

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1931

GANDHI

Good Evening, Everybody:

In Rome today two interesting men had a meeting.

Mahatma Gandhi paid a call on Mussolini. The little holy-man of India and the Blackshirt dictator of Italy had a long talk.

but Gandhi did not call on the Pope. It appears that both Gandhi and the Pontiff would like to have arranged a meeting, but there was a slight sartorial hitch. It was felt that it wouldn't be proper for Gandhi the trouserless to call at the Vatican clad in nothing more than his usual loincloth.) At the same time, adds the Associated Press, the Vatican authorities felt that it would not be tactful to mention the matter to Gandhi.

And that reminds me of a line which O.O.McIntyre had in his column. He attributes it to Edgar Wallace, the English writer of detective stories. Wallace asked the question:- "How can Gandhi be a Saint when he walks around London without any trousers on?"

1 There's a big ship ~~down~~ ~~off~~ off  
2 Panama, <sup>tonight</sup> and a lot of officials are  
3 scratching their heads, ~~and~~ trying to  
4 figure a few things out.

5 The International News Service  
6 has a cable, that for the first time in  
7 history the Panama Canal is unable to  
8 accommodate a ship that wants to pass  
9 through. <sup>And that ship</sup> ~~The vessel~~ is the giant liner,  
10 the Leviathan. The trouble lies in the  
11 fact that the water in the Harbor of  
12 Cristobal is only forty feet deep while  
13 the Leviathan draws thirty-nine feet.  
14 That leaves a margin of one foot, which  
15 is not enough ~~xx~~ for safe navigation.

16 The experts have their doubts as  
17 to whether the Leviathan will be able to  
18 get through the Canal. The big ship is  
19 on a tropical cruise and wants to slide  
20 through from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

21 *But, maybe not.*



## RAILROAD

This evening at Plainfield, New Jersey, they are celebrating the glory of half a dozen young heroes. They are six boys of ages ranging between twelve and fourteen. Well, the gang of kids was out wandering along the railroad track.

They came across something that looked mighty funny to them. A steel rail was broken. It was broken at a switch. That caused a gap, right at the switch.

Those kids knew that this was all wrong and they realized that a fast passenger train might come thundering at ~~xx~~ any moment. And that was when six pairs of boyish feet started doing some rapid travelling.

The gang of kids raced as fast as they could to the police station ten blocks away. The excited youngsters burst into the station among the cops and by the time the breathless yelling was through the police had the story.

They instantly notified the railroad authorities who gasped. A crowded commuters' train was due in ten minutes. The signals went out and the onrushing train was shunted over to another track.

The railroad employees declare that if the train had passed over the damaged switch it would have jumped the rails sure as fate. If it hadn't been for the six youngsters there would have been a serious accident.



1 On the other side of the world at  
2 Tokio the shake-up of the Japanese  
3 government has resulted in what appears  
4 to be a victory for the Sei-Yu-Kai  
5 party. This party has been in opposition  
6 to the Ministry that has <sup>just</sup> resigned, and  
7 ~~it~~ seems to <sup>lean</sup> ~~be somewhat~~ more <sup>toward</sup> ~~in favor of~~  
8 the military element. The Mikado has  
9 called upon Tsuyoshi Inukai, an 80-  
10 year-old statesman, to form a new  
11 government. And Inukai, <sup>cables</sup> ~~declares~~ the  
12 United Press, promptly went to work to  
13 get up a list of cabinet <sup>ministers.</sup> ~~and~~  
14 ~~form a new government.~~

15 He plans to form his administration  
16 solidly out of the members of the Sei-  
17 Yu-Kai party.

18 The Tokio correspondent of the  
19 International News Service had an  
20 interview with the Prime Minister this  
21 afternoon, in which he declared himself  
22 in favor of ~~three policies.~~ ~~One is~~ an  
23 immediate embargo on gold. No gold will  
24 be allowed to leave Japan. The next step  
25 will be the abandonment of the gold <sup>standard</sup>  
<sup>by Japan.</sup>

"Big"

Mike  
Fiacchetti -

Crime-News  
in New York.

Dec. 127

1931-p. 6



INTRO TO MIKE FIASCHETTI

6

Now let's see what Mike has to say. I mean Big Mike Fiaschetti, the crime-sleuth. Mike is sitting here with me as my bodyguard tonight, and I wish you could see him. He looks every inch the crook-chaser and black-hand buster that he is. For years he was the head of the Italian Squad of the New York Police Department.

Mike and his hard-boiled assistants conducted a hard-boiled warfare against the black-hand and gangs in general.

Mike looks as though he wanted to step right up to the "mike" and give it a sock.

All right, Mike, what have you got to say for yourself?

MIKE FIASCHETTI

Well, Lowell, I'll tell you. I've got something on my chest. A month or so ago you had a few things to say about a new novel called "Big Nick". It shows what real detective work is like. There's no Sherlock Holmes stuff in it. It gives the low-down on the cops.

Well, that's O. K., but listen:- The novel tells about a tough detective called Big Nick Moro. Big Nick is really Big Mike, and that's me.

The fellow who wrote the book is Prosper Buranelli. A couple of years ago we wrote a book together. It caused the Wickersham Commission to give me a ride on the subject of the Third Degree.

Then what does my friend do, but put me in a novel. You ought to see what he makes me say, and what he makes me do. There are some things a guy ought to keep to himself. Maybe they're true, but you got no business to put them in a book.

It tells about stool-pigeons. I've handled plenty of stool pigeons in my time. And then this guy gets me mixed



up with a dame. But you got no business to put something like  
that in a book, now have you?

t

DICE

Well, Mike, I guess about all you can do is laugh it off. But let me ask you a question. Did you ever in your career as a policeman have occasion to raise a dice-game?

I imagine this next bit of news should strike a responsive chord in your manly -- I mean your policemanly -- bosom. It tells of a dice tournament. It appears that the seven come eleven boys are not willing to let the bridge players occupy the entire spotlight. That big contract tournament to decide the merits of Lenz and the Culbertson system may be all right, but here's an African domino carnival that tonight's newspapers tell us is being held to decide the merits of rival systems of the galloping wories.

The Associated Press wires from Grennell, Iowa, that two barbers are engaged in an African Golf contest. One is Ed. Janssen. The other is John Ditsler. Both boys shake a wicked razor as well as a mean game with the Congo cubes. And they play different systems. One barber champions the Abyssinian twist. The other abides by the merits of the Alabama cotton roll.

t



And so to decide this tremendously important matter they today embarked on a ten-day tournament. So it's seven come eleven at Grennell, Iowa, with "Snake Eyes", "Ada from Decatur", "Please me, dice, come on and bring the baby some new shoes."

Not momentous news, but ludicrous news.

1           The Army & <sup>the</sup> Navy waged war with  
2 each other at Yankee Stadium, New York,  
3 this afternoon. 76,000 spectators  
4 yelled their heads off.

5           Gridiron dopesters had been  
6 telling us for the past week that the Army  
7 mule would kick the daylights out of the  
8 Navy goat. And that's exactly what  
9 happened. The final score was 17 to 7  
10 in favor of the leather-helmeted fighting  
11 gentlemen from West Point.

12  
13  
14  
15  
16           Westbrook Pegler, who writes that  
17 sparkling sport column for the New York  
18 Evening Post, calls the Army & Navy game  
19 the greatest football show of all. And  
20 he reminds us that today was only the  
21 second meeting of the two teams on the  
22 gridiron, since they broke off football  
23 relations in 1927. The disagreement is not  
24 over but they buried the argument today in  
25 order to play for the unemployed and  
Westbrook Pegler states that the game may  
yield \$400,000. for that worthy cause.



1           Let's see if I can give an  
2 impression of dignified formality. A  
3 large group of important men were present.  
4 They were advertising executives from all  
5 over the country. Serious matters of  
6 business and finance were being discussed.  
7 I was very much interested because here  
8 were men who could tell important things  
9 about the state of affairs and the  
10 problems of business.

11           The occasion was a luncheon of the  
12 Advertising Club of New York City. ~~It was~~  
13 ~~a gathering of serious men with a serious~~  
14 ~~purpose.~~ I was sitting solemnly at the  
15 table when a solemn gentleman approached  
16 me with a solemn air. He was Charles P.  
17 Murphy, president of the Ad Club. I  
18 thought he might have some important bit  
19 of insight to convey to me, so I listened  
20 attentively. He began by mentioning those  
21 heroic days of wartime, more than a dozen  
22 years ago. He remarked that the doughboys  
23 of the A.E.F. had indeed accomplished  
24 their valorous tasks. Mr. Murphy also  
25 gravely remarked that the Engineering

Corps of the United States Army had performed its miracles too. For example, during the Meuse Argonne offensive, the Americans brought up a big gun which went into action with tremendous effect. It fired an enormous shell, declared Mr. Murphy, admiringly. It fired a shell 50 miles, and on the recoil brought up rations for the company.

Well, the solemn fact was that the dignified president of the Advertising Club of New York City was doing nothing more nor less than tendering me his application for membership in the Tall Story Club.



## MARCONI

This is December 12th, 1931; but let's suppose it's not that at all -- let's go back thirty years. Let's imagine that this is December 12th 1901, and that we're on the bleak shore of Newfoundland. A wild storm is raging, a bitter North Atlantic gale. Near the water there's a rough shack. A couple of men are the inhabitants of that shack. They're up on that dark tempestuous coast performing some strange antics. They're flying kites. They've got a lot of ~~the~~ electrical apparatus rigged up in their shack too, and they're waiting.

One of the men is a young Italian. He was unknown to the world at that time. He was Marconi.

Well, the young Italian waits. He listens patiently with a telephone receiver at his ear. He's a calm, self-possessed chap. He displays no wild excitement. But through that telephone receiver ~~as~~ come three sharp clicks -- the letter "s" in Morse code.

Marconi wants to make sure it's no illusion. He turns the receiver over to his companion, who listens. There's no

doubt of it. Three sharp clicks are heard, repeated again and again. That's the signal. That means that one of the greatest scientific events of our time has taken place. The Atlantic has been spanned by wireless.

For a long time young Marconi had been working toward this epochal climax. As a mere youth he had become interested in the problem of using those strange vibrations called Hertzian waves, of harnessing them, of turning them into a means of communication. He had partly succeeded. He had transmitted signals by wireless for a short distance. And most scientists were of the opinion that he would never do anything more. So Marconi decided ~~to~~ upon a supreme test. He would send wireless signals across the Atlantic.

In Cornwall, England, he left assistants with a sending set and bade them signal the letter "S" on certain days. Then he went across to Newfoundland and put up his receiving set. He flew kites to carry the aerials aloft. But along the coast of Newfoundland the weather was stormy. Day ~~and~~ after day Marconi

flew his kites, but the violent gusts of the storm blew them away. Once or twice he thought he caught the signals, the three clicks of the letter "s", but he wasn't sure.

Then came that wet and windy day of December 12th, thirty years ago, and the three clicks sounded repeatedly and unmistakably, and the great art of wireless was launched on its dizzy career.

The United Press reminds us today how swift has been the progress since. Within a few years wireless had become a guardian angel for ships at sea; and today -- well, here we are with spoken words streaming out across the unlimited ether.

So here's to Marconi, and

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.