L.T. - SUNOCO, Tuesday, November 28, 1933.

Good Evening Everybody:

three thousand miles between the State of California and the State of Maryland. While Governor Ritchiexefxt Rolph of the Golden State was sticking to his praise for that mob of lynchers in San Jose, Governor Ritchie of the Old Free State was showing in most dramatic fashion what he thinks about these mass murders. Lying on his sick bed in the executive mansion at Annapolis, he sent a body of troops into Somerset County to arrest nine men who were accused of having lunched a negro at a place called Princess Anne, last month.

As a consequence, the entire state, the Maryland

Free State, is in an uproar. The local authorities in Somerset

County had practically refused to act in the matter of this

lynching although it is said the names of the leaders of this

mob were quite well known. So Governor Ritche told his attorneygeneral to get busy on the job. The Attorney-General investigated

and then requested the County Prosecutor at Salisbury to arrest the

saying it was up to a grand jury to indict them first.

To this the white-haired Governor replied; "All We are not for lynching in Maryland."

right right, if they won't act, we will so he km issued orders to the State Constabulary to make those arrests. And to make assurance doubly sure he had them escorted by a force of three hundred national guardsmen. With these went a squad of detectives of Baltimore to make the arrest. It is from Mr. David Winebrener, the Secretary of State, that I learn what had happened. In the first place, the orders to the troops had been kept xexxxit secret. A force of state police were assigned to cover the telephone offices and see that those mob leaders were not tipped off and enabled to make their escape. In spite of these precautions, five of these nine did get wind of the affair and are now in hiding.

The actual raid was made at dawn this morning.

Squads of police, escorted by soldiers armed with bayonets and rifles, went to the homes of the suspects, roused them out of bed; made them dress; and took them along. They then landed them in the national guard armory at Salisbury. The idea of the Attorney

General was to rush them into a magistrate's court and have them arraigned.

But the news of this raid had spread around like wildfire.

By 11 o'clock this morning a crowd of at least three thousand people,

men, women and children, were surrounding the armory, clamoring and

shrieking for the release of those four prisoners. A perfectly

innocent man was mistaken for ax Attorney-General Lane and his car

was overturned and he himself badly beaten before the mistake was

discovered.

the crowds to disperse. This the mob laughed. So the Adjutant-General went to the telephone to talk to Governor Ritchie and find out what to do next. When he reappeared in front of the mob, the Adjutant-General ordered his troops to fix bayonets. Even that did not impress the They kept up their clamor and were threatening to storm the armony. "All right then", shouted the Adjutant-General, "Let 'em have it." He withdrew his men inside the armory and let fly with more than a hundred gas bombs, tear gas, at which the multitude took to its heels. However, a wind

Another gas attack was made, with the same results as before. The Adjutant-General telephoned once more to Annapolis for orders.

This time he put his prisoners in trucks surrounded by police with thirty soldiers to guard each man, and the cavalcade was rushed out of x Salisbury at full speed for Baltimore, where the prisoners were thrown into the city jail and where it is believed they will be safe. That the news from Manyland - the Free States answer to lynch law.

NBC

At the other side of the continent, meanwhile, the Governor of California appeared to be enjoying the position he still holds—full blace alle in the limelight. Whether he got more brick-bats than hengers bouquets for his attitude toward the San Jose Lynching is about a fifty—fifty guess. Clubs, newspapers and clergymen were denouncing Mr. Rolph, declaring that he was as guilty as the lynchers because he refused to send troops to protect either the prisoners or the sheriff's officers. On theother hand, many individuals and several law officers throughout the country congratulated the Governor.

thinks of the business. It was he who asked the Governor Rolph for troops and he sot severely injured trying to protect his prisoners, the prisoners he himself had trailed and arrested and from whom he had obtained confessions. The Sheriff is in the hospital in a serious condition, and has been unable to sleep. It is believed that his skull may have been fractured by the mob.

As for Governor Rolph, he left Sacramento to attend a

conference of western governors at Boise, Idaho, and as he stepped into his plane he declared that his attitude and opinion were quite unchanged.

One of my European correspondents cables me that the

San Jose kidnapping and Governor Rolph's approval are the subject

of tremendous interest in Europe. The London papers particular

are giving it a tremendous amount of space. The Daily Express

compares Governor Rolph to some of the late Roman Emperors who

were in the habit of selicing victims to the mobs.

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on top of this I have to report that the jury in St. Paul which has been trying four men on the charge of having kidnapped William Hamm, Jr., returned a verdict of not guilty. The four defendants are Roger Touhy, Eddie McFadden, Willie Sharkey and Gustav Schaeffer, popularly kinn known as "Gloomy Gus". They were tried under the Federal Act known as the Lindbergh Law.

You may recall that young Hamm was abducted on June 15th and these his parents paid \$100,000 for his ransom.

NBC

Down at the Little White House in Warm Springs, Georgia today, President Roosevelt was busy approving and affixing his signature to codes for no less than twenty-one indutries, including banking - jewelers, upholsterers, cement manufacturers, radio broadcasters and, finally, the film industry,

With reference to this, the President announced that
the N.R.A. Administration is not going to attempt to censor the
firms. Then the President made an exceedingly interesting
announcement concerning the supervision of the films. He has
appointed Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, President Emeritus of Harvard
University, as Chairman of the Committee to control the movie
industry. And to help him Mr. Roosevelt named our admired friends
Marie Dressler and goggle-eyed Eddie Cantor.

NBC

Albert H. Wiggin, former head of the Chase National Bank, made another appearance before the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. He went to Washington to deny emphatically the story told by William Fox, part of which I related to you recently. Mr. Wiggin said in the first place that Mr. Fox's story about the conspiracy through which he lost his xxxix holdings in the Fox Film Corporation was all moonshine. There was not, so Mr. Wiggin said, the slightest truth in it. Then he went on to deny categorically the charge that when President Hoover had intervened in Mr. Fox's behalf Mr. Wiggin had sent word to the President to mind his own business. Mr. Fox had told the Senate Committee that this message was sent to the President through Claudius Huston, former Chairman of the Republican Name National Committee. Mr. Wiggin said he had only met Mr. Huston once and that was at a banquet in the company of several other people; that he never had any conversation with Mr. Huston on business or t any other topic.

Mr. Wiggin was accompanied by his personal attorney, Martin Conboy of New York, whom President Roosevelt had recently designated as United States Attorney for New York. Most of the senators in



the Committee went up to Mr. Conboy and congratulated him. That is, all of them except one. That was & Senator Couzens of Detroit, supposed to be the richest man in the Senate. Mr. Couzens, although he shook hands, said with a smile on his face that he would not congratulate Mr. Conboy because the Senate would not confirm the nomination. This aroused a storm of laughter among the other senators present, but Senator Couzens, though in a perfectly good humored way, stuck to his guns and said that he, for one, would vote against Mr. Conboy and that he didn't think a man who had such clients as Mr. Wiggin should represent Uncle Sam in court. Some of the other Senators present declared they would support Mr. Conboy; others were cagier and refused to say anything either one way or the other.



The price of gold, that is, newly mined American gold, was sent up again today by R. F. C. They advanced the figure 9¢, so that today the price is \$33.85. This is almost \$2 more than the figure quoted at London, which is usually considered standard for the rest of the world.

Along with this of course the price of Uncle Sam's dollar went down again, but it only went down 2g. And a further effect of this was a rise in the price of many shares, (though not a sensational one,) on the New York Stock Exchange.

Incidentally former Governor Al Smith today issued an emphatic denial of the charges made against him at last night's meeting in New York, by the famous Father Coughlin of Detroit.

Father Coughlin had declared that Al Smith was opposing President Roosevelt's money policy at the behest of the House of Morgan, because the Morgans had financed the construction of the Empire State Building. To which Al says:- "Baloney!"

EUROPE

Now for a glimpse of the world overseas.

The news from the other side of the Atlantic is that Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh are at Cape Verde in Africa, all set to go. If the weather reports are okay they hope to add another leaf to their laurels by hopping off at dawn tomorrow in the direction of Natal, in Brazil.

Jobs are scarce today all over the world, to be sure, but there seems to be one that is hardly worth having.

That is the post of Prime Minister of France. I learn from Paris that people in general are not wild with enthusiasm about the new cabinet of Premier Chautemps. The Parisian newspapers make no bones about prophesying that this one won't last long. A French cabinet never does last long enough to grow whiskers, and this time the prediction is that a national government, a government of all parties somewhat like that of Great Britain at present, will come about in France.

President Roosevelt's gold policy came up for discussion today in the House of Commons. Neville Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was asked what the government proposed to do to equalize the foreign exchange situation in view of the recent fluctuations in the price of Uncle Sam's dollar. Mr. Chamberlain made the safe and foggy reply that the government is watching the situation. But he answered that for the time being His Majesty's government was holding on to the equalization fund, the fund used to maintain the value of the pound sterling.

Here's another complication in that Wynekoop case in

——the fore complication—

Chicago. The ballistics—experts of Chicago's Police Department

have been examining the bullet with which poor little Mrs. Rheta

Wynekoop was shot. This examination, they say, shows that the

bullet was fired from a 38 calibre revolver and the same revolver

which Earle Wynekoop, the young woman's husband, purchased on

November 11th, the same day on which the family is supposed to

have taken out an extra \$5,000 insurance policy on the young woman's

life.

Doesn't it seem that the more we learn about this case the more unbelievable it seems?

As for Dr. Alice Wynekoop, the mother of Earle and mother-in-law of the murdered victim, she was to have appeared before the grand jury today. But this had to be postponed because Dr. Wyke Wynekoop is in the hospital ward of the Cook County jail, quite seriously ill. The prison physician says that the aged lady has a bad cold which might at any moment develop into pneumonia.

stock-yards, the largest in the world, on account of that strike. For there were more than seventy thousand head of livestock tied up by the strikers who refused to unload any incoming trains or trucks. There was terrific confusion in the yards and early this morning they company tried to untangle the mess with strike breakers.

But that didn't last long. I learn from Uncle
Sam's Department of Agriculture that the strikers soon succeeded
in putting the fear of God into the strike breakers who
decided it was safer to take it on the run. So there they
are, those seventy thousand head of cattle, sheep and hogs,
and the confusion grows worse every hour.

However, the regional labor board of the N.R.A. is taking a hand in the argument trying to bring about as arbitration. The head of this board is young Dr. Robert Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago.

As the Sultan is supposed to have remarked on a memory occasion, "What do you want for Christmas?" This question has been asked of several celebrities by Dixie Willson, who reports the answers in Good Housekeeping. Apparently Miss Willson started with Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and those marvelous Silly Symphonies. Walt wants a new baby for Christmas, and if he can't get that, he'll be contented with a couple of police or a brocm for the fireplace. The last sounds like a reasonable wish.

Bill Rogers wants a tractor, but Mrs. Rogers says,
"No, nothing doing". So Bill might as well make up his mind to
getting neckties.

Gracie Allen wants perfume; so does that great veteran singer, Madame Schumann-Heink. But there's a difference. Gracie wants the kind that costs \$35 an ounce, while Schumann-Heink will be contented with toilet water, because it doesn't cost so much.

A young man in San Francisco's Chinatown, little Chow Bo Kum would like to have a photograph of The Last Supper.

Another friend of Miss Dixie Willson's, a Wisconsin farmer named Simeon Grigg, who is ninety-two years old, wants a

pocket handkerchief, a first class mess of squash, a feeling of the Glory of God and some way, by cricky, to keep from getting a necktie.

But the most interesting wish that Dixie Willson reports is that of Annie, who is described as a little waif on New York's East side, who scrubs for a living. All she wx asks is a table, a sheet, a Christmas Tree and a chicken. She has always wondered what chicken tastes like.

As for me, one of the principal things I'd like to have is a new way of saying, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.