

WEATHER

The shade of John Greenlief Whittier should be here tonight to tell us this story. It's a story of snowbound.

Last night's storm has had some serious and picture-sque consequences in eastern New York, New England, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Country highway traffic at a standstill. Snowdrifts four and five feet deep. Plows unable to clear even main thoroughfares. Roads blocked between New York, Boston, Albany, Harrisburg, Syracuse, Washington, Philadelphia.

The Automobile Clubs in Detroit and Cleveland report their roads open, but slippery, Virginia, coated with ice.

In some parts even the railroads were paralyzed. In New England tracks were so clogged that not a single train ran between New York and Boston. And on Long Island half million commuters were snowbound, unable to get to work. In many large offices, right here in Radio City, only half the employees were on the job. Wall Street and the New York Stock exchange had to postpone its opening from ten to eleven o'clock this morning.

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Seventeen Long Islanders had an experience they will long remember. They boarded a train leaving Pennsylvania Station for Long Beach, at one thirty this morning. They reached their destination at three o'clock this afternoon -- fourteen and a half hours late on a forty minute trip. Seventeen of them, five men and twelve women, including two elderly ladies, had to spend the entire night in a stalled train without a particle of heat. One of the lady passengers was a professional singer, a radio entertainer, so I am told. She did her bit nobly, crooning hot songs in the cold night. Yes sir, and they wrapped themselves in newspapers to keep warm.

NBC

AIRMAIL

The Army certainly ran into a tough job when it undertook to start carrying the airmail on the night of the blizzard. But that's the breaks of the game. But I suppose the commercial pilots would have found it no less difficult.

The first trip out from San Francisco was entrusted to Lieutenant Crosthwaite. He managed to get to the Sierras but there he met such violent storms and headwinds that he was obliged to turn back to Sacramento.

Officials are pointing out that Army pilots have one serious handicap. Uncle Sam's planes are not equipped for blind flying. Whereas Lieutenant Crosthwaite was unable to fly over the Sierras, a passenger plane of the United Airlines landed at Reno with safety.

In the middle west Uncle Sam's pilots had better luck. Lieutenant Storrie arrived at Chicago around two o'clock this morning with three hundred pounds of mail from Omaha. His take-off was delayed forty minutes, nevertheless, he arrived fifteen minutes ahead of time. And Lieutenant Roger Williams, running from Kansas City to Chicago, was a whole hour ahead of

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his schedule. But what a tough break it was -- that blizzard.

NBC

... they were in the studio. He has an
... on his way up
... is slippery and the snow is deep,
... this week at Lake Placid.
... to Rex Barton it was
... We had made an
... equatorial capital of
... skis, skates and hobsleds. Mr. Rex
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- Rex Barton.

- Feb. 20, 1934.

Re: Vikings on
skis.

INTRO TO REX BARTON

That frosty theme, the weather, seems to excite a peculiar interest in a chap here in the studio. He has an icy glitter in his eye. And no wonder. He's on his way up to the place where the ice is slippery and the snow is deep, the important ski-jumping events this week at Lake Placid.

The last time I was talking to Rex Barton it was on the tropical subject of Abyssinia. He had made an adventurous journey to the barbaric equatorial capital of Addis Ababa. But now it's skis, skates and bobsleds. Mr. Rex Barton tells me he will send me first-hand news about those winter sport events in ^{the} ~~the~~ high Adirondacks. But let's break him in right now by asking him something about the lore of games amid snow and ice. And now, Rex, will you speak a few frosty words into the mike?

FOR REX BARTON

All right, Lowell, I'll speak for Jack Frost, I've been looking up a thing or two about the history of skiing. It seems to be an ancient sport, lost in the dimness of Scandinavian antiquity. I ran across one old tale of how the ancient Vikings used to fight on skis. In one old saga, two of these Norse ski soldiers were captured by the enemy and forced to act as guides. The enemy being on skis too. But the two prisoners ^{led} ~~took~~ them astray, over the edge of disaster -- sliding over the edge of disaster. They led the way down, skiing down a steep mountainside. There was a tremendous cliff ahead. Only the two heroes knew it. And down they went, leading the whole host of the enemy. It was impossible to stop. And so they all went skiing right over the edge of the cliff.

FOLLOW REX BARTON

That is indeed a real saga of the ancient Norsemen,
which Rex Barton has told us. A warlike host skiing down the
snowy skid to destruction. A strange old story fit to be told
on a wintry night like this.

BONUS

We haven't heard so much about the veterans' bonus of late. But we are going to shortly. Last year President Roosevelt contrived to get his own way with Congress on this ticklish subject. But now he has had his first setback. There has been a movement on foot in the House to bring the cash bonus payment to veterans, out of committee where it had been buried all these months. The President is sticking to his guns. He has sent the representatives a note, probably the briefest presidential message they ever received. It read: "This is not the time to pay the bonus and I can't approve any legislation to that effect."

Nevertheless, the legislators on the Hill - at least a considerable number of them, took the bit in their teeth and revolted against the presidential will.

No fewer than a hundred and forty-five members signed a petition to bring that bonus question out of committee and force it to a vote.

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CONVENTION

Nobody would ~~doubt~~ the return of good times if he could see what I saw this afternoon. It was a convention of big pulp and paper men at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Manager Reddie ~~of the Waldorf~~ told me it is the biggest convention in the long and almost legendary history of the Waldorf. Incidentally a good-looking convention. I never saw so many tall, upstanding ~~px~~ pulp and paper men. It was like walking through the tall timber where the pulp and paper comes from. They are here to discuss the N.R.A. code for their industry. Their principal complaint is that it may destroy initiative. Maybe it's just a lot of pulp and paper.

NBC

PROSPERITY

I have just been talking with Mr. Roy D. Chapin, Former Secretary of Commerce and present head of the Hudson Motor company. He tells me it appears quite certain that the automobile industry will be the one to lead us out of the depression. Said Mr. Chapin:- "I have been in the business for thirty-three years, and each period of depression we have had, the motor industry has been the first to come back."

It's hard to disappear. One of the most difficult things in this country -- to do a vanishing act. I have this on the authority of no less an expert than Captain ^(air) Ayres, head of the Missing Persons Bureau of the New York Police Department. There are thirty thousand cases a year of people disappearing. And the records of the Department show that ninety-eight per cent of the missing are found. ~~Consequently~~ So, when a prominent man disappears and stays vanished, that's remarkable.

There is a bit of old history:- A little more than a hundred years ago, a judge, one of the foremost jurists in America, walked out of his hotel in New York, and never was seen again. And then, three-and-a-half years ago that episode was repeated. Judge Crater, justice of the Supreme Court of New York, strolled out of a night club in which he had had dinner. From ^{that} ~~the~~ moment to this, there has been no sign or trace of him. Ever since there has been an unceasing search. But the case of Judge Crater remains a complete mystery.

It has been calculated that at least three hundred thousand has been spent in the search; by the police and by the

New York newspapers, but not a trace. They made the most searching investigation into his private affairs, his finances, and so on. But nobody was able to discover anything wrong. Nobody has been able to establish any motive for his disappearance.

Now, today, comes an echo of this affair. Soon after Judge Crater's disappearance, the Board of Aldermen of New York offered a reward of five thousand dollars to anybody who would find the missing judge, or give a tip of where he might be found. Nobody ever came forward to claim that reward. Now it has been officially cancelled. It sounds like a closing cadence.

ALBERT

Tonight outside the gates of the palace in the old city of Brussels there already is a long line of mourners, more than a mile long, waiting to walk past their hero King as he lies in state. At the head of the line were the former Empress Zita of Austria and her son, Archduke Otto.

I talked today with a man who probably knew King Albert better than anybody else in this country:- J. M. Nye, known in Washington as Bill Nye. When King Albert and Queen Elizabeth visited the United States, Bill Nye was chief special agent of the Department of State. It was his job to escort and protect visiting royalty. Secret Service Agent Nye is now an executive of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

He told me that one night on the journey west the train stopped about half-past-eleven at a water tank in the Mountains. The superintendent of that division of the railroad came aboard and asked Nye whether King Albert would mind stepping out on the back platform of the train. Then he explained that a poor man, his wife and three children were there. They had never

been more than five miles away from that forlorn place, and never had hoped to see a king. Nye went to the King's compartment, knocked on the door and conveyed the message. King Albert immediately got out of bed, threw a military overcoat over his pajamas, walked to the back of the train, saluted the family of mountain folk, and gave them the thrill of their lives.

Tonight his own people are singing his praises, and weeping as they walk silently by.

PLOT

It seems curious to learn of a conspiracy in Italy. And that of itself is a fair symptom of the strength of the Mussolini government. We hear today that the Italian police brought to light a revolutionary plot against the Fascist regime. The headquarters of the organization evidently was at Trieste. It was there the three ringleaders were arrested. Two, Austrians, the other a German. Mussolini's police announce that they also found a stock of bombs, small arms and ~~Comm~~ Communistic propaganda. Revolutionary movements used to be a common thing in Italy, all the way down from the days when the Plebians used to revolt against the Patricians. But nowadays it's unexpected news.

WRECK

A call for help was received by Uncle Sam's coast guardsmen in Honolulu. A freighter loaded with lumber from Seattle sprang a leak some six hundred miles away from Hawaii. So the coast guard cutter is rushing to the rescue.

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ART EXHIBITION

Another LaGuardia novelty. The little Mayor is responsible for the first art exhibition to be held in America under municipal auspices. He's going to open it this evening, himself, in the Forum of Rockefeller Centre, where it will be held. Quite aside from all that, this first municipal art exhibition will also be the largest and most comprehensive ever held in this country. It will show the work of more than five hundred American artists. And there people will be able to see a genuine cross section of American art, for the work of every known school will be represented.

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That kind of frankness...
Chick Meahan, the coach who will lead the New York University team within two years.

Chick admits that he will... set out to do it by showmanship. People know Meahan... because everybody

likes a good show. And he never failed to give one. What is more, he was never too proud to learn showmanship from other showmen. ~~For instance,~~ ^{Follies} He went to the ~~theatre~~ one night and saw a particularly skillful dance by the ladies of the chorus. And that, says Chick, "taught me that people will pay money to see ~~hythm.~~" That was his inspiration for the military shift that Chick Meahan initiated, the shift in which players come out of the huddle and march to their places in the line as smartly as a crowd of West Point cadets. Everybody who has seen it will admit that it ^{is a beautiful sight} ~~is a beautiful sight~~ ^{certainly had rythm.}

Chick learned another tip from watching the hockey games at Madison Square Garden. As all hocky fans know, whenever anybody scores a goal, a red light flashes. Chick improved on this one.

~~In the future~~ ^{Thereafter} a huge cannon boomed whenever New York University scored a touchdown.

TURKEY

Here's a bit of information that ought to melt you to tears. Fatima is melting - Fatima, the fat lady, is passing out of the picture in Turkey, ~~the country where, in order to~~ be the pride of the harem, in the good old days, the little woman had to weigh at least two hundred pounds.

This is another good old Turkish custom which Kemal Pasha, the ~~dictator~~ ^{dictator} of the new Turkey, is abolishing. ~~Unlike Hitler,~~ Kemal believes in sports for women, that is, outdoor sports. Gymnasiums are being built all over the former realm of the sultans. The Turkish government is encouraging gymnastic exhibitions, races, ball games. ^{And} there goes another illusion, and a grand old tradition. Turkey without fat women will be like Frenchmen without frogs. And what will the makers of Turkish ^{that gooey, sugary} delight do for a living? So Fatima is melting away.

SHORTS

Bad news from Paris is bad fashion news.

Everybody is going to wear shorts, ladies and all.

Not only on the beach nor on the tennis court but everywhere. Unless something is done about it, you will see the little woman in shorts whether they become her or not, usually not. We get this melancholy news from the fashion editor of Collier's Weekly. She says that in a short time they'll all be wearing short pants--and so short---I mean

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.