

LA GUARDIA

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

I happen to be in Washington tonight. So, let's start with a bit of news from New York. All New York is chuckling over a visit paid this morning by Major LaGuardia Mayor elect, to the City Hall. The Major arrived there before ten o'clock, and not a soul was on the job, neither Mayor O'Brien or his secretary, nor any other big shot. The only persons he saw were two policemen on guard and a few scrubwomen.

Major LaGuardia went to the outer office and asked the cop on guard: "Is the Mayor in?" The policeman, not looking up from his newspaper growled, "Naw."

Then said LaGuardia: "Is Judge McAndrews in?" meaning the Mayor's secretary. The policeman, still reading replied, "Naw." Then LaGuardia asked: "Is anybody in?" At that moment the policeman glanced over the top of his paper and recognized his visitor. And that copper leaped to his feet like the man in Harry Lauder's song who sat down on a thistle. "Why, why why, Mistor Mayor..."

The in-coming mayor nodded cheerily with a twinkle

in his eye and said: "That's all right. I just dropped in to pay a social call."

La Guardia's next visit was to Police Headquarters which he also found at that early hour occupied only by cleaners and underlings. Neither Commissioner Bolan nor the Chief Inspector had arrived.

The little Major grinned more broadly than ever and said: "I'll telephone and make an appointment for some time when it is convenient to the Commissar - I I mean the Commissioner."

The news of the Mayor-elect's visit spread around the other departments like wildfire. There were hurried telephone calls to all five boroughs of New York City. Commissioners, deputy commissioners, chief clerks, and other municipal magnates began arriving at their offices growling, rubbing sleepy eyes and muttering: there's no justice in this world.

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One of the President's principal jobs today was pouring oil on <sup>the</sup> troubled waters that separate NRA and AAA. Because the making of codes to govern several branches of agriculture has been transferred to General Johnson, <sup>the</sup> AAA is sore and doesn't care who knows it. George N. Peek, Agricultural Adjustment Administrator, went to lunch at the White House <sup>today</sup> for the purpose of having his ruffled fur stroked. Harold Brayman wires the New York Evening Post that Peek is also at loggerheads with ~~xxxxxx~~ certain groups in the Department of Agriculture. Peek is conservative, while Wallace and Professor Rex Fugwell, Assistant Secretary, lean more to <sup>ward</sup> the left wing. *The story here in Washington tonight is that there is an out and out break between Messrs. Peek and Wallace.* The President today seems to be like a stage coach driver with an exceedingly high-mettled team to drive. All of this helps to make the Washington scene more interesting.

ADD ROOSEVELT story

(12) The dope in Washington today is that the President may change part of his team. His discussions with Peek this noon followed a long conference last night with Wallace and Tugwell. Wallace hinted at changes to be made in his department. The grapevine has it that Peek will be shifted to some other job.

NBC "

MONEY

From different parts of the country come statements  
stemming the tide of agitation against <sup>the</sup> president's money policy.

For instance, <sup>the</sup> Cleveland Federation of Labor has passed a unanimous

resolution endorsing <sup>Mr. Roosevelt's money policy.</sup> ~~it.~~ This resolution was forwarded to the

American Federation of Labor, <sup>headquarters in Washington,</sup> urging the unions to follow suit

everywhere.

Then again, an important voice from the <sup>farming,</sup> ~~farm~~ West also

<sup>up the President.</sup> ~~backs Roosevelt up~~ This is <sup>the voice of</sup> Senator Henrik Shipstead, the former

Labor member from Minnesota.

NBC

MORE ROOSEVELT

The last news from the White House today is that president Roosevelt instructed Mr. Morgenthau, the Acting secretary of the Treasury, to close, terminate and otherwise finish up the loan for 950 million dollars which the treasury offered. And so at 4:30 today the Treasury stopped taking in any more money on that loan. The reason was that the loan was largely oversubscribed. So many people wanted to loan so much money to Uncle Sam that the old boy had to say "Wait a minute, folks, I can't use any more."

LOANS

Government officials are investigating the conduct of the Federal Home Loan offices in Illinois. The authorities in Washington became dissatisfied with the progress made by the Home Loan Corporation in the region around Chicago, where only four hundred and five home owners had been helped. It is said also that excessive fees have been charged, hence the investigation .

NBC

CODE

Uncle Sam's Department of Justice<sup>has</sup> received its  
first complaints of NRA code violation. These were laid against  
two coal companies, one in Missouri, ~~and~~ one in Iowa. Their  
employees accused the companies of wilful violation, ~~of the code.~~  
the  
Appeal to Attorney General was not made until NRA authorities  
and local compliance boards had failed to make the companies  
behave.

NBC



EDUCATION

The shortage of school funds grows all over the country. Pupils in one hundred and eighty high schools, scattered over thirty different states, are now receiving ~~textbooks~~ <sup>instruction</sup> by mail.

NBC

MINISTER

At the State Department today it was announced that Francis P. White, the American Minister to Czechoslovakia, has resigned and his resignation has been accepted. The reason that Mr. White doesn't want to be American Minister at Prague any longer is interesting. He declares that his salary is insufficient to meet expenses. That's an old and familiar complaint among our diplomatic representatives who in many cases are really underpaid. In this particular case there is an added and timely note. But insufficiency of the minister's salary is caused in part by the depression of American currency abroad. The dollar doesn't stretch as far in Czechoslovakia as it used to. And the minister couldn't make it cover expenses.

Here is a piece of late and important news.

Henry Ford today came out and urged the people of the country to get behind the President in an address to one thousand dealers. The great automobile manufacturer declared "We've got to pitch in and help the President to pull the country out of the hole".

HUEY

*A Hoosier*  
The tempest in Louisiana is subsiding somewhat, though  
*I mean about Huey Long. But that pun was accidental*  
nobody knows for how long. Governor Allen, who is known as

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Huey Long's Governor, has made the gesture of bowing to the  
barrage of protests over that Congressional election. He has  
agreed to call a new election for a successor to late Representative  
Bolivar Kemp in the Sixth Congressional District.

However, there is a string to this. Governor Allen  
maintains that Mrs. Kemp, the widow, a Huey Long candidate, was  
legally elected. For the new election to be held Mrs. Kemp must  
resign to enable the Governor to declare the office vacant. What is  
more, such an election cannot be held before April fifteenth.

So opponents of the Huey Long machine declare the Governor's  
concession is boloney, and though the tempest has subsided, nobody  
knows when a hurricane may blow again.

LIQUOR

There are still a number of folks either on trial or  
waiting to be tried for violations of the Volstead Act. <sup>The</sup> Attorney  
General <sup>today</sup> says the Government will go easy on all of these except  
those who are habitual criminals.

HBC

SMUGGLERS

A young battle took place this morning on the Mexican frontier near El Paso. A band of smugglers from the mouth of the border undertook to sneak a consignment of liquor across the Rio Grande. But a detachment of Uncle Sam's border patrol guard was lying in ambush this side of the river. The smugglers answered the border patrol<sup>s</sup> ~~man's~~ command to <sup>- answered it</sup> surrender, with pistol shots. When the smoke had cleared away two smugglers had fallen into the river, and one border guardian was also dead.

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NBC

MRS SABIN

After tonight we will hear no more of the Women's  
Organization for National Prohibition Reform. That active group  
which, under the leadership of Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, battled  
so strenuously for repeal, is <sup>disbanding.</sup> ~~disbanding~~ <sup>at a great</sup> ~~disbanding tonight.~~ ~~A big party~~  
~~is being held here in Washington.~~ Representatives of <sup>her</sup> ~~the women's~~  
organization from all over the country have come to Washington  
to entertain Mrs. Sabin at a <sup>great</sup> ~~farewell party.~~ <sup>banquet.</sup> The delegates from  
each state are bringing presents to their leader, <sup>— presents</sup> whimsical, comic,  
sentimental. <sup>The</sup> ~~gift~~ ~~which was~~ brought by the Missouri  
delegation consists of twelve bottles. One bottle is dressed up  
as old man Prohibition; another is Carrie Nation; a third is Mrs. Ella  
Boole; and the remainder are effigies of various well-known prohibition  
leaders. And they are all full of beer -- I mean the bottles are.

Prosper

FOREIGN

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Premier Mussolini seems to be in earnest regarding his threat to say goodbye to the League of Nations unless it reforms itself. A wireless from Rome reports <sup>that</sup> Il Duce had a conference with the German Ambassador, <sup>today, and</sup> ~~and that~~ Italy's ultimatum to Geneva was the principal topic.

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Meanwhile, there was an interesting encounter in Berlin. William C. Bullitt, America's ambassador to the Soviet, arrived there at the same moment as Commissar Litvinov. They met in the hotel lobby, shook hands, but only had a brief conversation. Litvinov had to leave for Moscow to report <sup>the</sup> triumphant result of his negotiations with President Roosevelt.

~~Another story from Berlin concerns negotiations between the German government and foreign holders of German bonds. Apparently the boys could not come to terms because the result as announced is nothing.~~



RIOT

A riot in Chicago! The meat cutters' and butchers' unions had called a strike, at  ~~Fulton Market~~, and several hundred pickets were out. A non-union man <sup>tried to go to</sup> ~~had the nerve to try to~~ work this morning. That was the signal for bricks to fly, followed by the sound of clubs falling on heads. The police won, and only one picket was injured.

NBC

NOOSE

And now we have a bit of moody melodrama, ~~a scene as~~  
~~sinister and spectacular as any ever devised for a thrilling,~~  
~~sinister stage play.~~ A shabby street here in Washington. It is  
night. A man <sup>passing</sup> ~~passing~~ by stops and looks hard. Others stop and look.  
A dingy window in a basement. The light shines dimly through.  
On the cloudy glass is a shadow, a sinister shape, a form as  
wickedly symbolical as any ever devised by mankind. A rope with  
a loop -- a noose -- a noose such as a hangman makes.)

And it was shadowed on the window pane. They called a  
policeman. The door was smashed. Inside a man was just about to  
put the noose around his neck, when the ~~by~~ police broke in. They  
saved his life <sup>by</sup> ~~just~~ about a minute .

Then followed a <sup>dramatic</sup> ~~rapid~~ explanation. The man who was  
about to hang himself said he was Ernest DeVanis, ~~He told how he~~  
~~had been~~ an ace aviator in the World War, <sup>winner of</sup> ~~how he had won~~ the Croix  
de Guerre and the Distinguished Flying and Service Cross. His story  
related how he had ~~ex~~ crashed on the battlefield in France during  
the St. Mihiel drive. He had been shot down. His skull was

fractured; his jaw shattered; the tip of his nose shot off. His appearance bore him out. He went on to say how, since the war, he had lived by an occasional job of window washing, but recently he had not been able to get any work at all. For two days he had not eaten and was too weak to look for work or food.

Police Captain Helmes took him in tow and promised to get him a job. Today I talked to the Captain. He was doubtful. He told me he had been investigating the unfortunate man's story of war *periences*. It didn't seem to tally. ~~It didn't seem to fit the facts.~~ And the man himself was confused and dim of mind. So today he was sent to a hospital for observation, so that ~~that~~ Rest and food and quiet ~~might~~ may bring to him some clearer memory and understanding. And so in dimness and doubt stands the story of the sinister shadow on the window-panes.

Prosper

## FOOTBALL

Here's something new. Now don't laugh when I say it's an All-American football team. This one is different. It's a radio all-American the first selected entirely on a loud speaker basis. The expert in this case doesn't see gridiron struggles. He listens to them as they come floating in over the ether waves.

He is Sammy Sebo, who just a few years ago was a star on the Syracuse University team. Today he's a hermit up in the Adirondacks. Because the burly line-plunging Sammy contracted T. B. And that's why he's up there in the Adirondacks. But you can't kill that All-American spirit. They can cure T.B., but not Expertitist. I've never met Sammy Sebo, but we've been corresponding and he has sent me his All-American team selected on a basis of the end runs and forward passes he has been able to pick up through the loud speaker.

Here it is, the first radio All-American:

Manske, end, Northwestern; Crawford, tackle, Duke (six foot two, one hundred and ninety-five pounds, and does the hundred yards in ten seconds flat); Rosenberg, Guard, Southern

California; Bernard, center, Michigan (you can make up an All-American team of this year's Michigan players and not go far wrong.) Ted Petoskey, end, Michigan (You certainly are right about that bird, Sammy. I saw him play against Princeton a year ago. That day Petoskey played the greatest game of any end I ever saw.); Ceppi, tackle, Princeton; Schamell, guard, Iowa; "Cotton" Warburton, quarterback, Southern California (Cotton is the lion of the hour in California at the present. When he visits a movie studio, the film stars, the Barrymores, the Joan Crawfords, stand with their mouths open looking at him in awe); Texas Jack Buckler, back, Army; Red Franklin, back, one of the "Beavers" from Oregon State; Duane Purvis, full-back, a boiler maker from Purdue.

And there's our first radio All-American, selected by remote control, from Sammy Sebo at his loud-speaker in his little ~~hut~~ cabin high up in the Adirondacks.

MAX SCHUSTER

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I had lunch at the Willard here in Washington today with two interesting chaps, Max Schuster, the publisher, and Morrie Ryskind, ~~the~~ author of those two Broadway hits "Of Thee I sing" and "Let 'em Eat Cake." As both of these are parodies of political and presidential life in the national capital, you might suppose that the ~~playwright~~ <sup>creator of Alexander Throttlebottom</sup> was showing the ~~publisher~~ <sup>Greenhorn</sup> around town. Nothing of the ~~work~~ sort. Max Schuster had just taken Morrie Ryskind for ~~a~~ <sup>the playwright's</sup> first visit to the White House. Morrie had never seen it before, although ~~the~~ ~~scenes~~ of both of his plays are laid in the White House.

While they were there Max suggested that they go in and say hello to Colonel <sup>Louis</sup> Howe, the President's secretary. But the playwright, who is famous for his mocking, rebellious satire of people in high places, said no. He explained that he wasn't in any condition to enter the presence of the President's secretary. He needed a shave.

So Morrie waited outside while Max called on Colonel Howe. The presidential ~~ex~~ adviser was his usual jovial self.

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"Feeling fine," he beamed, "except -- I need a shave." That started Max Schuster laughing, and he was still laughing when I ran across him in the lobby of the Willard.

## HOBO

Bad news for Harry Kemp, the hobo poet, and for the one-time mates of Jim Tully and other minstrels of the jungle. The jungle, as the hoboes call their camp, is out. Not only the Railroads but Uncle Sam says so. There is to be a concerted drive by the railroads by local authorities, and by the Federal government to abolish riding on brake rods, trucks of Pullmans, blind baggage, in fact all free transportation for hoboes. It's thumbs down even on hitchhikers.

The authorities have decided to stop the going and coming of all unemployed wanderers. No more drifting from place to place. By New Year's day, Uncle Sam will have established a network of two hundred centers to take care of jobless rovers. At those centers they will get shelter, food, medical help and work, whether they like it or not. So at last the old song is coming true:

"Old Jay Gould said before he died  
I'll fix those ears so the bums can't ride."

Oh ho, SO LONG UNTIL TOMAHARO.