Good Evening Everybody:

The flags that are flying at half-mast
tonight - are a spontaneous demonstration. There's
nothing in the law that provides for this kind of mourning - after a death in the First Family. But there is national sorrow - over the passing of wee Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, who struggled for life for two days - but cuuldn't overcome that respiratory ailment.

The president was there - at the end. Looking haggard after his sleepless vigil - of the past twenty-four hours. But at least he was spared the anguish - of breaking the news to the First Lady. Mrs Kennedy learned about it from her physician - who put her under sedation.
$\underline{L E A D}-2$

One irony in this tragedy - is the messages
of condolence that are pouring in - many of them from people who sent their congratulations - only two days ago, when the baby was born.

If you wonder how many presidents have lost children while in office - the answer is "five" John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Calvin Coolidge and John Kennedy.

Willie Lincoln was the eleven year old son
of the Civil War President, who caught a malignant
fever - after riding his pony in the rain. A pavement that his father never got over.

The latest - sixteen year old Calvin Coolidge,

Jr., the President's son - ignoring a blister he picked up on the tennis court, dying of blood poisoning - a few days later. That was thirty -nine years ago - in nineteen twenty-four. The last - until Patrick Bouvier Kennedy - today.

Not even the President of the United States is immune to the poignant tragedy - of a child's death.

The truth about Haiti - seems clear tonight.
The invasion - was a complete fiasco. At any rate, so says an American business man - the first eye$w$ thess to reach Port-au-Prince.

His version - goes like this:- The invaders
crossed the border from the Dominican Republic - armed with pistols, grenades, riffles and machine guns. They held up plantations, executed twelve followers of Haitian strongman DuValier - and pushed down the jungle road to Fort Liberte.

There, a skirmish took place. "Lots of
shooting, but no real fighting" - according to the

American eyewitness. The garrison of the Fort, routing the invaders - who fled into the jungle, and straggled back across the Dominican border.
But anti-DuValier spokesmen in Canto

HAITI - 2
continuing to operate inside Haiti. One tip-off seems
to be that Du Valier has re-opened the so-called war zone -to foreign newsmen.

## VIETNAM

The directive issued today in Saigon - could only have been formulated in the orient. Where else but in the inscrutable East, wo uld you have to warn people - not to burn themselves to death?

The Buddhist leaders of South Viet Nam -
are doing just that. They are ordering the monks who
follow the teaching of Lord Buddha - to abandon the practice of self-immolation, dousing their saffron robes with gasoline - and then setting themselves on fire.

The Buddhist leaders are saying this is too
drastic and no solution to - the political crisis in

South Diet Nam.

The latest count shows that about one-third of the nations of the world - have signed the nuclear test ban treaty. Diplomats from Ireland to Iran, from Algeria to Australia - putting their signatures on the document. Almost all of them, expressing the hope - that this will be more than a piece of parchment.

That it's the symbol of a genuine search for peace between East and West. and the Russian Province.

The point being that Dean Rusk comes from Georgia -
in Dixie. And has been conferring with Khrushchev in

Georgia - on the shores of the Black Sea.

How is it that two places so different, and so far away from each other - should have the same name? Answer a classical allusion. Names like "George" and "Georgia" come from the Greek - meaning "farmer". And both Georgias are famous - for their lush farm land.

Hence, the interest ti of the American Secretary
of State - in the Soviet Province. Dean Rusk, telling

Khrushchev "I am trying to find out everything about Georgia." One thing he didn't have to find out - and I'm sure Khrushchev didn't mention it today - the best-known $\mathbf{x}$ son of Soviet Georgia was Joseph Stalin.

The first mystery about England's great train robbery - is the loot. Yesterday we heard that one million pounds sterling - ra were scooped up by the robbers. Tonight more than $10,000,000$. the belief is that it may be - almost four million. No one is quite sure yet - because the mail si sacks were full of over-age greenbacks. They were bound for the incinerator - but the gang got there first. Hijacking the mail car, making off with the mail sacks - in one of the smoothest operations in the history of crime.

An inside job? Looks like it. Will the bandits be caught? They may already be on the continent. One report states that a plane was seen taking off - near the site of the hap hold-up. Using an abandoned airstrip - of World War Two vintage. A relic of the RAF - and the battle of Britain. They seem to have modernized the art of robbing trains - those bandits of Leighton Buzzard, England.

A dispatch from New Maiden, England - makes me wonder if the age of romance is really over.

Practically everything - has been mechanized. And now Lorraine Pad of New MaIden is mechanizing - her love life.

Lorraine, announcing that she'll marry

Reggie Parsons - if a mechanical brain approves.

She's going to feed a mass of data into the computer at a New Maiden Atomic Laboratory. And then say "yes" or "no" depending on the verdict of the machine.

A blushing damsel used to tell her swain -
"you'll have to ask Papa". What Lorraine is telling

Reggie - over in New Maiden, England, now Dick - she says - "you'll have to ask my friend - who is the mechanical brain".

JUDGE

In Aix-en-Provence, France -the gendarmes
picked up Gaston Privat last week. Gascon, accused of being - the local cat burglar. The second-story man who looted apartments from one end of the city to the other. His own apartment, full of other people's belongings - silverware, watches, rings, cuff -links, jewelry, and so on. They caught aston red-handed, and today the judge sent him up - for three years.
What's the story? Why - Gaston was a Judge
himself - until last week, until the trail from his last job - led to his apartment. Gaston, banging the gravel by day. Picking locks - by night. Sentencing robbers when he was n't robbing his fellow citizens in Southern France, near the Mediterranean.

