

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

Tonight is explaining night for me. Last night was haywire night. And all because I suddenly became a Kentucky Colonel. Ray Shehan, Commander of the Harlan Post of the American Legion put one over on me. I had asked Commander Shehan to come to the mike and say something about the Cumberland Mountains and the wonders of Kentucky. But out of a blue sky, as a complete surprise, he announced that Governor Lafoon had issued a commission raising me to the rank of Colonel. Right there in front of the mike he did it -- *all the way from rear rank private* raised me to a booted and spurred Kentucky Colonel. You should have seen my astonishment. Maybe you heard it. The unexpected military ceremony took a bit of time; a couple of those fleeting minutes that are allotted to me. I had made no allowance for that. It threw my timing off. And all

through the rest of the broadcast I didn't know where I was.

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Astonishment plus the tangled time! The combination had me virtually haywire. Leth for Lēthē, Yousowsoff for Yousoupoff, contorted words and jangled phrases.

As a buck private I had been getting along all right, but as a Kentucky Colonel I tripped over my spurs and stumbled over my sword. My military entre was a fiasco.

Now, however, I am a little more used to my new dignity as a Kentucky Colonel along with Will Rogers and Mae West. (Which puts me in fast company.) ^{And} I'll defend Kentucky with my life if need be-- especially Bourbon County. And, I guess I'd better make a resolution not to go haywire tonight.

NAVY

The subject of disarmament tonight -- well it's the other way round. Its armament. The dis part of it seems to be falling into disuse. In passing the Vinson-Trammell Bill yesterday the Senate gives emphasis to Uncle Sam's answer to the other nations that won't disarm. The House has already passed the bill. All of which means that the U. S. Navy will be brought up to the full strength allowed by the Naval Treaties, with the expenditure of half billion dollars on a construction program that will last for seven years.

This news brings echoes from abroad -- announcement that other countries are jumping right into the Naval race. France to build a new giant battle ship, two new submarines and a destroyer, -- echo of The Seven Hills: Mussolini building a new big war ship. Echo from London, -- or re-echo. "John Bull has already told the world that he is going to do quite a bit of Big-Navy building.

There are certain ironies in this antithesis of armament and disarmament -- ironies that could stand a bit of explaining on explanation night. For example many prominent peace-and-good-will advocates hold stock in munitions factories:- such as Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Foreign Minister, Sir John Simon; and even the late Lord Balfour. These dignitaries are fervent advocates of disarmament. But their munitions stocks would take a big drop if disarmament came about. Maybe this doesn't affect their attitude. Maybe their hearts are not in their stocks. But it does seem a bit paradoxical -- a bit haywire.

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The magazine, Fortune gives us the real name of that celebrated master of armaments, Sir Basil Zaharoff. This almost legendary figure was born-- Basileios Zacharias. He is a Greek, and know as the "salesman of death." He sold a submarine to Greece, then used that as an argument to sell two submarines to Turkey, the next door neighbor of Greece.

But Fortune tells us that the biggest shot in the

armament business is not the mighty Vickers concern, nor the historic German Krupp. Larger than either Vickers or Krupp is the Schneider-Creusot combine of France, which owns not merely factories, but foundries, mines and banks. They say the head of this French firm contributed a lot of the money that put Hitler in power. The idea being that the warlike Nazis would buy plenty of war machinery from the great French armament firm.

At the head of Schneider-Creusot stands a little known figure, a shadowy "merchant of death." Francois De-Wendel. He is also a regent of the Bank of France, member of the Chamber of Deputies, and own newspapers. He calls himself Day-Wendel', but they say he has relatives in Germany named Von Wendel. They say that during the Great War the influence of this mighty armament master was so great that when the German troops seized the iron mines in the Brie^(Breay) district he was able to prevent the French artillery from bambarding the country around those mines --so as to avoid damaging his property.

Strange, looming figures --these "merchants of death."

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INFLATION

The Secretary of the Treasury gives a spectacular warning that unless the Administration works out a complete plan of economic control, uncontrolled inflation will come about.

What does it mean? Who is it aimed at? Is the Secretary's blast fired in the direction of the President? Is he crying "wolf, big-bad-wolf-of-inflation" for the attention of ^{that smiling} ~~the~~ gentleman who lives in the White House? In political circles they are trying to figure out the answer.

N R A

The President in ^{that} ~~his~~ address to the N.R.A. Convention called for shorter working hours and a raise in pay for the workers. I suppose most people perceive a good deal of logic in that. Now comes the answer from industry. Industrial leaders reply: "An admirable idea, Mr. President, but what are we going to use for money"? And I suppose -- that likewise-- ^{most} ~~more~~ people will perceive a good deal of logic in that response.

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It looks like a dilemma, but then the great achievement of common life, and of government, is the solution of dilemmas.

LOCAL

I am in Jenkins, Kentucky tonight sitting in room with about a hundred mining folks; -- And I'll bet some of you are wondering:- Why all the travelling? Why all this jumping from point to point on the map, from mountain top to mountain top in these Southern Highlands? Well, tonight being explanation night, here's the answer:-

In the first place, I am on a tour filling speaking dates down here in the old pioneer hill country of America. And, secondly, it's up to me to keep in touch with the country -- north, east, south and west. The officials of the Sun Oil Company want me to avoid the danger of that well-known malady -- New-York-Itis. In Manhattan you just naturally get too much of a New York slant.

It has been three or four years since I have been around extensively over the broad spaces of these forty-eight states. And things have changed a lot since then. In a way, it's a new America that's growing up around us. I have found that out down here among the mountains of coal.

COAL CONFERENCE

And by the way one of the next big news stories that we can expect from Washington will concern the entire soft coal mining industry. Representatives of the workmen and the operators, will meet in Washington tomorrow, to iron out their differences. This meeting may be one of the most important in the history of American industry. I understand that it will be the first time all the miners (their representatives) and all of the operators (with a few exceptions) will have come face to face, to talk thing out.

In at least six thousand coal mining towns, tonight, miners are talking about this. And that means at least three hundred thousand men and their families.

The meeting concerns the Coal Code. It is to be held in the Rose Room of the Washington Hotel with committee meetings next door at the Willard. Washington is crowded with coal people tonight:- Operators and representatives of the men, from the Northern Coal Control Association, and the Smokeless Applachian region.

How will it turn out? There have been

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bitter fights in the coal fields in years gone by. Can they get together?

I had a bit of good luck today. I rode across the Cumberland Mountains with Sam Caddy, President of the United Mine Workers, Union Number Thirty. Sam Caddy represents about twenty-thousand miners here in Kentucky. I put that question to him: Can they get together?

His reply was:- Tomorrow's meeting in Washington will set the pace for the entire soft coal industry. It will settle the problem of the number of hours the men will work, also wages, and differentials."

"Differentials," he explained, "Largely concern the problem of differences in freight rates. It costs more to ship coal to the Great Lakes and the great industrial centers from some points in the South, than, say, from Pennsylvania. In order for the operators to receive a fair profit they are to be allowed to pay lower wages -- to offset the extra cost of freight.

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Mr. Caddy of the United Mine Workers was on his way to catch a train for Washington.

He said the whole coal problem may not be settled tomorrow, but that everything looks favorable, because the operators and the men seem to understand each other better than ever before. Very little friction.

He believes that the conference will shorten the work day of the coal miner to seven hours -- five days a week. Also, an adjustment in wages so the miner's purchasing power will not be reduced.

These past few days my route happens to have been through one coal town after another. Conditions in some of them are excellent. For instance if they were all like Jenkins, Kentucky, where I am tonight; or Holden, West Virginia; or Derby, Virginia, you'd say the coal miner at least had a good place to live and good stores, schools, and so on. In fact right now it looks as though all of the coal mining towns are sprucing up. Perhaps it's because of the good feeling between

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the miners and their employees. Long may it last. And may they both prosper!

MRS. ROOSEVELT

Let's look at conditions in the West Indies through the eyes of our First Lady of the Land. On a jaunt she is making thru the islands of the Carribean, Mrs. Roosevelt finds that in Cuba the situation is all haywire again. Her plane landed for only a brief stop but she saw enough to realize that Cuba is once again practically under martial law. The dock workers are claiming that the ousted President, General Machado and his bully boys got away with their pension fund of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. They are demanding that the present government make good the loss. To which the present government replies -- "impossible." The dock workers ^sreponse is summed up in the familiar word -- strike. It is thought that the dock workers strike may spread to all of the trades.

Not much is being heard of Colonel Batista, who a year ago was a sergeant, an army stenographer, and now is head of the Cuban Army and the real ruler of the land. He is reported to be collecting tear-gas bombs and machine guns with

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which to handle any situation that may crop up.

Mrs. Roosevelt has soared swiftly by plane to Haiti. She made a triumphal progress through the capitol -- but, after a few minutes of conversation with the Mayor of Port Au Prince she learned that every railroad and every bus line in the country is tied up by strikes; and, a general strike is expected at any moment.

LADIES

I have two bits of information especially for the ladies tonight. The first will make them glad. The second will make them sad, if not mad. We all know that the new deal is particularly new for the women folks, that is to those of the fair ones who are gifted with political ambitions. Literary Digest is authority for the fact that twenty-nine women in America have reached high positions under the present administration -- headed by Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, the first woman ever to obtain cabinet rank.

And now President Roosevelt has named Judge Florence Allen of the Ohio Supreme Court to the United States Circuit Court. And this is the second highest tribunal in the land.

Georgetown University is following the President's lead and will confer an honorary degree on Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady -- and that will break all precedent. Mrs. Brady will be the first woman to receive an honorary degree in the one hundred and forty five years of Georgetown history. I saw Mrs. Brady at the Waldorf the other day and she didn't seem to be expecting any such honor.

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So much for the glad news -- from Brazil comes sad, mad news. The ladies down there thought they had won the vote.

They battled through a hard campaign and achieved a mighty victory. The new Brazilian constitution makes no distinction between the two sexes in the matter of ballot boxes or voting for your favorite candidate. But, somebody slipped a "joker"

in the deck. Who did? A man of course. Tucked away in that equal suffrage constitution is a tiny clause which the ladies did not notice. It provides that "before a citizen can vote, he or she must have completed his or her military service".

Now the senoras and senhoritas do not do any military service, so you know the answer. And are those Brizilian senoras and senhoritas mad? Today they're haywire.

PHEASANT

There is a pheasant and bird dog mystery in the Burrough of Queens, New York City. A householder there has a pet pheasant, a regular member of the family. Last night the family was awakened by a tremendous row in the living room; a combination of loud squawks and high pitched scales on the piano. It sounded as if gnomes and pixies were playing and singing. The ~~burrough~~^{resident of Queens} resident ran down stairs and found his pet pheasant in a state of great excitement, ~~raising~~^{racing} up and down on the piano keys, and squawking. ~~raucous squawks~~. What was the trouble? That ^{'s} the funny part of it. In the door-way of the living room was an English Setter, tail straight out and paw up-raised. That bird dog was making a perfect point at the pheasant. Hence, the ~~natural~~ agitation of the bird.

On the dog's neck was a collar which revealed that the animal was the property of George Harvey, Burrough-President of Queens. President Harvey has often boasted that his dog would point a bird a mile away, but the case is more

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wonderful than that because nobody can figure out how the dog got into the house with the windows closed and the doors locked. Must be a wonderful bird dog.

WYNEKOOP

The jury finds Doctor Alice Wynekoop guilty -- guilty of killing her daughter-in-law on the operating table; and the aged woman gets twenty-five years in prison. The question is asked, how could the dullest fool, let alone a sharp-minded woman doctor, commit a crime like that, so fantastic, yet so obvious and apparent, and expect to escape the consequences? Doctor Alice Wynekoop declares her innocence with unshaken tenacity. Yet, many crimes certain to be detected and punished, are committed with the expectation of evading detection and punishment. The Wynekoop affair is a puzzle; but then, crime itself is a puzzle.

That makes two women convicted of murder in this country within a week. That in itself is something of a coincidence. The coincidence becomes stranger when we note that the second woman was also a doctor -- Dr. Sarah Ruth Dean, sentenced to life imprisonment on a charge of having given a mercury highball to a man physician.

DILLINGER

The aftermath of the Dillinger jail-break is the arrest of two men of the prison staff. They are accused of helping in that "wooden pistol" escape. But the aftermath the country is waiting for is the capture of the desperado who added such a startling ^{and preposterous} page to the dark, grim and sometimes preposterous history of prisoners and prisons.

COURT

In South America a judge held court in the middle of a street. The border line of Uruguay and Brazil runs through the town and right down the middle of that street. The judge sat on the Uruguayan side of the line. The prisoner, who was arrested in Brazil, was brought to the Brazilian side -- right before the judge. And so the trial was held. A trial in two nations. There should have been a little girl named Alice watching that South American bit of legal wonderland. What would lisping Alice have said? She would have said with a giggle: "Why that's haywire."

And before I go haywire again, SO LONG UNTIL
TOMORROW.