

P.J. - Sinoco. Thursday, Feb. 22, 1940.

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There's ominous but confusing news from the Near East tonight. A bulletin from Bucharest tells of Rumanian troops called to the colors today. These are described as the last units of King Carol's army, meaning - full mobilization, the final reserves mustered under arms. This of course brings to mind Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia - the Hitler-Stalin threat against Rumania.

But the Bucharest bulletin describes a hurrying of troops and war supplies to the frontier of Hungary, and speaks of disturbing reports from Budapest. Hungary of course wants to get back her former province of Transylvania, which was given to Rumania at the end of the World War. (~~Today's news would indicate that Budapest is pressing its demands, and that Rumania is meeting this with a show of armed force.~~)

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At the same time, the Nazi German angle is stressed in dispatches from abroad. And it's a question of - oil, that vital substance without which Hitler's war machine cannot function. There is said to be a critical dispute between Bucharest and Berlin concerning the amount of oil that Rumania is to ship to the Nazis.

~~We are told that King Carol's government is trying to cut down the Hitler purchase of petroleum, putting impediments in the way of transportation - this because of pressure by Great Britain.~~

~~And Berlin is making angry remonstrance.~~ A high Nazi economic expert is on his way to Rumania in an effort to get more oil.

And petroleum is the theme of reports said to emanate from the Soviet provinces in the ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Caucasus - the Ogpu ~~said to be~~ making ~~what are called~~ "mass arrests." That of course is the region of the Baku oil fields, ~~on which Stalin depends for petroleum.~~ The Baku fields are likewise a possible source of ~~petroleum for Hitler.~~

~~The story of mass arrests might indicate that the Soviets fear some sort of attempt against Baku oil production.~~

~~Indeed,~~ **I**t has been supposed that the huge armed forces which the Allies and Turkey have mustered in the Near East, might be intended for a push in that direction. We are told that in the oil field regions, the Soviets are conducting - a hate campaign, hate against Turkey. A possible preparation for trouble with the Turks.

FINLAND

There was a report from Scandinavia today that the Finns were evacuating their City of Viipuri at the eastern end of the Mannerheim Line. We've been told that the Soviet ambition is to capture Viipuri by tomorrow, which is a Red army anniversary. Later reports, however, contradict the story of the Finns giving up the City. The latest relates that the Red artillery is bombarding Viipuri relentlessly, but that the Soviet forces are still six miles away.

Other dispatches from the war front say that the Soviet attack is being slowed up by the violent blizzard that's raging in Finland - huge snowdrifts impeding Red army transportation. Blizzards in Finland at this time of the year have a way of continuing for weeks, and the Finns hope that this one will, hope the Red drive will be snowed in.

Soviet infantrymen are said to be wearing what are called "Balaklava helmets", which cover the entire head and face, save for a one inch slit ^{for} ~~over~~ the eyes. These are protection against the icy bite of the blizzard whipped by the wind.

MAIL

The British today deny the story that bayonets were used in taking United States mail from the Pan-American Clipper at Bermuda.

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The account published earlier today stated that when the big plane landed at Bermuda on its way to Europe, British officials boarded the craft and demanded the mail bags. This was in accordance with the policy announced by the British Government - censoring the American Trans-Atlantic air mails. A policy against which the State Department in Washington protested vigorously. Now it was being put into effect - for the first time. The story related that Chief Pilot Captain Charles Lorber vigorously refused to hand over the mail. He ordered the officials off the plane - and they promptly summoned an armed guard. The guard with fixed bayonets ~~boarded~~ boarded the Clipper, and took twenty-six hundred pounds of mail - at the point of the bayonet. This produced instant reverberations in Washington, with angry protests in congressional circles - denouncing the British action.

London counters with a denial. The chief censor there declares "the reports that the mail was removed at the point of the

bayonet are utter nonsense," he insists. And he gives the following version. "A request to overhaul the mail was made by an unarmed officer," says he. "There were no armed men in the vicinity." He adds that the American chief pilot made a formal protest, as he was in duty bound to do. Nothing more - no bayonets. ~~The London chief censor goes on to describe the relations between the British censors and the American air line officials in these words:~~

~~"Most harmonious."~~

~~In the World War of Nineteen Fourteen-Eighteen there was plenty of talk about that other form of battle -- prize fighting. It was notorious that some of the most eminent of prize ^{ring} ~~winning~~ favorites refrained from joining the army, and got exemptions from being drafted. In this present war There's a good deal of talk because Great Britain's best known boxer is not in uniform. Tommy Farr who fought Joe Louis, and went the limit. That was one of the surprises of the ring. Right now there's talk of another match between Tommy and Joe, with Farr anxious to fight the Brown Bomber again. The Welchman is Britain's number one fighting man -- but not in war.~~

This is attracting so much attention that it has come up in the House of Commons. Air Minister Sir Kingsley Wood gives the M.P.'s the following explanation, -- Tommy Farr is not up to the physical requirements of the British Army, ^{said he.} The Air Minister explained that Tommy was in the air force, but was discharged as physically unfit. Fit to fight Joe Louis, but not the Germans -- sounds like something of a compliment for the Nazis.

A late dispatch from London: -
I killed in an explosion. Believed
to be an Irish bomb.

AVIATOR

It doesn't look as if there'll be so much of a welcome home for Harold Dahl the American aviator so long a prisoner of war in Spain.

The Franco government today announced the release of the last eight Americans captured in the Spanish Civil War, where they had fought on the Left Wing side as volunteers. One of the eight is Aviator Dahl, whose case was so much in the headlines several years ago. When captured by the Franco forces, he was sentenced to be shot. His wife, a beautiful blond in Paris, appealed to the Generalissimo and sent him a photograph of herself. Maybe because of the blonde charms thus displayed or maybe not -- the sentence of death on Dahl was not carried out. He was kept in prison and has been in prison ever since, in spite of ^{all the} efforts of his blonde wife to get him released. So naturally, he's the headliner among the eight Americans turned loose today.

The glad news from Spain is followed by a somewhat sour note from Los Angeles, where the Chief of Police announces that when Dahl returns to the United States he'll have to face charges of forgery. He says there are several cases in which Dahl handed out phoney checks. And he's to be prosecuted for these when he returns.

But his blonde wife? She says she is still waiting for her Harold. But so is the sheriff.

INDIAN

A grim and grizzly find was made in the mountains of Nevada today. A couple of wandering gold prospectors chanced upon a cave high in a cliff, above the Colorado River, thirty miles from Boulder Dam ^{the Grand Canyon.} And in the cave they found a mummified body - preserved in the way that the high dry air of the western mountains can turn a body into a mummy. The sheriff of the county was called, ^{Kayho} and he made an identification. It was Quejo, he said - Quejo the murderous Indian renegade of more than a score of years ago. And that cleared up an almost forgotten mystery.

^{Kayho}
Quejo was a killer - and so much of a renegade that he murdered not only white men but also Indians - even members of his own tribe. It was his habit to waylay prospectors and travelers, white or red - it made no difference to Quejo. He'd kill them, and robbed them of their pack mules and supplies. He killed twenty-three pale faces and redskins. Poses hunted him, but could never find him.

In Nineteen Nineteen the last manhunt for Quejo was staged. Once again it was futile, all in vain. After an exchange of shots with the posses, Quejo disappeared once more into the mountains.

But thereafter he was seen no more. He had simply vanished,
~~a mystery.~~

Today, the finding of the mummy in the cave revealed
the haunt in which the renegade redskin had lurked. ~~No wonder~~
~~they could never find him - in that cavern high above the Colorado.~~
It was apparent that Quejo had died in his cave not long after the
last search for him, twenty-one years ago. For the clothing on
the mummy was the same that Quejo had worn when he had last been
seen,

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Around the leg of the mummy was a crude bandage of burlap.
A bullet wound in the leg - probably sustained in Quejo's last
fight. - It had crippled the outlaw. Apparently he had starved to
death, because a few dried mesquite beans were found near the
mummy - indicating that Quejo had tried to live by eating the fruit
of that tree of the western desert.

Tonight old-time prospectors in their camps and Indians
- as the coyotes howl -
in their huts, are talking once more of Quejo, the renegade. - found
in a cliff, high up in the Grand Canyon.

DETECTIVE

At Miami Beach a detective has been arrested - which is rather turning the tables. He is charged with a military offense - desertion from the Army and escape from military custody.

A short while ago, J. Edgar Hoover of the F.B.I. made a drastic statement about crime conditions. ~~at Miami Beach~~ He declared that some of the members of the Miami Beach police force have criminal records - more than a half a dozen, said the Number One G-Man. Since ^{then} the F.B.I. has been investigating at the Florida winter resort and today we're given the following story.

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Back in NineteenEighteen, in World War days, a soldier deserted from an army post in New Jersey. Eight months later he was arrested in New York. He was court martialled and sentenced to three years in prison. He was being taken to the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and escaped on the way, eluded his guards and vanished.

Today the F.B.I. announces, that this army deserter and military fugitive has been identified as a detective on the Miami Beach police force. He has been arrested, and will be turned over to the military authorities.

KILLING

Here's a sombre repellent story to be told only because it so powerfully shows the way of folly, evil and retribution. At Los Angeles, they've solved what they call- the Red Rose Murder. The police today arrested a hunted fugitive, and say he has confessed. They quote him as saying, "I'm glad I'm caught. I've been going through torture."

Alice Burns was a young woman who frequented a cocktail bar. She was what they call a percentage girl. She drank with men, persuaded them to buy - and got a percentage of the bar checks they paid. One night, two months ago, she sat drinking with a man, laughing and chatting, and getting him to buy more and more ^{highballs.} ~~drinks~~. He was getting quite drunk, but that was all a part of the business of a percentage girl in a cocktail bar. One thing specially she noted - he had a great big roll of bills. ~~He was the kind of fellow a~~ for a percentage girl to know. ~~He paid his large check, on which she'd get a cut.~~ And she accepted an invitation to take a drive with him in his car. He was much the worse off for liquor, but a percentage girl didn't mind that. So away they drove.

The man who today confessed is quoted as saying,

"We were both having a good time until we got into an argument

It was the drunkenness that the percentage
over something - I don't remember what." ~~In their drunken~~
girl had encouraged. In his
~~argument, and in his~~ drunken rage - he stabbed and killed her.

She was found on the highway, and beneath her was a
red rose - it had been torn from her coat in the struggle.

So they called it the Red Rose Murder. The killer fled, driving
as fast as he could, haunted by conscience, haunted by fear.

So he said today:- "I'm glad I'm caught. I've gone through
tortures."

Yes, a sombre, repellent story, but it does tell
powerfully of folly, evil and retribution ~~and~~ *and the red rose.*

MYSTERY MAN

In Oklahom they've captured - the mystery man of the burning books. His habit it was to go into isolated rural schoolhouses at night, and in the schoolroom stove he'd burn a dozen or so textbooks. *I can remember when I wanted to do that!* It was a weird sort of vandalism, and it happened time after time. So a manhunt was staged, the Oklahoma way - with bloodhounds. And today the hounds caught up with the mysterious burner of the books. He turned out to be a roving vagrant, wandering around among the hills. "I've been living mostly on raisins and berries," he told the sheriff, and then added:- "I'm roaming around like this because I like it."

He also liked to keep warm these frosty nights. ~~they've been having in the southwest during the past few weeks.~~ So he'd break into a rural schoolhouse and start a fire in the stove. The handiest fuel were the books the children studied. He'd warm up, sleep in the schoolroom, and at daybreak he'd go roaming

again. *The burner of the school books. Hero of the children of the South West.*

LOVE

In the country near Clayton, Missouri, people today found a man chained like a dog. ^{He was in a tent set up against a} ~~in a tent set up against a tree.~~ ^{tree, and he had} ~~He had~~ a dog collar around his neck, ^{and} was chained to ^{the} ~~the~~ tree. The dog collar was padlocked, and the keyhole ~~was~~ filled with cement - so it couldn't be opened. He had been there for four days - soaked by rain that had dripped in, and without a bite of food. It looked like some inhuman sort of crime, but the man chained like a dog, explained - it was all because of love.

He's a local traveling scissor grinder, and he related that twelve years ago he got religious and went to a camp meeting. There he saw a girl whom he describes as his "dream girl." ("I met her in my dreams," he said today - romantic dreams at a gospel camp meeting.) He wrote to her, wrote to her time² and again and never got a reply. Six years of scissor grinding and thwarted love, and then he mustered enough courage to ask the visionary damsel for a date. She went out with him once and then another time - and that was enough. She refused to see him. He could ^{right} ~~go~~ on grinding his scissors so far as she was concerned.

He continued to implore his dream girl in prose and in verse. (He wrote poems to her. He was too poetic, apparently, for)

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last year she had him arrested for annoying her, and he got thirty days in jail. That was a shock to the romantic scissor grinder. He brooded over it for a whole year, and then decided to chain himself to a tree.

{ (That was an odd manifestation of a broken heart, but he did it.) He picked a place within view of the dream girl's house, put up a ^{pup} tent, and ~~pepper~~ chained himself like a dog.

He didn't mind the lack of food. He sighed to the sheriff today:-
"I could ~~keep~~ go thirty or forty days without eating - since it was for love."

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His only complaint was that although his tent was within sight of the dream girl's house, she never bothered to look that way, didn't know he was in the tent, chained like a dog, and probably wouldn't have cared anyway.

He was certainly in the dog-house, chain and all.

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And now Hugh come out of your dog house and pep us up with some new Blue.