Barra .

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY: -

The international news tonight is about peace and war,

the same two subjects -- and mostly rumors. The peace drive is

on, a deep secret. Nobody really knows what's happening, only

surmises. A big battle is reported to be raging in southern

Ethiopia but it's a long way from anywhere, with difficult

communications. And the rumors are Addis Ababa rumors, as wild

as usual. We've been having an awful dose of international crises

lately, and tonight is a good time for an all-American broadcast.

So, lates have it. Especially -- as there are plenty of tridings

about our own country.

The ferocious burst of crime violations in New York points a finger of savage emphasis at a national question. Mobsters murdering each other in this newest carnival of crime - that must mean they have something worth fighting for. Police opinion puts it this way: With prohibition, the stupendous bootleg money was a prize for which the old gang wars were fought. With repeal pickings dwindled to small change, comparatively, and gang wars dwindled in proportion. What about it now? Has something come to take the place of prohibition money? Something to start the mobs annihilating each other again?

The answer given is - that the underworld, after depression hard times and repeal hard times, have built up other rackets.

We've heard plenty about the policy game, illegal lottery racket - and the slot machine racket some more gambling. There are local shake-downs, with hoodlums taking a tribute from neighborhood merchants. Add to these labor rackets, and what-not - and then add one more. Something of a novelty - the revelation we've had in this New York crime outbreak, the loan-shark racket. The mobs lend money, in the districts they control, lend it to people at monstrous rates,

Twenty per cent a month. And they enforced collections by the methods, thugs men beating up defaulting borrowers. The underworld, they say, has built up systems of rackets along these lines, until now that has big dough to shoot at - and muscling in competitors to shoot at.

If this is happening in New York, it's likely happening in every city in the country. So there more than local importance in today's nightmare revelations concerning the startling series of killings.

of the four men shot down in the Newark estimated last night, Dutch Schultz is dying. Not a chance in a thousand to survive the bullet through his abdomen, the dectors say. Two of henchmen with him, have died. The other is in a desperate state. The four racketeers were in a room, confabulating about the Schultz interminable income tax trouble with the law, when two gun men stalked in and blazed away. That was the news which flashed. Then later the detail - the desperately wounded Schultz staggered to the bar, got two nickels for a dime, lurched to a telephone, phoned the police and said he had been shot.

Of the two members of the Dutch Schultz mob shot down in New York, less than two hours later, both are dead.

Striking in Newark and in New York, almost simultaneously, it is believed the underworld enemy blazed with its guns, to wipe out the Schultz vested interest in the uptown New York rackets.

Last night we heard how the ugly gangster, called "Pretty Louis Amberg", had been murdered in circumstances of fantastic horror, killed with a hachet, then burned in the blazing automobile. One of mix brothers, in the notorious crime family, had been wiped out in a gang execution in a garage some time before. Before that another brother had killed himself in a gun-fighting-prison-break in the New York's Tombs. Why link the Ambergs and Dutch Schultz? Because the police are looking for Al Stern. They hold this young gangster-gunman responsible for the blazing automobile murder of Pretty Amberg. A witness who saw the killing of the two Schultz henchmen in New York has identified a picture of the young killer Stern as one of the assassins.

The police describe the twenty-two year old Stern as a murder-mad; rangster, and they are charging him with the killing of

eight men. He began his career of crime only a year ago. Last

September And He took part in a Brooklyn hold-up and shot down
a policeman. Then,

The story goes on into the realm of weird fancy.

They say that Stern joined the Amberg gang. Not content with his earnings, he staged a crazy performance. It disguised himself, and stuck up his own gang chief, the boss Amberg. The local and only a few dollars in his pockets. And, moreover, he recognized Stern, in spite of the disguise. That episode left Stern in considerable fear. Afraid of vengeance, he schemed to kill Amberg. And this was accomplished in Brooklyn garage execution.

The police say that with each crime Stern was afraid that his pals would betray him to the police. His terror kept piling up, and he killed men who knew and might squeal.

From headquarters today went out a hunt a manhunt, a general alarm for the cops to hunt Stern down and kill him on sight.

With all this weaving of blood red threads in the underworld, the police link the crime outbreak to the centrel

in upper Manhattan and the Bronx - with another powerful mob, possibly a Brooklyn mob, muscling their way in, exterminating their way - into the Schultz crime territory.

It's singular - Dutch Schultz dying of a shot in the abdomen, and just a few weeks ago we had the same story in the case of Huey Long. And now - today, joyful shouts and jubilation in the Long political machine. And further - Dutch Schultz acquitted of income tax violations, in a noisily publicized trial some time ago. And, now it's an uproarious acquittal in an income tax case that's raising joyful riot among Huey Long's former Lieutenants -- odd coincidence.

In New Orleans, the jury has said "Not guilty!", and Abe Schushan goes free. He's the wholesale dry goods dealer. one of the first business men to see the possibilities of Huey Long. He became financial advisor to the Kingfish, and got a lot of contracts. He was made President of the New Orleans Levee Board. That put him in charge of building the Four Million Dollar airport. It's called Shushan's Airport. And Abe saw that his name was engraved three three thousand times on stone and on metal on the airport hangars and runways. When they kidded him about it, Abe replied: "In case they should ever want to change the name for that airport, they'll have to think twice. In fact, they'll have to think three thousand times."

The difficulty came when the government charged him with having taken a cut of the Four million Dollar airport construction money, Two Cents a cubic yard for materials, Four hundred and fifty thousand Dollars of in all. Shushan admitted he had taken the rake-off. The government prosecuted him for not having paid income tax on it. Shushan replied that he had not collected the money rot personally, but as campaign funds for the Long machine.

The government thought the case x so important that for the second time it drafted Amos Woodcock, President of St.Johns College. Five years ago, Woodcock had been taken out of his academic world to become the National Director of Prohibition. This last time he was brought in to handle the tax charges in New Orleans.

He prosecuted Shushan, but Shushan goes free.

The significance is that Senator Long himself had been under fire down the income tax line. The same - for a number of the Long-machine-leaders. The case of Abe Shushan, was one of the big bulking tax shots against the whole machine. So his acquittal is taken by the cohorts of the late Kingfish as an \*\*RIXENNER\*\* all-around vindication of themselves.

They are whooping it up. The verdict was the signal for a wild party in the court room in which three cameramen were joyfully beaten up. One, a photographer named Leon Trice, renowned in Louisiana for having had a similar brush with the Kingfish.

Huey attacked him when he was trying to take a picture. This time Trice was taking a picture - of the courtroom extravaganza staged by the Long followers. They were mauling the daylights out of him when the Sheriff had to reach for his hip, threatening to pull a gun, before he could rescue the cameraman.

The Long machine in Louisiana feels a heavy load off its politico-mechanical mind. They believe their income tax victory will be a big help in the election campaign: The battle of votes in which they hope to sweep the state as Huey Long used to do.

A giant stream surging with a rushing flood in Washington today — a torrent of money. The cash flowed at the rate of eight million dollars an hour to forty—two states. It's the four billion dollar Work Relief.program sweeping into a new spurt of activity. And that coincides with the President's return from his deep-sea vacation.

Eight million dollars an hour to get people off relief and on the job. The Work Relief chiefs figure that the new gold rush, a real rush of gold, will have put two million of the needy to work at the end of this month.

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The biting English that William Randolph Hearst can talk has another illustration today. The king of publishers, repeating that he will leave California rather than pay the fifteen percent state income tax declares himself in terms that remind one of the knife-like phrases he used to sling when he was young and the New York Evening Journal was new.

Whith his income taxes amounting to eighty or ninety
percant, he'll close up his fabulous San Simeon ranch by the
end of the year, but he'll continue his California cattle business.

"The cows," he railed bitterly, "are more fortunate than we. They can continue to enjoy California's glorious climate without being subjected to confiscatory taxation." And he compared the tax gatherer to the gangster and gunman. "The Treasury Department," he says scathingly, "holds a gun to your head and you either come across or get taken for a ride."

Hearst opponents in California are calling it all a a fleet bluff. But the owner of an army of newspapers, with an icy sterning in his ness and cold blue eyes, declares he'll shake the dust of his native state from his angry feet.

Sailing from England tonight, is one passenger who is nervous.

A dapper young man, possessing the kind of fortunate youth that

begins to grow middle-aged at about seventy. Jimmy Walker was a

young man thirty yoars ago, and no doubt will be for some time to

Jimmy Walker la

come. But he's nervous - as he begins his homeward return, after

Long
exile on foreign shores.

What's we disturbed about? He says because of the prospect of one of those grandiose ticker tape receptions in New York, such he was to bestowed upon conquering generals and triumphant aviators.

Of course, Jimmy never conquered as a general or triumphed as an aviator. So his reception will take the high sentimental form of one of those "All is forgiven" affairs. Forgiven, if not forgotten - those jams and tangles that eased Jimmy off the Mayor's throne in New York. So he's bashful about the possibility of a love feast ovation for him - that same smart-talking, wise-cracking metropolitan mayor who was never known to blush or stammer. in the loudest wheep and hurrething.

As for worry - there's another angle to the much heralded home-coming. In all that chorus of Home-Sweet-Home, there's a sour

note, a bugle off key, a saxaphone trilling a discordant blue. The latest is, - the report that at the ceremony of welcome when Jimmy Walker walks ashore, they'll be - creditors. Collectors waving bills, duns demanding payment. When the glittering Mayor of parades and parties went into exile, he left some debts behind him. unpaid accounts. Creditors have a way of trying to collect. They've even been known to sue. There's a fashionable dressmaking establishment that has a judgement against Jimmy for Thirteen thousand Dollars. There's an equally fashionable bootmaker who has another for Two thousand. It is explained that the former Mayor's former wife ran up the bills. Wives in discontent, like regiments in war, have a way of charging. And will that worry Walker when Walker walks ashore?

Here's one foreign brevity:-

A German professor gets the prize -- the Nobel Prize for Medicine. Dr. Hans Speeman of the University of Freiberg.

He's a xmankagisk zoologist -- yet he gets the prize for medicine.

The answer is -- that his work was to investigate in the realm of animals, to fx discover things that would apply to the human being. Itxix Specifically, Professor Speeman, has been experimenting in embryology.

Many famous scientists have departed from Germany in the past few years, but the professor stays and works there, and wins the Nobel Prize.

An American sailor has contrived to cause something of an incident in Japan. There's all sorts of excitement, and a demand for punishment and apology.

The Japanese claim that the American seaman went to a celebration of a festival, a feast of Autumn. And there he tore down a Japanese flag, and trampled on it.

The Japanese demands were made to the Captain of the American ship. They want him to punish the sailor and to present his own apologies for the flag insult.

The incident occurred, not in Japan proper, but in the Japanese section of the former German Chinese port at Tsingtao. So when the sailor was arrested, the Japanese turned him over to the Consular authorities. He's being held now.

Maybe I had better make a few passes at myself -just to be sure I'm not hypnotized. I don't feel that way, but you never can tell, You may be in a hypnotic trance without knowing it. That's the story which comes from Emory University in Georgia, where it actually happened, where a chap was hypnotized frm for three days, and never suspected it. In the Department of Psychology they were having some experiements in hypnosis. The instructor of phychology was staring with that memmerizing gaze and making those trance-producing passes with his hands. He was trying to hypnotize one of the students. was not trying to hypnotize Charles Hudson. The experiment was an impressive success, only the psychologist hypnotized the wrong guy. The subject he was working on took all of those magnetizing glances and passes without batting an eyelash. sale. But Hudson, who was merely looking on an arrest hypnosis worked on him. Maybe the psychology prof with the mesmerizing gaze was cross-eyed.

Wall, Hudson went around that way for three days. He didn't know it. His classmates merely observed he was acting queerly.

Finally they took him to the hospital and there it was discovered that he had been hypnotized by mistake.

How did they get him out of the trance? The account mentions exercises and a lapse of time. And I suppose the also made some of those hypnotizing passes in front of his face. And,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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