GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Passion and desperation rang through a courtroom in Moscow today. Stark melodrama right from the beginning of that trial of the twenty-one former Bolshevik leaders. Tragic irony was present in the mere personalities of those prisoners who are believed to be doomed. There among the accused was HenryYagoda. As head of the Ogpu, the Russian Secret police, in his time he sent thousands to premature graves. He was an actor in many a drama similar to this one. Then the victims were associates of his own, -- friends, comrades, whom he prosecuted. Today, there he was, a victim this former Commissar of the dread Ogpu.

Actually, every man of those twenty-one, has in the years past, clamored for the condemnation and execution of others.

It now turns out, at least the prosecution so charges, that those others were associates and fellow conspirators of the men on trial today.

There was an unexpected bit of theatre early in the proceedings. (As the names of the prisoners were called, they rose

in their seats and answered one word, "Guilty." In the middle of the list there was a sudden interruption. A gray, stooping, respectable man in his late fifties, refused to play up to his part. In a low, trembling voice he said: "No, I am not guilty. My confession was false. I confessed because I thought it was hopeless to do otherwise. But I'm not guilty." That man was Nicholas Krestinsky, for nine years be belon of the key jobs under the Soviet. For nine years he held the title of Envoy Extraordinary and Ambassador Plenipotentiary from the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to Berlin / Krestinsky is the only man of twenty the twenty-one who denied he was a conspirator, a spy, a traitor, a murderer and - worst of all - a Trotskyist. As he made that denial, the cat-like prosecutor turned to two of the other defendants and said: "Isn't he a Trotskyist?" And those two fellow prisoners chorused: "Yes, he is." Things became a bit awkward later for former Ambassador Krestinsky. The prosecutor produced a letter which seemed to contradict Krestinsky's claim that he had ceased being a Trotskyist in Nineteen Twenty-Seven. Then said Krestinsky: "How about that other letter you must have seized when



my apartment was raided?" To which the prosecutor retorted sharply: "Never mind the other letter."

Several of the prisoners, including Krestinsky, are his personal friends. They've direct at the American Embassy in Moseow, they've entertained the American Ambassador and his wife.

All of this must have been a somewhat shocking

Still another of the prisoners, Christian Rakovsky, was a fellow diplomat. In fact, he was considered one of the top-notch Ambassadors of the Soviet.

Then there is Dr. Levin, the famous Russian physician,

superintendent of the Kremlin Hospital. He's accused of having murdered the writer, Maxim Gorky, at the instigation of Trotsky.

He has confessed it, told in detail how he did it. It seems than an Edgar allan For nightmare. Incredible therefore, Trotsky, according to the confession of still another prisoner, wanted Gorky killed because he was too close and loyal a friend of Stalin. Dr. Levin on one occasion was called in too treat Ambassador Davies.

To us a weird, unfathomable business. Is all this to our western central figure, exercises it as "grandiose nonsense, the delirium of a lunatic armed with enormous power." Such are the words of spoken

Leon Trotsky from his exile in Mexico.

As Trotsky was saying this, the man mi he and Lenin overthrew, was arriving in New York harbor. Alexander Kerensky, for a brief period Premier of Republican Russia. 2 here for a lecture tour. Naturally was asked his opinion. about what's going on in the country of his birth. The once Menchevik leader, secured his monocle in his eye, and replied: "Stalin has been executing from twenty to twenty-five men a day. There are five million in the concentration camps all the time. These purges they will continue. But," he added, "the end of the dictatorship is absolutely near. "Thereat one of the reporters was unkind enough to remind him that he had made the same prophecy when he was here last. That was eleven years ago. And Kerensky snapped: out "I never pretended to be a historical prophet."

that you get under control in one place, only to have it flare up in another. Having squelched the Nazi turbulence in Graz, troops had to be moved north to Linz, not far from Vienna. That's getting pretty close to the German border. The Nazis at Linz are threatening to defy the law on Sunday with illegal mass meetings all over the place. The government has mobilized police reserves throughout the countryside. But all day there have been demonstrations in Linz, acts of terror against the Jews.

Schuschnigg has decided upon a new policy toward the Nazi disorders. Hitherto it has been the custom to arrest the small fry and let the leaders alone, though keeping them under strict watch. In the future, Schuschnigg will hold the leaders responsible for any illegal acts of the rank and file of the Swastika followers. He's about to issue an ultimatum:—Nazi leaders must either stop the turbulence of their followers and publicly repudiate their acts, or else face exile the Germany; or imprisonment.

that John Bull would spend seven and one half billion dollars
on armament. There were to be spread, of course, over five years.
Today, a White Paper issued by the government says the sum country
will be and larger. This xyexxxxiver In the coming year sixteen new warships will be
commissioned, seventeen thousand men will be added to the personnel of the Majestry Navy, millions of dollars spent on air defense.

The keels of nine new men-o-war will be laid down. Two capital

The keels of nine new men-o-war will be laid down. Two capital ships, four large battle cruisers, three smaller cruisers.

are spent, John Bull will have the strongest navy and the largest air force in the world. That's a large order. And then what? No doubt that will mean a change in foreign policy.

a strange sight today, the spectacle of a King making his own bed.

There was a strike of hotel employees in Nice, no work done at any of the six principal hotels. Staying at one of them was His Majesty, King Gustaf of Sweden. The management notified His Majesty of the predicament and assumed that the royal party would leave Nice and return to Stockholm. "Nonsense," replied His Majesty. "I'm having a good time, why should I cut short my vacation?" And he added:

"Here I am and here I stay."

Apparently that melted even the stony hearts of the strikers, for the management was able to negotiate enough service for the royal tennis player so that at least he wouldn't have to press the royal pants or boil the royal eggs for breakfast.

For many years the Comptroller-General of the United States has been a thorn in the side of many statesmen. When the job was created, the law provided that, a comptroller General, once appointed could met either be fired by the President or eased out by Congress. Washington correspondents have told us that on this account the Comptroller-General has been able to do a great deal of sound, good work protecting the public fund and preventing skullduggeries. So doing, he has irritated many of the great and famous. When McCarl held the office, he was constantly anneying eminent personages. He watched every item like a hawk and made many a magnifice pay out of his own pocket for little items that had been supplied out of the public pur

In President Roosevelt's latest plan for reorganizing.,
the government, there will be no Comptroller-General. The post to be abolished. Instead, there will be an Auditor-General.

Senator Schwellenbach of Washington, introduced the bill and said:
"The post of Comptroller-General is useless. It is a delusion and a snare." And he added: "The Comptroller-General doesn't do the Congress any good."

There was poignant significance in three words spoken from a sick bed this morning. The patient had been in a comma for days.

This morning the patient had been in a comma for days.

This morning he opened his eyes, looked around, and said: "Where am I?"

## znyizagokszkojemkkieksudikagokadi

Pershing, Fourth General of the armies of the United States, was least Through the six major campaigns, such a thing had never happened to him. In the Indian Wars, in Cuba, in the Philippines, in Manchuria, in Mexico, and infrance, Black Jack Pershing had always known exactly where he was. It took a great illness to give him that strange experience.

Tucson, Arizona. It means that, in spite of his seventy-seven years, General Pershing is recovering. Later on, as one of his physicians started to leave his bedside, the patient snapped, in the old tones that shouted commands in the field: "You come back here! Or else say you'll be right back!" To which he added in the voice of the erill ground: "And you'd better be."

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"Hm-m-m," said the doctor, "if you can growl like that,

you're getting better." Whereupon he ordered the patient a breakfast of hot cereal and grapefruit.

now, to a college of the a length by booking the booking a weather once or at

today three of Uncle Sam's army pilots started flying over the Sierras, east of Fresno. Long before that, a rescue party of three hundred men on foot started plodding laboriously through the deep snow in the mountains. To make their task worst, a heavy

her, was delayed for a while by true thing A message came over the air that the airship had been found with everybody aboard alive and well. But the was found to be a hoax. What low form of animal life can find pleasure or profit in that kind of joke?

Two of the passengers aboard that missing plane are under-graduates at Leland-Stanford University. They were flying home to Mansfield, Ohio, where their father is seriously illa Nobody has dared to tell the sick man about the plane.

Late tonight a terrifying report was received by the searching party. The last time the T.W.A. liner was sighted was about nine twenty P.M. yesterday evening, Pacific coast time;

That was at Huntington kk Lake. Ten minutes later, people living

searchers had to change their directions Perhaps the clue to tragedy.

It's difficult to imagine what can have happened in Los Angeles. As we have been often heard, it never rains in the city of the angels. So what was it that flooded several highways to the sea, inundated all the lowlands, ruined whole families, filled the streets with a substance that looked, tasted and fell like water? Probably it was that liquid sunshine. Nevertheless, frantic calls for help went to the police, the sheriff's office. Toright and the Red Cross. There's a shortage of boats which were sadly needed to rescue families marooned in their houses. stayed in their homes. Boats were needed to carry them provisions. In the hill districts, streets were blocked by landslides. toppled across the highways, their roots loosened by water. Thousands of acres are flooded, houses crashed, highways impassable. Four people are known to be dead, two women, a little boy, and as baby.2

Just a minute, there's worse to come. A bulletin just rain is still falling in the city of the angels.

They've had ten inches of it in four days, almost half of that today. And the outlook is for more. The city is officially

preparing to face in the fact of a major disaster. The mayor summoned the Emergency Relief Council to coordinate relief activities.

Five thousand people are homeless. The list of deaths has also been too.

Property damage estimated at five million dollars/ Hundreds

at this momentary waiting in terror lest the furious downpour break down

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the flood dams.

The story of the kidnapped boy of New Rochelle, New York, follows a grim pattern. Today it came to light that Murray Levine, the missing boy's father, had received a third ransom note.

The text, printed on a toy typewritter, gave Mr. Levine directions of how the sixty thousand dollars in ransom should be paid.

On the back of that note was a sentence written in pencil.

It read: "Please give these men the money. I have a bad cold."

Signed Peter. The handwriting was identified to be that of twelve year old Peter Levine.

That note was received on Monday. But it was hitherto successfully kept from public knowledge. On Monday there was a telephone call to the house of Dr. Nowak, Rabbi of the synagogue that the Levines attend. A person with a gutteral voice told the Rabbi to look under a tin pan in a vacant lot next to the synagogue. First, the tin pan could not be found. Later, the Rabbi's secretary located the pan and found the note. We don't know whether Mr.Levine followed the instructions in that note. But one thing is definite, the boy has not yet been returned.

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A Pittsburgh gemtleman was in the sneezer last week, accused of theft. He was afraid of what might happen to him when he came to trial. His clothes were shabby and he had no means to put up a good front. So the gentleman who shares his cell said good-naturedly, "Take mine, I've got a fairly good suit."

The gentleman accused of theft looked so nice in court, dolled up in those borrowed clothes, that he was acquitted, set free.

Today he's back in jail again. He forgot to return that borrowed suit, says his cell mate.

Some withering remarks were made today by the eminent Dr. Conant, President of Harvard University. At least one quarter of the students in the medical colleges and perhaps one half. ought to be dropped, he said. They should be replaced by more talented young men and women who can't afford to go to college under the present set-up. Too many under-graduates are recruited from the rich or well-to-do classes. In the lower income bracketts of the country there is an untapped reservoir of promising youngsters who ought to be helped, They could really benefit by a higher education, whereas many of those now in college aren't doing themselves or anybody else any good.

A serious mishap befell an academy for gentlemen near

Montour Falls, New York. All the silverware disappeared. There

wasn't either knife, fork or spoon with which the food could be eaten.

Did the headmaster send for the police? He did not. He had his own ideas about what had happened to his silverware. For he remembered that only a year ago all the chairs in the dining room, almost a hundred of them, mysteriously disappeared. After a few days, those chairs were found, hidden away in a barn. the headmaster didn't call in the police. He know a trick worth two or three of that. He announced that until the silverware showed up again, there would be no food requiring the use of either knife, fork or map spoon. So For breakfast young gentlemen had milk and toast. For lunch, sandwiches and hot chocolate. What they'll have for dinner tonight depends entirely upon the presence or absence of that silverware. The bets are that it will show up. and s-l-u-t-m.

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