanta, popularly known as "Bitsy," met ~~z~~ his first ~~ix~~ important defeat of the year. He's had a brilliant season so far, ~~trim~~ trimming the best racket men that Australia had to offer. Bitsy's tactics on the court are the kind to infuriate most opponents. He's not a particularly hard hitter but he has the maddening faculty of getting everything across the net until his opponents are run ragged, become angry and whang the ball either out of bounds or into the net.

Today Bitsy had to meet England's Bunny Austin. Bunny plays in somewhat the same fashion as Bitsy and today ~~he~~ outplayed him at it. It was Bitsy who was run ragged ~~this afternoon~~, his short legs pattering back and forth until ~~he~~ <sup>out he</sup> was all in, ~~and~~ <sup>^</sup> ~~went~~ <sup>lost</sup> in three straight sets.

The important thing, so far as concerns tennis fans in general, is that this defeat makes our chances for the Davis Cup

not so promising. However, our colors weren't entirely in the dust. Don Budge from the Golden Gate gave Austrailia's champion Vivian McGrath a tennis lesson -- three straight sets, six-three, six-one, six-four. At Elmira, New York, Richard

Defant a cousin to Ethel, is waiting with some one hundred and twenty-five others, waiting to take off in the eighth annual Glider Contest of the Soaring Society of America. When he does get into the air he'll have a double object. First and foremost, he hopes to make a new gliding record, breaking the one he himself set two years ago when he flew his motorless plane a hundred and fifty-eight miles from Elmira to Somerset Hills, New Jersey. But this time he also has hopes, if the weather is right, of steering his glider all the way to the place where his cousin Ethel is to be married on Wednesday. If he does that it will be something more than fifty miles further than the record he established two years ago. If he can get as far as Wilmington, he says, he'll be the first man in history to go to a wedding in a motorless plane -- glide in while I glide out and, ----- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

## DUPONT

The day after tomorrow, there's going to be quite an event at Christian Hundred, Delaware, the wedding of the Roosevelt to the DuPont. Franklin D. Junior, to Miss Ethel.

Meanwhile on a hill at Elmira, New York, Richard DuPont a cousin to Ethel, is waiting with some one hundred and twenty-five others, waiting to take off in the Eighth Annual Glider Contest of the Soaring Society of America. When he does get into the air he'll have a double object: First and foremost, he hopes to make a new gliding record, breaking the one he himself set two years ago when he flew his motorless plane a hundred and fifty-eight miles from Elmira to Somerset Hills, New Jersey. But this time he also has hopes, if the weather is right, of steering his glider all the way to the place where his cousin Ethel is to be married on Wednesday. If he does that it will be something more than fifty miles further than the record he established two years ago. If he can get as far as Wilmington, he says, he'll be the first man in history to go to a wedding in a motorless plane -- glide in while I glide out and -----SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.