

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The town of Monroe, Michigan was in a state of tension all day, a scene of embattled anxiety. Troops of deputies and police on one hand, on the other-- the cohorts of the Union. Last night we heard of the announcement of Republic Steel that it would open its plant at Monroe today. The Union declared the plant would not be opened. Republic Steel based its stand on an election among the strikers, in which they voted to return to their jobs. The C.I.O. steel union denied the validity of the election and claimed a majority of the workers. The town authorities declared they would preserve order and protect the opening of the plant. So it looked as though a battle might be staged.

Such was the state of affairs today -- and four o'clock was set for the zero hour. The company announced that at that hour it would move non-union workers to the plant and open it.

Whereupon the men of the C.I.O. mustered for battle. In that tense state of affairs one incident of violence flared up. A Negro organizer for the C.I.O. namely Leonidas McDonald was set upon, beaten up and driven out of town. That was the prelude for the zero hour.

Four o'clock today approached at Monroe. The Union pickets took their stand at a strategic point -- a stretch of road leading to the plant, on one side the local River. On the other side -- a swamp. The autos with the company non-union workers would have to pass along that road. Four o'clock this afternoon came! And, so did the autos.

What happened at Monroe? The desperate battle that was feared? The orgy of violence and bloodshed? It was not so bad as all that, although there was a lively skirmish. Three autos tried to get through the picket lines. They were repelled, driven back, couldn't get through the line of fifty C.I.O. pickets. Blows were struck, bricks flew. One auto headlight was smashed. A newspaperman was hit by a flying brickbat. Then the cars turned and went back. The battle of Monroe was over. And now Governor Murphy has ordered state troops to the town.

This afternoon I got a wire in which a group of Monroe workers tell me they've appealed to John Lewis to get them back to their jobs.

At Youngstown, Ohio, the word was:- "gas." This evening the Unions threaten to call a general strike unless police stop tossing tear gas bombs at the strikers. This follows a battle in Youngstown between police and union in which obnoxious vapors spread their acrid fumes -- seventeen injured.

Meanwhile, there's all sorts of gubernatorial activity, two governors calling conferences for peace. Murphy of Michigan and Davey of Ohio. Both states heavily affected by the steel strike. But tonight the possibility of early peace is only the feeblest whisper.

FIGHT

The United States Circuit Court in Philadelphia handed down a decision today on a subject of national importance. No, not the Wagner Labor Act or the government gold policy, the T.V.A. or the wage and hour act. Something really important - the Jim Braddock-Joe Louis fight. Madison Square Garden sued to stop that championship battle in Chicago. The legal grounds for the court action are of nationwide knowledge. Braddock, the champ, signed up with Madison Square Garden to fight Max Schmeling on June Third. But the ^{Jersey} ~~Max~~ City title holder ducked that, took a run-out - preferring to fight Joe Louis. So before the court, the Garden accused Jim of contract-breaking. Its lawyers argued further - that, not being able to stage the Braddock-Schmeling fight, the Garden had been put in bad with the boxing fans. Therefore, the Court was asked to issue an injunction forbidding Braddock to fight anybody - especially Louis.

What did the Court say to that? It agreed with the Garden - that Braddock had broken his contract. So what? The Court decided that under the law it couldn't do anything about it - had no jurisdiction in stopping the Braddock-Louis fight. In other words, guilty - so what?

The Garden takes it on the chin, but also standing up - and says it won't appeal the case. I don't know what Max Schmeling is saying in his guttural German. He left for Germany last week, brooding over the fact that he had knocked the daylights out of Louis, - but Louis gets the championship fight.

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KIDNAPPING

Whenever the word kidnap~~ing~~ occurs, memory flashes back to that most dreadful kidnapping of all - back to that name of aviation renown, Lindbergh. So there's a touch of dark and moody coincidence in today's story of abduction for ransom in Long Island's fashionable north shore colony. What's the description of Mrs. William H. Parsons, Jr., who has been kidnapped? A description is an important thing in these evil cases - that and pictures, photographs. But we hardly need a photograph of Mrs. Parsons, the description is so vivid:- five feet tall, a hundred and thirty pounds, grey eyes, prematurely gray-haired, blue dress, black shoes and stockings. No, that isn't so strikingly graphic. But here's the final and telling touch: ~~of the description: - she looks~~

~~like Mrs. Lindbergh. Mrs. Parsons has a strong resemblance~~

Mrs. Parsons ^{strongly} ~~strangely~~ resembles a well known

personality, a woman whose pictures have been printed far and wide - her face familiar everywhere. That might help in solving the case, ~~or it~~ might provide a clue. Mrs. Parsons looks like Mrs. Lindbergh. She bears a striking resemblance to the wife of the world's most celebrated aviator. Strange, sombre coincidence! Doesn't it

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strike darkly on the imagination? Half a dozen years ago they kidnapped the Lindbergh baby, and now kidnapers have snatched a double of Mrs. Lindbergh.

From beginning to end, the story has a curious touch of the mysterious. The Parsons were society folk, living quietly on the fashionable north shore of Long Island, the gold coast. Both wealthy by inheritance. Their avocation is raising squabs, fancy birds of the pigeon kind. In their household lives a Russian woman and her ten year old son. She is described as an exiled Russian aristocrat, a countess. She is variously referred to as a housekeeper, a companion, and an adopted daughter. One report says the Parsons, being childless, wanted to adopt her son, but the countess insisted that they adopt her also.

Mr. Parsons was in New York, conferring with a couple of Russians about the art of squab raising. The countess was the last person to see Mrs. Parson, when she disappeared - when she entered a strange car driven up by a strange man and woman. The countess says she had the impression that Mrs. Parsons was going on a mission of selling some nearby land she owned.

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Laborers working on the road tell a story in odd contradiction. They say they saw an old car with two strange ~~mx~~ women drive into the Parsons place. Then they saw the car drive out and down the road. In it were two women still, but this time one of them was Mrs. Parsons.

Still more contradiction, a later witness - a woman who declares that she saw ^{the society woman} Mrs. Parsons an hour and a half after her disappearance. She was driving alone, in her own car, new and spic and span, through the main street of a nearby town.

These several accounts are in strange conflict - and provide a puzzling mystery. The case is all the more difficult because nothing much was thought at first of the ~~disappearance,~~
~~automobile drive on which the society woman had gone.~~

It wasn't until hours afterward that there was any alarm. The husband, returning home, became worried about the absence of his wife and informed the police. And it was not until still later that ^{the} telltale sign was found. A member of the local district attorney's staff, searching around ^{discovered the} ~~found the~~ ransom note, ^{It was} ~~that had been~~ tucked under the seat of Mrs. Parsons's

car - a crudely printed kidnap message demanding a twenty-five thousand dollar ransom *with a threat of death.*

This evening, police and G-men are on that old familiar distressful hunt - for a kidnapped person. Long Island is being combed for a clue for the whereabouts of the kidnapped woman who looks like Mrs. Lindbergh.

HOLD-UP

In a Brooklyn jail tonight are four prisoners, badly beaten up, and my sympathies go to the detective.

It's a story of a poker game hold-up that went wrong, a bout of ^{flushes,} ~~pairs,~~ four of a kind, and full houses, that was suddenly interrupted when four robbers walked in, pistol in hand. "Stick 'em up?" and the poker players did. The robbers were relieving them of their money, taking everything but the chips.

It happened in a Brooklyn candy store, and a passing detective noticed something funny. He walked in, pointing his gun. The poker players were lined against the wall, their hands in the air. The robbers? They were taken completely unawares by the detective. They dropped their pistols, put their hands up.

Whereupon - the poker players took their hands down and instantly leaped upon the robbers, beat them to a frazile, pounded and pummelled them, while the detective, having done a brave deed, now had to save the prisoners from complete annihilation. It was hard on him - and not so soft for the crooks.

CASTLEROSSE

holds the eyes of the world - proving the
dless charm → Here's something from Dayton, Ohio, that ~~sure does~~
romance.

reminds me of London. ~~It's~~ an article ^{I found in} ~~clipped from~~ the DAYTON DAILY NEWS, a dissertation on the wedding of Windsor, the nuptials of the Duke and Wally. The DAYTON DAILY NEWS reprints it from the LONDON DAILY EXPRESS, and it's signed - Viscount Castlerosse. And that does bring reminiscences of London, a dinner party, ~~a formal affair~~ at the estate of Lord Beaverbrook, that tower of British journalism.

It was one of those British occasions that impress us Americans so much, the stately butler announcing: "Dinner is served, M'Lord." Formal clothes - we Americans most careful to be dressed with spic and span dignity. Yes, formal clothes - with one exception. A large exception, tall and bulky, a jovial presence, roaring laughter. He was arrayed in a green velvet coat, ruffled and careless. He looked as if he had been working all day in that green velvet smoking jacket. Most informal - and he talked with a joking irreverence about all things. He was Viscount Castlerosse, son of an Irish earl and heir to the earldom. Also - a journalist, London's most brilliant columnist, a tower of humorous strength on Lord Beaverbrook's DAILY EXPRESS.

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So that was the author of this article clipped from the DAYTON DAILY NEWS, his impressions of the wedding of the Duke and Wally. I'll pass along a bit or two - the scene depicted by Viscount Castlerosse, as he waited with the other journalists on the grounds of the Chateau while the ceremony was being performed.

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"The atmosphere," he writes, "was one of intense ballyhoo. Many of the journalists of the world were present, but not a bishop - no, not even one to throw a last brick.

"A couple of Germans in a corner," relates Castlerosse, "were attempting to explain to a distinctly tough American the marriage philosophy of Henry the Eighth. This lecture was not a success, for our Teutonic friends had barely reached the fourth marriage of the great King Harry when the American expectorated effectively and ejaculated, 'Shucks, give me Nero!'"

Out there in the courtyard, while the wedding was being performed in the dining room of the castle, a Frenchman approached the Viscount and inquire: "Haven't you been in the church?" To which the noble journalist responded: "Church? There was only a

dining room. When I go in a dining room it's for eating and not for marrying I go. Besides, I wasn't asked."

The story of the ponderous Viscount at the Windsor wedding, concludes as follows: "As I got into the airplane to fly away, one of the attendants helped me in and remarked: 'Monsieur is heavy.' He was right. My heart," apostrophises Castlerosse, "was heavy as lead, and sad for one who has given twenty-five years of his life in the service of the British Empire, a fact which seems to have been as easily forgotten now as it was easy to remember a year ago."

Such are the odd bits one picks up in the backwash of famous events.

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CLOWN

In letters from radio listeners recently I have been reproved for telling an old one, a joke with whiskers on it. One letter goes this way: "I heard that story first when I was a boy, I'm 67 now." Nevertheless, tonight I'm going to tell another old one, an antique, a story with whiskers down to its knees, ~~it has~~ appropriate ~~and to it,~~ an act of commemoration.

This year is the one hundredth anniversary of the death of the most celebrated clown in the history of buffoonery --

(Charlie Chaplin notwithstanding. I'll bet Charlie himself ^{would} ~~will~~ be the first to pay the supreme comic homage to) -- Grimaldi.

(In those days more than a century ago Grimaldi, the droll and grotesque, swept endless audiences to howling laughter.)

His career was chiefly in ~~England~~ England, and England remembers him. His ~~centenary~~ centenary is being widely observed in London and the provinces.

Grimaldi was the classic clown, madcap gaiety on the stage, sorrow and sadness off. His life was burdened with heavy ~~misfortune~~ misfortune -- ~~he was~~ a tragic figure playing the capers of a buffoon -- laugh clown, laugh. So it was of Grimaldi that the

classic clown story was told. It is always coupled with his name -- that ancient ^wheeze which now will bear repeating ^{ating} -- an anniversary repetition: ^{The} dejected-looking man ^{going} ~~went~~ to a doctor, and asked ^y to be treated for an incurable melancholy. The patient was afflicted with a chronic depression of spirits. He lived in an endless ^{gloom.} ~~dejection.~~

The doctor gave ^{this} ~~his~~ prescription: "You need something gay to amuse you," ^{said he.} "You need something to make you laugh -- go and see Grimaldi."

"But," replied the gloomy patient, "I am Grimaldi."

Yes, a chestnut, whiskers on it but worth telling again -- in memoriam.

RESCUE

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Tonight Miss Alice Hall of Bar Harbour, Maine, is safe and sound, and she can thank her quick ingenuity for it. The lady was caught in as desperate and seemingly as hopeless peril as you can imagine, but she thought fast, and saved her life. In a car she was driving back to Bar Harbour, and took a short cut along the shore. She was driving along a sand spit, and the tide was coming in. The flood tide rushes in fast along that shore, famous for tides. (Not so far from the Bay of Fundy, with its prodigies of ~~the~~ rising water.)

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So Miss Alice Hall stepped on the gas to get clear of the incoming ~~water~~ ^{flood}. (She could make it easily, with a bit of fast driving. So she didn't think much of it -- until) the car stopped. It was bogged in the sand. She couldn't get it going. She couldn't possibly escape ^{on} ~~a~~ foot. In no time, the swirling water was as high as the running board.

What did she do? Instead of becoming frantic, she sent out-- an S. O. S. How? (Automobiles are not equipped with sending sets to call by wireless for rescue. Not wireless at all, but) the automobile horn -- the common squawk^w, honking and tooting. Luckily, the lady knew the wireless distress signal.

So she blasted it out on her automobile horn. ~~It was one of~~
~~those loud cardboard ticklers,~~ ^{And} the raucous note^s went far and wide.

~~It~~[^] reached the ears of a mariner, Captain Fred Hayes
snapped ~~with~~^{to} thrilling attention as he heard that familiar
sinister signal. He got a boat and called some men and they
set out to the rescue -- while the oceanic distress signal kept
ringing out on the automobile horn. So it was ~~both~~ rescue at
sea ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ an episode of ^{motoring} ~~automobiles~~ -- thanks to a woman's wit.

To which I add without much
wit s-l-u-t-m.

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