

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The latest in the European crisis, (the Sudeten Germans have decided to turn down the compromise proposal the government of Prague has offered them. The Czech offer is -- a cantonal plan, something along the lines of the Swiss cantons. Each minority in the country to have large right of local rule such as the Swiss enjoy)- Prague, however, to keep control of the border defense and police. This is what the Sudeten Germans have turned down -- so says today's latest report from Prague.

The Sudeten Germans in rejecting this Swiss idea are mentioning Ireland, they demand local rule of the same sort that Ireland has, which is virtual independence within the British Empire.

(At last reports, Lord Runicman, the British mediator, was trying to get Conrad Henlein, the Sudeten Hitler, to take back the turn-down and negotiate on the Swiss basis.) Latest from London - British Government believes the Sudeten decision had Hitler's okay and Hitler intends to force the issue at once. One report today is that Fascist Italy has openly refused to support Nazi Germany in an attack on Czechoslovakia.

They say Mussolini has informed Henlein, the Czechoslovak Hitler, that he had better go slow and not count on Italy plunging into a world war because of the Sudeten question.

(All accounts ~~right~~ represent England and France as in unison, mutually determined to stop a Hitler march into Bohemia.)

The British and French cabinets met today simultaneously in London and Paris, and both announced support of the policies of their respective foreign ministers. (One angle of this is a reflection that if in NineteenFourteen London had informed Berlin that Great Britain would support France against Germany, the Kaiser would never have attacked. So today ~~Prime Minister~~ Chamberlain ^{Prime Minister} ~~also made~~ ^{wants to make} it clear to Hitler that in a war between Germany and France, England will not stay out. That decisive word might cool off the belligerence of the Nazis. At the same time, Britain doesn't want to do anything hasty or pugnacious that might inflame the temper of Berlin and make Hitler take an angry plunge. At least - such is the analysis given us by Webb Miller, Foreign Editor of United Press.)

Tonight the situation in Europe is still ugly, but less threatening than it appeared to be yesterday.

Pres. R.T.
Sec. Hull conferred & are worried

CHINA

Reports up to now don't indicate whether the Japanese
had any success in their attempt to ^{bomb and kill} ~~get~~ Generalissimo Chiang

Kai-shek. There have been a series of air raids, banging away at
headquarters of Chinese commanders, places where Chiang Kai-shek

might be. ^{the} ~~but~~ ^{But} it isn't known whether any of the scores of ^{bombs}
^{the Japanese} ~~bombs~~ ^{hit anywhere} dropped near him.

HAITI

American army experts to give guidance in the training of the army of Haiti - that's the word tonight. The United States is sending a military mission to the black West Indian republic. Its chief - Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Heidner, who has been attached to the staff of Military Intelligence.

Several weeks ago, President Stenio Vincent of Haiti asked Washington to send some military experts, and the War Department has quickly complied. ~~The military planning~~ ^{The training} mission will serve under the direction of the Haitian President and will be paid by the Haitian government - no expense to the United States.

UN-AMERICAN

(There have been blasts from time to time against Harry Bridges, the C.I.O. labor leader of the Pacific Coast, and the biggest blast resounds today. It was fired by Representative Dies of the House Committee investigating un-American activities. Chairman Dies makes an outright demand of Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, ^a ~~the~~ demand that Harry Bridges be deported immediately. He's an Australian, and ~~he's~~ accused of being a Red.)

49
The Chairman cites evidence from the files of Miss Perkins's own Department of Labor, testimony that once, when the United States fleet was in San Francisco harbor, Bridges said: "We'll see a day when we can sink those things, because they are the enemy of the workers." Also - that Bridges was seen to pay dues of membership in the Communist Party. ~~Therefore, the Chairman of the investigation of un-Americanism wants the Department of Labor to deport the Pacific Coast chief of the C.I.O.~~

The latest is that Secretary of Labor Perkins has received the deportation demand and is taking it - under advisement.

The belief in Washington is that she won't do anything about it ^{right} ~~away~~ ^{away} — especially as litigation is going on right now to decide whether or not being a Communist is sufficient reason for being tossed out of the country.

PRISON

The Governor of Pennsylvania today took action in the case of the four horror deaths in ^{the} Philadelphia County prison. He ordered the state police to make an immediate investigation of every penal institution in Pennsylvania - five hundred jails, prison farms and other places of retention. Moreover, this investigation is to be a regular thing - the state police to make a weekly inspection of the penal institutions. The Governor says this is ^{all} ~~being~~ without precedent, but the frightful case of the horror-deaths call^s for it.

PUNCHING BAG

20
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In Boston a sixty-five year old woman was taken to court today, charged with slamming the dickens out of a punching bag! ~~for~~ Hours on end, all day long. She's not only sixty-five, but she also has rheumatism. Yet the neighbors complained they were disturbed all day and on into the night with the incessant pounding and whanging by the punching bag. The name of the rheumatic ~~the~~ ^{bag- old} punching lady is - Sullivan.

In court today Mrs. Sullivan testified yes - she did punch the bag, but only a few minutes every day. ~~She did the~~

~~Exercise to relieve the rheumatics in her arm.~~ ^{— or was she training to greet Mr. Sullivan?} However, the

testimony developed that Mrs. Sullivan's son Thomas is - an

amateur boxer. ~~That probably accounted for the punching of the~~

~~bag.~~

Today a sit-down strike was won at Hollywood. Did it have anything to do with the movies? Yes, but in a way all its own.

Mrs. W. M. Smith of Memphis, Tennessee, went to a talent school in Hollywood, and she understood that she was to get a movie contract

when she finished the talent curriculum, She got the curriculum

but not the contract. So she went to the college of screen acting

and demanded her tuition money back, a hundred and fifty dollars.

She didn' get it, and last Saturday she started a sit-down strike

in the office of the school. And there she sat day and night.

Meanwhile, the professors of the movie university had been indicted

for notbeing precisely within the law.

Today the officials of the talent academy gave Memphis

graduate Mrs. Smith her hundred and fifty dollars back. So she

won the sit-down strike. And all she wants now is that motion

picture contract, to star with Clark Gable.

MISSING

Every now and then somebody flashes me a story from somewhere. And today in came a two hundred word telegram signed - Finnegan. Dick Finnegan, publisher of the CHICAGO DAILY ^{Times} ~~NEWS~~ - he was my ~~first~~ boss in the newspaper game, gave me a job as a cub reporter in Chicago years ago. I know him as a first class newspaper man of the old tradion. So there was the story telegraphed in the Grade A reportorial style. I can't do any better than just read the wire, which goes like this:

Just a month ago, Mrs. Clara Wetherell, a well known seventy-three year old club woman of Chicago, endeared herself further to her friends by calling them in one by one, and giving them each a book, or bundle, or clothes, or some useful article. "I am cleaning out my things," the kindly little old lady said with a smile. "I have no place for this. You take it. Use it if you can, or give it to someone who can."

It never occurred to anyone that she was fulfilling a

preconceived plan of giving away all her worldly goods and then disappearing. ~~But~~ Disappear she did, and the mystery deepened when it was learned that Mrs. Wetherell had withdrawn all her money from the bank and was sending it to friends in amounts of five dollars, fifty and even a hundred dollars.

The letters were postmarked "New York" and in one of these she wrote: "I have been thinking this out for some time, and have decided to go away and never come back. So I have come to New York. I've given away all my money, and so I will have to carry out my plans now."

53
What plans? That's the question which stands moody and perplexing in the story, ~~of that telegram~~ What plans could be in the mind of an old lady of seventy-three, who has given away all her possessions and lost herself in New York? Dick Finnegan's wire ends in this reportorial way: "Where is Clara Wetherell? She has vanished - that little old lady swallowed up by a big city, lost in the metropolitan labyrinth, as impenetrable as a jungle."

FIRE

They had a hot time at Odessa, Texas, today. A brilliant occasion - hot and brilliant with flames of a great oil refinery. A whole four hundred thousand dollar establishment blew up and burned with skyward spurts of flame and smoke. ~~The aircraft~~

~~is that~~ ^{there were} of thirty workers in the place, ~~only three were injured~~ -

~~three~~ ^{three} fatalities. ~~And~~ a ten-ton tank was blown a mile and a half by the blast.

~~Now Here's something that might sound like news - no new speed record was established on the Bonneville Salt Flats at Utah today. Last week Captain Eyston of England broke the record, but it wasn't official because the timing device failed. Then on Saturday he broke the record all over again, and that time it was official - at over three hundred and forty-five miles an hour.~~

Capt.
Today, [^]Eyston's fellow countryman, British John Cobb, took out his ~~own~~ ponderous racer, and had a whirl of speed. He blazed over the set mile, ^{at Bonneville, Utah,} and then made the return run - both ways in accordance with the rules. He made the first one at three hundred miles an hour. Fast enough on anybody's highway, but not so fast on ^{the Bonneville} ~~the bottom of the~~ salt flats. He'd have to make the return mile at four hundred ~~miles~~ an hour to score an average better than Eyston's average of three hundred and forty-five. ~~miles an hour.~~

54
And
~~was~~ [^] he didn't do it; he came back at three hundred and twenty-five. So the salt flat speed news is - no record broken. However, the conditions weren't perfect for the ultimate swiftness on wheels. So Cobb says he isn't discouraged, is just waiting for things to be right, and then he'll have a real try at the record.

MOUNTAIN

A great mountain climbing feat is reported today, the scaling of a peak eleven thousand, four hundred and eighty feet high. Not ~~so~~ tall ^{at all} as mountains go. ~~But~~, it's in Greenland, the second highest mountain of that vast and frozen land of the north.

Most of Greenland is an immense glacier, so you can fancy what an eleven thousand foot mountain ^{there} means in terms of ice and snow.

The scaling of Mt. Forel, as reported today, ranks as a major exploit, ~~an exploit that~~ ^{and} goes to the credit of Switzerland.

It was accomplished by seven members of the Alpine Club of Zurich - Alpine climbers conquering the second highest peak of ^{the} Greenland ^{ice} cap.

25

ICE BOX

A week or so ago I heard about a novelty stunt that was being planned. But now it seems to have been anticipated - ~~unless~~ ^{unless} ~~in case~~ [^] this is really the same gag. James Moran of Washington is a salesman of ice boxes. Charlie Pastolik is an Eskimo who lives in an igloo ~~near~~ ^{at} ~~near~~ [^] St. Michael's ~~Island~~ in the far North. In Alaska, James Moran met Charlie Pastolik, and - you guessed it. The ice box salesman sold an ice box to the Eskimo. He was paid, not with money, but with fox furs and walrus ivory. Charlie says he'll use the ice box to keep reindeer meat, whale blubber and seal oil. ^{But} He ~~won't~~ ^{won't} have to put any ice in it, he'll just leave it ^{an Arctic} outside in [^] snowdrift.

EYES

156
In the news now and then come medical stories of strange maladies - terrifying misfortunes of illness. These certainly are not chatty subjects for a news talk on the air. But this evening we have one that's a clinical climax. From Pasadena, California, comes word of a man whose eyes are turning to stone. It seems like an extravagant metaphor in poetry - eyes turning to stone.

The man's name is not given. He is called merely - "Mr. X". Because he doesn't want to become a medical freak, a scientific curiosity. His malady is a rare one, but in other forms it's not unknown - the illness in which the stoney substance, calcium, that makes the bones, is deposited in the softer parts of the body, ~~turning them~~ turning them into stone. But this is the first case on medical record in which the calcium of the bones is deposited in the eyes. The most learned specialists are studying the case, seeking a cure for the man whose eyes are turning to stone.

DOG

We all know that the famous Dionnes are quintuplets,
only five, a merely quintet born at one time. That's nothing
beside today's story from Philadelphia ^{that tells of births - simultaneous} - fifteen [^] Who's the
mother? ~~yes~~ [^] and who's the father? The story goes this way:-

Charles W. Berg, of Oaklane, Pennsylvania - no, he's not the
father. It's like this - he was away from home for several days
and when he returned, he found the fifteen. Was he in the
dog-house ^{se}? No, they were. If quintuplets ^{are} ~~is~~ five, and sextuplets

⁵⁷
~~is~~ six - how would you say fifteen? Maybe we might find that out
in dog-Latin from Charlie Berg's Chesapeake Bay retriever
named Zelda of Lake Coma. She's the mother, and the heroine of
this multiple news in ~~in~~ the dog world. So far as the experts
are able to figure out, a litter of fifteen Chesapeake Bay
retriever pups, is the world's record, as remarkable to the
canine race as the Dionne quintuplets are to the human race.

~~Oh yes, by the way~~ ^{But} who's the father? His name was
— just a wandering sailor —
Fo'castle Sam, [^] and he seems to be continuing the great traditions
of the sea.

PANDORA

When a great event occurs, it's fascinating to know how it occurred. But I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you folks on that point - in telling the story of Pandora, the pangolin.

58
The world of zoology was pepped up today by the news that a pangolin has been delivered to ~~Washington~~ the Washington Zoo, the first critter of that sort ever brought alive to the western hemisphere. The pangolin is ~~a rare and fantastic member of the animal kingdom, a native of the Malay jungles. It's something~~ like an overgrown lizard, slithery and scaley, and sometimes grows to be nearly four feet long. *77* The miracle of bringing a live pangolin to the United States was achieved by a sailor named Frazeur. How ~~does~~ ^{did} he do it? He doesn't know. He relates that his ship was in port out in Malaya, he had shore leave, and went on a tour sampling Malay ^{Jungle} beverages. These are the most potent kind of fire water, and the sailor doesn't know what happened until he woke up in his bunk aboard ship - with a splitting headache and a baby pangolin fourteen inches long at his side. He thought at first he might be the mother of the critter -
58 1/2
anyway, he decided to keep it. So now he has brought it back

and presented it to the Washington Zoo.

There the zoologists are enthused, and they're exerting their scientific brains to bring Pandora, the Pangolin, up in the right way. It's largely a question of diet. What to feed the pangolin. In this the professors have accomplished quite a prodigy of science. They devised a dish ~~the~~ Pandora eats with hearty appetite. What is the dish? I realize ~~fully well that~~ this broadcast happens around dinner time, when one should be careful of what one says for fear of spoiling people's appetites. But science is science, and you've simply got to be scientific. So here's what they're giving Pandora, the pangolin, to eat - ~~a mess of~~ soft boiled eggs and worms. Wait a minute, I think I've spoiled my own appetite! Anyhow

59
59/14 I'm off to dinner - and e-l-u-t-m.