

L.T. - SUNOCO. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1940.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

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Our peace emissary returned home today. Sumner Welles landed in New York, hurried to Washington, reported to the State Department, and then went to the White House - in the fastest possible time. There, he had a long conference with President Roosevelt, and told him what he had learned on that famous peace mission to Europe.

What did Sumner Welles say to the President? That certainly is the most futile question in the world to ask. The White House announcement is that the most absolute and complete secrecy will be maintained. The silence goes so far as to include this hush-hush detail! - White House Secretary Steve Early announced that neither the President nor Sumner Welles will talk about the peace mission even to their most intimate friends. While in confidential chat with pals and cronies - mum will be the word.

one European press interview. That time the Under-Secretary said:-
"I refer you to my original instructions. I am to report to the
President and the President alone on conditions in Europe."

In Berlin, however, he did make a statement about those conditions
in war-torn Europe - the most explicit statement he made on the
whole trip. "Lord," he exclaimed, "it's cold!"

~~HOWEVER, UNLIKE THE PRESS CORRESPONDENT~~

From that we may venture one guess about what Sumner
Welles told President Roosevelt today. If they got around to it,
he no doubt shivered a bit in recollection and told about the icy
temperatures and chilly breezes. Leading to the revelation -
that Europe had some of the coldest weather in many years, just
as the European weather reports told us for weeks.

WAR COUNCIL

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The Supreme War Council of the Allies met today in London, with Prime Minister Chamberlain and Premier Reynaud leading the proceedings. In this conference Great Britain and France affirmed their decision to stand together, ~~in the present war, neither one nor the other to make peace or an armistice, separately, or to negotiate separately.~~ The official statement issued by the War Council puts it in these words:- "They will neither negotiate nor conclude an armistice or treaty of peace except by mutual agreement. They undertake," the statement goes on, "not to discuss peace terms before reaching complete agreement on conditions." The declaration adds that Britain and France will pursue a policy of united action even after the war is over - in the reconstruction of Europe.

That's the official part of it. Unofficially, ~~it is said that the Supreme Council also discussed the questions of Soviet Russia and Fascist Italy. They talked over the Franco British attitude toward the Soviets what to do about Stalin's partnership with Hitler. In the case of Italy,~~ French Premier Reynaud is said to have advocated measures to draw Mussolini

toward the Allies, and there's talk of France offering concessions to ^{the} demands that Fascist Rome has long been making.

With all this, comes word that London is calling home British representatives ~~assigned~~ to the Balkans. Emissaries assigned to the various Balkan capitals are to gather in London for a conference - this to help in formulating British-Balkan plans. The conference of diplomatic ^S~~representatives~~ is scheduled to be staged early in April, and is taken as a sign that the Allies expect important developments in the Balkan area.

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U-BOAT

The Norwegian internment of a German U-boat brings an odd story. The submarine ran aground in Norwegian territorial waters, got stuck. It was a violation of neutrality for the craft to be there at all. ^PThe first Norwegian to spot the U-boat was a xxxxxxxx fisherman. The U-boat crew were trying to get their craft afloat, and they asked the fisherman for a rope they needed for the job. They offered him a price for the rope. The fisherman tells it this way:- "They offered me a sausage of their famous German brand, a sausage that was more than half a yard long." Half a yard of first class German sausage was more than a Norwegian fisherman could refuse. But that Viking still retained his Norse patriotism. "I accepted the sausage," said he, "but pretended that I didn't know what they wanted me to do. I thought it was my duty," he added, "to go to the nearest telephone and advise the Norwegian authorities." So that Viking fisherman succeeded in enjoying both the half a yard of sausage and his patriotic duty.

Berlin is demanding that the Norwegians release the U-boat. They claim the stress of weather drove the craft into territorial waters and on to the sandbank. So therefore it wasn't

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violating international law. Norway contends, however, that there was no stress of weather, just violation of neutral waters - and that the U-boat went aground because of faulty navigation.

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The British are denying that the Norwegian freighter, the COMETA, was sunk at Kirkwall. That's the famous and closely guarded harbor to which neutral ships are taken for contraband inspection. So it was decidedly sensational when the report came that a U-boat had got into Kirkwall, had sneaked ~~intext~~ in thru the defenses and torpedoed the Norwegian ship. London responds by saying that the COMETA was torpedoed - hundreds of miles from Kirkwall.

COMMUNISTS

A federal court in New York passed sentence today on Nicholas Dosenberg who for eleven years was a Communist secret agent -- doing big time in melodramatic spy work for the Red Army. He was prosecuted on charges of passport fraud. He gave evidence against Earl Browder at the trial in which that number one Communist was convicted on a passport charge -- <sup>Browder</sup> and got four years. It was to be expected that in return for helping the government, Dosenberg might be entitled to some leniency. Federal Attorney Cahill admitted this, but asked for a sentence of two and a half years. The judge, however, made it a ~~xxxx~~ lot lighter than that -- and gave the former ~~xxxx~~ Red Army secret agent a year and a day. This followed some decidedly interesting court proceedings.

Federal Attorney Cahill told the court that Dosenberg <sup>had been so</sup> successful <sup>as</sup> a Red International spy that at one time he was Chief of Red Army Espionage in Rumania. He operated <sup>under the guise of a</sup> ~~a number of guides for~~ motion picture men and set up a fake American Rumanian film company. He was so clever with his talk of big motion picture enterprise that <sup>even</sup> he won the confidence of King Carol. He became such a pal of the monarch, that he was able to borrow Carol's personal royal airplane.



This he used from time to time in making espionage flights <sup>for the Soviets.</sup> As a pretended movie magnate he got so far as to make pictures of Madam Lepuscu -- heroine of royal romance in Rumania.

In court today this sensational Red spy who is now fifty-eight years old made a statement to the court -- a plea. He repudiated his former devotion to the Soviets and to communism. "I've come to the profound realization, through my suffering," said he, "that the ideals of the United States are beyond compare." And he added, "My deepest desire now is to take my place in American society." The attorney described his plight in these words: "Having devoted his life to a cause, he is now in the terrible position of having seen that cause go sour."

After all this the judge passed the sentence of a year and a day in prison -- unexpectedly light. Shortly afterward an investigator for the Dies Committee arrived at the court and presented a subpoena -- demanding that Dosenberg be taken to Washington to testify. The Federal Attorney replied, the Dies Committee would have to work through the Department of Justice to get the witness.

Meanwhile, in Washington -- the Dies Committee was having a

loud and noisy time with ~~the~~ big shot communist -- the Secretary of the Reds of Western Pennsylvania. He refused to answer questions. The committee wanted to know about a list of members of the Communist party. The witness shouted that he would not answer. "You are trying to build up a black list against us", he howled. He would not tell the name of the Communist party official who keeps a record of the payment of dues. One question after another was asked, and he refused to answer. <sup>R</sup> The climax came when he said he couldn't remember his original name. He is now called George Powers, but he was born in Russia and after he came to this country he had his name changed. He said he couldn't recollect what it had been before. Also he had forgotten his parent's name. Communist convictions must be bad for the memory. Thereupon the Dies Committee voted unanimously to bring a citation against him for contempt of court.

This is the second contempt of court charge issued in the present hearing. The first was against the Pittsburgh communist official named Doleson. He was at the hearing today -- the one who refused to tell the committee which communist it was who entered himself on the party lists as -- Franklin D. Roosevelt.

CRIME

The Brooklyn investigation of Murder Incorporated, continues to bring forth new and more fantastic stories of underworld melodrama. Brooklyn District Attorney William O'Dwyer, announced today that the latest evidence reveals a horrendous novelty of crime - murder as an object lesson. ~~¶~~ Months ago, the body of a Brooklyn gangster was found. This racketeer had been stabbed fifty-four times with an ice pick. In one <sup>of his</sup> pockets was a note signed with the name of New York's District Attorney, Tom Dewey. The note read, "Thanks for the information you gave me."

*That of course referred to*  
~~At that time one of the sensations of the day was the case~~

~~of the racketeering gang lord, Buchalter - surnamed Lepke. There was a sensational Dewey hunt for Lepke, and this was accompanied by a series of underworld killings - the wiping out of possible witnesses against Lepke, possible squealers. That provided an obvious explanation of the murder of the Brooklyn gangster, who had in his pocket a note, thanking him for information he had given to Dewey.~~

*But* The police were cagey - they suppressed the note, kept it out of the news. They didn't want it to discourage other members

of the Lepke mob who might be inclined to squeal. They call it "singing", nowadays. In fact, in the Tombs were a couple of Lepke henchmen who might confess, might sing. The police didn't want them frightened, so they kept the Dewey note out of the news.

That was clever, indeed, because the squealer note found in the gangster's pocket soon turned out to be a forgery, a fake. The murdered racketeer, in fact, had not been squealing - hadn't sung a note. He had no connection with the Dewey office at all - he wasn't even considered in the Lepke case.

It was revealed today that the murder was a plant, staged with the intention of impressing the possible songsters in the Tombs - frightening them into silence. <sup>TR</sup> The story now takes this incredible turn. The victim was indeed a squealer - but about things in no wise connected with Lepke. He had given the police information about other gang rackets. This the other gangsters had discovered, and they had hired Murder Incorporated to wipe him out. Lepke heard of this, and asked Murder Incorporated to do him a personal favor - make the killing appear to be a Lepke affair. At his request, they slipped into the victim's pocket the

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forged note purporting to come from Dewey. And they made the crime as brutal as possible, the more to terrify the possible Lepke squealers in the Tombs. That was the reason for the fifty-four stab wounds with an ice pick. *Murder as an object lesson.*

The police crossed the scheme by keeping the note a secret, not giving it to the newspapers for publication. Lepke, in his hideaway, watched the papers, waited vainly to see news about the <sup>Dewey</sup> note. When none appeared, he was enraged. He is reported to have yelled curses against the newspapers. "What's the matter with them!" he shrieked. "Why don't they print the news!" Many a disgruntled person has growled that question - "Why don't the papers print the news?" But surely the Lepke wail was the strangest of all.

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The Number One racketeer had some reason for his bitter complaint - because his two henchmen in the Tombs went ahead and sang their song. And the information they gave led to the conviction of Lepke by both the federal authorities and District Attorney Dewey. He's in prison with enough years to last him more than one lifetime.



This story would certainly seem lurid enough for any one crime case to give us on any one day. But the office of Brooklyn's District Attorney O'Dwyer gives us still another. This one tells us the secret of the scar on the face of Scarface Al. Many stories are told of how the prohibition time king of the Chicago underworld got the livid slash that marks his face so distinctively. Here's what we get today as the authoritative version. <sup>R</sup> Being held for questioning in connection with Murder Incorporated, is - Little Frankie Galluccio. He is the gangster who used a knife on the visage of Capone. The story goes this way:

Back in the early 'Twenties, before his day of Chicago glory, Capone was a minor hoodlum in Brooklyn - what they call a punk. One night he made a sluring remark about the sister of Little Frankie. This came to the ears of Little Frankie, and his family feelings were outraged. The underworld is like that. A gangster may commit the most villainous and degraded crimes, but he's touchy about the reputation of his sister. Little Frankie took prompt reprisal. He inflicted the famous slash,

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later to be known all over the world - which turned Capone into Scarface Al.

What did the scarfaced one do about it? Did he take a dire revenge? Not at all. Capone was inspired with a high regard for Little Frankie, because of the way Little Frankie had defended his sister. I suppose every time Capone looked in a mirror, his regard for Little Frankie grew higher. Soon afterward

*Scarface*

Al went to Chicago and swiftly rose to power there. In his new grandeur he demonstrated his high regard by bringing Little Frankie to Chicago to become his own bodyguard.

The Brooklyn crime investigation brought a hint today of large political ramifications, ~~there's~~ word that a prominent politician was connected with the doings of Murder Incorporated!

~~And now Hugh what  
revelations from you.~~

DYNAMITE

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During the past two weeks, at St. Paul, Minnesota, half a dozen boys have been playing with sticks, having battle<sup>S</sup> with those sticks - you know the kind of sword fights that boys like. Hitting at each other with sticks, clashing the sticks together, slam, bang! Today, somebody happened to notice - they were sticks of dynamite. For two weeks those boys in St. Paul had been playing with ~~certain~~<sup>sudden</sup> annihilation.

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The police investigated and discovered that one fourteen year old lad swiped the dynamite, thirteen sticks of it, from a city warehouse. That quantity of explosive, <sup>1</sup> enough to blow up the whole neighborhood, <sup>1</sup> they concealed in a playhouse in the back yard at one of the boys' homes. And did they have fun, banging away at each other, playing battle. It was a scream to crack a guy over the head with one of those sticks.

The boys had a dog as their constant playmate, and Fido proceeded to chew one of the sticks. He tore it to pieces with his teeth. The pooch got sick, and the lads wondered why.

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The experts on explosives say that the one saving grace was the weather. It has been mighty cold at St. Paul, and

the dynamite was chilled like ice. That's why it didn't blow the boys to smithereens - also the dog, when he ripped the high explosive to bits with his teeth.

And now Hugh, a few explosive remarks from you.

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