

Chambers  
MSC.

Good Evening, Everybody:-

I know there are many of you who don't like to listen to stories of crime. But, ~~now~~ I'm going to take just <sup>about</sup> two minutes to relate an affair fiendish beyond imagination. It's the big story of the day -- the Titterton case. ~~Now, as~~ The crime is solved, <sup>and</sup> it turns devilish with a cold and monstrous cunning.

The police have arrested the murderer of the young woman writer, the wife of the radio executive. He has confessed. His name is John Fiorenza, and he is a criminal with a ~~bad~~ record, an ex-convict. He is the upholsterer who was called in to repair that article of furniture in the Titterton ~~apartment~~ apartment -- the couch.

On Thursday before Good Friday, he went to the apartment and Mrs. Titterton gave him the couch, which he took away. The next day he returned to the apartment. Then it was that he attacked and strangled her. After the crime he returned to the shop where

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he was employed, and worked as if nothing had happened. Later in the afternoon, still as if nothing had happened, he and his employer took the piece of furniture to the apartment. ~~■~~ There and then the murder was discovered, apparently by the two men -- discovered genuinely by the employer, while of course the murderer knew what they would find. Think of it! It was he himself who notified the police! In that way, he thought he was protected by a cloak of obvious innocence. In every detail he thought he had covered his tracks. It was another case of -- the perfect crime, so he thought.

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But the killer had slipped up in one slight particular, and this the police seized upon for a brilliant piece of detective work. The upholsterer had bound Mrs. Titterton with a cord, which he had brought in. Then, he cut away the cord, so as not to leave a clue. He thought he had removed it all and carried it away with him. But he had left one small shred behind, and this, as we've been hearing all along, the police found. They've been studying it. They put it under microscopes, analyzed it, and traced it. They traced it to the company that had manufactured it and then to the users of

that kind of string. They found it was a sort that upholsterers used.

And finally the trail of the telltale piece of twine led to the upholstering shop where the Titterton couch had been repaired, and where the upholsterer was employed who had figured ~~it~~ with such apparent innocence in the discovery of the crime.

The arrest and the confession followed swiftly -- the only good word that can be said of this heinous murder is -- that there will be punishment.



## MINE

Now for the Nova Scotia mine story. Hope and despair mingle heart-breakingly tonight. They are still there. Though rescue draws nearer and nearer to Dr. Robertson and Charles Scadding. They've been trapped now since Easter Sunday. Rescue is sure to come. But, will they be alive?

In one of the greatest and most heroic drives in the history of mines, the shifts of toilers have now driven to within a mere few feet of the entombed men. But, they are driving through rock under the most perilous conditions.

These optimistic reports of rescue within a few hours have lengthened with tantalizing suspense.

The latest is that a plane flew to Moose River this afternoon with radium and a radium detector. That rarest and strangest of all chemical elements is to be used in guiding the rescuers in their drive through the last stony barrier. The radium is to be lowered down the hole through which they have been communicating to the prisoners. The radium detector on the outside will then point to the radium on the inside and show the direction in which to drive.

How long can the prisoners last? That's the question which rings with pathos tonight. Three trapped in the cave-in nine days ago. One succumbed. The other two are still faintly communicating with the surface, answering as bravely as they can. But it is evident that they are weak, with colds, pneumonia threatening. They doubt whether they can live long enough to be saved.

Today Dr. Robertson asked for writing materials and these were lowered to him through the communicating hole. It is believed he wants them to make a will. And he spoke to his wife. The weeping, agonized woman will not say what he told her, but it is believed that he spoke what he was afraid would be his last message.

What bears them up is hope, the knowledge that rescue is driving relentlessly toward them. Yet in that very hope -- is danger. If the two men could have any doubt, it would be dispelled by the fact that the drilling through the rock has approached so near them that it is raising dust within their cavern. Yet this dust almost suffocates them, a new peril.

Fate has woven some of its bitter and most tragic strands in that Nova Scotia mine.

ROOSEVELT

There's a man in Canada who is going to have some interesting discussions this summer - a distinguished scholar whom we heard as a guest speaker on this program last year, Colonel John Buchan, the historian. ~~I recall talking to him~~ <sup>at</sup> that time, and he evinced the keenest interest in political events of this country, ~~in~~ the New Deal, ~~in~~ the policies and personality of President Roosevelt. Since then Colonel John Buchan has become Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada.

Some time ago Lord Tweedsmuir invited President Roosevelt to visit Canada - though of course the President of the United States is always a mighty busy man <sup>and</sup> has little time for visits of state across our borders. Today - the news comes from Washington that the President is going to accept the invitation and pay a formal call to our neighbors of the north. That's sure. The question is - when? <sup>It</sup> ~~That~~ depends on when Congress adjourns. --

~~So~~ the President said in his statement today. <sup>FF</sup> It is known that Mr. Roosevelt is tied up during May and June with important political engagements that involve a lot of travel. <sup>However?</sup> ~~It~~ may be possible for him to make the trip north in mid-June, while the

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Republican Convention is on in Cleveland. Or again, he may wait until after the big Democratic affair in Philadelphia.

Anyway, Governor-General Lord Tweedsmuir will have some mighty interesting discussions of political trends and world events with the President of the United States - or will they discuss fishing? Both are famous fishermen.

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The President said farewell today -- farewell to his old friend and political advisor -- Louis McHenry Howe. He took the funeral train from Washington to Fall River, Mass.

REPUBLICAN KEYNOTE.

One of the grandiose personalities in any American Presidential campaign is that mighty-lunged orator known as -- the keynoter. We couldn't have Presidents if we didn't have keynoters, not according to the stately tradition of American politics. And it's always a momentous question -- who will it be? The nation waits with palpitant interest for the answer. Who will be granted the power and the glory of making the opening speech at the convention that nominates the candidate, Republican or Democrat? All sorts of political meanings are read into the selection of the keynoter. Theoretically, his opening oration and his power as temporary chairman gives him eloquent possibilities of influencing the convention in favour ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> the candidate he supports.

All of this gives majesty to the news today -- that the Republicans have picked their keynoter. Who ~~is he?~~ <sup>is he?</sup> Senator Steiwer. Today the National Republican Committee ~~picked~~ <sup>named</sup> him to deliver the keynote speech and act as temporary chairman at the convention in Cleveland.

He ~~is~~ <sup>'s</sup> Senator from Oregon and has worn the toga



for ten years. He's <sup>the</sup> a solid and substantial type, rarely known to change his views -- although he did on the subject of prohibition. He was an ardent Dry, then turned to repeal in 1932. By training he is two things -- a lawyer and a dirt farmer, real dirt, actually soil. For most of his life he has worked a farm in Willamette Valley.

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 That gives a clew to the political significance of Senator Steiwer's keynoting. As an <sup>Oregon</sup> ardent farmer, he is calculated to appeal to the Western farm vote. His <sup>selection</sup> ~~key~~ ~~noting~~ was backed by the Western rural element in the Republican Party. Now -- that element is favourable to Senator Borah as the Presidential candidate. So today's keynote news has a Borah slant.

In competition with Senator Steiwer was C. W. Brooks, candidate for the governorship of Illinois, <sup>a supporter</sup> ~~He is a~~ ~~partisan~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of Kansas~~ Governor Landon. But he withdrew in favour of Senator Steiwer.

ZIONCHEK

Several days ago, Congressman Zionchek of the State of Washington was handed a ticket for speeding. He was doing sixty miles an hour down swanky Connecticut Avenue. The ticket summoned him to appear in court on Tuesday, today.

"I'll be there", he replied, "if the weather is fine."

So how <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ the weather in Washington today? Marvelous!

All the brilliance of spring, a blue sky with golden sunshine falling among green trees. But no Congressman Zionchek appeared in court. The judge waited, looked out of the window at the green ~~and~~ and golden spring, and said -"Lock him up!" So a warrant has been issued for the arrest of the sprightly legislator. And the cops went looking for him.

This is the latest of a series of diverting escapades. The Congressman's election ~~in~~ itself was something of an escapade. He worked his way into Congress in an unexpected fashion, by being a member of the Unemployed Citizens' League, one of the jobless. He organized and agitated, made the city fathers hand out millions for relief. That made him a hero of the jobless. He ran for Congress. The conservatives shouted, "Communist!" But the vote

of the unemployed swept him into office.

Last New Year the Washington police arrested him for waking up every tenant in a big apartment house. The congressman took possession of the telephone switchboard, and played a tune on the buttons, as if it were an organ.

A couple of weeks ago Legislator Zionchek got a new legislative idea. He said he was disgusted with Washington. The stately city on the Potomac was a washout so far as he was concerned. "I'm going to introduce a bill", he said, "to move the national capital to Seattle. The air is better out there, and Congressmen would be able to think better."

Last week he got into a debate with Representative Blanton of Texas. It was almost a debate with fists. Famous for derogatory remarks, Zionchek tried to put some about Blanton into the Congressional Record. The result was pugilistic.

All of this leads appropriately up to the latest Zioncheck adventure of speeding, ticket, fine weather - and a warrant for his arrest today.



TEXAS

Now -- about a sword and a pair of red felt carpet slippers. Because this is April twenty-first, ~~and it's~~ the day of days in Texas. Texans know where that military sword is, but there's amystery about those comfortable red felt carpet slippers. These were prime trophies of the battle of San Jacinto, which ~~is~~ <sup>won</sup> Texas independence just one hundred years ago today. <sup>It</sup> The ~~is~~ twenty million dollar Centennial Exposition is blaring away in the Lone Star State. Today there was a climax to the celebration.

A representative of the Texas World Fair called me up, <sup>here at Rockefeller Center</sup> and said: <sup>in a Rio Grande drawl:</sup> "Man, let me give you ~~there are~~ a couple of oddities."

<sup>And here they are:-</sup>

One hundred years ago the Mexican dictator, ~~General~~ Santa Anna surrendered his sword to Sam Houston. Where is that sword today? Up on Riverside Drive in New York. It's a treasured possession of Margaret Bell Houston, grand-daughter of the liberator of Texas.

When he was captured Santa Anna the dictator, was wearing a pair of brilliant slippers, glowing red felt. They too were a trophy of the battle. But with the passage of the century, they vanished. Patriots of the Panhandle have sought for them, but they have never been found.

And - it's odd how alliterative birthdays can fall together -- Texas and Tufts College. I looked up other anniversaries celebrated today -- and there was Tufts, with celebrations all over the country.

## CHINESE DANCER

We have a theatrical note this evening that features two words, east and west -- Far East and Mae West. Not our own plumpitudiness movie queen, but a chinese version of those ample charms. She's called with a neat turn of paradox - the Far East Mae West. Her right name is more poetic, but equally paradoxical. It is - White Jade Frost. The news that has excited lovers of the theatre in Hangkow and Shanghai is - that White Jade Frost is going into the movies, after a renowned career on the legit.

Another twist of paradox comes with the circumstance that the Mae West of the Far East is the scintillating oriental star of what are known in China as "jump-jump" shows. In that vivacious sort of Chinese entertainment, the male star is always an acrobat who cavorts wildly about the stage with somersaults and handsprings - and so does the female star.

Not long ago, the Chinese Bureau of Education, on a moral crusade, arrested her jump-jump show. They didn't use the crude word "arrest". With oriental politeness they phrased it as "a discussion of decency." White Jade Frost showed up for



the discussion, garbed in severe clothing. Her manner was one of austere propriety. She looked for all the world like the dignified, forbidding wife of a high official. Her ~~at~~ lawyers explained to the astonished authorities that this austerity represented the true frosty character of White Jade Frost, while it was only her lofty devotion to art, with a capital A, that persuaded her to do a bit of jump-jumping. Just as I'm jump jumping. And,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.