GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Right now the survivors of that startling international incident have been taken aboard ships in the Yangtze River. And at last we have some definite idea of the number of casualties that were caused when Japanese war planes bombed and sank the American gumboat and three American tank steamers. Tonight the number of dead is counted at three -- one a prominent Italian newspaperman who was aboard the gumboat PANAY. A number are wounded -- eight. It is indicated that the remainder are safe.

In the time of my experience with the news I have never known a story that remained so obscure for so long with reference to the main point — the number of casualties and survivors. The American boats were sunk on Sunday in an incident that startled the world. Yest last night, a day later, little was known except unconfirmed rumors. Only now, two days later do we have anything definite. That seems to me unheard of — concerning the main fact in a huge and glaring headline.

The reason -- that's a great dramatic story in itself which right now can only be sketched. What's the Yangtze like -- at the point where the sinking occurred? Twenty-five miles up the

river from Nanking? I asked that question today of Upton Close expert on Chinese affairs, who knows the country around Nanking well. He told me that the Yangtze there is something like the delta of the Mississippi, miles wide, with squadgy islands and banks that are vast expanses of mud flats. That's where the survivors struggled ashore, after the RXNX PANAY sank about a quarter of a mile out. The mights easily have remained unheard of for days ## in those empty desolate marshes.

But the story goes further than that. Parties of survivors on the bank were caught in the skirmishing and fighting that's going on -- Japanese gumboats firing at Chinese troops, snipers banging away incessantly. So the parties Americans pushed inland -- to get to a safer place. Little wonder that no mermit definate word was heard from them -- isolated in a remote section which moreover is torn by war.

But now they return to the river bank at the town of

Hosien -- where an American gunboat and a British craft came to pick

take them -- with Japanese warcraft standing by. The report says

that the Japanese have done all they could to help the rescue

→ although in one case they were asked not to help, because the Chinese among the survivors are so bitter against the invader.

On the diplomatic front today is a duplicate of yesterday -- protest and apology. (The State Department sent 🏍 Tokio a stern remonstrance to back up and amplify the complaint President Roosevelt sent to the Emperor Hirohito yesterday. Today's diplomatic note in vigorous language denounces the Japanese attack and demands the most formal apology and indemnity for the damage done and the lives lost. Also definate assurance that nothing like that will happen again. Tokio hastens to comply. (Today the Mikado's government hands Washington a formal apology to re-enforce the informal regrets expressed yesterday. The Japanese note says:-"Sorry, it was an awful mistake, we'll pay indemnities, we'll punish the aviators responsible, and we promise that it won't happen again." There's an opinion in Washington that President Roosevelt will insist on having an apology made personally by the Emperor Hirohito. But this afternoon the President declined to comment on that point.

There was a bit of a furore when word came today that the

Japanese Naval command had ordered all foreign vessels out of the Yangtze, American included. That idea was vigorously rejected. Then the Japanese hastened to explain that their Admiral had xxx meant no such thing, didn't intend to order the foreign vessels out. He explained that he merely ment to state politely that if they wanted to leave the Japanese would do everything they could to help them on their way out.

What's to be the end of this incident -- the cost of thing that so easily might lead to war? It looks as if it will dissipate in a cloud of apologies. The Japanese are falling over themselves to express regrets, saying -- "we were wrong, excuse us."

In the Moscow disappearance story, the question tonight is - Who are the Robinsons?" Only one thing is certain - they are not the Robinsons. They are not what they pretend to be. And with this revelation a fantastic story comes to light.

The question for days has been - Where are the Robinsons?" That is unanswered. The mystery of their disappearance in Moscow is as strange as ever. The State Department in Washington pressed the Soviet Government for information, but none has been forthcoming.

But Meanwhile, the State Department has been checking up on the Robinsons in this country, and results that have come to light today are startling. They were traveling on false passports, procured with ingenious fraud.

The man identified himself as Donald Louis Robinson of New York. An investigation of the New York City records discloses that Donald Louis Robinson was born on March Twenty-Fifth, Nineteen Hundred and Five, and died five years later in a New York hospital.

The woman identified herself as Ruth Norma Birkland.

The records show that a child of that name was born in Nineteen

Nine and died when about five years of age.

The Robinsons were traveling on passports issued in the names of dead children. It turns into a weird scheme, which seems to go like this: They couldn't get passports under their own names - not entitled to them. To get false passports they procured duplicate birth certificates issued to other people. For this they had to have dates of birth that would be on registry. and this information they acquired by searching in New York cemeteries, reading gravestones marked with the familiar inscriptions: - name and dates of birth and death. And so, with the identities of dead children, they applied for duplicate birth certificates and with these got passports - which took them to Soviet Russia.

Who are the Robinsons? Nobody knows. What were they doing in Soviet Russia, having schemed so deviously to get there?

Nobody knows that either. Some under-hand scheme? Plot?

Espionage? It's all involved in a queer mystery. Maybe the Soviet Ogpu knows. Maybe that's why they've disappeared.

In an office of the French police a man sat and drew a map, methodically, skillfully, coldly. He was George Weidmann, the mass killer. He was confessing his sixth murder - the slaying of a woman. He was telling where he had buried the body, drawing a detailed map to show the place. He sketched it with cold-blooded precision and detail - and perfect accuracy.

The police took the map and went to the forest of Fontainebleau, so renowned in French history and romance. They went to the vicinity of Barbizon, where the Barbizon School of long years ago ed There impressionistic painters color their vivid canvases. They came to a cave - known as the "Cavern of the Brigands", because of notoriety as a hide-out for robbers. They entered the gloomy grotto. They had lights with them, which they switched on - turning blackness into brightness. They consulted the map, and they had no difficulty in finding a pile of stones - as indicated on the sketch the murderer had drawn. The stones were blackened, evidence of a bonfire - the signs showed they had been recently used by Boy Scouts as a fireplace.

The Boy Scouts had mad a minor jamboree in the "Cavera of the Brigands" and cooked a campfire feast for themselves.

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The murder sketch indicated - dig under the rocks. They did, they dug under the Boy Scout fireplace. And they found the body, the sixth acknowledged victim of the present-day Bluebeard.

In the forest of Fontainebleau, near Barbizon, in the "Cavern of the Brigands" - Boy Scouts had built a fire and had a feast with frolic and laughter above Bluebeard's victim!

A good joke goes into the discard today - the story we had the other night about a G-man trap that went wrong. The crime chasers laid in ambush at night for an extortionist and out of the darkness came a man - as expected. When they tried to arrest him he opened fire with a shotgun, wounded a federal agent, and got away. That's what happened.

The joke came in the report - that it was a hunter, a nimrod citizen returning home with his shotgun, who had opened fire thinking he was being held up.

Today they said it. At Independence, Missouri, they arrested Woodrow Wilson Price, and flashed the word that he has confessed. They say the man with the presidential name is the extortionist they were looking for. It was he who walked into the trap that might and he was that he was he who shot his way trap no mere home-going hunter. And it was he who shot his way

out - no mere case of a town nimrod and his rabbit-killing shotgun.

Today on the long distance phone, J. Edgar Hoover told me grimly: "It was a good joke, that yarn about the G-men and the hunter. It was merely circulated to make fun of the federal agents. No, we didn't answer it - not with words. We had our say today - with an arrest."

That's repartee a la G-men!

Wages and hours were a stormy theme in Washington today.

In the lower House, the lawmakers put on a burst of verbal

fireworks concerning that measure to regulate pay and work.

In the debate, Sam Reynolds of Tennessee opposed this administration bill, saying he thought the White House would oppose it. How come? To which Congressman Sam declared: "I dare say the President has not read this bill." And that does seem odd in the case of an administration measure.

Representative Lamneck of Ohio referred to the fact that one of the original introducers of the Wages-and-Hours Bill was Hugo Black, then senator but now a member of the Supreme Court.

"Who wants this bill passed anyway?" demanded the
Ohio lawmaker. "Senator Black has a new job with better wages and
shorter hours than he had when he introduced this bill. And that
takes care," he jeered, "of the ambition of one simon-pure
New Dealer."

And so the WagexandHour Wage-and-Hour debate went on as they waged verbal war for hours.

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There's a bit of news today that recalls vividly to mind a talk I had with Ex-President Hoover some weeks ago. We were discussing his ideas for the rejuvenation of the Republican Party - particularly the plan for a G.O.P. get-together to thrash out principles and platform. Herbert Hoover told me about the sources of opposition to the idea:->

believe they have a chance for the nomination in Nineteen Forty.

Each wants to be able to take a distinctive personal stand of his own - opposing his opponents for the nomination. Each wants to be ready to take an individual position in accordance with the way here, explained the expresident, he figures the drift of public opinion. Hence they oppose a formal declaration of Republican doctrine in advance, a doctrine which would make them all stand for about the same thing - making it hard to distinguish one from the other.

Republican office-holders too - they are the chief source of the opposition, especially the congressional group in Washington.

They, humanly enough, are interested in their own elections, and

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want to run their campaigns on local issues -- according to the mood of their own communities. They fear being tied down to a declared national platform of Republican policies. Some office-holders take the determined stand that there shall be no policy declared before January of Nineteen Thirty-Nine. That of course would put it over until after the congressional elections next year.

With that Hoover analysis in mind, let's take a look at today's news from the Republican National Executive Committee meeting in St. Louis. They made a decision concerning the Policy committee that is to draft G.O.P. principles. It is to consist of one hundred political leaders. What kind? The National Committee ruled today on one main point — no office holders. No party leaders who are textends now in office to sit on that committee of one hundred which will decide the stand the Republicans are to take in the coming elections. Yet they say that the committee members, in suggesting names, are going right ahead and suggesting office-holders.

The no-office-holder rule squares with the recent declaration by Governor Aiken of Vermont. That Down-East Yankee

called for a G.O.P. shake-up, with emphasis on new blood. Let the younger elements of the party have their say, says he and Mr. Hoover.

Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis is going to have some tune-up fights. Today he agreed to step into the ring in February, and battle it out with the winner of the forthcoming scrap between Buddy Baer and Eddie Hogan. After that, the Brown Bomber will fight at Detroit and then at Chicago - three tune-up bouts in all before he meets his conqueror, Max Schmeling, next June.

last night's brawl between Schmeling and Harry Thomas. It must have been painfully reminiscent for the Brown Bomber to observe how Max went to work on his opponent - no instant flurry of vicious attack, no sailing in to knock him out in a hurry. There was nothing inspiring about the Schmeling technique. He just plodded along in methodical fashion, and proceeded to take his antagonist apart - something like a carpenter taking down the old barn.

Knocked him out - in about the same way he hammered Joe Louis down in the fight that astonished the world. He must have been sadly reminiscent to Joe.

So no wonder the Brown Bomber thinks he needs tuning up!

It's odd what one remembers and forgets -the thingthat sticks in your mind and the event that just slips out of recollection. There's an odd story along that line today in the case of an amnesia victim in Chicago -- a man who for two and a half years forgot his own identity.

Now his memory is coming back -- a bit at a time. What is it that returns to him out of the form fog of forgetfulness? He remembers his wedding day. Well, I suppose that's something hard to forget. But, he still can't recall that he served in the World War in France. Maybe there's something about war that a man's unconscious mind might gladly let slip.

He remembers his white dog. "Didn't we have a dog when I left?" he asked kkx his wife today. But he can't recall the profession he followed in his former life. He was a comedian in vaudeville. And I suppose an obvious joke is to say that a comedian might gladly forget the bad jokes he's told.

I must not forget to say s-l-u-t-m.