

SMITH

(The United States looms up tonight as one huge dueling ground. The duelists facing each other are the President and his one time old potato, Al Smith. That's the net result of the scorching speech on Saturday night.)

There is dismay among the President's followers.

It's not so many days ago that the whole country pricked up its ears at the fighting words which President Roosevelt uttered to the assembled houses of Congress. That speech was historic in its way. At the time, ~~as~~ everybody said: "When will we hear from the other side?" And also, "Whom have they got who can speak with anything like the persuasive power of Mr. Roosevelt?"

Well, they found a past master in the art of political debate and radioing too. But it seems dramatic and ironic that he should have been found in the President's own party. For no retort from the Republican side of the fence has carried the whallop that came in the words of the man whom Franklin D. ~~swelt~~

Roosevelt thrice nominated for President.

(The Democrats are torn by two doubts. One:- "What does Al Smith mean by talking about taking a walk if the Democratic Convention renominates F.D.R.?") Everybody knows that the Democratic Convention is bound to endorse the President. And they can't renominate a candidate without endorsing his policies. (The only rational interpretation is that Mr. Smith intended to hint that he would lead the bolt. But will that in turn mean a new, Fusion Party?) So it's easy to see why leading heads are resting uneasily on Democratic pillows.

Opinions are also divided in Washington on the matter of talking back to Al. The original idea was that it should be done by Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic leader in the Senate. But the big-wigs of the Party are shaking their heads and fearing that Senator Robinson, for all his virtue, is no match for such a political rough and tumble artist as Al Smith. So they are now privately imploring President Roosevelt

himself to take up the cudgels and be his own champion.

There was some sniping at Mr. Smith on the floor of Congress today. The most biting remark was one which suggested that his title of "Happy Warrior" should be changed to "Happy Walker-Out."

RESERVE

The excitement over the Liberty League speech overshadowed everything in Washington. It even dwarfed the President's nomination to the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, the most important financial body in the country. The chairman of the board remains unchanged. Marriner S. Echols of Utah is renominated and keeps the seat he has held since November 1934. Among the new members to the board is Joseph A. Broderick of New York, for ten years superintendent of banks in that state.

Of the new members Mr. Morrison of Texas is an ex-railroad and public utilities man. Mr. Ransom of Georgia is a banker from Atlanta. Mr. McKee of Ohio used to be receiver of insolvent national banks in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The new members are in luck in one respect. They now get fifteen thousand a year. The wage of a Federal Reserve Member used to be only twelve thousand.

BONUS

(The Bonus Bill is law.

If I'm not mistaken this is the second time since President Roosevelt entered the White House that one of his vetoes has been over-ridden.) The seventy-six to nineteen vote in the Senate was more than enough. Vice President Garner had occasion to observe that for the first time since he took office every Senator was in his seat.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau already has told the Congressmen that the passing of that Bonus Bill would make extra taxation unavoidable. Where are they going to find the money appropriated? Of course, the veterans can hold their bonds until 1945 so as to collect the interest as well as the face value. But how many will? It is estimated that it least one billion in cash will have to be forthcoming immediately - on June Fifteenth.

BANDIT

That weekend chase for a robber in the skyscraping Woolworth Building presented writers of crime stories with a new plot. The bare facts of the story sound like a movie thriller. It reminds us of the blood curdling King Kong. Imagine more than a hundred New York police hunting one crook all Sunday evening, all night, and still at it most of today. They scoured every nook and cranny of the lofty Woolworth Building, from basement to tower observatory. And that's a tall job, I'd call it - sixty stories to ransack. A huge cordon of officers guarded every exit. You would have supposed that in spite of the sixty stories, not a mouse could have got out of the Woolworth Tower, but apparently the burgler did.

In his escape apparently he did a Tarzan, jumping from the Woolworth building to the ledge of a window of the sixth floor of a building next door. There he broke a window, and made his way to the basement. He waited until people went to work this morning, and then walked out as cool as you please right through a double line of police, and probably into the nearest subway.

And are the cops annoyed! The miscreant didn't get away with any loot to speak of. But he has shown his colleagues in the underworld a new wrinkle in robbery. And given the detective thriller boys something to think over.

FUNERAL

Kings from all over Europe arrived in London today. They came, of course, to be present at the funeral of King George, tomorrow. There will be only ~~four~~ ^{five} Majesties present at the ceremonies in Westminster Hall and St. George's Chapel, Windsor, tomorrow.

~~It is significant that~~ At the funeral of King Edward the Seventh, there were nine crowned heads. Of them all, only one is alive today, King Haakon of Norway. The other ~~one~~ ^{eight} have either died or abdicated and gone into exile.

~~It looks as though one of the visiting Majesties were in the dog house.~~ Four of the kingly visitors are staying at Buckingham Palace with King Edward the Eighth. But King Carol of Roumania, ^{who is in London} ~~is~~

^{is} conspicuously not one of them. He has been put up at the town house of the Countess of Grenard, who, incidentally, is American born. To be sure, he has been housed there as King Edward's guest, and the explanation is that Buckingham Palace is crowded. Lady Grenard's residence is frequently used for the entertainment of overflowing royalties. But it is noticeable that they found room ^{in the palace} not only for all the other kings, but for the Crown Prince of Italy, and a couple of Prussian princes besides, ~~in Buckingham Palace.~~

And here's the interpretation given to this fact by diplomatic observers. King Carol blotted his copybook, as the English say. He left Bucharest in company with his famous royal sweetheart, Magda Lupescu. He didn't bring her to London with him but left her in Paris. Nevertheless, they say, this conduct was shocking to English notions of propriety. That's why there is no welcome on the doormat outside Buckingham Palace for the Roumanian monarch, *and moreover King George never forgave King Carol for breaking with his wife.*

From all over England and Scotland, visitors continued to pour into London today. And evidently most of them flocked to Westminster Hall to have their last view of their dead sovereign lying in state. One consequence was the historic break in ^{a London} ~~the~~ tradition ~~of London~~. The subways were kept running all night for the first time since they were built.

In the district around Westminster Hall, traffic was literally at a standstill. Loyal Britons stood in line in rain and snow, ten abreast, a line three miles long. And every train from the provinces brought more mourners to the English capital. At a conservative guess, six hundred thousand men, women and children have filed ^{by} ~~passed~~ the late King's bier.

It has been more than twenty-five years since the City on the Thames witnessed a spectacle like the one that will be offered tomorrow. In addition to five kings, two queens, four crown princes, and crown princesses, fourteen other princes, will march behind the gun carriage carrying the remains of King George. Besides the royalties, President Albert Lebrun of France, the foreign ministers of ten nations, Norman H. Davis, and the staff of Uncle Sam's Embassy in London will be in the line of march. (And they are only a few of the military and civilian dignitaries who will take part in the solemn pageant. In addition to eight thousand bobbies, more than seventeen thousand soldiers and marines will stand guard along the line of march from Westminster Hall to the funeral train bound for Windsor Castle.)

Rhyr .

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1936.

When a man becomes King Emperor, ruler of the largest empire in the world, in fact the largest empire in all history, everything that monarch does is more or less interesting to us. In fact, many people are most interested of all in the little things concerning him, what he wears, what he eats and what he does to amuse himself. Well I have a caller tonight who knows considerable about the man who has just succeeded to the throne of Alfred the Great, the throne of Queen Elizabeth and his twenty other predecessors. The Honorable David Rhys of London has just dropped in to see how broadcasting is done on this continent. He is a cousin of Lord Jersey, a nephew of Lord Dunsany, son-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and so on.

The Honorable David Rhys is one of the heads of those two giant hotels of London, Claridge's and the Savoy. Among other things he knows much about what it is that King Edward likes to eat. Mr. Rhys just what does the King enjoy when he sits down to the table for a bit of dinner?

MR. RHYS:- He very much likes to start his meal with plovers' eggs.

L.T.: They're awfully rare, aren't they?

MR. RHYS: Well rather. About the only place you can buy them is in Holland. They are about the size of an olive, and exceedingly delicious.

L.T.: And after that?

RHYS -- EDWARD EIGHTH

MR. RHYS: Oh, a dish of blue trout, for his second course pleases him. I may be wrong, but I believe you call them rainbow trout over here.

L.T.: Yes, and quite a delicacy. And for the next course?

MR. RHYS: A saddle of lamb. I believe you could say that is King Edward the Eighth's favorite meat.

L.T.: Does the lamb comes from the United States, Canada, or Australia?

MR. RHYS: No, he prefers South Down lamb.

L.T.: From Sussex. And then?

MR. RHYS: Oh, he likes to top it off with a cheese souffle.

L.T.: The Honorable David Rhys, of Claridge's and the Savoy of London, is here in America, making a study of our hotels, particularly of the Waldorf, where he has offices for the moment. Mr. Rhys what was that anecdote you were telling me about the Duke of Wellington and the chef?

MR. RHYS: Oh, yes, we British have long been famous, or shall I say notorious for our lack of discrimination for the food we eat. The Duke of Wellington, my wife's great-grandfather, had a French chef. One day the chef resigned, and when the Duke asked him why, the chef replied: "Ah, when I serve you a good meal Your Grace says, 'By Jove, dam' good meal'. And when I serve you a bad meal Your Grace says, 'By Jove, dam' good meal!'"

The French chef simply could not stand it, but, our old-time British indifference toward food has changed.

L.T.: Claridge's in London is the place where royalty stops. I understand that many of the royal personages now in London for King George's funeral tomorrow are stopping there. They always have. Mr. Rhys, was the King of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, your guest when he visited London?

MR. RHYS: He was, indeed. In fact he occupied some of our most luxurious quarters. But, instead of sleeping in the beds, he and his staff, slept on the floor.

L.T.: Many thanks Mr. Rhys for your delightful anecdotes, and now before we go out and order our evening's ration of plovers' eggs, blue trout and cheese souffle, here is a little more news.

~~Premier Mussolini's war seems to have come to life~~
~~again in Africa. After weeks of stalemate and unconfirmed~~
~~rumors we now have reports of concrete victory, victory for~~
~~the Italian arms. From one part of the map these reports~~
~~were virtually confirmed from Ethiopian sources.~~ ^{TP} The generals
 of the Negus ^{Negusti now} admit that General Graziani and his Southern
 Armies have ~~penetrated~~ penetrated more than two hundred and sixty
 miles into Ethiopian territory. And Marshal Badoglio announces
 that the town of Negherri^{ll}, a strategic point in Southern Ethiopia
 has been occupied after ^a terrific machine gun battle. The story
 seems to be authentic because it is ^{also} confirmed by officials of
 the Red Cross. No fewer than ten thousand of Haile Selassie's
 men were mowed down by the Italian gunners.

This activity puts a different complexion on the
 African situation. Observers have been puzzled for sometime
 by the comparative quiet on all the fighting fronts. May-
 be this means that the Duce has decided to make a clean sweep
 of it and complete his military occupation of Ethiopia ^{— on to Addis Ababa.} Some
 of the men who have been there tell me he could have done it
 weeks ago if he wanted to, but apparently was holding off for
 political reasons.

WEATHER

The message from Doctor Kimball of the Weather Bureau brings mixed emotions. Zero weather for the eastm says the Doc, and a whole week of it. And - he's usually right. To a lot of people, such news prompts the question: "What will it do to our waterpipes?"

Thousands of others are saying: Won't it be wonderful for the skiing?" A big skiing excursion produced an unexpected diversion early this morning. It happened at the foot of Bear Mountain, New York, where hundreds of people take their skis every snowy Sunday. A freight train got itself derailed between Haverstraw and West Haverstraw. Some hundreds of people were marooned at the Bear Mountain Station for hours. After a couple of hours of stamping round in twenty-four degrees of frost, the crowd picked its own means of getting warm. Strong armed members proceeded to tear up planks from the platform of the railway station and huge twenty-four foot beams from the entrance of the Palisades Interstate Park. With these they made a bonfire. The flames jumped thirty feet.

It wasn't long before there was real danger of a forest fire. So the state police jumped into the picture. They had the none-too-easy job in putting out that bonfire. But they also took pity on the shivering crowd and brought along buckets of hot coffee.

You may have noticed that a nineteen year old girl has just grabbed first place on the famous Mount Van Hoevenberg bob sled run at Lake Placid. At the controls of her four-man sled, Miss Katherine Dewey whizzed down the glare ice in less than one minute and ten seconds in each of three heats. All the male pilots in the race, and there were five of them, took a spectacular trimming from the young lady. Miss Dewey is the granddaughter of the celebrated Doctor Dewey who tried to introduce simplified spelling into America. And I'll simplify broadcasting by saying --

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.