

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Over in China correspondent "Reliable Authority" was conjecturing on the aftermath of the return from captivity of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Chinese Number One Man has regained his liberty but apparently not his peace of mind. "My health and my mind have failed me and I have committed many errors in discharging my duties," he said to the Chinese Executive Council. "After the Sian incident I am conscience stricken and it is no longer fit for me to continue in office as President of the Executive Council."

He said it once, and the Council declined to accept his resignation. He said it again, to which the Council replied, "Forget it, chief. What you need is a month's rest."

And that, on the face of it, is what will take place. Chiang Kai-shek goes on leave of absence. The questions are, will he return or will a new Chinese overlord be erected in his absence. Or is he going away for a while to let the other leaders muddle along without him and then return triumphantly to straighten out the mess?

## EUROPE

Most of our foreign information tonight comes from those over-worked reporters: "Reliable Authority", "Unimpeachable Sources" and "Official Spokesmen" -- that's what they're called. Our favorite standby, "Unimpeachable Sources", tells us that Duce Mussolini is not only washing his hands of the Spanish mud pie, but has tipped off his ally, Dictator Hitler, to follow suit. Important, if true! It's no secret that the Nazi leader would never have dared go as far as he has, but for the backing of that Italo-German alliance. And, if Mussolini says "nothing doing," Hitler will be bound to put an immediate and effective stop on his help to General Francisco Franco.

By a remarkable coincidence, all the top notch generals of the German Army visited Berlin today. That is interpreted as confirming the report that no more German soldiers will be sent to Spain. The army chiefs, it is openly rumored, have never cared for the idea of their troops being sent outside of the Fatherland to fight Spanish battles.

This news gives color to the prevailing idea that all

Europe is fed up with the Spanish civil war, that not only the Fascist nations but Red Russia and liberal France, are ready to cry quits, to let Spain's rebels and Left Wingers fight it out as best they may.

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MUSSOLINI FELLOW EUROPE

Premier Mussolini, by the way, is much vexed at us Americanos. He didn't confide this fact to "Reliable Authority", "Unimpeachable Sources" or "Official Spokesmen". He said it to an Italian Count who is married to an American wife.

"Mussolini admires the United States, has great respect for President Roosevelt, but he's much grieved by the attitude of Americans in general. Il Duce cannot understand how Fascism can be so utterly misunderstood in the <sup>U.S.A."</sup>~~United States~~.  
So we learn from Count ~~Francisco~~ ~~Maria~~ Guardavassi.

"It is absurd to place Fascism in the same class with Communism," says the Duce. "Nowhere in the world is labor better protected than in Italy under the Fascist regime.

Mussolini wants to live at peace with the rest of the world."

~~ix~~ But he doesn't like the freedom and irreverence with which

some American journalists are allowed to treat the sacred cause

of Fascism. *In other words Pegler, Braun and Dorothy Thompson give Mussolini a pain in the neck.*

FRANCE

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As for France, events at home seem on the verge of distracting the attention of Frenchmen from the troubles of the Spaniards. Premier Blum's government is threatened with more labor <sup>disturbance,</sup> ~~troubles,~~ a general strike of all food workers in Paris. A sit down strike already exists in the warehouses and packing houses on the banks of the Seine. Already Paris is faced with the possibility of a food shortage. ~~And the labor troubles aren't confined to that industry.~~ Workers in the public utilities service are also demanding higher pay, shorter hours.

FUNERAL

A funeral procession wound its way through the avenues of Berlin today. By the specific orders of <sup>Reichs</sup>Fuehrer Hitler, himself, it was five miles long. It was the last ride with full military honours of His Excellency, Colonel General Hans von Seeckt. Thereby hangs a tale.

Thirteen years ago the man who ordered that magnificent cortege was a more or less obscure political agitator in Munich. Together with the retired and discredited General Ludendorf the then budding leader of the Nazis attempted his first coup. Thanks to the promptness and firmness of General von Seeckt that uprising became a comic opera affair and was known as the "beer hall putsch." Von Seeckt you may recall was then Commander-in-Chief of the diminutive skeleton German army, the Reichswehr. So that glittering procession and ceremony which took place today at Adolf Hitler's orders were for the man who had sent Adolf Hitler to jail in 1923. ¶ General von Seeckt was the embodiment of the old time Prussian war lord, broad-shouldered, wasp-waisted, a close cropped head with the inevitable monocle leering out of his face. ~~It was not until the big war~~

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After the collapse of the Kaiser's army, it was Von Seeckt as Adjutant-General who rounded and organized the Reichswehr. It was small, but von Seeckt made it into a model of compactness and efficiency.

One time von Seeckt was the military dictator of Germany, so created by President Ebert. He became hated for his strictness but admired for his impartiality. For he was as adamant towards Nazis and anti-semites as he was toward Communists. And, today, Adolf Hitler, the Nazi whom von Seeckt once imprisoned, was chief mourner at von Seeckt's funeral.

## TIME

Whom do you suppose the editors of TIME have chosen as the most important human figure of Nineteen Thirty-Six? It isn't a man, it's a woman. With that much of a lead, you can easily guess her name, Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson. TIME'S reasons are that "she raised issues of profound world import, she represented the culmination of the tide of events sweeping the United Kingdom out of its cozy past and into a more or less hectic and American future. In one year" TIME continues, "Mrs. Simpson became the most talked about, written about, headlined and interest-compelling person in the world." No woman in history ever equalled her record, probably because no up-to-the-minute press or radio existed to spread the fame of the glamorous ladies of the past. What Cleopatra wouldn't have done with the radio!



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Washington, Uncle Sam's capital, is already full of Congressional big shots. Chairmen of committees in particular were busy <sup>today</sup> doing the spade work to prepare the ground for next week's opening. They all agree that they have plenty of jobs cut out for them. ~~and there was plenty for them to talk about today.~~ Of course one of the principal topics was the case of Mr. Cuse of Jersey City who bought all those airplanes and motors to send to Spain. The State Department has been busy all day cabling official statements to all the capitals of Europe about this case. This was in response to requests from the principal governments for information.

The ranking Congressmen were also much exercised about President Roosevelt's statement that child labor, long working hours and low wages must be wiped out by act of Congress. In some quarters this was described as "a ~~pi~~ political trial balloon". The sort of statement a statesman throws out into the air just to see how people will take it. The national law makers are still haunted by the ghost of the N. R. A. and other New Deal measures killed by the Supreme Court. If the President is in earnest -- and indeed he seems to be -- it will be up to the legal

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Machiavellis to draft new laws which may achieve what the President wants without tripping over the Constitutional rope .

## EXPLORERS

Once again we learn of an exploring expedition led by a Roosevelt. And once again South America is the scene -- but not the River of Doubt. And it's a daring venture. Andre Roosevelt is the man. Hitherto we have thought of him principally as the chap who made the world conscious of the charms of the island of Bali, responsible for the Bali craze.

He had his camera with him when he started aloft today to fly over Mt. Chimborazo, which is known to geographers as the "father of South American volcanos." Chimborazo, one of the most formidable peaks in the Andes, rises twenty-one thousand feet above Ecuador. There are two planes in the expedition, each with an American pilot at the controls. The adventure means flying five miles up in the rarefied sub-zero air. The purpose of this Von Baumann-Roosevelt Expedition, is to make scientific studies and photographs of Chimborazo's top. Andre Roosevelt is a distant cousin of the President and of those other exploring Roosevelts, Kermit and Colonel Theodore, Jr.

KIDNAP

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Few positive facts come to us today from Tacoma about the kidnapped Mattson boy. Here's what we actually know: Lieutenant Colonel Appleman of the National Guard spent three-quarters of an hour in Dr. Mattson's house. Appleman has been rumored to be the intermediary between the family and the kidnapper. After his conversation with the family, he rushed out of the house, refused to answer questions, jumped into his car, and drove off in a hurry. Later on, Colonel Appleman said: "There was nothing significant about my call at the Mattson house. Just a visit to the family, nothing more." <sup>It</sup> The head of a private detective agency also spent considerable time around the Mattson place. He also refused to say anything.

The guessing is that the twenty-eight thousand dollar ransom will be placed in the kidnapper's hands before morning.

There seemed to be an increase of activity around the headquarters of the Department of Justice in Seattle. But it must be remembered that the inferences from these exceedingly filmy facts are nothing but guess-work. ~~It~~ Meanwhile, in the Mattson home the word was "watch and pray." They are watching

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feverishly for the return of little Charlie, ~~Mattson~~ praying  
that he may be coming to no harm at the hands of the desperate  
criminal who snatched him. But the wintry weather that  
descended upon the State of Washington has increased the fears  
of the family. The boy only just recovered from a bad cold  
and his health will be in grave danger if he is exposed to the  
frost and sleet.

So the parents are  
watching and praying.

## ACCIDENTS

One day last fall two street cars collided in Chicago. Except for the motorman and conductors, both of them were absolutely empty, not a passenger. A couple of months later twenty-three people appeared in court, all neatly bandaged. They had been injured, they said, in that collision of the two empty cars. With them were twenty-three lawyers who claimed a handsome sum in damages from the street car company.

That episode seemed to the Cook County prosecutor's office a trifle too supernatural. The law investigated, and the scandal that turned up was a humdinger. Those twenty-three miraculously injured folk under question admitted that they belonged to a gigantic ring. It was a syndicate engaged in the profitable enterprise of manufacturing accidents. It also manufactured, so to speak, the victims.

So far the authorities have under suspicion no fewer than thirty lawyers, twenty ambulance chasers, the inevitable little shabby note-book, and here's the most serious part of it, two hundred policemen. The petty jurors that try accident cases are always influenced strongly by the testimony of a cop. Sad to re-

late, there are cops, not only in Chicago, but elsewhere they say, who will shade their testimony on the witness stand for the consideration of a fifty or even a twenty dollar bill.

The number one-man, the so-called brains of the conspiracy, is described as a quiet, little bald, roly-poly fellow, George L. West, once a salesman of auto accessories. One of the exhibits now before the Grand Jury is a confession made by Mr. West, which fills thirty-one fools-cap pages. Not the least interesting part of it is his account of how he got into the business. "I was going into a theatre," he said, "and I slipped on the stairs leading up to the balcony. All it did to me was to bark my shin and twist my ankle. But a guy comes up to me and says, 'I can get you dough for that.'" Thereupon continued Mr. George L. West, "Right away I began to feel worse". And he adds: - "This guy who's a lawyer files a claim for me and I collect four hundred bucks. Seems to me this lawyer fellow has a good thing. So I makes a pal of him, and next thing I know I'm in the business too." That was his story.

They devised and had manufactured a machine, a bruising

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machine. It's described as being something like a pneumatic drill, only with a rounded instead of a pointed end. Operated by electricity. Not only does it tap the surface of the skin, but it also works by suction. As West says, "It makes a swell bruise on the surface, so swell that even a good doctor can't tell that the bruise is a fake. What's more, it doesn't hurt a bit."

When the authorities went to impound this bruising machine, they couldn't find it. West said it had been loaned to a doctor who was preparing one of his patients for an accident case next week. The inference is that the machine has been destroyed.



## PICKPOCKET

Here's the experience of a business man of Houston, Texas. He went hunting and on his way passed through Huntsville, the home of the Texas State Penitentiary. On the outskirts of Huntsville a man with the usual wagging thumb, aroused his sympathy. The Houston business man picked up the thumber, and was rolling merrily along. By the way of conversation he said to his passenger, "Have you been ill? You look pale." Judge of his shock when the hitchhiker replied: "No, I ain't been ill. I just finished a stretch in stir for picking pockets."

The hunter, startled out of his wits, put his foot heavily on the gas -- in a hurry to get his strange passenger to the next town. He was in such a hurry that, the next thing he knew, a motorcycle cop was waving him to the side of the road. He gave that benevolent Houston business man a ticket. Then, as the cop buzzed off in an opposite direction, the driver's passenger reached over, snatched the ticket and tore it into bits. "Hey, what the blazes are you doing?" exclaimed the horrified citizen. "Don't you know he's got a carbon

copy of that in his book?"

His passenger smiled. "Don't you worry, Buddy", he said in soothing tones. "While the cop~~s~~ was shooting off his mouth, I swiped his book."

Would it be improper to describe that as an instance of entertaining an angel unawares? Or was it merely a peculiarly literal case of taking the law into your own hands?

Be that as it may, I can't ake the time into my own hands, so, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.