

Tall

Good Afternoon, Everybody:-

One of the swiftest weeks in the history of the American Government has been rounded off by what seems to be a new idea, an idea that may turn into an important innovation in our political system. It isn't merely that President Roosevelt is going to talk on the radio at ten o'clock tonight. Presidents before this have flung their words onto the limitless streams of the ether waves. But here's the point. Let's see how President Roosevelt explains the matter in his statement printed in the newspapers today.

He points out that the Constitution makes it the President's duty to explain his actions and policies to Congress. He adds that he believes the President should go farther, and make a similar explanation to the people of the country -- and do it in person! Well, George Washington would have had a hard time if he had tried to go before all the people personally, small as the nation was in his day. Now, however, we find President Roosevelt employing the wizard magic of radio -- tonight -- to extend and expand that duty imposed upon him by the Constitution, that duty of telling

what he is doing. In a way it sounds like a new development in Democracy.

Well, events in Washington have moved so rapidly this past week that subjects to discuss, even in the briefest summary, come tumbling over each other. First there is that latest word in the banking situation: (The President's proclamation declares that tomorrow banks that are members of the Federal Reserve System will reopen in twelve Federal Reserve cities:) Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas and San Francisco. As for the other commercial banks in these twelve cities, banks which are not members of the Federal Reserve System, they also can reopen tomorrow if the State authorities believe it wise.

(On Tuesday another whole series of banks will be allowed to do business again. These are in cities where there is a Clearing House system.)

(Then on Wednesday it will be a case of opening the doors for all other banks -- that is, if they are in sound condition.)

Here's a thing to keep in mind. The President emphasizes that any delay in opening a bank is no reflection whatsoever on the bank's soundness. The reason the bank openings are scheduled for various days is only because it takes time to make the necessary financial investigations -- and the distribution of the new currency which the Government is issuing.

(And right on the heels of that big banking headline comes the presidential economy program -- five hundred million dollars worth of economy, a half a billion)-- including a cut in the benefits paid to ~~xxx~~ veterans. That thorny point of benefits paid to veterans explains the vote. The bill has been passed by the House of Representatives *by a* ~~no~~ vote *of* 266 to 138. ~~That's~~ a sizeable majority, but it doesn't reflect the almost unanimous support that Congress has been giving to the new president. The bill now goes to the Senate, where a lively argument is sure to take place.

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Now another smashing headline that is going to be featured in your newspaper all this coming week: The President is ready to place before Congress a bill to put tens of thousands of unemployed to work. The idea is to start public projects, power and reclamation developments, such as the President talked about during his campaign. It is planned to establish great camps built by the army on a military model, where men hired by the government will live and be put to work.

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Concerning the very lively question of prohibition, it may have to wait. Mr. Roosevelt is said to be agreeable if Congress wants to deal with prohibition right away, provided they get through with the emergency bills. Otherwise, the lawmakers will take a recess for three weeks, and then the President will come forward with his plans for dealing with prohibition.

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In the New York Times today Arthur Krock sums up the week in Washington by saying that it is like the sensation a person has who is on a life and death errand, ^{going somewhere} and suddenly is transferred from an oxcart to Frank Hawk's 250-mile-an-hour airplane. Speed, sudden, breath-taking speed! That's what we've had this week.

"There is danger in the pace," comments Arthur Krock, "and we know we may not land precisely where we may intend to, but we are getting somewhere."

An interesting comment upon the events of the past week in Washington comes from the direction of the Seven Hills of Rome. Over there a certain beetle-browed gentleman has been watching your Democratic Uncle Samuel. And Mussolini makes a characteristic remark. He says your Uncle is putting on a demonstration of Fascist ideas; ~~that~~ ^{that} is, the United States is giving its President almost the powers of a dictator.

CALIFORNIA

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The weekend check-up on the earthquake in California indicates that the number of people killed comes to about 125, with 5,000 injured, *and damage to the extent of more than \$35,000,000.* The earth ~~xxxxxx~~ shocks are still continuing, although they are weak and faint, mere tremblings now. The biggest damage, as usual, was done by the first violent shock.

The old earth got angry out there in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. Long Beach suffered the most severely. *Hollywood, Pasadena and a score of other towns were damaged.* Pictures ~~shown~~ printed in today's newspapers show scenes of fantastic wreckage. Thousands of people are living in tents. Many are afraid to return to their homes, ^{that is,} while the shocks are continuing as a kind of feeble echo *of the first great quake.*

GERMANY

They are having still another election in Germany today -- yes, one more. Those Teutonic elections are getting to be as common as jack rabbits in Texas. But Hitler says this is going to be the last one. I should think Hans and Fritz would be tired of voting by now.

Today the balloting is for local municipal offices. Herr Hitler's Nazis hope to be swept into office in town and provincial governments throughout Germany.

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The week over there was featured by violent celebrations of that victory the Teutonic Fascists won in the National elections last Sunday. The papers have been full of accounts of their riotous proceedings. The Nazis paraded and shouted and staged anti-Semitic outbreaks. One dramatic thing was the raising of the old German Imperial flag over public buildings everywhere from Bavaria's beer houses to the banks of the Spree. The Reactionaries tore down the Republican flag of Germany and hoisted the old red, white and black colors of the Kaiser, shouting "Hock, hock."

And tonight word comes that Pres. von Hindenburg has formally abolished the Republican flag and proclaimed that hereafter the emblem of Germany shall be the old imperial colors. ^{According to The Progressor} He also recognizes the swastika flag of the Hitlerites to be flown on official occasions along with the Imperial flag.

There was one event last week that gave me a real feeling of pleasure. It was a bit of chivalry enacted over in Berlin. The Australian High Commissioner to London presented to President von Hindenburg the name plate of ~~is~~ the famous cruiser Emden -- that same brave German cruiser that during the World War raided the seas so spectacularly until it was finally sunk by an Australian fighting ship. The Australians admire a brave enemy. So now they have paid their tribute by handing back to the Germans that greatly prized trophy, which they took after the Australian cruiser The Sydney had battered the Emden into a shapeless hulk.

I like the words the Australian High Commissioner spoke as he gave the name plate to the grizzled old warrior von Hindenburg. "Lone and unsupported," the Australian declared, "in the vast spaces of the Pacific, and surrounded by overwhelming hostile forces, the Emden played a part that must have stirred the hearts of the German people."

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Well, those words are right in the old sporting British spirit.

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I happen to know the man who was navigation officer aboard the Emden, Captain Julius Lauterbach, the heaviest, the fattest hero of the World War. I wrote a book about his experiences, and recently put one of his most exciting adventures in a little book called "Thrills," that I've just got out. So I have heard a good deal about that tremendous romantic cruise of the Emden. For me one picture is unforgettable. The Emden alone on the seas -- at dawn she runs boldly into the British Malayan Harbor of Penang. With supreme audacity she dashes in; blazing away with cannon and torpedo she sinks a Russian cruiser, sends a French torpedo boat to the bottom, and then once more away on the vast blank spaces of the Pacific.

FOREIGN

In the week's news from the broad spaces of the seven continents come several odd and colorful instances of the eternal battle of the authorities against crime.

In Soviet Russia the Red police seem to be getting on to a few cute tricks of detective work. There was a fire and an old peasant was found burned in the charred ruins of his house. A Soviet detective found near the body the remains of a pair of spectacles. He learned that the old peasant had never used spectacles except when reading at night. That made him suspect that the victim had been killed while he was reading, and that the fire was camouflage to cover the crime. As a result a gang of robbers have been rounded up and shot.

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A party of French detectives spent the week in bringing a long, long chase to an end. They followed a man halfway around the world, an escaped prisoner from Devil's Island -- a man who got away from Devil's Island last September. He made the traditional escape from that island of traditional terror. He fled in a small boat and sailed 800 miles to Trinidad. There he boarded a steamer and he's been sailing the seas ever since, around the world, all the way to far-off Shanghai. But the French detectives were on his trail. They followed him from one seaport to another. And now they've arrested him on the China Coast.

In China police work takes a more terrible and ghastly form. At stations along ~~in~~ the North China Railroad, ~~poles~~ ^{poles} have been set up, and from these poles ~~hang~~ hang human heads. That is the climax to the story of how a band of robbers ~~just~~ ^{just one step} went too far. Bandits are common, of course, in China. One gang went so far as to hold up and rob a company of soldiers on a railroad train. And that's what I'd call ^{banditry carried to the celestial 7th degree.} ~~the limit~~. That's what the Chinese military authorities called it also. They started a campaign against bandits along the railway line, caught the ones who had robbed the soldiers, and now have used their heads ~~for~~ as decoration^s to warn other robbers.

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TREASURE

I'm afraid I have a particular weakness for stories that deal with treasure, buried treasure, sunken treasure. I like to tell them. Well, here's the most romantic of all. It's a project to salvage the treasure that went down with the Persian Fleet at the Battle of Salamis 2,413 years ago. We all remember from our school histories ^{— that is, maybe we do — how} ~~how~~ [^] ~~AXXX~~ Xerxes, the King of Kings, sat on a golden throne by the shore and watched his mighty armada sail into battle with the Athenian Fleet ^{Athenian Fleet — I mean} ~~of~~ Themistocles. ^{commanded by} Nine hundred and seven Persian galleys were sunk on that disastrous day, and they had untold quantities of gold and jewels aboard. And now the idea is to raise those age-old ships from the bottom of the Gulf of Salamis.

(3) It's an Italian project. The Italians are out for sunken treasure. One of the thrilling stories of the past several years was how they got the gold out of the sunken liner The Egypt. They also drained Lake Nemi and brought to the light of day the galleys of the ~~XXXXXX~~ ancient ^{mad} Roman Emperor Caligula. After that they fished up a Venetian galley that had sunk in the harbor of Rhodes four hundred years ago. I guess that ^{has} ~~is~~ made the boys ambitious and now they are thinking of those nine hundred and seven galleys of Xerxes, the King of Kings.

Greek archeologists don't think so much of the idea. They say the Gulf of Salamis is too deep, and after more than twenty centuries there won't be much left of those golden ships of the Persians. Well, maybe so, but wouldn't it set the imagination ablaze if modern treasure hunters did succeed in plundering those ships that went down on that ^{immemorable} day of the grandeur that was Greece.

SUN TALL

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The prize Tall Story of the week comes from Richard A. Learned, Executive Secretary of the Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured. If Mr. Learned goes around telling this one to any extent, he may have to use some of his own first aid on himself. He tells a story about a pet fish, a carp, named Willie, ^{a carp} that was very tame.

^{Executive Secretary Learned}
Each morning ~~he~~ used to go to the pond and feed ~~him~~ breadcrumbs to Willie. Maybe he also annointed ~~the~~ Willie's head with a few drops of Blue Sunoco. Anyway, Willie was an exceedingly tame fish.

One day Mr. Learned was wearing a diamond ring that was a bit loose on his finger. As he reached down to give Willie his daily diet of breadcrumbs, the fish was attracted by the flashing of the diamond, grabbed the ring, and swam away with it.

On the following day, Mr. Learned was at his usual place beside the pond. As Willie swam up to get his breadcrumbs, ^{the Exec. Sec. of the Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured} ~~Mr. Learned~~ spoke ~~to him~~ reprovngly ~~was to the~~ ^{guilty fish:} "Is it right Willie" ~~that the way for a well-mannered fish to behave~~ ~~to steal~~

~~his~~^{your} benefactor's diamond ring?

Tears appeared in Willie's eyes. He ~~darted~~^{flipped a}

~~away~~^{emorseful fin and darted} away. A few minutes later he returned, and swimming up to

his benefactor's hand, ^{he} placed in it a pawn ticket.

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END

No, things are not jake; they are patsy. At least so say the authorities on the latest slang. The New York Herald Tribune today prints a recent investigation of the new slang along Broadway. We find that some favorite old expressions have gone out of date. For example, you don't say "It's jake." You say "it's patsy." They don't say "hoosegow," any more, or "the cooler." Jail is now called "the Swamp" or "the college." We ^{are} also informed that "scram," is on its way out. It used to be "Beat it" and then it became "Scram." But now it's better form to say "Blow" as in -- "Well, I guess I'll blow."

We observe further the euphonious expression "to cop a mope." That means to take a walk.

Well, it may be old fashioned to say "Scram" but that's what I'm going to do. It's up-to-date to say "Cop a mope" for take a walk, and I'm going to do that oo. So I'll scram and cop a mope, and -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.