

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

There's an especial amount of feminine news in the reports from around the world tonight -- ladies in the spotlight. But it's a sinister spotlight, no pleasant beam of glamorous advertisement illuminating the girls on a decorative stage of fashion or art. It's a crimson spotlight of revolution and a steel-blue spotlight of robbery and bandit's guns.

The beam of red shines on two women in Havana. They're each before a court-martial. And, a court-martial ~~ix~~ has evil suggestions of a firing squad. In fact, the Secretary of the Interior in Havana is saying significantly that there is no reason ~~why~~ women revolutionaries should not pay the same penalty as ~~the~~ men insurgents. It's all in connection with the ~~revolt~~ revolt the other day in which the leader Antonio Guiteras, the young political personality who was former Cuban Secretary of Interior, was killed in a last-stand fight with the soldiers of the government.

shines on the other side of the ocean, in Hungary. There three girl gangsters have been rounded up by the police of Budapest. Recently the inhabitants of the City on the Danube have been terrorized by the depredations of a bandit mob. And the girls were it.

One of the stick-up women is given a mild sounding description -- "a typist in a bank." She pounded the keys ~~xx~~ by day and joined the gang by night. She knew the financial rating of the bank's clients, and kept the feminine mob informed about suitable prospects.

The leader of the girl gangsters is a language teacher. That seems odd. She knew how to say "Stick 'em up" in various *tongues*. ~~languages~~ The larcenous ladies planned to cap the climax with the robbery of a fashionable Budapest jewelry shop. But two hours before the time somebody squealed. The police jumped in, whereupon the *Danubian* lassies confessed.

78
The story isn't so out and out, one hundred percent feministic, because we learn that the real instigator of the feminine feats of ~~folly~~ *felony* was a man. The language teacher fell in love with a crook. He taught her the art of robbery and helped her line up her mob of desperate damsels.

HAMILTON

It's a coincidence that today two separate crime stories should come to a final end, simultaneously - in the electric chair. But the word "end" has still a larger importance. With the execution of John Hamilton at Huntsville, Texas, we can write that terminating word as closing a whole chapter, one of the most glaring and flagrant chapters in the history of crime. For John Hamilton was the last of the men against whose name was written that expressive epithet - Public Enemy Number One.

Scarface Al Capone was the first of them. And his fate was the mildest: prison -- Alcatraz. With the swift changing of the times, the stigma of Public Enemy Number One was transferred from the Chicago liquor racket to the wild outbreak of kidnaping, banditry and murder, down the corridor of the middle west - to ~~xx~~ such mad killers as Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, and Babyface Nelson. One after another they became "Number One", and then swiftly became dead men.

Hamilton affiliated with the gun-blazing Clyde Barrow and his cigar-smoking moll, Bonnie Parker, and Freed by them in a desperate escape, - he completes the sequence. He died cringing.

A companion who had robbed with him and escaped with him and who died with him, was cool and nervy. But the Number One desperado himself was terrified.

The second grim scene that terminates another crime story concerns one of those desperate affairs of robbery and shooting of which we used to hear so much. Three bandits went to the chair, and the singular thing was the grim scene before the execution. The three were offered a chance to gamble to determine the order in which they would die; flip a coin. Many a time they had enjoyed gambling. Many a time they flipped a coin in the hazzard of chance, to see who'd win the money. This time the gambling was too forbidding. They refused. Allowed to choose the order in which they would go, they couldn't bear the clink of the coin on the stone floor. They decided to walk to the chair in the sequence of their cells along death row at Joliet, the nearest man first, the furthest man last.

Forbidding stories of forbidding events, but they tell only too explicitly of the crushing of the Hydra-head of crime.

New York sports writers are ^{continuing that odd} ~~putting up~~ campaign, ~~as~~
~~their own~~ They're not agitating with the Boxing Commission
or the National Leagues -- but with the New York State Parole
Commission. They think a pardon should be granted to a certain
convict at Sing Sing. And right now the Parole Commission is
reviewing the case of that convict, with the strong likelihood
that he may go free.

Some weeks ago I had as a studio guest John Law, onetime
Notre Dame football star and now football coach at Sing Sing.
And he told us about the star player on the prison eleven --
Alabama Pitts. Alabama is said to be an example of the perfect
coordination of human muscles, a great football player, although
he throws passes and makes end-runs on ~~occasions~~ a team of convicts.
And they say he's an even greater baseball ~~player~~ than a foot-
ball player -- a wonder as a track man too. His running, jumping
and hurdling are described as worthy of an Olympic champ.

Well, here ^{is} the ~~story~~ ^{story} that the New York Parole Board is
studying in its approaching decision ^{whether or not} to free Alabama Pitts.

51
Ten years ago he joined the navy. He had to fake his age

because he was only fourteen. For four years he had a perfect record as a job. Then he suddenly got fed up, and walked out; ~~he~~ drifted to New York broke; got mixed up with a bad gang, and took a hand in a robbery. That got him a five year sentence in Sing Sing. And it was there that he found himself -- as an athlete. He discovered his prowess at football, baseball and on the track.

So the New York sports writers want the parole board to turn him loose and give him a chance to make a name as an athlete ~~in~~ *in some simon-pure amateur college.*

RICHARDS

52
Last night we had an accident to a sports celebrity, -
tonight we have another one. Last night it was the heavyweight
champion, Max Baer, incurring some powder burns from the firing of
a blank cartridge in a pistol. Tonight it's an automobile accident
to Vincent Richards, the tennis star. He was driving along ⁱⁿ New
York's Bronx when something happened. Police think he was either
blinded by lights of an approaching car or had fallen asleep at
the ~~st~~ wheel. Anyway, his car swerved and crashed into an electric
light pole. The damages were one ~~electric~~ light pole knocked over,
^{one} battered car and ^{one} broken leg, and various lacerations, for
Vincent Richards, the ^{once} flashing star of the amateurs, who ^{of late years} ~~since then~~
has been a prominent figure in professional tennis.

MOTHER'S DAY

Mother's Day will be celebrated with many a sentimental ceremony across the country, but there will be no event more appropriate and to the point than the Mother's Day Mass Meeting in *Sunday evening at the vast 7th Regiment Armory.* New York, It is sponsored by the Maternity Association, and will be dedicated to the work of - making maternity safe for mothers.

P On the committee are two distinguished names, Alfred E. Smith and Jack Dempsey. Well, Jack used to specialize in the task of making the ~~square~~ squared circle unsafe for many a mother's son.

WITHERSPOON

53

The hand of fatality has struck the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The new regime, which followed the retirement of Director Gatti-Casazzi, was led by Herbert Witherspoon, at the head of a board of three. But Herbert Witherspoon died today, ^{— suddenly, in his office.}

He was sixty-two years old. His career was eminent, a famous Metropolitan opera House basso of years ago, a foremost figure in American musical affairs. With the retirement of Gatti-Casazzi, and with financial difficulties confronting the opera, the Julliard Foundation came forward with money support. ^{The} ~~The~~

Julliard and the Metropolitan directors agreed upon Herbert Witherspoon ^{to be the leading man in the new governing} ~~as the leading man of the~~ triumvirate, ~~named to~~ ~~direct Metropolitan affairs.~~ He took this post as an advocate of more opportunities for American singers. His death today leaves operatic affairs in the condition of doubt once more.

The two others of the triumvirate are ^{die} ~~Edward~~ ~~to~~ ~~Zuigh~~ Ziegler, long assistant to Gatti-Casazzi and Eddie Johnson, the American tenor. And the question tonight, is what effect will the passing of Herbert Witherspoon have on the new regime and America's premier operatic institution?

BONUS

The President has spoken, while a flood of mail descends upon the White House. Mr. Roosevelt announces, reaffirms definitely -- that he will veto the Patman Bonus Bill. Meanwhile, the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars have been campaigning for letters, lining up the veterans, their families and friends to write to the White House and protest against a veto by the President. And so the mail has been delivering heavy burdens at the stately mansion with the white pillars.

People who know the chief executive say that far from being deterred, he's of a temperament to be made only the more firm by the avalanche of mail.

The President in fact answers all of those letters in his reply to a Missouri Legion group. "The war veterans", says he "should be interested in the welfare of the country as a whole." And he stresses his attitude that disabled and sick veterans should be looked after. His stand is that when the country is in bad financial shape, he will not allow the treasury to be tampered with, even though he should get a million letters.

On the other side, the advocates of the Bonus Bill are

repeating their reasonings that immediate payment will help rather than hurt, and are just as determined to make the fight of their lives to pass the bill over the presidential veto.

There was a new, bitter statement of the contention that the President will commit political suicide by vetoing. So says Huey Long. But he's said before.

AFRICA

It does seem startling to hear that latest proposal about German colonies in Africa -- not because of the idea in itself, but because of the source whence it comes. You'd expect Berlin to say - "Please give us our South African colonies back, thank you." Berlin has been casting hints to that effect for some time now. But when that suggestion emanates from the British colony of South Africa, that's surprising. Yet, when you look into it, you can see a good deal of rationality - not so much from the British imperial point of view as from the special South African angle.

But first, let's look at the man who offers the advice. He is not a British imperialist, though he's Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa; General Hertzog, the old time leader of a hard-fighting sharp-shooting commando in the Boer War. He fought the British then. (Now he's Prime Minister of a British

cut {
dominion, but he got there by heading a nationalist movement among the old Dutch inhabitants of the Transvaal, a movement inspiring the Boers to retain their identity and their Dutch language.) So he looks at things from a distinctly South African point of view - which is this:

There are a hundreamillion black people in Africa, and only two million whites. Students who look far ahead foresee the possibility of the white element being swamped. ^{Europeans} ~~They~~ don't increase in colonial ^{population} as they did a hundred years ago. England, for example, no longer sends out hosts of colonists to form English-speaking populations on distant coasts and continents. And there's one worried thought - suppose the hundred million African blacks were to rise against the two million African whites?

British Africans don't like the French method in the dark continent. The French, with no expanding population to send to their colonies, build up their strength by ~~x~~ training black armies. They are building up a negro military power under French leadership and domination. ^HHertzog, the Boer statesman, would like to see the Caucasian element strengthened, so the white man may better hold his own in Africa. Germany has a huge and increasing population, and can send hosts of colonists to Africa, an additional vigorous white strength to off-set the swarming mass of blacks, The reasoning is that no matter what rivalries between the nations there ~~might~~ might be, their

colonists would instantly unite and form a solid front, if faced by a negro revolt.

These are the considerations to be kept in mind when the news informs us that the South African Prime Minister is in London for two reasons, one to attend the King's jubilee, the other - to present to the British Cabinet the proposal that Britain shall give back to Germany the African colonies that Germany lost in the World War. This, to take the form of inviting Germany to return to the League of Nations with ^a simultaneous offer of the colonies. The western powers want Germany in the League, and Germany wants the colonies. ^{It} So that ^{'s a way} ~~will help~~ to ease and pacify the intense international situation in Europe:— European as well as African arguments advanced by the Prime Minister for the Union of South Africa.

68

Salutations to the men from the South Pole. There's no need to detail the ceremonies of welcome in Washington for Admiral Byrd and his hardy crew. They're getting all the honors, from a reception by the President, to their first real honest-to-goodness American Square meal. You don't dine so elaborately on the Arctic Continent in the vicinity of the South Pole, nor aboard an expedition ship coming north. Now they're in Washington, with expedition headquarters at the Willard, where ^{for example} Manager Harry Summerville is throwing a beef-steak party ~~for them~~ to introduce them once more to the American dinner table.

AIRPLANES

Maybe there's a great sky fleet resting on the waters far out in the Pacific Ocean tonight, or maybe not. Perhaps forty-odd planes in mass flight are winging through the sky somewhere around Midway Island, or perhaps not. There have been reports that the mighty Navy flotilla or Pacific cloudland took a rest on the surface of the sea near some tiny islands, called French Coral Shoals.

But the one certain and indisputable bit of news is -- secrecy. The air fleet manoeuvres with the sea fleet are shrouded in a wartime veil of concealment. All according to the schedule of the battle manoeuvres now on in the Pacific.

So we'll have to wait to find out anything really definite about the gyrations of the ships and the planes somewhere between Pearl Harbour and Midway Island. Tonight it's all maybe:- maybe this, and maybe that. But no maybe about this --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.