

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

The very date today takes us into the realms of the unknown -- the dim immensities of the undiscovered. That's what makes some people superstitious. This is Friday, the thirteenth, which many think unlucky.

But there are others, all over the country today, who are merrily defying Friday, the thirteenth, by walking under ladders, breaking mirrors, opening umbrellas in the room, and sitting thirteen at the table. And nothing ever seems to happen to these jolly superstition-busters. They say it's all perfectly well known ^{that} there's nothing to it.

That takes us to a little girl down in Beaumont, Texas. She's thirteen years old. She woke up this morning the richest little

INTRODUCTION #2.

girl in the world. Her name is Dorothy Yount. She has just inherited four million dollars from her father, who was a Texas oil magnate.

Some twenty years ago, a play was produced in New York, called "The Poor Little Rich Girl". People snorted at the idea. The trials and tribulations of the rich, ^{both} young and old, whose trouble is having too much money, don't impress most of us, whose trouble is --having too little.

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But listen to the complaint of the pretty thirteen year old millionairess in Texas. "I can't even play without being watched", she sighs. That is because her mother, afraid of kidnapers, has hired guards to protect the child. "And," continues the poor little rich girl, "I can't even go to school or have playmates." She isn't allowed to be heedless, careless and free, like any other child. Too bad, Dorothy, but some day that four million will come in handy.

BRAIN TRUST

Now here's something alarming:- Dr. Raymond Moley, the original Brain Truster, tells us that there is not just one Brain Trust, there are three of them. The first bunch is the economists: Professor George Warren, Professor James H. Harvey, and Professor Irving Fisher, the man who used to issue such lyrical figures in praise of prohibition.

In group two are the legal lights: Professor Felix Frankfurter, Thomas G. Corcoran, James M. Landis, and Benjamin V. Cohen. It is this bunch that is responsible for the proposed measures to regulate the stock market.

In group three are Professor Rexford Tugwell, Professor A. A. Berle, and non-Professor General Crack-em-down Johnson.

And those three Brain Trusts undoubtedly know all that is known and much that is unknown.

So, what some people have been saying about the Brain Trust may not be the truth. It may be only one-third of the ~~truth~~ truth.

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Does anybody know what ~~has~~ inspired Congressman Bulwinkle in that latest episode of the Dr. Wirt affair. The doctor made his charges that the Brain Trust were a bunch of Communists. The House Special Committee held its investigation and, from what Dr. Wirt himself said, the general verdict is that the doctor didn't quite know what he was talking about.

But Chairman Bulwinkle is not satisfied to let it go at that. He has to bring charges against Dr. Wirt, charges that the doctor was put in jail during the World War, on the charge of being pro-German. It looks as if Mr. Bulwinkle appeared ^{were} ~~to be~~ trying to play Dr. Wirt's game by making a martyr of him. And the first result has been an avalanche of letters and telegrams from people in Gary and other places, contradicting Mr. Bulwinkle and demanding a retraction.

So from the Doctor's standpoint things appear to be going from wirt to better.

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Homecoming day in Washington. The boss is back in the White House, tackling things ^{known} and unknown. I like his sly dig at Congress, when he said: "While I was on the train coming up north, the newspaper boys were trying to get me to say I want Congress to go home. However," protested the President, "I'm not going to say anything of the sort. But for the benefit of you younger Congressmen, all I know is that Washington in mid-summer never gets hotter than a hundred and ten degrees in the shade."

And that certainly is
The gentlest possible way of saying: "Don't hurry - here's your hat."

About his fishing trip and the fish he caught or didn't catch, the President deftly ducked the issue. Here are his words: "I expected on this trip to get some good publicity about the fish I was catching. But," he added, plaintively, "I could not get any publicity in view of the fact that here in Washington you good people have been going from work to Wirt."

And that's about the same quality as the wirt pun I made.
The homecoming reception was a gala affair as many of you may have gathered from the radio broadcast of the festivity.

"The Unofficial
Observer":

April 13, 1934.

INTRO TO SPEAKER

Beside me in the studio here is a man whom I don't know. I don't know his name or where he comes from. I don't even know what he looks like. He's wearing a mask, a black mask that hides his face. He looks like the Man in the Iron Mask. Sounds like kidding. But it isn't.

With Mr. Roosevelt's return to Washington, I thought it a good idea to have somebody give us an inside slant on the President.

There's a book just out called "The New Dealers". It's making quite a stir. So I suggested to the publishers that the author of "The New Dealers" might join me on the air tonight. The book is anonymous. The author sign himself "The Unofficial Observer."

To my suggestion the publishers answered, "Sure -- but," they added, "his identity must remain unknown. He won't even show his face". They said: "He will come to the studio disguised with a mask."

And that wasn't all. They specified that he would even disguise his voice, and talk only in false and altered accents.

So that's how I have this recognized but
unrecognizable author here beside me. A special microphone
has been rigged up for him to disguise his voice and make it
strange and unrecognizable.

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I can't introduce him to you, because I don't know
him. I can't say, "This is Mr. So and so," because I don't
know his name. I'll just ask the mysterious unknown for a
detail or two about the President of the United States.

So now, Mr. Man-in-the-Iron-Mask, tell us in that
disguised voice of yours about the real secret of the Power of
the Administration.

--o--

OBSERVER:- Mr. Thomas, I can answer that briefly; the
President's digestion.

L.T.:- Yes, I have heard of geniuses with dyspepsia,
jaundice and stomach-ache. Is that, Mr. Mysterious,
what you mean?

OBSERVER:- Just the reverse. The President comes of Dutch

peasant stock and, through his Mother, of Flemish peasant stock. Strong muscles, strong teeth and strong digestions have been bred into the Dutch and Flemings for centuries. Mr. Roosevelt ^{has} ~~is~~ an inherent ~~physical and metabolic~~ equipment which is worth far more than the inbred delicacy of true aristocracy. And that for a man in public life, with its irregular hours, its heavy banquets, its nervous strains, is priceless.

L.T.:-

Especially the heavy banquets. I quite agree with you there, Mr. Unofficial, Unknown, Unrecognizable Observer. So I suppose the way to understand the political situation in Washington is to watch the President at the dinner table.

OBSERVER:-

That's not a bad idea. Those of us who have seen F.D.R. at the dinner table ~~is~~ and have caught the gusto with which he addresses himself to his victuals, can understand his enormous energy, enthusiasm and zest for life. The starvling ^{saint} ~~sense~~ may win a shrine from posterity, but the full blooded, hearty man is the ^{hero} ~~hero~~ of his own time. A dyspeptic Roosevelt would be a contradiction in *terms*.

~~terms.~~

L.T.:-

Yes, Mr. John Doe, I recognize the wisdom of what you say -- but it is all I recognize. I have been trying to see if I could guess who you are, but I can't. And I wonder if any of the radio audience can identify your voice.

But ^{now} let's go on from the unknown to the known.

ICEBERGS

Not only on land but on sea we are going to continue to feel the effects of the fierce, unusual winter we have just gone through. Because, one aftermath of the winter is a phenomenal crop of icebergs now floating in North Atlantic. This is going to be a sore problem to navigators who across the broad Atlantic from now until July.

However, any of you who intend to cross, don't let this worry you, because the long arm of Uncle Sam is out to protect you. Instructions have been issued to the Coast Guard to double iceberg precautions. The man who really knows about icebergs is Lieutenant Commander Edward H. Smith of the Coast Guard. He prophecies that something like six hundred and thirty giant bergs will cross the main ocean traffic lines in the next three months. But Uncle Sam is sending a coast guard cutter into the northern waters to study the ice movements and keep navigators informed of the drift and path of every berg.

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It's a long long way from Gotham, nineteen thirty-four A. D., to Ur of the Chaldees four thousand B. C; the dim Chaldees who lived on the misty Shore of the Unknown. New discoveries have been made by the joint expedition of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania. Archeologists have just found priceless, fascinating vessels, ornaments, and musical instruments. In the ancient city of Abraham on the Shore of the Unknown there was culture, art and luxury on a fabulous scale, six thousand years ago.

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Mix-up between Colombia-Peru; and, the reason is, that the Committee of the League of Nations, appointed to straighten out the quarrel, adjourned to think it over. The row of course, is over that patch of wilderness on the upper regions of the Amazon River, around Leticia. The League Committee adjourned, presumably to give their bewildered brains a rest. But the Colombians and Peruvians interpreted this as an indication that the Committee had found the problem hopeless. So they're getting ready to arbitrate with bullets.

And that has given a headache to our own State Department. It is worried because a score of American aviators have sailed to get into the war game in the Andean and Amazonian skies. And the State Department said: "Naughty, naughty. You do that and you lose your commissions as officers in the United States Army Reserve." To which the aviators reply in effect, "Oh, yeah? Maybe Uncle Sam will pay us five hundred dollars a month not to fight for Colombia?"

But the boys ask innocently:- "Who told you we are going to fight? We're engaged as instructors!"

Well, I wish them luck. They are flying away into the unknown.

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RESCUE

The triumphant rescue of the last of those Russian scientists and their families, marooned on the ice, has excited wild jubilation in Moscow. There is more rejoicing than if the Soviet armies had won a spectacular victory. And indeed what military victory could be finer than that victory of rescue.

One Soviet newspaper editor professes to know exactly what would have happened if the Czar had still been in power. He editorializes that there would have been so much red tape and so much wrangling, ~~over the rescue,~~ that the marooned folks would have starved or frozen to death long before the rescuing aviators could ^{have} got to them. Yet we may observe that Imperial Russia performed its own feats of adventure and daring.

ELLSWORTH

55'

On into the unknown -- Lincoln Ellsworth announces that he's going to take another crack at the Antarctic. The savagely bad luck, real Friday-the-thirteenth bad luck, that ~~set~~^{set} him back last fall has only inspired him to try it again. So it was quite fitting that the Half Moon Club should give Ellsworth a big blow-out, with distinguished geographers and ~~explorers~~ explorers wishing him better ^{better} luck, than ~~that~~ last time ^{a few months ago} ~~when~~ when he reached the Antarctic, and the ice crushed his plane as he was unloading it. ~~and that ruined the expedition.~~

SARFATTI

Sometimes it takes distinguished foreigners to make Americans realize the magnificence that there is in their own backyards. For instance, the average New Yorker roams through the streets, never appreciating that he is walking with blinkers through sights more wonderful than the hanging gardens of Babylon.

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For example, Donna Margherita Sarfatti, Mussolini's biographer, when they took her on a sight-seeing tour through Rockefeller Center, described those soaring towers as "more beautiful than she had even dreamed."

Incidentally, they have just given this ~~distinguished~~ ^{distinguished} Italian authoress a big blowout, with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia, as toastmaster. Among the guests were the former Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Antonia Grossardi, Signora Grossardi, the Contessa Crisuolo, ^{Fahketty Greeley} Count Facchetti Guiglia and the Marchese and Marchesa ~~Giorgia~~ Giorgio Serafin!

No, it wasn't on the ~~saxax~~ stage at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was at the Waldorf.

Now for a dark bit of the unknown - the whereabouts of Dillinger. Let's look at the latest escapade of Public Enemy Number One, the way he broke into a police station at Warsaw, Indiana, for the sole purpose of stealing several machine guns and bullet proof vests. His previous exploit was breaking out of jail - and now he's ^{been} breaking into jail.

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The usual sentimental excuse made by crooks is that they've not had the benefits of education and so forth. Policemen tell me this is the bunk. Dillinger, for example, went to high school, and played on the baseball team. He married a childhood sweetheart. He committed a robbery, and was convicted. Since then he has become the devilish escaper and killer. Since his latest escape he and his gang have stolen two hundred thousand dollars in ~~three~~^{ten} bank robberies, and have killed three policemen.

They say that part of Dillinger's raids have been made to help his friends, and that the arch-desperado is loyal, intelligent and brave. That's sentimentalizing, and as for bravery - take the old policeman whom Dillinger held up while

he was breaking into the police station at Warsaw, Indiana.

Old as he was, Patrolman Jud Pittenger, with Dillinger's gun pointed right at his midriff, grabbed the formidable killer, went to the mat with him, tripped him and his pal, and the three rolled down the staircase. Dillinger got away and tonight -- the old story -- whereabouts unknown.

RUGBY

Cut any where 58

One of the things that ^{has} interested football fans since the Rugby team of Cambridge University, England, came over here has been their phenomenal kicking. The ball used in Rugby is considerably larger and heavier than the one used in American football. So it is all the more interesting to observe that in the Cambridge victory against Yale it was the kicking that won the most points.

The Yale Bowl is smaller, or at any rate narrower than the fields to which the Englishmen have been accustomed. Consequently, they were unable to ~~use~~ ^{use} their usual lateral and backward passing ~~game, the game that~~ ^{play which} so bewildered the Harvard and Princeton teams. For all that, the Cantabs beat the Elis by thirty-two to five. And it was the kicking that did it. Yale men said that no such kicking had been seen in the Bowl since Charlie Brickley of Harvard scored five ~~fast~~ ^{in one game} field goals ^{way} back in nineteen sixteen.

However, there is no indication ^{as yet} that Rugby is likely to supplant American football in popularity. A crowd of fifteen hundred watched this Rugby game as compared with ~~fifty or~~ ^{or 80} seventy thousand ~~who that~~ ^{that} would have been there to see Yale play Princeton or Harvard.

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ENDING

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After this broadcast of the unknown and the known,
there is one thing that I certainly do know. I know it by
heart. It is --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY,