

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Aviation tragedy -- at Ostend, in Belgium. And it's tragedy with the mournful color of royal purple. The principality of Hesse was one of Germany's historic dudedoms. It was abolished, its grand dukes dethroned, after World War defeat. But in its time, Hesse was renowned whence came the hired regiments, the Hessians, so famed in American history.

Today, in that latest European air disaster there were eleven victims, and five of them were of the old reigning family of Hesse -- Grand Duke George; the Grand Duchess; his wife, the dowager Grand Duchess, his mother; and the two children -- princes -- who were his heirs -- all wiped out. And with them two attendants, of the noble family of Hesse.

It's always a bitter irony when a plane is near an airport and disaster comes -- and that was supremely true today. The Belgian skyliner with this royal family aboard was a mere few hundred yards from the Ostend airdrome. And the lights of the landing field were on -- a brilliant blaze. But there was a fog, one of those blinding peasoupers of the English channel, and the pilot could only grope as

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he tried to come to earth. The plane hit a factory chimney, ripped off the left wing, plunged into the ground - and exploded. A terrific blast of flame, all lives lost.

The Grand Duke of Hesse and his family were on their way to London to attend the marriage of his brother, Prince Ludwig. The Prince, an attache of the German Embassy, was waiting at the airfield for the arrival of the plane, and there he heard of the disaster, the ~~wiping out of his brother and~~ *destruction of the entire*

ducal family. He collapsed from the shock. ~~And~~ *Now*, he becomes the Grand Duke of Hesse.

And now - aviation exploit, from London to South Africa. ¹ British aviator Clouston with a woman for a passenger broke the record by more than twelve hours - and that's breaking it into flying fragments. Time -- one day, twenty-one hours, six minutes - *London to Cape Town.*

CHINA

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The China trouble takes a new glaring turn today -
a Japanese ultimatum to France, it is said. What quarrel can
Tokyo have with Paris? That sends us for a swift look to our
atlas, where we observe ^{that} directly south of eastern China lies
French Indo-China, with extensive commercial routes from the
French province to the southern Chinese areas. Japan claims
that France, through Indo-China, has been shipping war materials
to the Nanking government. And Tokyo says - stop it - or else.
With this reported ultimatum, comes explanatory word that if
the French do not comply, Japanese planes will be sent south to
bomb the trainloads of munitions. Moreover, that Japan will
seize the large Chinese island of Hainan, an island which in a
strategic sense dominates the northern part of Indo-China.

The French provincial officials are said to have
taken immediate heed of the Japanese demand and have ordered
the shipments of war material to China to cease. They're
afraid that if the Mikado's admirals seize Hainan, the northern
part of French Indo-China could not be defended.

All of this becomes the more significant when we

hear -- that at the Nine Power Conference, France argued that the nations assembled there should guarantee French Indo-China against possible Japanese attack.

The tide of war in China makes it seem as if Nanking might soon be captured by the Japanese. The Chinese national government seems to think so. It's moving, such is the latest report. The government of China is abandoning its capitol and moving far away far away to Hankow, hundreds of miles up the Yangtze. There they'll feel safer.

Right off the wire:- the Japanese announce that as soon as they capture Nanking they'll move the capitol of China back to old Peking -- Dragon Throne of the Manchus, with Kang Teh of Manchukuo sitting on it. Maybe.

GREECE

Remember the celebrated case of Samuel Insull? ^{He who} ~~He~~₁ took
refuge in Greece to escape prosecution because of the depression
collapse of his utilities empire.⁹ We had no extradition to
bring him from ^{Athens,} ~~Greece~~₁ and he was safe there, until he finally
decided to come back and face the music. At the time there was
~~much~~ talk about ^{our lack of} ~~how far our~~ extradition, arrangements with Greece.
~~was~~ Today that was remedied when at Athens a Greco-American
protocal was signed, calling upon both nations to hand over to
each other fugitives from justice. A reverberation of that
strange story of Samuel Insull!

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Rows and arguments flared all over the place in Congress today, wrangling and conferences. There was bickering and confusion among the statesmen. Sure they're statesmen, those lawmakers of ours. They're men -- that is all except a few ladies. And they come from states. And therefore they're statesmen. Well, they're getting snarled in a complicated tangle that may wreck the special session of Congress, blow it on the rocks.

Instead of buckling down to the presidential schedule -- the statesmen, have ideas of their own. Two ideas in fact -- two issues have flared which threaten to disrupt the White House schedule into a thousand fragments.

The first is p- those business taxes. The issue has been coming to the forefront for sometime -- ever since the business recession began. (No, don't call it Depression, nobody is so impolite as to mention that not so short but quite ugly word.) Not De but Re - as in Kepling's "Recessisional") -- "God of our fathers" etc. Well, anyway, the recession brought plenty of clamor about the tax on undistributed surplusses. And that idea is storming through Congress.

Today it became evident that something like the line-up of

the Supreme Court Fight is being duplicated all over again. The same Democratic conservative group is clamoring for action to help business, something to be done about those business taxes. President Roosevelt himself in his special message spoke more softly and sweetly about business than usual -- admitted something should be done about those storm raising taxes. Now his old enemies on the Court issue are demanding that the business problem should come first -- let the announced presidential schedule wait. Today Senator Pat Harrison, conservatively-minded Democrat had his say in favor of business tax revision.

So there's the prospect of Battle Number One, which may blow up the special session. But in Washington today it was Battle Number Two that made the more noise, -- when Senator Wagner of New York, backed up by a powerful group, demanded action on the Anti-Lynching Bill.

Why this special consideration of "Old Judge Lynch?" Senator Connelly of Texas made the jeering remark that the "gentleman from New York" was merely doing a bit of electioneering for the benefit of dusky Harlem. The southern statesmen threaten that if

there's any real attempt to jam the anti-Lynching Bill through, they'll stage a filibuster -- talk it to death for days and weeks. And you can see what that would do to the Special Session, so far as a smooth operation of the White House schedule is concerned. All of which is enough to give President Roosevelt a headache.

But no -- he has a toothache. Today all White House appointments were cancelled, because of a painfully infected presidential molar. Mr. Roosevelt was kept awake all night by it; though come to think of it, it may have had the advantage of taking his mind off Congress.

And Vice-President Garner also has a toothache. He had an aching molar all night, went to the dentist this morning, and had it pulled. That's one thing you can do with a tooth; and I suppose the President occasionally even wishes he could have Congress pulled -- extracted, yanked out.

Anyway it's an inspiring thing to meditate upon -- when the President has a toothache and the Vice-President simultaneously has one also. We've often heard about the husband who sympathetically has the same thing as the wife, but we never heard anything so wonderful before as between the President and Vice-President.

ESCAPE

One of the greatest of manhunts is on tonight. I was informed today by J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-men, that it's the greatest chase for criminals since the pursuit of Dillinger. The latest is a mere flash of rumors - cars reported here and there, ~~maybe~~ the speeding car of the fugitives *who* ~~they~~ accomplished one of the most sensational escapes on record today, breaking out from the prison at Syracuse. Three of them *are* desperate criminals convicted of the O'Connell kidnapping at Albany. They are also charged with having been ^{*in*} ~~implicated with~~ the notorious ice plant robbery in Brooklyn, the biggest-money-stick-up in the history of crime.

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Tonight the detective work centers on the question - how did they get the saw with which one of them cut his way through bars, ^{*then*} ~~then~~ sneaked down a prison hall, and held up a guard? How did they get the gun with which to hold up the guard? The rest of the escape story is one of escaping ingenuity. The convict holding up the guard gave a general alarm that one of the prisoners was hanging himself. That brought the other guards ^{*of*} ~~from~~ the shift. They were held up by the convict with

the gun. He made them open the cells for his two pals to get out. Then they tied up the guards and took the car belonging to one of them. They couldn't operate it. So they got the owner of the car, made him start it, and took him along. They released him later, when they changed to another automobile.

So the bigmanhunt is on tonight and today on the telephone J. Edgar Hoover reminded me of a speech I heard him make before Mrs. William Brown Meloney's "Herald Tribune Forum." Then he talked about conditions in prisons -- too soft, too easy. And telling of jail-break possibilities, he described some prisons as "sieves through which the rats placed in them may depart almost at will."

WOMAN

The doctors say today that they could have saved the life of Alfred Grouard, if she had let them. Yes, the name is "Alfred", and the pronoun is "she" - another one of those strange cases of a woman masquerading as a man - this time tragic.

Fourteen years ago, in the home of a rich Long Island family came a new butler - short, dark haired, quiet, soft spoken. As the years went by, Alfred Grouard ^{made} ~~was~~ a local reputation as the perfect butler. He had a fine character too - he passed his spare time praying and reading the Bible.

A couple of months ago, Alfred Grouard fell ill and his employers called a doctor. But the butler refused to be examined by the physician. For once the perfect ~~butler~~ servant was not so perfect, shrieking with wild protests. His employers let him have his way. Then his condition grew serious. He tried to bear up under it, tried to deny his illness, but couldn't. Once more they called a doctor, and once more the butler revolted, - with screaming hysterics. He had a weird phobia against physicians - and so he died.

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Then only was it discovered that Alfred Grouard, the
supreme butler, was really a woman. The doctors ^{found} ~~found~~ that he
had diabetes, and say today that ^{they} ~~he~~ could easily have saved his
— or rather she
life if he [^] had submitted to treatment. The woman ^a ~~man~~ who lived as a
man kept her disguise right on through the door of death.

FISH

Today, at Bullao scientists were making autopsies -- on fish. Ichthyologists were conducting post mortems on trout and bass and perch. Not who killed Cock Robin -- but who killed the fish at Niagara Falls? State investigators are taking charge of what seems to be a case of wholesale fish poisoning in the Niagara River. Day after day thousands of the finny swimmers have been found floating, dead. Nobody knows the reason. Chemists have analyzed the water, but can't find any trace of poisoning. So today the ichthyologists have taken a hand, dissecting gills and fins, peering through microscopes, trying to unravel the secret of the dead fish at the honeymoon resort -- the tragedy at Niagara Falls.

LOS ANGELES

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A million tons of Los Angeles is sliding down the hill. In Elysian Park is a steep bluff, and the whole face of it, a huge block of earth, is slipping - an inch a day,

slowly creeping downward. Already the highway at the top has

sunk six inches. The landslide has already broken a big water

Three power plants have closed - lines
tunnel. And they're afraid the whole cliff front is on its way

right down to the bottom. ~~Three~~

Los Angeles has engaged geologists to investigate the danger. And tonight a twenty-four hour watch is being kept to give warning if the slow slide should turn into a crashing downward tumble.

PAINTING

We heard harsh echoing this evening in the lofty realm of art. The other night -- Itold how the Philadelphia Museum of Art had acquired a painting called "The Bathers", by the famous French artist, Cezanne, a hundred and ten thousand dollar masterpiece.

The harsh words were spoken in the case of a millionaire sportsman attacked by the millionaire physician Dr. Albert C. Barnes, an art fancier. He says the masterpiece -- is fifth rate. He describes the Cezanne painting as -- monotonous, dry and lustrless, the composition disorganized. He adds that it's unfinished, not the unfinished symphony, but the unfinished painting. In saying all those harsh words about Cezanne's "Bathers", Dr. Barnes doesn't mean Cezanne was not a great artist. Quite the contrary. He himself has a Cezanne on the same subject, admits it's not so bad. In fact, quite the contrary. Well, it's an old phenomenon in the esthetic world of art -- the difference between your painting and mine.

LIBEL

5/6 Talking of harsh words, a judge in Canadian Alberta said today - "six months." He said it to the British wizard of economics, the big theory man behind the Social Credit, ~~in the Province of Alberta~~, George F. Powell, ~~the~~ the Evangelist with the doctrine supposed to create Canadian Utopia.

29 Today an Alberta judge sentenced him to jail. Why? For libel. What did he say? Well now - do I have to repeat those harsh words? If so, here's what. Speaking of nine prominent citizens of Alberta, the Social Credit apostle called them "bankers tōdies." And he said they should be - "exterminated." How would you like to be called a banker's tōdy? And how would you like to be exterminated? The nine prominent Alberta citizens didn't like the idea at all, so they prosecuted him for criminal libel. So now it's six months in the hoosegow for the Social Credit tōdy exterminator. 4 s-l-u-t-m

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