

SIMPSON

Here's a story of jewels, splendid, glittering gems set in ornate gold. Was it perhaps at one time that these glowing baubles would be made into a royal crown, a crown for a queen, a crown for an American woman to wear? These gleaming jewels are heirlooms of the British royal family. The woman who has had them:-- Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson. They are said to have been given to her during the royal romance, kingly British heirlooms bestowed on her by Edward when he was still King. So was there perhaps a glimmering of expectation that she might some day wear them set in a royal crown?

Such are the moody surmises that come to mind as we reflect on a story from London today -- a story played up by the English Magazine "Cavalcade". It is said to be on the highest authority-- and it tells about the family jewels that Edward gave to Mrs. Simpson. The account reverts back to events when the constitutional crisis was in suspense. We recall how Theodore Goddard, Mrs. Simpson's lawyer flew by plane in a swift trip to the Riviera and conferred with her there. There was much speculation at the time about the why and the

wherefore. What had the barrister gone to discuss with Mrs. Simpson? The answer now is given -- the jewels -- the heirlooms. She had ~~had~~ them insured along with her other jewelry, for half a million dollars. The royal family wanted them back. That's the message the lawyer took to the lady.

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Today's London story declares that she ^{has given} ~~gave~~ them up, returned that fabulous store of gleaming gems to London, where they are now in the possession of the royal family. A report tells us further what is to be done with the jewels, those heirlooms. They are to be made into a crown. They are to glitter in a diadem, a crown for a queen -- Queen Elizabeth. The statement is that the royal gems which Edward gave to Mrs. Simpson are now being incorporat^{ed}~~ed~~ into the crown which will be placed on the queen's head when she and King George the Sixth are enthroned at the Coronation. So after all, they are to be made into a crown -- for somebody else.

This theme of romance continues with another mention -- a mention of a date. May 22nd, that's the day ^{now} when Edward, Duke of Windsor will marry Mrs. Simpson. At least so says

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Frances Clyne, the New York fashion designer, who claims to have learned this from a source that is indeed authoritative. ^{It} She tells how she was at a fashionable cocktail party in London and most of the time she stood next to Lord Brownlow, who is gentleman-in-waiting to the Duke of Windsor. Lord Brownlow, she relates, told her that the wedding will take place on May 22nd, in the chapel of the British Legation in Vienna. Lord Brownlow said he had already bought his wedding present for the couple -- that's how sure it was.

This same source of information gives us the statement that the smart set in London believes that Mrs. Simpson will return to Britain -- this time as the wife of Edward. When she does they expect her to become the fashionable arbiter of London society, setting the mode, reigning over the smart set. So perhaps Wallis Warfield Simpson will become a queen, but without a crown -- a queen of fashion.

Why did Edward abdicate?
The world is still asking. P.W.
Wilson in the new Commentator says
Queen Mary insisted upon it.

We all know that George Bernard Shaw is different. He has made a business and career of being different - different in ideas, talk and behavior. But he's also different - in thumb-prints. Or rather, he has no thumb-prints, none of those loops and whorls that are the delight of the criminalogical fingerprint expert.

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A Yugoslav scuptor has just made a bust of the sardonic Irish dramatist, goat whiskers and all. When it was complete, the sculptor thought he'd like to have it decorated with something distinctive ~~xx~~ of Shaw, in addition to the whiskers. So he asked the playwright to imprint his thumbs on the fresh clay. Shaw did, or rather ~~he~~ tried to, but couldn't. He pressed his thumbs repeatedly on the clay, but there was no characteristic print, not a loop or a whorl such as detectives love and criminals dread. Upon examination, his thumb tips were found to be without lines or ridges - as smooth as an egg. He couldn't possibly leave a fingerprint, at least with his thumbs.

"What a pity I didn't know it before," quoth Shaw.

"I should have chosen another profession."

Which raises the interesting vision of George Bernard

Shaw as a master burgler. As a mystery man of the underworld, he might have been known - as the criminal without thumb-prints. But that would have identified him and ~~again the cops~~ given the cops a telltale clue. So perhaps it's just as well that Shaw went ahead and wrote "Back to Methuselah" and "Saint Joan" instead of burglarizing houses and cracking safes.

RUSSIA

2-1

For years there has been one mighty Commissar in ^{Red} Moscow, whom I've never mentioned - not by name. Because I couldn't pronounce his name. It's one of those Russian jaw-breakers. Today came the time when I felt I had to do something about it. For that powerful Commissar has died, and he was important enough to make his passing an item in the news. So today I phoned Dr. Vizetelly, the great lexicographer, who is supposed to know all the words. "How do you pronounce this," ~~name~~ I asked him, and spelled it. For once the ~~great~~ lexicographer ^{in a funk, he} ~~was stuck, he~~ didn't know. He referred me to Wilfred Funk, of ~~dictionary publishers,~~ Funk and Wagnalls. But, he didn't know either. He referred me to the Soviet Vice-Consul. I phoned him - and he knew. The way you pronounce the deceased Commissar's name is Orr-djo-nee-kee-zeh.

After I got that straight, as straight as I could, the Soviet Vice-Consul casually ~~ex~~ informed me that Comrade Orr-djo-nee-kee-zeh was better known in Russia as - Sargo, which is a lot easier.

However, I had already learned how to pronounce the

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jaw-breaker, so I can go on and tell of the death of the Soviet
Commissar of Heavy Industry Orr-djo-nee-kee-zeh. He was one
of the old Bolsheviks, revolutionary in the time of the Czar,
imprisoned again and again, sent as an exile to the ice of
Siberia. In ~~the~~ Bolshevik triumph, he was one of Lenin's
stalwarts, and of late has been a trusty right-hand man to
Dictator Stalin. He lived in the grim Kremlin where Stalin
lives.

— Orr-djo-nee-kee-zeh —
This paladin of the old Bolsheviks died today. No,
not ~~by the~~ firing squad, heart trouble.

BANDITS

On the south coast of Cuba, where sugar is king, is the old harbor city of Cienfuegos. It has stateliness and squallor, ornate avenues and dingy alleys - the way cities ~~in~~ are in the kingdom of sugar. News comes of a clash ^{with a} ~~of~~ rattling ^{of} gunfire in Cienfuegos. No revolution though - just cops and robbers, the familiar story of a pitched battle between police and criminals in the heart of ^a ~~the~~ city.

A bandit gang has been terrorizing that section on the south coast of Cuba, bold ~~marauders~~ marauders who have been raiding and robbing. The police discovered ^{that} the gang was in the city itself - five of them in a house. And you can easily surmise the rest of the story - the police lines thrown about the ^{building,} ~~house,~~ the bandits resisting arrest, the blaze of shots, a regular siege and storming of that house. In the hail of bullets, one policeman was killed. And one of the five bandits was killed, ~~and~~ two wounded and captured. The other two, in a desperate dash, managed to get through the police lines and escaped into the surrounding hills.

ARREST

Tonight in a Jersey City jail there's a colored man who very likely is revising a letter, changing it around, making it read differently. It's an epistle to his wife down south, from whom he is separated. She ran away from him. That letter to her was correct and okay when he was writing it. But now things have changed.

They've changed because of a Jersey City cop who has a sharp nose, a keen sense of smell. This policeman passed a tenement house, when he suddenly began to sniff. He smelled something, a suspicious aroma. He followed his nose to a flat in the tenement house, and knocked at the door. A young negro answered. The cop pushed his way in, still following his nose. And sure enough - on the stove he found a pot of mash, cooking, distilling. Alcohol in the making!

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On a table lay a letter, which the negro had just finished writing, the ink still wet. This was ~~the~~^{the} epistle to his runaway wife down south. It read as follows: "Won't you please come home at once? Business is doing fine." He was just

trying to get back his colored gal. Business had been fine indeed,

the alcohol mash was cooking gayly on the stove - until that cop
with the sensitive smell
followed his nose. ~~he~~

The colored boy is
Now business is not so fine. ~~he~~ in the lock-up,

he might ~~do~~
the hoosgow - and ~~it might be~~ well ~~to~~ rewrite that letter -

change it around completely.

SPY

That sensational spy case may still have some sensations. And the story tells of the flip of a coin - heads or tails, as the shiny metal disc went spinning and clinking and gave its decision.

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The other night I told how the United States Navy was pleased because it would not have to stage a public trial to convict John Farnsworth, former Lieutenant-Commander in the Navy, now charged with espionage, selling navy secrets to Japan. He took a plea of nolo contendere - ~~he~~ wouldn't defend himself. Virtually a plea of guilty, it promised to avoid an open trial, which would have put the white light of publicity on the whole affair of navy secrets and Japanese espionage. That would have been too much of an international sensation. Today all that is changed - with the mention of the flip of a coin.

Farnsworth, who is ~~now~~ in a Washington hospital, declared today that he is not guilty. He insists that he never sold navy information to Japanese secret agents.

"If I had worked a thousand years in gum shoes," he says, "I don't think I could have given the Japanese a thing they didn't already know." He contends that the information he is

charged with selling could easily be procured by foreign governments through regular channels.

He adds that the other day at his trial he entered the plea of nolo contendere, no defense - because extreme pressure was brought to bear on him. He says that under that pressure he flipped a coin to decide what to do - heads or tails - that's what made up his mind. That, he declares, is the story behind his plea of nolo contendere, no defense.

~~How~~ Farnsworth today did not explain just what the pressure was - whether it was because of the Navy's desire not to put the publicity on espionage and the Japanese. ^{However, today} there's a broad hint of this ~~however~~ in what Farnsworth now proposes. He suggests that he be retried in secret. He wants judgment to be pronounced on him by a private court of three impartial judges, a jurist, a navy officer and a civilian - this without newspaper publicity. If this informal court behind closed doors finds him guilty, why then he'll appear in the ~~ex~~ public court and plead guilty without any further argument. That's his offer. In that way, says he, the case could be handled without any sensation, without

any public proceedings which would be embarrassing to the dignity of the government and the Navy.

So the former Lieutenant-Commander, now accused of espionage, wants to change his plea. ^P He'll have a hearing on Tuesday, and the court has the power to allow him to withdraw that - nolo contendere.

BENDIX

Here at Radio City it was interesting to learn today that there is to be still another kind of city - "Aviation City."

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An inclusive center for the flying industry, airport, factories, laboratories. It is to be constructed at the old flying field at Teterboro, New Jersey. That's on the edge of the northern part of the Jersey Meadows, not far from Hackensack. The colonial name of Teterboro is to be changed to - Bendix. Because it's the Bendix Corporation that will create the new Aviation City. All the activities of that far flung flying ~~corporation~~^{concern} will be concentrated there - manufacturing, experiment~~ing~~^{ing}, testing, everything that has to do with travel in the sky.

STRIKE

A metallurgical battle was staged today at Waukegan, Illinois, a struggle between strikers and police. The sit-down there is in the Fan^SSteel Metallurgical plant, and the story of the fight sounds like something out of ~~the~~ ^a textbook on the chemistry of metals. Tear gas on one side, and on the other a barrage of tungsten, tantalum and molybdenum, ^{and} a yellow biting acid.

Today, with a hundred sit-downers occupying the plant, Sheriff Doolittle showed up with a writ of eviction, a court order demanding the sit-downers to get up and leave. The strikers just yelled and jeered. "We won't go, come and get us out!" They refused to budge.

The Sheriff gave the order to his men - "Forward march! Storm the plant!" ^{A party} ~~of~~ ^{of} deputies took a steel rod and swinging it like a battering ram, smashed down a door ^{of} ~~to~~ the factory. The deputies stalked in, and started tossing tear gas bombs. The strikers' eyes were streaming, ^{weeping copiously} - but they didn't give in. They rubbed their tearful eyes and replied to the attack by hurling showers of missiles at the

Sheriff and his men. They hurled pieces of steel, and chunks of molybdenum, a hard heavy metal which would make a dent on any cranium. They flung bottles of tungsten and tantalum. Company officials say that those bottles of rare metal are worth five hundred dollars each -- which made it an expensive barrage. And the strikers grabbed chemical hoses and sprayed the attackers with showers of what is described as a mild acid, yellow fluid that foamed and burned.

That metallurgical defense held the fort. At last reports the sit-down strikers were still wiping the tear gas and the tears out of their eyes - still sitting down. But the trouble has quieted down. A peace conference is on schedule tonight -- trying for a settlement of the metallurgical hostilities of tungsten, tantalum and molybdenum -- and, here's an acid remark:-

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.