

BOAT

Here's a strange story -- a story of hard luck, Detectives on the trail. So, its' a crime story. The sleuths were hunting a tatooed sailor -- so, it's a story of the sea. They caught him -- by hard luck.

The tale begins with the sloop GEORGIANA, a trim craft, with a tall mast and billowy white sails. The GEORGIANA was found abandoned at a Staten Island dock. There were blood stains aboard, signs of a struggle - foul play. Later, they dredged out of the water the body of the owner of the GEORGIANA, a retired Bronx merchant. Murder! The skipper of the GEORGIANA had vanished, a sailor named Gilmore.

So the detectives began a hunt for Sailor Gilmore, of whom they had a vivid description - a great, husky mariner, marked with maritime tatooing. On one of his hands was tatooed the word "hard" On the other hand was inscribed the word "luck".

They got their man in Baltimore, picked him up when they saw those hands with misfortune written on them.

Today Sailor Gilmore, brought back to Staten Island

was questioned for hours. The police find that, <sup>aa</sup>~~the~~ skipper of the GEORGIANA, he had a quarrel with the owner. He wanted to buy that graceful sloop, which sailed so well as to delight a mariner's heart. He offered a thousand dollars for the GEORGIANA, but the ~~man~~ retired Bronx merchant refused to sell. That's the prosecution theory of quarreling and killing.

The tatooed sailor denies it all, and tells his own story. He relates how the GEORGIANA set sail from City Island, to Staten Island. Aboard the craft were <sup>three</sup>~~two~~ men, the owner, and two other men. He says he was below decks, when he heard the sounds of fighting above. He went to investigate and saw those other two men rowing ashore in the GEORGIANA'S row boat. The owner was missing. The inference from the sailor's story is that the two men had killed the retired Bronx merchant in a fight and were rowing the body to shore.

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~~But~~ The district attorney claims he has evidence for prosecution <sup>for</sup>~~of the~~ murderer. So in court they'll try Sailor Gilmore, the mariner with the tatooed hands, one saying "hard", the other saying "luck".



O'NEILL

Seventeen years ago, a youth came out on the stage in a barn, to speak one line. He was half dead with stage fright, and he merely chewed and mumbled that line. His name was Eugene O'Neill, and he was enacting the smallest part in the first of his plays to be produced. In the audience were famous writers of the Provincetown art colony. They were impressed, ~~not~~ not by that mangled line spoken by the youthful actor, but by the drama the young playwright had written.

( Today Eugene O'Neill, who is the only dramatist who has won the Pulitzer prize three times, was awarded the Nobel Prize. He is the second American to get it, Sinclair Lewis the first. )

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What a strange life Eugene O'Neill has lived - son of the old-time stage celebrity, James O'Neill, who stormed the country in the Count of Monte Cristo. <sup>The boy - Gene -</sup> ~~he~~ went to sea as a sailor before the mast, <sup>on</sup> ~~a~~ a Norwegian bark; he prospected for gold in Honduras, was a mule tender on a South American cattle <sup>ship,</sup> ~~range~~ <sup>and</sup> a newspaper reporter. And <sup>then -</sup> ~~the~~ the playwright who achieved fame

with such dramas as "Strange Interlude", "Beyond the Horizon",

"Mourning Becomes Electra". He  
"Anna Christie", is now reported to be working on a cycle of eight

plays depicting American life for a hundred and twenty-five years,

through five generations. And in the meantime  
wins the Nobel Prize.



## SPAIN

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The tide of battle seethes on at Madrid. (The Left Wing government claims a large success, declaring that ~~it's~~ its troops have recaptured the big airport south of the capital.) That flying field is well behind the insurgent lines on the outskirts of Madrid. It was taken in a smashing Rebel victory a couple of weeks ago. If the Left Wingers have seized it, it means - one of their flanking attacks. General Franco's line around Madrid is a sort of half circle, with the Socialist battalions trying to get around the ends and strike from the rear. Madrid reports that the airport was captured with little resistance, <sup>(that)</sup> ~~with~~ only a few Fascist troops were there - more indication of a surprise flank attack.

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The Left Wingers claim to have surrounded a force of Fascists who succeeded in penetrating Madrid proper. These are said to be isolated in a maze of buildings and Streets. "They'll be annihilated" - say the Left Wingers.

Meanwhile, Franco's men are striking a new objective. They're hitting Madrid from the northwest, the section where the university is. Their first attack was from the west, where

they were stopped at the city line - the Manzanares River.

*they struck*  
Then ~~from~~ the southwestern suburbs, where once more they came

to a halt at the river. Now <sup>*hitting*</sup> the northwest, which seems to be

Madrid's most vulnerable point, <sup>*today.*</sup> ~~right now.~~ No river protection

there - an open way into the city. All day there has been a

violent storm of cannon fire. No sky bombs, however. Rain, ~~and~~

fog, ~~and~~ cloudy - no weather for flying. Tonight it remains to

be seen whether the Fascist legions can smash their way into

Madrid by way of the northeast.



## RUSSIA

In Red Moscow an American wedding is postponed by strange events. This affair of United States citizens and matrimony is stopped because of a Communist mystery, ~~of~~ dark conspiracy and secret arrest.

Americans in Moscow were all set for a grand clanging and pealing of wedding bells. They were planning not only a gala ceremony, but also a church ceremony. Church and religion are in grim disfavor among the Soviet Reds, with their atheism and campaigns of the Godless. Americans have celebrated not one religious wedding in Moscow since ~~the United States has recognized the Soviets and~~ an American embassy has been established in the Communist capital. <sup>But</sup> ~~the~~ Vice-Consul George Minor <sup>he</sup> ~~was~~ to marry Miss Mildred Wright, she journeying from the United States to Moscow to join him. They wanted a church wedding. So the Americans in Moscow planned a <sup>religious</sup> solemn marriage, the first in the shadow of the Red Kremlin.

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What clergyman would perform the ceremony? There was only one Protestant minister left in all Moscow, the Reverend Mr. Streck, a German Lutheran, who was a Soviet citizen.

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He was to officiate ~~at the wedding~~. Everything was set for the wedding bells when - the Reverend Mr. Streck disappeared, vanished. Inquiries were made. What had become of him? Today the answer is given - and it points to an affair that is causing international repercussions.

The Soviets claim to have discovered a Fascist plot, and have arrested six Germans, three Austrians, and a Swede - the prisoners taken away by the OGPU with the usual Soviet silence and mystery. They are accused of some sort of conspiracy against the Reds, Fascist intrigue, anti-Communist propaganda, maybe sabotage - you can infer the usual charges made in those weird Soviet trials. ~~Nothing is clearly revealed by the government of Stalin, the Red Dictator, everything secrecy and darkness.~~ Today, the German embassy made representations to the Soviet foreign office, demanding an account of the accusations against the six Germans. ~~The Austrian Minister is inquiring about the arrest of the Austrians.~~ <sup>And -</sup> It was revealed today - that one of the six German prisoners of the OGPU is the Reverend Mr. Streck - who was to have performed the American marriage

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ceremony, Red Moscow's first big church wedding.

Nobody knows when he will be released, if ever, or what will happen. The wheels of diplomacy are grinding - to what result nobody can foretell. Maybe there'll be another one of those Soviet trials, fantastic and terrible. Anyway, the wedding is off. There's no other Protestant minister in Moscow to officiate.

*Mildred Wright (has been)*  
Meanwhile, the bride-to-be ~~is~~ journeying to Russia

by way of Helsingfors, Finland. Vice-Consul Minor has gone to Helsingfors to meet her. *And, of course* They are in a bit of a quandary.

To be married in Finland, they'll have to establish a residence of two weeks. In Moscow they'd have to be content with one of those Soviet weddings, with ~~the~~ Red ritual most informal.

So two American fiancés find their romance in a tangle of dark Soviet mystery and international complications.

MAE WEST

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(Just to keep the theme of marriage complete, here's  
another connubial item. <sup>Yes, this surely</sup> ~~This~~ has been a week of celebrated  
romances - first, marriage news about John Barrymore, then  
Charlie Chaplin, last night Peggy Joyce. And tonight - Mae West.  
Not that Mae is thinking about entering into wedlock. She's  
trying to prove that she is entirely outside of that holy estate.  
It all concerns that vaudeville actor, <sup>for a long time</sup> who has been claiming  
that he married the Buxom blonde back in Nineteen Eleven, when  
she was presumably not so buxom, but undoubtedly just <sup>as</sup> ~~as~~ blonde.  
The man who claims to be the husband of Mae West is <sup>now</sup> ~~is~~ in court  
trying to prove it.) The case comes up in ~~New York~~ the New York  
Supreme Court on Monday. .

Meanwhile, the wedded or unwedded star has begun  
legal proceedings of her own. She calls upon the law to protect  
her against those matrimonial claims. ~~She denies she has ever~~  
~~seen the man.~~ ~~She~~ <sup>the man,</sup> Says she doesn't know ~~the man,~~ never saw him;  
doesn't want to know him, doesn't want to see him. He may be  
somebody's husband, but not hers - so says Mae West, who is of  
the opinion it's a terrible thing to have a total stranger come  
up to you and say he's your husband.



## BASEBALL

How much is a baseball team worth when it finishes in last place? ~~What's the price for the St. Louis Browns,~~

not so good at hitting, not much better at fielding, and

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rather worse at pitching? They didn't win ~~as~~ many games. *In other words the St. Louis Browns.*  
~~The other clubs in the American League kicked them around.~~

~~And~~ Today they ~~Browns~~ were sold. For how much?

There's a report the figure is -- three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Small, as baseball prices go, but you wouldn't expect millions for a last place ball team.

The Browns have been bought not by any one person but by a group -- a syndicate of St. Louis sportsmen, who figure they can do something with the team. The sale had to be okayed by a meeting of the American League Club owners. ~~The~~ *Meeting* ~~was~~ held today, ~~the~~ sale ~~was~~ approved -- and tonight the St. Louis Browns have a new set of <sup>*bosses.*</sup> ~~players~~ All they still need is a slugging outfielder or two, a fast infield and a couple of pitchers.

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Today the President of the United States pressed a button and put into effect an edict decreed by the Emperor of the United States. (With an electric flash across the country President Roosevelt in Washington opened the mighty San Francisco-Oakland Bridge.) And thereby obeyed the command of Emperor Norton-the-First.

That giant span across San Francisco Bay takes us back to one of the most singular characters in the history of the West. Back in the eighteen-forties Joshua Abraham Norton landed in California. He had the distinction <sup>nickel airs of a</sup> ~~of a~~ lord, and wore a purple cape. Always a bit eccentric, <sup>Yet</sup> he made a fortune. And then a San Francisco fire in 1853 ruined <sup>him,</sup> ~~his~~ him. He disappeared for a while and came back more eccentric than ever -- announcing that he was Norton-the-First, Emperor of the United States of America. His reign was long on the Pacific Coast, a gaudy monarch in a green coat, blue ~~trousers~~ trousers striped with red, gold epaulets and a general's hat adorned with a flowing ostrich plume.

He decreed taxes and they say people paid him



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 taxes -- strange as it sounds. Once at a political rally he sat on the platform with a candidate for the United States Senate. The candidate made such an eloquent speech that Norton-the-First arose and said there was no use to hold an election -- for he, the emperor, would appoint the candidate ~~as a member of~~ <sup>to</sup> the Senate. ~~But~~ But the greatest of his imperial edicts was one that made the Californians of those days fall down laughing. Norton the First studied the topography of San Francisco Bay and was inspired to a mighty dream. He commanded that a bridge be built across the bay from ~~San~~ <sup>Frisco</sup> ~~Francisco~~ to Oakland. According to the engineering of the day, that was the wildest of all the imperial insanity of the Emperor of the United States.

Yet today President Roosevelt pushed the button and right now the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge is in full operation -- <sup>much</sup> ~~somewhat~~ as Norton-the-First dreamed and decreed some eighty years ago.

## AUTOMOBILES

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Here's a bit of news that has a puzzling sound . It relates that a horse jumped into the tonneau of a hydrocarbon phaeton, tearing the canopy, bending the propeller, damaging the refrigerator and breaking off one of the mud splashers. The clue to that puzzling prose is the date - it goes way back to Nineteen Hundred.

In that year the word "tonneau" meant body; "hydrocarbon" was gasoline; "phaeton" was the style of carriage. "Canopy" meant top. "Propeller" was the steering handle. "Refrigerator" was a radiator, and "mud splashers" were fenders. In other words, a horse jumped into somebody's automobile- back in Nineteen Hundred.

*This oddity is given us by Beverly Smith, magazine writer,*

~~This oddity,~~ in connection with New York's brilliant

and ultra-modern automobile show, *now on at Grand Central*

*Palace, the Waldorf, the Astor* ~~is given us by Beverly Smith~~  
*and all over the place.* ~~of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE.~~ *The* point is, the confusion there

was thirty years ago in the terminology of motoring.

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The very name "automobile," was adopted only after much debate. They called the contraption a "horseless carriage," a "gas rig", a "gas ~~by~~ buggy", and "auto-gondola." Another name



was "vīamote", from "vīa" and "motor". The solemn LONDON TIMES had an inspiration and suggested a combination of the words "motor" and "vehicle" to form the name "mocle". How would you like to call your <sup>Lizzie</sup> ~~one~~ a "mocle"?

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One antediluvian manufacturer went haywire with a ~~lightweight~~ light-weight motor car built of wood. He advertised that it had a wooden frame, wooden wheels, wooden axles, everything wooden I suppose except the ignition chamber. An unfortunate customer bought one of these wooden automobiles, and returned it with the terse comment, ~~it wouldn't~~ "wooden run".

Just as it wouldn't be right if I wouldn't say -

59 1/4  
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.