

10

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Today is September First, and on the sixteenth the watchword was to have been lixto. An odd word -- LIXTO. It was to have been a signal for wild and wooly doings in this land of ours, some kind of revolution or other. Lixto was to have been the rallying cry for that weird outbreak plotted by the Black Legion.

If all of this should seem to be too fantastic for this safe and sane time and country of ours, let's hear what the Judge in Detroit said today. He wasn't quite sure just what the ultimate objective of the Black Legion was. So he wondered, speculated:-

"With the flashing of the national call word, LIXTO," said Judge Hartrick, "the Black Legion awaited a predetermined date -- September Sixteenth, Nineteen Thirty-Six. For what

BLACK LEGION - 2

17
reason?" he asked. "Was there to be a rebellion against the government? Or was that the date of a contemplated Communist revolution in America, which the Black Legion would mobilize to combat?" The Judge went on to add the one certain thing -- that the iron guard, the inner circle of the hooded order, was ready for something extraordinary, like the taking over of government arsenals and powder magazines.

This is quoted from a report which Judge Hartrick today submitted to the jury which is about to try the murder case -- the Black Legion execution of the relief worker, Charles Poole.

The Judge adds that in all the evidence gathered there is no reason to believe that the Black Legion is Fascist in character or was financed by foreign money. It began with two hundred members of the Klu Klux Klan, the white-hood order. They dyed their white robes black -- and that was the beginning of the black hoods.

Today the judicial report in Detroit climaxes with the declaration that the Black Legion membership included

eighty-six officials in public office. One a State Legislator. The Judge adds there's no reason to suspect that any of these state and city officials are implicated in the criminal doings of the hooded order.

18
The picture painted in today's court proceedings is one of the most extraordinary in American history. A widespread secret organization, crimes all the way from vicious deeds of private vengeance to a conspiracy for some sort of revolution - with the watch-word, "LIXTO."

CHILTON FOLLOW BLACK LEGION

Now let's take another dramatic legal scene. The office of Governor Davey of Ohio, a hearing by the Governor. And the Governor gives his decision: "A long time ago," said he, "Christ spoke these words 'go and sin no more.' I refuse the request for extradition."

This referred to the modern Jean Val Jean, whose story I told the other night -- Carlton ~~the~~ Chilton of Cleveland. For years a highly respected citizen, now at forty a valued member of his community. But when he was eighteen in Oklahoma he was involved in a bank robbery. Sentenced to the reformatory, he escaped; ~~He~~ went north, and went straight, lived as right as any man ever lived. But his old past came down on him suddenly. He was recognized and the Governor of Oklahoma demanded his extradition -- to ^{expiate} ~~expiate~~ that youthful misdeed. Now the Governor of Ohio says -- no extradition. *And tonight Chilton is wondering what Oklahoma thinks about that.*

SCHMELING

In the thumping realm of the prize ring, the echo resounds - foul. "Deliberate foul", says Max Schmeling. "That's a foul thing to say!" is the response from Joe Louis' side.

Today, Joe's managers were asked about the things Max says in the "SATURDAY EVENING POST". The German with the mighty right arm declares that Louis' fouls in the fight were intentional. Anybody who saw the battle ~~fm~~ or the pictures knows the punches were plenty foul, but Max adds - deliberate. He says he went at Louis so hard in the last round knocked him out so savagely, because he thought Louis was sent in to foul out, and might cripple him.

Today Louis' managers reject that with high indignation. John Roxborough says when Louis came to his corner after the fouls he was warned by his seconds, and Joe told them: "I didn't know I was hitting low." He was stunned and befuddled by Schmelling's right hand smashes to the head and couldn't tell where his punches were landing. That's the Louis rebuttal to the Schmelling charge.

50

SPAIN

In the news from Spain tonight are echoes of - bombs.

Madrid again bombed by the Rebels from the sky. Rebel air torpedoes dropped on Malaga, and high explosive rained on the much bombarded town of Irun.

At Irun, first six Rebel planes sailed over and laid their deadly eggs. Fire and explosions in the heart of the city. After that - one more, a big Italian Caproni. It dropped five sky torpedoes, which hit the earth with frightful blasts. Two doing vast damage. One blew up the headquarters of the Loyalist central defense committee occupied by Radical workmen and their leaders. Another exploded in the center of a group of oil tanks setting them afire.

As if there weren't enough revolt in Spain, there's news of revolt on top of revolt in North Africa. The Rebels began their rebellion in Morocco, but now the native

tribes there are threatening to rebel against the Rebels.

Emmissaries from the Madrid government are stirring up trouble among the Moroccans - aided by the fact that the African troops, recruited by the Fascists, are not getting paid promptly. They were promised fine wages, which they don't get.

One vivid indication of the explosive state of affairs in Morocco goes back to that report we had the other night - the escape of Abd-el Krim from his island exile. When that rumor got to North Africa, there was huge excitement among the Moors. They took it to mean that their one-time mighty chief was coming back to fight the Spaniards again and conquer independence.

~~I don't like~~ ^{It's tough} to disillusion the Moors, but the truth is that the rumor of the escape of Abd-el Krim ^{turned out to be} ~~was~~ entirely false.

When the French finally ^{up} ~~were~~ able to check ^{at} far away Reunion Island in the Indian Ocean, they found the one-time ruling

shiek of the ^{Atlas Mountains,} ~~desert~~ quietly cultivating his garden - and a marvelous garden it is said to be. The one-time terror of the desert has taken up Botany and Horticulture and grows the reddest of roses and the most fragrant of violets.

PEACE

Tolstoy wrote a great novel called "War and Peace."

22
So ~~in~~ after the Spanish Civil War, let's have a conference on peace. There's a discordant note or two in the news about it. It seems the international pacifiers are being greeted with a bit of suspicion. Leading pacifists from all over the world are to gather in Geneva - representatives of powerful peace societies from many a nation.

We hear today that Switzerland is asking every nation represented to send a list of its delegates, so that the Swiss can make a check and a counter-check. They want to make sure about the color of the conference on peace. They don't want it to be shaded with red. There's some suspicion that the pacifiers might really be a bit Communistic on the inside, a cloak for Red Radical activities.

I don't know just why there should be this misgiving about an organization that includes such distinguished names and proposes a campaign by the League of Nations for the limitation of armament. But the canny mountaineers of Switzerland are taking no chances.

HARD

There's an amiable gentleman who must have taken a gasp or two today -- Charlie Michaelson, the inspired publicist of the Democratic Party. I can imagine Charlie saying: "Why, look what Bill Hard is doing. Say, that's something after my own heart." Because, that latest twister produced by William Hard, radio commentator for the Republican Party, has a zippy turn of novelty, the dramatic element of surprise.

The^t contest ~~is~~ sponsored by the National Republican Committee, a thousand dollars in prizes for the three best letters, the three snappiest statements of political belief - but not Republican belief. You'd expect the G. O. P. to stage a contest in which voters would tell - "Why I am for Landon", but it's the other way around - "Why I am for Roosevelt." The best Democratic statement gets the Republican prize.

has long been widely known
Bill Hard, who ~~is~~[^] ~~is~~[^] as a news and radio man,

explains the paradox this way. In his broadcasts he is attacking New Deal ideas, so he wants to get a line on them. He wants to size up the reasons that animate New Deal supporters.

4
And he expects to get plenty of illumination from the letter contest - "Why I am for Roosevelt."

But there's one agitating thought I'd like to present to Bill Hard, who goes on the air on this network ^{in the evening} at ten.

Suppose those prize winning letters should be so wonderful, their arguments so convincing, that they would convert Bill himself to the New Deal cause - not only him but Governor Landon too, and the whole Republican Party? That would be a surprise ending to the surprise contest. Answer me that one, Bill.

AUTOMOBILES

That bit of news leads us to - no news at all, nothing new of any sort. The forty nine safety drivers representing forty-eight states and the District of Columbia, have been driving around New York City - and not an accident. Those no-accident champs have been meandering, in their cars, hither and thither; Through the mazes of Metropolitan traffic - without hitting other cars, street lamps or traffic cops; Not even a dent fender reported. But that's to be expected, because not one of those drivers has ever had an accident or committed a traffic violation. ^{TP} They're representatives of the Safety Drivers of the Nation.

25
And, there was nothing new in their session at the Waldrof-Astoria today. Each came equipped with a five hundred word ~~essay~~ essay on how to drive safely. The essays were read, there was nothing new in them. That's the point - no panaceas, no cure-alls. The Safety Drivers in their essays were unanimous on how not to have accidents. They agreed on the good old principles that safety depends on the condition of the car, the condition of the driver, his attitude in driving and toward other drivers - caution, care and courtesy.

From all over America
The Safety Drivers [^] arrived in New York just in time
to witness the first day of New York's new drastic traffic
laws. *from now on -*
The top speed limit throughout the state [^] - forty miles
an hour. The first violation - one hundred dollars fine ~~xx~~
or thirty days in jail, or both. The second offense within
eighteen months, as much as two hundred and fifty bucks or
ninety days, or both. Third offense within eighteen months,
as much as five hundred smackers and six months, Or both,
and your license taken away.

Such is New York's new traffic law with teeth, and
none of the Safety Drivers violated it, *I mean. But some of them say,* ~~it~~ ^{it} would be tough if

~~any of~~ those no-accident, no-traffic-violation champs were

to run into ~~anything like~~ a five hundred dollar fine and

six months in jail.

before they start home from New York?

they have hit it up to 90 miles an hour.

CRIME FOLLOW AUTOMOBILES

The breezy theme of motoring takes us on to -- murder. Automobiles figure with singular drama in the latest New York crime story.

Within the past six days the big town has witnessed four shootings, that are linked together. The latest today - the killing of a crook who bore the colorful nickname of "Ruby the Mock". He was tossed out of an automobile in Brooklyn -- taken for a ride. The license number of the fleeing car was noted, and it's the same as the license number marked down in another crime, a shooting last Wednesday. The police had the Wednesday gun battle ^{chalked up} ~~marked down~~ to the debit of a loan shark racket, and the identity of the license number puts today's murder in the same class. ^{And} Two other shootings are attributed to the money lending wolves - which makes it four in six days.

7 There's war among the racketeers of usury. The police say the big-shots are out to organize the criminal game of exorbitant interest into one big underworld syndicate.

Today's victim, Ruby-the-Mock, was known to the police as a petty criminal, but they hadn't crossed his tracks

CRIME FOLLOW AUTOMOBILES - 2

8
in some time. It looked as if he had gone straight. His widow tells today that he tried to go straight. But you know how it is - how the gang keep after that pal who is trying to reform, hounding him back into crime. This old story of the crime world is sharpened with a new point - in the case of Ruby the Mock. The business in which he tried to go straight made him doubly a mark for his old pals of the gang. His wife says it was - the automobile business, second-hand cars. A gang needs a car for a job. Motoring is a sinister sport to the underworld. So the mob made Ruby the Mock provide them with automobiles out of his second-hand stock, cars for their crimes. As a dealer in sedans and coupes, he was so useful and convenient to his old crooked pals, that back into the racket he had to go. And now in his passing, the one murder clue is - the same license plate. Maybe the motor equipment for murder was out of his own second-hand stock.

All of which leads us to the further theme of superstition. In the pockets of Ruby the Mock they found money in the amount of twenty-six dollars and twenty-six cents. That,

detectives point out, is twice thirteen, in two ways. Double the unlucky number, and repeated. It was exceedingly unlucky for Ruby the Mock.

And superstition takes us to peacocks: Peacocks with the glow of their spreading tails, proud and beautiful. So at Jones Beach in an operettic garden scene on the island-stage, with the ocean for a background Manager Fortune Gallo introduced the novelty of six magnificent live strutting peacocks. Old timers shook their heads, the peacock brings bad luck. Well - the first night of the peacocks there was a thunder shower, the performance ruined. The next night and the following - it rained. The peacocks were taken off, and half a dozen graceful white swans

9
put in their place. That night the sky was clear and full of stars all during the performance.

All of which may prove that peacocks are hard luck,
But peacocks or no peacocks it'll
or maybe not. But it will be hard luck for me if I don't
hurry up and say,

9 1/4
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.