

Good Evening, Everybody:-

The oftspoken name of Sandino will be heard no more in the warlike news of the day.

Another chapter punctuated by shots has been written in the stormy political history of Nicaragua. General Augustino Sandino, the gallant rebel leader who held out for so long, even against Uncle Sam's Marines, has been murdered. The General, with his brother and two other officers, arrived ~~at~~ in Managua, the capital of the Republic, today. His idea was to meet President Sacasa and discuss terms of surrender. Sacasa had promised Sandino a safe conduct. Nevertheless, as soon as he arrived in the capital, he and all his companions were shot by national guardsmen. Now, the Nicaraguan government ~~is~~ is denouncing its soldiers who did the deed.

Dr. Weir Ketter.

President, Grove
City College,
Pennsylvania.

Feb. 22, 1934.

Somehow, news from the White House seems to have a deeper meaning today. For this, of course, is the birthday of our first President. One can't help thinking that somewhere, on high, the shade of Washington stands watching, looking down upon this planet in the history of which he cut so large a figure, and upon the nation he did so much to create. What is George Washington thinking as he looks down from the Milky Way? What passes through his thoughts as he observes the events in that city of Washington named after him? And what if the shade of Washington could return to the earth, could come to a microphone and address you now? What would he say?

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Well, that can only happen in imagination, in make-believe. Let's try it in make-believe, some one to impersonate Washington. Some one versed in the lore of America and its history. Some one to tell us what, in his opinion, Washington would say if he were broadcasting to the nation on this, his birthday.

It happens that there is in the studio tonight such a person, a distinguished scholar, a president too -- a college

President, Dr. Weir Ketler, of Grove City College, out in western Pennsylvania, where Washington had his first experience with fighting and war. Suppose we have Dr. Ketler tell us what he thinks Washington would say about the news from the White House on this, his two-hundred-and-first birthday.

Come along, Dr. Ketler, here's the microphone.

You play the part of George Washington. Just imagine you have a cocked hat on your head ~~and~~ and a sword by your side, and tell us what you think Washington would say on this his two-hundred-and-first birthday.

Well, Mr. Lowell Thomas, that's a startling command, to be ordered into the role of George Washington, with a cocked hat on my head, and a sword at my side. But, if you will allow me a little tolerance, I'll try. I can imagine that our first President, if he were addressing the radio audience, would speak something like this. He would say:-

"As the first President of the United States I have a natural curiosity about my latest successor. Of the Presidents who have followed me in office, Franklin D. Roosevelt is one of the most interesting. The things he has done would have astonished us mightily in those old days. They would have puzzled Hamilton who thought the Government should be strong. But what would Alexander Hamilton have thought about the N.R.A. and its all-directing hand laid upon affairs of commerce and industry?

"Thomas Jefferson would have approved fervently of Mr. Roosevelt's solicitude for agriculture and the common man. But Jefferson was opposed to excessive authority in government. He called it tyranny.

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"As for me, George Washington, I must confess that the C.W.A. and the P.W.A. and the C.C.C. and the R.F.C. leave me a trifle bewildered. But I see it all as a continuation of those problems which we ourselves faced when the Republic was young. We debated hotly over how much power the central government should have, just as you are debating today. We solved our difficulties by ~~complex~~ compromise, by ~~xxx~~ trial and error, by improvising -- and keeping what seemed good. And that today is what you are doing; that is what my thirty-first successor, Mr. Roosevelt, is doing."

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And ~~ix~~ now that's enough, Lowell. I'll take off the cocked hat and put away the sword. I'm not the first President any more. I'm a college president again.

FOLLOW DR. KETLER

And President of a most excellent college; and,
Doctor, you make a splendid George Washington. I'm sorry we ~~haven't~~
haven't a cherry tree here for you to chop down.

HOUSE

And one cannot help wondering what George Washington would have thought of the house of wonders that Governor White has just formally opened in Mansfield, Ohio. It is called "The Home of To-morrow". It was built and equipped by the Westinghouse Electric Company. Designed to show an engineer's idea of what modern household equipment will be ten years from now.

It has thirty times the mechanical service, the gadgets that are considered standard in the average American home today. If all the electric switches were turned on at the same time you would get electric service equal to the efforts of eight hundred and sixty-four servants working all at once.

It is completely air-conditioned. The atmosphere inside can be perfectly controlled by a system of switches from any room. The illuminating system provides shadowless lighting; also a different color of light for various purposes, both infra-red and ultra-violet rays.

There are automatic sliding doors, radio control

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for the garage doors, and intercommunication system in the house connected with both the front and back doors. The telephones are portable. There are waterproof walls in the bathroom, and the bathroom is equipped so the towels can be almost instantly dried. You don't have to send out your clothes to be washed. There's a presto change laundry. All you do is press a button and the machinery does the rest.

You can soothe the crying baby, or shock your mother-in-law by electricity.

NEW DEAL

I have been much interested in something I ran across in the current issue of the Literary Digest. It is an extract from an article ~~from~~^{by} Stanley High, on the New Deal. Mr. High writes that he asked a red-cap at the Union Station the question: "What do you think of the New Deal?" And the ~~red-cap~~ red-cap put down the suitcase he was carrying and replied: "Well, Sir, I don't know nothin about the New Deal. Absolutely nothin. But if it's that what's getting us bigger tips, then I'm for it."

And, ~~says~~^{says he gets} Mr. High, ~~I get~~^{he} the same answer to that question wherever ~~I~~^{he} asked it.

Literary Digest

LAKE PLACID

Hundreds of spectators at the great winter sports carnival at Lake Placid today witnessed the ski-jumping competition between forty and fifty ski jumpers representing clubs in this country and Canada. Ottar Fatre of the Salisbury Outing Club won. He's the new U. S. Eastern Amateur Ski-Jumping champion. Runner-up, Harold Sorensen of the Norfolk Winter Sports Association. Rolf Monsen of the Lake Placid Club, third.

Fatre also won the longest standing jump -- 185 feet.

L.T.

KIDNAP

A kidnapping today came to a swift and tragic ending. An attempt was made in Chicago to abduct a rich publisher of Davenport, Iowa. The Chicago police this afternoon were cross-questioning a couple of women whom they took into custody. While they were doing so Charles Mayo, the amateur kidnapper who made the attempt, committed suicide in his cell.

NBC

Cassy is quite a comedian. His ready wit served him well on one occasion in Pittsburgh. He had got the goat of the Pittsburgh fans, who booed him when he came up to bat. The next time up the boos were louder and funnier. Cassy grinned, tipped his hat -- and a bird flew out from under it. Whereupon the new jeers turned to cheers!

And now Cassy is a big man, he's gone to Brooklyn.

BASEBALL

Mr. Charles Dillion Stengel, "Casey" Stengel to you, is now chief dodger of the Dodgers. Casey is the man who hammered out two homers for the Giants, against the Yanks, in the World Series games of 1923. The Brooklyn Dodgers haven't had much luck lately. Last season they wound up in sixth place. So it's up to Casey now.

He started out in life to become a dentist. But he may have many a toothache before he gets through with the Brooklyns.

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RADIO

Martin Porter, Radio Columnist on the New York Evening Journal, has been making a curious investigation. He wanted to find out which was the keenest radio town in America. He undertook an elaborate inquiry, checking with statistics, fan mail, artists, owners of radio stations, advertising agencies. He has discovered that the honors go to Troy, Ohio. Sixty-two per cent of its inhabitants have radio sets. So Helen of Troy owns a radio. Her face doesn't launch a thousand ships. But her ears listen to a thousand programs.

NBC

NBC

PORTUGUESE

Tragedy over Lisbon. Two planes were flying above the Portuguese Military Airdrome at Cintra. While maneuvering they collided in mid-air. Three officers of the Portuguese Air Corps were instantly killed. One of them Colonel Pais, ^{Pilotez} the famous pilot who flew from Lisbon to Chile. Much the same as that crash above the capital of ~~the~~ Argentina when two U.S. planes crashed in mid-air before a welcoming throng. It was on that Good Will Flight of twenty-eight thousand miles when our army fliers made a full circle of the Southern continent.

NBC

That Stavisky affair turns more and more sinister. The death of that judge, just as he was about to testify in the investigation, has aroused storm of conjecture and savage accusations. There is talk of French Maffia. Some say the judge was not murdered but committed suicide. Others are hinting broadly that he was assassinated by police and newspapers friendly to the government. They are charging that a certain clique mixed up in the Stavisky scandal will now stop at nothing to prevent a thorough investigation. Parisien Balck Hand, they are calling it.

ICE

And now, "For ways that are dark and

Tricks that are vain

The heathen Chinese is peculiar."

I have heard of few examples of military ingenuity to compare with the achievement of this Chinese general. He is in command of the City of Nintsin, way in the interior of China. The winter climate in those parts ~~is~~ is exceedingly cold. And this is how that Chinese general makes use of Jack Frost to defend his city. He has his soldiers, thousands of them, carry buckets of water to the city walls. The water is poured on the walls, which promptly becomes completely sheathed in ice. And naturally no enemy can climb over.

Cool Chinese cunning I'd call that.

FUNERAL

The whole world attended a funeral today. In every land of this terrestrial globe millions of people participated in the last rites of King Albert of Belgium. By radio. Four million human beings were there on the scene, in the streets of Brussels. Drama soared to its height when the fifty thousand veterans who fought by his side on Flanders Field filed past the coffin of their dead chief! Kings and Princes and Dukes, dignitaries and celebrities galore. The Prince of Wales, in the uniform of a British Admiral, walked with the President of France.

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There was a sombre splendor and a grave pomp -- the solemn ritual of eternity. And then, pitiful humanity. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, Queen Elizabeth collapsed. She could not stand. Her attendants had to support her, while a royal salute of twenty-one guns tolled the knell of a hero king.

NBC

BERGDOLL

And now the name of Bergdoll, that name so familiar in the old World War days. It's in the news again. Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, of Philadelphia, the most famous draft ~~large~~ dodger of them all. He aroused more animosity than anybody else. And long after the war was over members of the American Legion organized an expedition to Germany and tried to kidnap him.

Bergdoll's mother recently wrote to the President, begging him to pardon her son. This letter was made the subject of an editorial in the Philadelphia Record. He saw it in Germany. Someone mailed him a copy. Consequently, for the first time, he has broken his silence of fourteen years. Bergdoll declares that he did not make his escape from the military guard by bribery. He says: "If I were given to bribery, I could easily have bribed myself into a rocking chair job in the army or navy during the war. In that way I would have avoided all the trouble I've had since then." And he added: "It happens that I was not a diplomat."

Well, sometimes it's the worst of crimes, not being a diplomat.

ROOSEVELT

Some ten years ago, when we was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, President Roosevelt wrote an article about the great Japanese problem for the magazine ASIA. The gist of it was that a war between Japan and the United States was "a military and naval absurdity." The article is now reprinted in the March issue of that same magazine - Asia. Naturally, it now has an added interest - a redoubled interest.

A pungent bit of writing it is too. Mr. Roosevelt said that people who talk about war between ourselves and the Japanese simply know nothing about either naval or military affairs. Here, for instance, is a quotation from the article: "Why do so many Americans, after witnessing the devastation and the futility of war, continue to think of Japan and the Japanese in terms of war? Why have so many Japanese a similar mental attitude toward the United States?"

And the article says further: "After the first year or two of hostilities economic causes would become the determining factor. Tableau: Japan and the United States, four or five

ROOSEVELT

thousand miles apart, making faces at one another across a no-man's water as broad as the Pacific." So spoke the man who is now President. Prophetically, we hope. He saw no signs of war.

COCKNEY ENDING

A Londoner from the vicinity of Bow-bells was visiting up my way in the hills of Dutchess County recently. [^] *If he's there now he's snowed in.* He was disturbed by one of the night sounds that we are all familiar with in the country. They were unfamiliar to this Cockney gentleman who said: "Wh-Wh-What is that hawful noise outside?"

"Why", replied Lieutenant Beverly Davison, the famous Millbrook pheasant farmer, "that's an owl".

"Yes", replied the Cockney visitor, "I 'now it's an 'owl, but oo's owling?"

And that's about all the owling I have time to do tonight. So, as the owls say: "Hoot, hoot and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW."

L.T.