

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

And thanks Neel. Thanks 16,000,000 times. But we are all remembering today for an entirely different reason:- The twentieth anniversary of the United States' declaration of war against Germany. And it was marked by one fitting event today -- the announcement of the agreement reached by the German-American Mixed Claim Commission. This closes the long argument between the two countries concerning two giant explosions, Black Tom and Kingsland. Both were terrific blasts that blew up war supplies destined to be used against Germany.

Black Tom was the more sensational. Barges loaded with shells and high explosives, an immense quantity, lay at Black Tom Pier in Jersey City. Suddenly -- fire; and swiftly -- everything blew up in one of the most stupendous series of blasts ever touched off on this earth. Not so many lives lost, but the damage ran high into the millions.

At once the cry was raised -- a German plot, secret agent conspiracy. There were investigations, rumors, theories.

But the case remained involved in perplexity and dispute. And it's about the same story for the similar Kingsland explosion.

Heavy claims were made against Germany for the two blasts. Now at this late date, after much wrangling, there 's a settlement. What is it? Germany agrees to pay. The Berlin government is settling for fifty per cent of the claim and will hand over twenty-two and a half million dollars.

That certainly looks like an admission that Black Tom and Kingsland were the work of German agents, but today Berlin admits no such thing. It refuses to say "yes" -- merely pays! The news is made public on this twentieth anniversary.

Throughout the country there were various celebrations today -- it's also Army Day. But **there** was no violent warlike ring -- twenty years later. Tonight in Washington a dinner, being given for the twenty-five living Congressmen who voted against our declaration of war twenty years ago. They opposed our entrance into the World War. Then they were bitterly denounced. Now -- banqueted.

ELECTION

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The latest returns from Michigan today make it definite -- a Republican victory. The vote-counting is still going on and all the contests are close, but it does seem as if the G. O. P. has reelected two State Supreme Court Justices and four aspirants to less important offices.

Election interest was focussed on the sit-down strike sections: ~~There is Genessee~~ ^{the} County, with the city of Flint, where the General Motors sit-down strike was staged. Tonight ^I ~~the~~ ^{there} the count shows -- a Republican victory. And it's ~~still~~ the same story for Oakland County, where Pontiac had a sit-down last week. Since the Democrats were inclined to be more lenient about ~~the~~ sit-downs, the Republican victory looks like a verdict in favor of standing up.

^{however} The Democrats don't concede any turn 'of the New Deal tide in Michigan. They point out that a million, eight hundred thousand ballots were cast last November. In this present election -- only eight hundred thousand. They mention the importance of local interest and say rain kept new Deal supporters away from the poles.

The Republicans counter by remarking that the rain falls on the Republicans and Democrats alike.

at x unjust, the x

Today, an airplane flew near ^{Mt. Baldy} ~~the ground~~ in New Mexico,

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circled as near as it could to the steep and rugged slope -
an elevation of eighty-five hundred feet. On the mountainside
the pilot saw wreckage, the shattered remains of an airliner.

He studied it as closely as he could, for ~~it~~ he was out searching
for the missing Douglas transport, lost to human sight for days.

And he wirelessed back that he had found it, certain of the identity
of the wreck. He also radioed that, closely as he looked, he could
see no sign of life in the shattered tangle.

And That seems ~~definitely~~ to solve the mystery of the vanished
skyliner. Further confirmation will have to wait. It will be
many an hour, ~~it~~ may be days - before searching parties on the
ground can toil their way up, through timber ^{ed lower} ~~less~~ slopes and ^{high}
rocky steeps - ~~and reach it~~ ^{to} reach the wreck.

This tragic sky mystery, solved through a search by air,
points to the increasing role that is played by eyes that look down
from above. Planes do so much scouting nowadays, some think there
should be an established air patrol. And one man has an idea. His
notion is this - there are many wealthy sportsmen who keep an
airplane, or several of them, just as they do automobiles. They

use their sky equipment only occasionally. So why shouldn't all those rich men's planes be put at the disposal of the state, to be sent out on patrol whenever needed?

This is a project being pushed by Henry C. Olmsted, a Social Register millionaire. He has a stable of planes - and is a pilot himself. He plans to enter the Lindbergh Memorial Flight from France to the United States in the summer. But meanwhile he is making an offer to Governor Lehman of New York. He is putting his own planes ^{and pilots} at the disposal of the state. And he has lined up other wealthy sportsmen and if they do the same with their aircraft - a fleet of planes and pilots will be ready for instant patrol duty. Millionaire Olmsted paints a broad picture of the present-day need for extensive sky scouting - not only the hunt for wrecked planes, but also the spotting of forest fires, floods, ice, snowdrifts, isolated communities, all the way down to the straightening out of traffic snarls. Rich men's sky ships on public service.

Once more Lindbergh mystifies. Let's hope
it's just mystification. At this moment he's over
seven hours over due. As usual when he left Zagreb
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RETAKE

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Once more Lindbergh mystifies. Let's hope it's just mystification. At this moment he's over eleven hours over due. As usual when he left Zagreb Yugoslavia he didn't say where he was going. Eleven

PEARLS

*hours is a long time - time
far wavy. Tonight the world
wanders, where is the Lone Eagle?*

Off the north coast of Australia - an international incident. A chase at sea, commands to halt, machine guns pointed, and the capture - of seventeen ships. It's an incident in the affairs of Australia and Japan on the southern ocean. It's also an episode in the story of a strange and beautiful gem, a treasured jewel of lustrous black.

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The Japanese are great folk in the pearl trade. They dominate in the artificial culture of the shimmering gem. One of the great figures of Nippon is Mikimoto, the Pearl King - who has amassed a fabulous fortune out of the art of introducing into the oyster shell a tiny bit of hard material, around which the layers of nacre form. Recently, Mikimoto made a religious shrine out of the great stacks of oyster shells, ~~mystic~~ a mystic ^{tribute} ~~conglomer-~~ ~~ation~~ ^{to} the bivalves destroyed to create this golden wealth.

But the Japanese are also keen in the quest for the natural pearl, that forms in the depths of the sea. One kind, especially - the black pearl. It's a gem of a dusky glow, a dark glint. And it's prized above all other pearls. The perfect black one, extremely rare, is the queen among gems - a treasure indeed

for the Japanese pearl diver. Also - a cause of international friction.

This afternoon I phoned for a bit of information about the black pearl, phoned Kenneth Van Cott of Marcus and Company, Fifth Avenue jewelers. He told me why the black pearl is black - because ~~the~~ *the water that forms it* oyster is black. And that's because of submarine volcanoes that erupt in the depths of the sea.

The water in those parts is full of dark volcanic ash, which in turn darkens the oyster - and its pearl. The parts of the ocean where this undersea volcanic action occurs the most, is ~~But~~ near Tahiti, and the waters to the north of Australia. ~~There~~

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The prized
~~are other~~ fishing grounds for the black pearl.

The Australian government restricts its waters, keeps out alien fishermen, but the Japanese pearling luggers can't resist the temptation of poaching in those remote seas. The poaching in the pearl oyster beds has become so prevalent that the Australian government is considering a permanent naval patrol to ~~guard its northern seas and~~ stop the illegal quest for the black pearl.

Such is the jewel-romance that lies behind today's news
of international incident - the capture of seventeen ~~XXXXXXXX~~
Japanese pearl ^{ing} luggers - ships in lawless quest of the dark gem.

DANCE

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Little Egypt is no more. That is -- the original Little Egypt, the woman who established the name. Little Egypt was the Sally Rand of her day, but what a difference. While thousands were shocked, she danced to fame at the Columbian World's Fair, ⁱⁿ Chicago, ⁱⁿ 1892. Her artistic masterpiece was called -- the kooch. Which was the origin of that excessively naughty expression -- hoochee-koochee, by the mere uttering of which you could shock people to tears thirty years ago. Little Egypt danced it in a long skirt. She never became more ~~ou~~ outrageous in fact than to dance ~~in~~ in her bare feet. Yes, she was the grand and particular shock of the Chicago exposition of 1892.

Sally Rand waved her fan to fame in the Chicago World's Fair of two years ago. Imagine Sally dancing in a long and voluminous skirt -- times do change.

MODEL

An air of the fantastic surrounds New York's crime sensation tonight - puzzles, perplexities and weird ideas in the triple murder, ~~One~~ ^a of the victims ~~that~~ ^a beautiful artist's model; ² sculptor hunted high and low, the police combing the city, eight states on the lookout for the artist who carved ³ the white beauty of marble.

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The police claim they have a strong case. But whatever evidence they may have is divulged only in fragmentary bits - hints. The sculptor is a young man, described as blond. But earlier in the case the clue was - gray hair, strands of gray hair clutched in the murdered model's hand.

The police point to the sculptor's history. Quite recently he was a student in a ^u theological seminary, preparing for the ministry. His father ~~is~~ an Evangelist. The young man was in an ~~insane~~ asylum from time to time for several years. He went voluntarily to the institution to be observed and be treated. The police claim his malady is homicidal. But today the superintendent of the asylum disputes this. He declares his former patient was not affected in a way that could have caused

him to commit a triple murder. "Psychologically impossible," he says.

In the police evidence, a glove is mentioned as having been left on the scene -- and now claimed to be identified as the sculptor's. There's a rumor that a murder weapon has been found -- the one used to kill the male victim. The detective work has concentrated along this grim line -- a stab through the skull, at first supposed to have been inflicted by an ice pick. Now there is significant talk of a sharp-pointed sculptor's tool -- and that puts attention on the kind of tools used by artists in marble.

I talked to a sculptor today, and he told me the implements used to shape marble were three -- a mallet, a chisel, and a point. This last has a significant sound -- a point. The stone is graven with the point. It's about as thick as your little finger, but doesn't taper gradually. It's the same thickness all along, almost to the very end -- where it tapers suddenly to a sharp point. Not a round point, but octagonal, eight sided. If this sculptor's tool were used as a weapon, to pierce a skull, it would certainly leave a telltale mark, very different from

that of an icepick.

Strange reasonings these -- weaving with elements of studio life, marble and the ways of sculpture. And on they lead to a height of the weird fantastic - when we come to an idea propounded today by the father of the slain model. He says the sculptor they're seeking is most skillful in making masks -- masks so lifelike that you could hardly tell them from the human face. This was a favorite art with him, and he practiced it with all the refinement of adept technique.

Now, as a fugitive, - he might make a mask to disguise his own face, so ingeniously contrived, so subtly done - that he might wear it and never be recognized. It sounds like the wildest of imaginative fiction, but it was suggested by the father in the case today.

Carrying on the weird notion, the mask on the fugitive's face could surely not have much change of expression, not much emotion. So, the police might hunt for the man with the fixed expression. Such are the wild fancies that play around with a dreadful crime.

SHOOTING

Long Island today - saw some of the liveliest scenes on record, a ~~rambunctious~~ ^{episode} rambunctious ~~scene of shooting, an automobile chase, more shooting, a wild dash afoot, and still more shooting!~~ [^] [^] ~~It was~~ action plus - raising Cain all over the place.

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The madcap doings began when the police arrested a negro on a mere charge of vagrancy, dusky George Peterson. In a jail cell George raised a commotion by flinging himself down with a shriek, and there he lay - emitting heart-rending groans. A kindly cop stooped over him to see what was the matter. In a flash, George grabbed the cop's gun from its holster, and leaped to his feet. He opened fire, shooting the policeman in the foot. He dashed out yelling and fired a shot at a police lieutenant. The lieutenant saw the pistol in time, and ducked - and the bullet missed. George ran out into the street, waving the gun. At the curb was an automobile delivering newspapers. The negro pointed the gun at the driver and yelled, "scram!", which the driver did. George jumped in the car, and started on a wild ride down the road. A police car pursued him, the cops shooting. George fired back. After a mile or so, he ran speeding smack into a lamp-post.

58 1/2
Q George bounded out of the wreckage, and dashed across a vacant lot. The police chased him - shooting. George went galloping across a back yard, ~~and~~ taking a final shot at the cops. A couple of bullets hit him and he fell. The cops pounced upon their prisoner, and found him wounded, still hollering his head off.

Just then there was a louder commotion than ever, from the house ~~of the woman~~ with the back yard. One of the barrage of bullets had gone through the wall of the ~~house~~ house and hit an old lady, wounding her in the wrist. The old lady was raising an uproar that made a piercing climax to this episode of pandemonium.

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Tonight the police are investigating George, looking into his record. They don't know of just what to suspect him - but they do think it's odd that he should go so wild and desperate when arrested on a mere charge of vagrancy.

59 1/4
Shooting, speeding, crashing,
hollering, running and ducking
— and so am I — and s-l-u-t-m.