

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

*It is so it surely
this is one of the biggest stories
in the history of Washington.*

At Fairfield, Connecticut, today, in a mansion of

flamboyant Spanish architecture, a man of grave and distinguished

bearing,
~~watched~~

watched the police arrive at his front gate. He was

H. Donald Coster, who for years was a business magnate of renown —

President of the eighty-five million dollar firm of Jackson and

Robbins, third largest drug ~~firm~~ ^{company} in the United States. But now

disaster had come, a charge against the drug-company-president and

two of his chief officers in the concern — an eighteen million

dollar shortage. And the revelation ^{had} flashed that the stately

H. Donald Coster was really the swindling ~~of~~ Philip Musica who

made flagrant headlines twenty-five years ago. And the two

Company officers indicted with him, Messrs. Dietrich and Vernard,

were also named Musica — brothers of the President. All three

masqueraded under the new identities — and were now smashed in

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the eighteen million dollar McKesson & Robbins shortage. So ^{there} ~~that~~ ^{were} the police, ~~were~~ coming to arrest F. Donald Coster. ^{At} a window on the second floor of the ^{opulent} Spanish mansion, he watched them arrive.

The police got out of their cars and stalked across the spacious grounds to the house. As they did so, a man ducked out of the front door, a lawyer in attendance. And he signalled to them ~~ixx~~ with his forefinger pointed to his head, the hand imitating a ^{being fired.} pistol. "He shot himself!" was the shout.

And so he had. The arriving police found that ^{the} old-time swindler, Philip Musica, alias F. Donald Coster, President of McKesson & Robbins, had ~~stank~~ stepped to the bathroom and shot himself through the head. He died almost instantly.

Such was today's tragic climax of a story so amazing, so fantastic - that neither the records of historic fact nor the imaginings of melodramatic fiction, provide any parallel. There's no describing it save by simply relating the bald facts that the police disclosed today. ^{TP Just listen to the} ~~Relate those~~ facts and ~~say~~ - show me

another story like it!

Some sixty years ago, an Italian barber from Naples came to this country with his family - poor immigrants. ^{Soon the} ~~the~~ ~~barber made a small step of progress by setting~~ ^{barber set} himself up as a small ~~export~~ importer of cheese - the parmesian for spaghetti, the gorgonzola for after dinner. He had a large family, which included four boys, the eldest a bright young chap, smart as a whip - Philip. This lad took a hand in his father's cheese-importing business and promptly displayed those talents which were to distinguish him for the rest of his life - talent for finance, devious and dubious finance. He quickly built the parmesian and gorgonzola profits to ample volume - by rigging up a cheese smuggling game, which included bribery of minor customs officials. But in time the cheese smuggling was detected, and there were prosecutions. Various members of the ~~the~~ Musica family were involved, but Philip took all the blame on himself. He took the rap. - ~~That~~ that was his way. He always took the rap for his family. He was sentenced to prison, and served six months.

A few years later, a big financial scandal broke in

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New York, called "the human hair ^{swindle} ~~scandal~~" Banks were defrauded for a total of a million dollars, and lo and behold!, the chief of the human hair corporation was - Philip Musica. He ^{had} built up an ingenious fraud out of a scheme of buying and selling human hair to be used for wigs and headdress. Once more others in the Musica family were involved, and once more Philip took the rap. He was in the Tombs for a long time, while the sensational case pended. Then he was released. The explanation is that he was so helpful to the District Attorney's office in unraveling the crooked complications of the human hair company that he was granted ~~him~~ leniency.

Thereafter Philip Musica figured in one of New York's sensational murder trials - ^{-- the Barnett Boff} ~~the Bath~~ murder mystery, connected with the chicken racket. He was indicted for devious practices designed to tamper with ~~the~~ witnesses. He got out of that, and some time later ~~also~~ had a brief career in Washington as a government investigator. ^{TP So} ~~He~~ ends the public career of Philip Musica, until today. He drops out of sight; and so ^{do} ~~and~~ the others of his family. The name of Musica vanishes from the news -

though
~~is~~ really transformed into other names.

Philip and his brothers took on new identities, new careers, new selves. Revelations today show that they went so far as to have false birth certificates filed - for two of them at least. It was as recently as three years ago that a midwife filed birth certificates for two persons named F. Donald Coster and George Dietrich. (The choice of one name here is curious.

At the time of the cheese smuggling, Philip Musica declared that he had been led into swindling by a Corsican named Costa. And here ~~we~~ we find him assuming the closely similar name of Coster.

And there's another curiosity of names. One Musica who is not connected with the false birth certificates, took the name of Vernard, and he's one of the indicted officials of the drug firm. Now, the midwife who filed the certificates is named Virnard - closely similar. Just what this peculiar curiosity of names can mean, nobody seems to know.

Philip Musica, *in his day of grandeur as* ~~as F. Donald Coster,~~ created ~~an entirely~~

~~new history and personality for himself~~ ~~and~~ ~~he was not likely~~

F. Donald Coster, ~~to make mention.~~ *→* In his day of grandeur, he wrote a life history

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of himself for "Who's Who." He described himself as a Doctor of Philosophy - with a degree from the historic University of Heidelberg. [^] Also - a Doctor of Medicine. (And he gave the date of his birth as Eighteen ~~nineteen~~ ^{eighty} - four - cut ~~fifteen~~ ^{five} years off his age.

Well, if you create a new identity for yourself, you might as well create a bit of youth.

F. Donald Coster flashed forth into the realm of business, with all the genius that had formerly distinguished Philip Musica. He found ^{ed} an up and coming company, (and here once again you find an oddity of names. He named his firm the Girard Company, and of the fictitious parents he assigned himself in his imaginary history, he gave his supposed mother's maidenname as - Girard. Decidedly, there was a name ^{neu} ~~grosis~~ somewhere.) The Girard Company was a drug firm, aptly enough, for the time was the era of prohibition. The authorities say that the Girard Company had large dealings in prohibition alcohol. Anyway, the firm prospered well enough for F. Donald Coster to buy ^(thereupon) his way for a million dollars, into the old and highly reputed drug firm of McKesson & Robbins. He became the President, expanded the business,

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out

and built the corporation into an eighty-five million dollar affair.

He always had the family instinct, and brought two brothers into the organization -- under the false identities of George Dietrich and George Vernard; made one brother Assistant Treasurer and the other an important agent. A fourth brother figures in a minor capacity. Brothers pretending to the world they were no relations.

The method of fraud harks back to the early days when F. Donald Coster was Philip Musica, on the McKesson & Robbins books huge supplies of drugs were listed as assets, drugs described as being kept in Canadian warehouses. Investigation reveals that these warehouses were fictitious, don't exist. They represent mythical assets to the tune of eighteen million. In Philip Musica's human hair fraud of twenty-five years ago, the catch was stores of human hair bought up and kept in Naples and Paris. Banks advanced a million dollars on these assets, and they turned out to be fictitious. The supplies of human hair deposited in Naples and Paris didn't exist.

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Now comes the crucial question - what happened to the eighteen million dollars? ^T~~is~~ that there's no answer. F. Donald Coster lived in multimillionaire style, with a splendid mansion, ^{and} a fabulous yacht. ~~and all that~~ But you can't spend eighteen million on mere extravagant living. There's an immediate suspicion - Stock Exchange losses, business gambles, and that sort of thing. The authorities have just begun to go through the tangled maze of the McKesson & Robbins books, trying to unravel the financial secret. ^R They say that in addition to his former Girard drug company trade in prohibition alcohol, the President of McKesson & Robbins more recently did a large business in the smuggling of war munitions. There's a report that he was a backer of an armament ship called the CANTABRICO, which made headlines in the early days of the Spanish Civil War - getting away with war supplies for the Left Wingers. ^R And there are further charges that ~~the~~ he engineered a scheme of wholesale adulteration of drugs. Washington reports that the McKesson & Robbins firm was today ordered to answer accusations of distributing adulterated drugs. ^R Mention is made of Connecticut politicians and possibly a former

Congressman. These are the latest details, which may carry on to more sensation.

But today, the case was closed so far as it concerned Philip Musica, alias F. Donald Coster, President of McKesson &

Robbins, the wizard of finance. Case closed for him. Thus

perhaps still taking the blame -- still taking the rap.

UNION

There's a fight on in the textile union, that powerful labor organization which was one of the original unions of the C.I.O. A couple of days ago, the textile president, Frank Gorman announced that the union was out of the C.I.O., and indicated ~~that~~ designs of joining up with the A.F. of L. The textile president's action is meeting with a lot of opposition among the union vice presidents.

Today, the four vice-presidents issued a defiance, which may take the whole affair to the courts. The technical point at issue concerns union funds, an order for the transfer of funds issued by textile President Gorman. The four vice-presidents accuse him of -- treachery, trying to be a dictator.

SPAIN

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There's grim news from Spain. Yesterday we had word that Barcelona's government had smashed ^a secret organization of Franco sympathizers, a huge espionage ring. And today comes the ominous word of - death sentences. (Barcelona announces that two hundred have been doomed to face the firing squad. ^π The total number of arrests now amounts to twelve hundred, and there are many more death sentences to come. More horror in that Spanish Civil War of horror.

The Barcelona report indicates the existence of an organization of Franco sympathizers of almost fantastic proportions, including scores of persons highly placed in Left Wing Spain.) The Director is named as a commandant attached to the Barcelona general staff. The inner circle of leaders includes two lieutenant-colonels in the engineering corps of the Left Wing army. It is said that the espionage ring directed the operations of insurgent bombers, and was planning a revolt in the Barcelona area - this to break out in cooperation with the Franco drive which is soon to be launched.

ALFONSO

This on the heels of Franco's restoration

~~France has restored~~ citizenship rights to former

King Alfonso. The nationalist decree makes no mention of any possibility of restoring the monarchy, but Franco has admitted that such might be possible. He takes the middle of the road on the question, and so does the decree *--- merely* restoring the former King to the rights of a citizen.

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The well known ambitions of Hitler in Russia begin to take form today. It has always been something of a puzzle to guess how Nazi Germany could get hold of the Ukraine, when Germany has no common frontier with the Ukraine, isn't anywhere near it. Yet, Hitler has specifically stated that the destiny of Germany lies in those rich wheat fields of southwest Russia.

Now the Nazi newspapers are beginning to talk up definite ideas. Today, for example, one of them comes out with an elaborate theory predicting the formation of an independent Ukrainian state - to include parts of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania and Soviet Russia. The Nazi newspaper describes the drive for a nationalist Ukraine as the next important development in Europe.

Of course there's an immediate analogy -- Manchukuo, the puppet state created by the Japanese.

White Russian anti-Communist leaders have just held a meeting in the French capital, and they're reported to have discussed the possibility of an autonomous Ukraine, - also a candidate for a proposed Ukrainian throne. The story says the candidate is Grand Duke Vladimir, exiled prince of the imperial House of Romanoff.

The Grand Duke is said to be willing. He is scheduled to leave Paris for Berlin on Sunday, and the rumor is that he wants to get a pledge before he goes -- a pledge that the anti-Communist organizations of White Russian exiles will support him in the Ukrainian scheme. Such are the machinations reported in France.

And France is tied by mutual assistance treaties with Poland, Rumania and the Soviets -- pacts which Premier Daladier says France will honor.

Rumania has already announced that under no circumstances will she give up the Ukrainian part of Besarabia -- the province that Rumania took from Russia at the end of the World War. And today comes sharp word from both Poland and the Soviets. Both Moscow and Warsaw announce that they'll fight if there is any attempt to seize their Ukrainian provinces.

SOUTH AFRICA

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In London these days, the statesmen of Britain are talking with concern about the rise of local nationalism in the British dominions. And the Minister of Colonies, Sir Malcolm McDonald, has openly mentioned the possibility of the dissolution of the British Empire. ^R This gains added point today with a story from South Africa:-

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The Boers of the Transvaal are staging a celebration in honor of the Dutch pioneers of the last century. At the city of Pretoria, English-speaking South Africans and ⁺Dutch Afrikaners are joining in friendly festivity, but the Afrikaners are showing their own particular nationalism in no uncertain way. Yesterday, a British dignitary tried to address them in English, but they wouldn't listen to him. Today, a message from King George was read. It was recited not in English, but in the Afrikanerⁿ Dutch speech of the Boers - and was well received. Then, the assemblage was called upon to sing "God Save The King", but they refused. There was dead silence. A message from Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was read, whereupon the Boers started singing in a resounding

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voice -- intoning the Dutch national anthem, the national hymn
of their one-time Netherlands fatherland. Dutch saying we want
to be Dutch. ----- And SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.