

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

New York City all day has been buzzing with rumors, rumors about that fearful triple murder. There's a rumor that the case has been broken, a rumor that the murderer is in custody, a rumor that everything will be made clear within the next few hours. But, the minute those rumors are run down, they turn out to be nothing more but rumors. The District Attorney of New York County intimated that the case had been broken. But all he would say was: "I can state positively that we have a definite suspect."

## BOMBING

There's public indignation in Kirksville, Missouri, today. Everybody is enraged at the attempt to assassinate Mayor Jacobs. Newspapers are calling for a fund to provide a reward for the capture of the miscreant who planted that bomb in the Mayor's automobile.

The explosion was terrific -- tore part of the roof off the garage and even sent fragments hurtling into the kitchen of the house where Mrs. Jacobs was ironing. Only one of his limbs was untouched by the flying pieces of metal. That was his right arm, which has been shrunk ever since an accident he suffered when a boy.

Not the faintest reason or motive is apparent.

## SIT-DOWN

Michigan, hitherto the home of sit-down strikes must have no more of them! There's hot sentiment to that effect in the legislature. No fewer than three measures are up before the State Senate, bills to put a stop to that strike weapon - the sit-down. Miss Perkins, Secretary of Labor, has stated that it was still an open question whether the sit-down strikes were legal or not.

But some Michigan law-makers are determined that there shall be no question about it. Two of the bills on which the senators are ready to vote would make sitting-down a felony. Taking possession of industrial property or interfering with its use would become a crime. The same laws would also make it imperative for employers and employees to negotiate before any strike or lock-out occurs.

The third bill approaches the problem from a different angle. This would make it a felony to negotiate with strikers while they are sitting down. Penalty:- five years in prison and a fine of two thousand five hundred dollars.

Drastic punishment for sitting down out of turn!

FARM

Uncle Sam's Department of Agriculture comes to bat with a bit of chatty information. It applies most specifically to farm workers, but really it affects us all. Economists tell us that everything is honky-dory so long as farmers and the folks who work for them have money to spend.

Prosperity is hitting the farms ~~in quite a useful and substantial fashion, if the figures of the Department of Agriculture are correct.~~

The pay of those who work on the land has jumped anywhere from five to twenty per cent, depending upon where you look. It's best of all in Rhode Island, where the average pay of the farm-hand is forty-one dollars and seventy-five cents a month with board. Last year it was thirty-four dollars and fifty cents.

The <sup>agriculturists</sup> ~~folks~~ in California come off second-best with forty-one dollars a month plus board. Out in the corn belt the average ranges from twenty dollars and seventy-five cents to twenty-six. ~~of~~ All that

includes <sup>board and food.</sup> ~~grub and lodging.~~

Reports from the south are not so glowing. Down in Georgia the pay is eleven dollars and six bits, with board. ~~That's~~

Not <sup>exactly</sup> ~~awfully~~ munificent, still, it's seventy-five cents more than

it was last year.

*in Wash.,*  
Meanwhile, <sup>^</sup>the Committee of the House on Agriculture

turned thumbs down on one of the government's schemes to help tenant-farmers. The idea was to set aside fifty million dollars,

to lend them, so that they might buy themselves farms on easy terms instead of renting them. ~~This action of~~ <sup>The turn down by</sup> the Committee was

a considerable surprise in Washington. It is one of the few times that Congress has said "No" to a New Deal request from the White

House. President Roosevelt's wish was to appropriate a hundred and ninety-five million<sup>s</sup> to help out the tenant-farmers. This

fifty million dollar item, however, which was rejected today, was just part of it. <sup>P</sup>

The White House also planned to set aside seventy-five million dollars of the Resettlement Administration's funds for loans to farmers in poor circumstances, likewise seventy million dollars to take sub-marginal land out of cultivation.

On these measures the House Committee took no action.

HAY FEVER

~~SECRET~~

Hay fever sufferers will be interested in this one.

The Health Department of the State of New York has been at work in their behalf. New York's sanitary engineers have been making investigations of the entire state, investigations in a methodical, scientific fashion. Their researches so far indicate that the Adirondacks can be turned into a refuge for folks suffering from this curious and baffling affliction. Many sections of those ~~the Lake Placid and Saranac regions, for example,~~ mountains are comparatively free from ragweed.

And local authorities have been already at work ~~xxx~~ eliminating this pestilent <sup>ial</sup> weed. The New York State authorities have been setting up pollen stations in different sections of the state. They find that ~~possibly~~ Fire Island, the twenty-five mile long sand-spit off the great South Bay, may also be a haven for ~~the~~ hay fever victims.

MUSTACHES

There are signs that a rebellion is being hatched in the United States. Not a Red revolution or a Fascist upheaval. This one is a revolt of the women. And their grievance is the resuscitation of the human mustache. It begins in southern California, the birthplace of the cafeteria and other half-baked developments. One plaintive damsel <sup>told me today at</sup> declares:

*luncheon at the Waldorf:*  
"I like shrubbery, but in the garden, not on a man's face."

Another prominent lady was heard to declare: "Grandpa had one, and kissing him was like falling face down on a broom."

FONTANGES

The lady who shot the Ambassador had another day in Court. And what she told is abundantly interesting. The name of another celebrity was mentioned <sup>this morning</sup> ~~today~~ by beautiful Magda de Fontanges, who pulled out a gun and ~~was~~ <sup>wounded</sup> ~~ruthlessly~~ at the Count ~~Charles~~ de Chambrun. Last week she made free with the reputation of <sup>of</sup> Duce Mussolini. This afternoon she dragged in no less a magnifico than a former Premier of France, Monsieur Joseph Paul-Boncour.

You will remember that the lady said she took a shot at the Count de Chambrun because he had put the kibosh on the big romance of her life. When reporters found her walls covered with portraits of the Duce, they put two and five together, and behold, the ~~fat~~ fat was in the fire! Today she made no bones about it, admitted that the love of her life was the Fascist Dictator, the Number One man of the Black Shirts.

Now here's how former Premier Paul-Boncour comes into this tangled web. He used to be her friend, said Madame de Fontanges, a dear friend, she added. But, alas, he turned against her. It was he who did her out of a job she had at Geneva, a

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job reporting a meeting of the League of Nations. And, <sup>later</sup> when

Count ~~Charles~~ de Chambrun, French Ambassador to Rome, interfered

in her <sup>Roman</sup> romance, he did so at the insistance of <sup>that former Premier of France,</sup> ~~Monseigneur Paul~~

<sup>His Excellency Paul</sup> —  
Boncour.

When she found herself unable to see the Duce any longer,

<sup>Madam</sup> ~~she~~ said, it broke her heart and she ~~tried to commit suicide~~

felt so badly that she took an overdose of a sleeping ~~drug~~ powder.

She was taken to a hospital <sup>in Rome</sup> and there the Duce's secretary

visited her every day. After she was well enough to leave the

hospital and go to a hotel, Mussolini's secretary continued to

visit her every day. These visits were consoling for a while.

That is, until the last one. On that fatal day she learned the

news that she must leave Italy. She made no fuss about it, and

upon her departure was given an envelope by a Fascist officer

of state. In that envelope was the handsome sum of one

thousand, three hundred and fifty dollars. ~~The lady went into~~

~~great details concerning her preparations for shooting the Count~~

~~de Chambrun.~~

After being kicked out of Italy, she continued to write

to the Duce, but ~~had no reply~~ got no reply. Then she learned that Mussolini had gone to <sup>Libya.</sup> ~~Lybia~~ That, she said, made her desperate. She bought the revolver and tried to make a date with the Count de Chambrun by ~~the~~ telephone, using a phoney name. This little ruse didn't succeed. But later she learned that he was going to Brussels and what train he was going to take. And so she ~~met~~ met him at the station, and shot him. And she would have shot him again, she said, if the revolver hadn't jammed.

After today's hearing, the lady was taken to the hospital, suffering severely from bronchitis, <sup>after talking so much.</sup> When she comes before the court again, later in the week, she will meet the Count she shot, face to face.

SPAIN

More excitement from Spain, and it seems to be genuine.

( The government forces have the Rebels in a trap, on the Cordoba front. Flushed with the victories of the weekend, the government troops are hard on the heels of the Nationalists who fled to the mountains. And there, so Madrid claims, they're on the verge of having General Franco's southern army hemmed in, unable to manœuvre in those mountain passes. )

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The amazing report is that the government troops, militiamen, have the better equipped, better drilled nationalist armies out-fought, out-maneuvred, on the run, and encircled. If all this is true, it means a staggering blow, if not a fatal one, to the Nationalist cause.

To make matters worse from the ~~Rebels~~ Rebels' point of view, Generalissimo Franco has had to fly across the Straits to Morocco to quell that rebellion which broke ~~over night~~ *at Tetuan*. There's a doubly ironic situation there. It was in Morocco that the revolt began; now it's in Morocco that counter-revolution stabs at the heart of the Nationalist cause. There's one irony.

Another is that the foreigners, the Germans and Italians,

who were supposed to be such an important part of the Nationalist attack, are today its weakness. At first the Spanish Rebels welcomed the help from outside. But later they began to resent ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup>. ~~them~~. The story is that the German and Italian officers, particularly the Germans, exasperated the Spaniards they had come to help, ~~with~~ <sup>by</sup> their arrogance. Hence, one cause of dissention.

The Spanish Rebel officers are also beginning to get their backs up against General Franco for another reason:-  
They feel that he has let Spain be made a pawn in the international game played by foreign powers. There are rumors from Morocco of wholesale executions by firing squads.

## RUSSIA

Here's something from Moscow that probably won't be received with cheers in Berlin. The Soviet Government has come to terms with Roumania about that vexed question, the frontier. This has been a source of much ill-feeling, an obstacle to any agreement between the two countries. Now that obstacle is removed. And the next <sup>thing may be</sup> ~~step we may expect to hear is an offensive~~ alliance between Russia and Roumania, a treaty similar to those between Russia <sup>(and)</sup> ~~in~~ France, and Russia ~~and~~ Czecho-slovakia.

One doesn't need to have second sight to realize that Nazi Germany is not going to be <sup>happy over</sup> ~~stunned to death~~ seeing the Soviets win a new friend. And some people believe that down in Rome, Premier Mussolini won't welcome the news with open <sup>ears,</sup> ~~arms.~~

An interesting feature of this <sup>Roumania</sup> gesture by Stalin is that <sup>he</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>-Stalin-</sup> gives in. The squabble between Moscow and Bucharest was over a handsome slice of territory in Besarabia - more than seventeen thousand square miles with a population of three million people. It used to belong to Russia. The Treaty of Versailles took it away from the Soviet and gave it to Roumania. But the Russians

~~didn't take it in good part and~~ have been growling about it ever since. So there must be something behind the news that they now

say to Roumania: "Okay, you can have the land, you can have the

people. We won't quarrel about that any more."

*What's behind it all? Perhaps an alliance.*

INDIA

These are nervous days in India, the Land of the Black Pagoda. Tomorrow is the date for the new constitution to begin, the constitution which gives independence of a sort to eleven of the native states of Hindustan. Half-way home rule is one description that has been applied to this constitution. And there's trouble ahead. Not only the police but a large portion of the standing army of India are standing at arms prepared for anything that ~~my~~ may happen.

The fly in the ointment is the attitude of the Nationalist Congress. This is Mahatma Gandhi's party and it has a majority in six of those eleven provinces. And that party has declined to permit any of its members to take office or to form governments. Mr. Gandhi is dead against this new constitution. It will make government in India a thing of the sword and not of the pen, he says. The feature he objects to is that provincial governors, British officials, can ~~x~~ veto any laws passed by the assemblies. one more much So tonight depends upon Gandhi. It is up to him, correspondents to decide say, whether peace will prevail. ~~of a recurrence of the Indian~~

BONE

The Scots, we have heard, are a hard-headed, pragmatic people. But when a Scot tells a ghost story, he doesn't do it by halves. A yarn that comes from Edinburgh is as weird as any of the mystical mysteries of Algernon Blackwood. But the source of the tale is no professional story-teller, he's a British soldier and diplomat, Alexander Seton.

While in Egypt, Lady Seton was present at the opening of the tomb of one of the ancient Pharaohs at Gizeh. As a souvenir she brought back a fragment of bone. Soon after her return to her home in Edinburgh, Lady Seton visited a soothsayer who warned her that misfortune is hanging over her house. She told her husband, who scoffed at the idea. Two months after that, people living in the house became afflicted with a sudden and unexplainable illness. Fire broke out twice in baffling circumstances. Presently, stories circulated around Edinburgh that the house of Sir Alexander Seton was unlucky. Maids refused to work there. House guests reported that strange noises had aroused them in the middle of the night. One of them even saw a ghost. Glassware crashed <sup>at spooky hours</sup> ~~in the middle of the night~~ for no good reason.



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Sir Alexander Seton still said that superstition was nonsense. Nevertheless, he gave that relic from the tomb of the Pharaohs to a friend, a surgeon. Two days later the surgeon returned the gift. And in explanation he said that his cook had seen a tall white swathed figure, for all the world like a mummy-come-to-life. The apparition chased his cook, she ran and broke her leg.

So Alexander Seton took the bone, and put it back in the glass case he had had made to contain it. The following day he was telling a friend about it. The friend said: "I should like to see it."

"Come upstairs," said Sir Alexander.

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Thereupon, in Sir Alexander's own words, "As we approached the door ~~we~~ we heard a muffled noise. Upon opening the door we found the glass case lying near the door on the table. The glass was pulverized as though it had been ground under somebody's heel. The bone lay halfway out of the case."

It was all the more puzzling because the table was only two feet high, the floor was thickly carpeted, and nobody had been in that room.

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*ghosts - spooks - hush - and s.l.u.t.m.*  
~~Maybe Saxe Romer can solve the problem~~