

PRISON

Massachusetts -- yes, and Oklahoma. Two widely separated states. Yet it's the same thing in the case of each -- prison breaks. In Massachusetts first. Then an hour or so later in Oklahoma. And savage affairs they both were.

There was no sign or suspicion of trouble in the state prison in Boston today, as the convicts toiled away in the prison machine shop. No sign of anything -- until five prisoners serving long terms suddenly attack their guards -- attacked them with blows of lead pipe and a stabbing of sharp tools. It occurred with a deadly swiftness. Then just as swiftly the five convicts dashed to the freight yards of the Boston and Maine railroad, where supplies are brought into the penitentiary.

There a truck was standing, with it two men. One was a truck driver from the outside, Louis Richards. The other was his helper, a prison trusty, a lifer. One of the escapers crashed the truck driver on the head with a lead pipe and killed him. Another stabbed the trusty. Then they seized the truck and stepped on the gas. They staged a wild truck-driving dash through a

prison gate; smashing the truck and wrecking it. Clamboring out four of them grabbed another/^{truck}nearby and started on a wild ride. The fifth tried to escape by foot, legging it as fast as he could. By now the guards had opened fire and were blazing away. They shot down the convict who was running.

The truck with the other four staged a wild dash through Boston streets -- a chase with guards and automobiles following behind, shooting at the escapers. And hitting them; killing one. Wounding the other three and capturing them.

Meanwhile, there was pandemonium in the prison. The authorities were afraid the other prisoners would try to set fire to the place. So they posted all the guards they could summon and called the fire department.

A day of terror in the historic prison where Sacco and Vanzetti were kept until their execution.

And, only a couple of hours later terror broke out in the Oklahoma Prison. This time there were six convicts in the

in the prison break. In this case the convicts had guns, and shot their way out. Four were notorious desperadoes once members of the formidable Irish O'Malley gang of St. Louis. They shot down a man as famous in law enforcement as they are infamous in crime, Ben Bolton, chief of detectives of the city of Muskogee. He has long been a terror of the bad men of the Oklahoma killer country. They dropped him with a shot and tonight he lies desperately wounded.

But the shooting had only begun. Other policemen opened fire. One of the convicts fell wounded in a hail of bullets. His pals carried him away, fighting a running fight. They grabbed an automobile, got the wounded escaper into it, and drove careening away.

They headed for the Cherokee Hills, where many a desperado has ~~ix~~ hidden away since the days of the Indian territory. The stamping ground of Pretty Boy Floyd, killed by the G-Men. Tonight the manhunt is on in the Cherokee Hills.

MDIVANI

Once more the phrase, "The marrying Mdivanis", appears in the news. It might have seemed that the matrimonial exploits of the connubial brothers would not appear in public note so much any more - after the most celebrated of them had driven to his death in an automobile crash in Spain - the princely Alexis, not long divorced from golden Barbara Hutton.

But, today we find the marrying Mdivanis in the news in more intricate complications of romance than ever. This time it's the princely Serge, reported about to get married again. That's not astonishing - until we hear who the bride is rumored to be,

Marriage, and its opposite - divorce - are copiously combined in the history of the three brothers from the Caucasus. Take the princely Serge, ~~and~~ the new bridegroom-to-be. His matrimonial fancy heretofore has run toward the movies and grand opera. He married Pola Negri, dark lady of cinema-dramatics. They were divorced. He was then united to Mary MacCormick, one time soprano of the Chicago Opera. They too were parted by the law.

But, now, about today's rumored bride-to-be. To tell about her we must refer back to that still more famous matrimonial brother - the princely Alexis. His connubial fancy ran to millions heiresses - millionairesses. He married two of them, including the Woolworth heiress. Before Barbara became his bride, he was wedded to Louise Astor Van Allen, of the Newport Van Alens. They were divorced.

Now the word is that Serge is going to marry his brother's former wife, Louise Van Alen. The wedding, they say, is scheduled for three weeks hence. Described as a tennis playing romance. They met four or five years ago, when Prince Serge was the Newport guest of Louise Van Alen's two tennis playing brothers.

VANDERBILT

Lofty society is represented in another bit of news tonight - legal news, and the name is Vanderbilt. The New York Court of Appeals spoke a few brief words today, and these words are as follows: "Motion for leave to appeal denied, Ten Dollars in costs and necessary printing and disbursements." Those dry words tell the story - that Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt has lost out in the highest court of New York State in her attempt to regain the possession of her little daughter, Gloria. The girl lives with her aunt, the exceedingly rich and social Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, who made claim that the mother was no fit custodian for the child. The lower courts sustained that claim, and now the highest state court sustained^s the lower courts. The only recourse that Mrs. Gloria Vanderbilt has now is the Supreme Court of the United States. And there's a likelihood that she will take the demand for her daughter to those nine high justices.

KNOX

Political observers are saying today that it was a big gun aimed directly at the presidential nomination, the latest blast of political artillery, fired in New York. Colonel Frank Knox, the Chicago publisher, has been prominently mentioned as a Republican possibility, and his political cannon was loaded with that always explosive shrapnel - the bonus.

Here's how Colonel Knox rationalized his strong stand for the bonus, as he explained it to one thousand editors and publishers at the Waldorf-Astoria. He declared that in his own powerful newspaper he had strongly opposed the giant New Deal Work Relief Appropriation of four billion, eight hundred million. But, now ~~with~~ that the money has been put up he proposes that the soldiers' bonus be ~~xx~~ paid out of it. Instead of putting the money into public works, use it to pay out the bonus. And tonight political observers are asking "are the Republicans going to plunk for the bonus?"

ENGLAND

The King of England was supposed to have spoken with blazing pomp and circumstance today - but he didn't. It all happened with as little splendor and ritual as is possible in stately Britain - when His Majesty, the King, opens a new parliament and delivers his royal message to the assembled Houses of Lords and Commons. Yet perhaps the comparative simplicity made it all the more impressive. ~~King George's declaration from the throne on the world important theme of the international crisis.~~ But first let's see what didn't happen - and then what did.

According to ancient custom, the Lords and Commons were to have assembled, the peers of the realm in their stately ermine - and their ladies too, the peeresses of the realm, ^{all} in full display. And His Majesty was to have presided in his royal robes, with the gold and bejeweled crown of England on his head. ~~Thus, as King of England, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith, etcetra, etcetra,~~ he was to have opened the ~~Thirty-seventh~~ British Parliament.

And the yeomen of the guards were to have conducted their traditional search of the cellars beneath the Houses of Parliament. They are called "beef eaters", because of their portly

figures. They wear silk stockings, red breeches, and red tunics trimmed with blue and gold. Their search of the parliamentary cellars goes back to the days of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot. In the times of James the First, Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators tried to blow up Parliament with barrels of gunpowder placed in the cellars. The beef eaters are credited with having discovered the Gunpowder Plot. So ever since they have had the ornamental privilege of searching for some more barrels of gunpowder. For three hundred years they've never found a thing, but they always go snooping around with great ceremony and dignity.

None of these ~~my~~ majestic things happened today, to accompany the King's declaration of policy in the world crisis. The reason was - a death in the royal family, mourning for Princess Victoria, the King's sister. That puts the court of England in mourning, and the gay festivities were omitted.

The two Houses of Parliament gathered, but the peeresses of the realm were not there to add color and brilliance. The King didn't speak from the throne. He wasn't there at all. His announcement to Parliament was read by Lord Hailsham, Lord High

Chancellor of England. And this emphasized the vital and
exceedingly ticklish fact that the monarch's words^{were} not those of
an individual. Nor was his utterance that of the London government,
which is in power today and may be out of power tomorrow. The King,
through the mouth of the Lord Chancellor, spoke with the imperial
voice of the British Empire. ~~So~~ What did he say?

He plunged right into the European controversy. "My
government's foreign policy," he announced, "will be based on firm
support of the League of Nations. They will remain prepared to
fulfill the obligations of the Covenant." Did the King mention
the Italian-Ethiopian affair? He did. He even touched the perilous
subject of sanctions. "My government", said the King, "have felt
compelled to adopt, in cooperation with some fifty other states,
certain measures of an economic and financial nature in regard to
Italy. They will continue to exert their influence in favor of
peace, acceptable to the three parties to the dispute - namely,
Italy, Ethiopia and the League of Nations."

Then King George came to the imposing subject of British
armament, more warships, more cannon, more war planes. He referred

to the Naval Conference to be held this month. He spoke of the "adequate safeguarding of my empire". That - "makes it urgently necessary", he said, "that the deficiencies of my defense forces should be made good. My ministers will lay before you their proposals."

It was all in the form of kingly possession - "my government, my empire, my defense forces, my ministers."

PEACE

King George's declaration that his government will work for a peaceable East African settlement was quickly followed by news of action. The word comes from Paris, and it arrives in the middle of all sorts of rumors -- that Mussolini has handed London and Paris a bid for peace. And -- that Haile Selassie is pushing into the diplomatic situation, with urgent suggestions of his own for an agreement to end the war.

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Now -- it's news that England and France have come forward with a joint peace plan to Mussolini. And this seems to be no mere rumor, but a definite statement from Paris. The British and the French have drafted a scheme for a settlement. The experts of the foreign offices of London and Paris have drawn up a ^{set} ~~sketch~~ of concessions, which they hope will satisfy Rome. Italy to get sections of Ethiopia, the independence of the Ethiopian government to be guaranteed.

Just how much of Ethiopia Italy would get is not made clear. The rumors have been telling us about back and forth proposals, something like horse-trading -- "we'll give you this much." "No, we want that much." Of course, it's Ethiopian

This newest move comes as another of those last minute attempts -- during the last minute before the oil sanctions come up for the consideration of the League of Nations. Meanwhile -- in Rome today there was action based on the idea of an oil embargo. Mussolini's cabinet met and decreed ways and means to stretch out the present Italian oil supply. The consumption of gas in Italy is still further restricted. Factories that make coke gas and distilled tar are ordered to put in equip-

ment to get oil out of waste products -- squeeze the precious fluid out of oily substances that are now tossed away. And orders were issued to push the production of oil in Albania, the Balkan country which has some sources of oil and which is under Italian influence.

In addition -- a whole series of ideas for food conservation and food substitutes were discussed. They remind one of our own World War days, when Herbert Hoover was putting on a food conservation drive over here.

Unemployment is increasing in Italy. Hundreds of thousands of men thrown out of jobs since the League boycott was put in force. Exports have fallen tremendously. Manufacturing has decreased. So there are ^{a million} ~~more~~ unemployed in Italy today -- as Mussoliniland feels the pinch of the League of Nations penalties.

FRANCE

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A stormy uproar in Paris today, with the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies busting up in a row. Last week I told how the Chamber had supported Premier Laval on the question of French finances, and said that he would still have to face the Deputies on the score of two thorny problems. Firstly - his government's policy in the quarrel between the radicals and the Fascist Cross of Fire. Secondly, French action in the international crisis. Guess which question it was that caused the rumpus today.

Well, it was the Cross of Fire. The debate tackled the subject of political organizations of war veterans. That of course was aimed at the Fascist Croix de Feu. The radical parties have been demanding all along that the government should clamp down on all such organizations and force them out of existence. The Deputies of the left were about to enter this demand in a formal parliamentary way.

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In the midst of a hot debate, a Communist Deputy jumped to his feet and shouted an accusation at the Premier. "Laval is in league with the Croix de Feu!" he yelled.

The Deputies of the right broke into an uproar and howled him down.

Other Red Deputies were on their feet demanding that the government should get out. "Resign! Resign!" they shrieked.

To that uproar, the Conservative members responded with an uproar of their own - "shut up, shut up!"

During the yelling and counter-yelling, hurling of insults, and the threats of a fight - the trouble grew so violent that the presiding officer called a halt, called it a day, and suspended the session.

So the session of the Chamber broke up in violent disorder.

And I'll be broken up in violent disorder if I don't say s-l-u-t-m.

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