

Good Evening, Everybody:-

This is Complaint Week here in Washington.

I arrived in the National Capital today, right in the middle of all the complaint. The town is packed with people who have come to appear before those N.R.A. hearings in which objections to the N.R.A. codes are being presented and discussed. The meetings for the various branches of industry are being held all over Washington, ~~in meeting places~~ <sup>everywhere</sup> all the way from the auditorium in the Department of Commerce Building, to the ballrooms of the Washington hotels.

I talked to Harry Somerville, the live-wire manager of the New Willard, and he told me that he was appearing at a hearing this evening to represent the hotel men and hand in their particular complaint. I said:- "Harry, what kick have you got coming? The Willard is full, and so are the other hotels in Washington."

LEAD #2.

"That's just it," he replied. "My complaint is that it's complaint week---only a week. What we want is a complaint year."

Prosper.

They say General Johnson has stepped to the front of the ~~px~~ stage and stolen the show. Before anybody had a chance to throw brickbats at the codes, he beat 'em to it. His frank admission that ~~mis~~takes had been made in the job of codifying American industry must have taken away the breath of hundreds of critics. His announcement that several codes are going to be revised is an acknowledgement that the NRA has its shortcomings. It is generally believed that this means ~~that~~ working hours under the codes will be cut down still further and wages increased.

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Along with the General's field day for complaints comes a loud complaint from a former Democratic Presidential candidate, John W. Davis. It is especially significant coming from a man so prominent in the Democratic Party. The gist of his ~~msg~~ warning is that the New Deal threatens the foundations of personal liberty in America. And he also declares that the law of supply and demand cannot be upset by government price fixing or experiments with the currency.

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From my observation of John W. Davis, I have the impression that this distinguished West Virginian is one of the acutest, and one of the most conservative minds in the country. A thinker, but not an experimenter.

NBC

## RELIEF

The way President Roosevelt works is something like this:- When criticisms pour in from enemies and friends alike, he sits tight for weeks --- neither protests nor indicates that he has anything up his sleeve. Then he lets fly an ~~awk~~ answer like a salvo of artillery.

Take that urgent matter of relief. Storm warnings have been coming in. In spite of the N.R.A., the C.W.A., and the P.W.A., the cure for unemployment has not been working fast enough.

And now comes the President's new relief plan, short, sharp, and dramatic. He considers the relief problem from three angles. First, the distressed families in the country districts. Second, the <sup>communities</sup> ~~communities~~ whose entire populations are virtually stranded, communities that depend on a lone industry, an industry crippled by the hard times. Third, the unemployed in the large cities.

The President indicates that he wants to avoid direct relief unless absolutely necessary. For he says:- "Direct relief as such, whether in cash or in supplies, is not an

adequate way of meeting the needs of able-bodied workers.

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They very properly insist upon an opportunity to give their services to the community in the form of labor." I think he's right. Most men would rather have jobs. Then Mr. Roosevelt continued:- "Work programs will be projected which would not normally be undertaken by ~~the~~ public bodies, programs for work in and near industrial communities, projects which are outside the field of private industry."

The President's new program will be put into operation to take the place of the CWA when it is withdrawn, some time between now and May first.

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The President anticipates the objections of those who may complain that this will require another huge appropriation from Congress. He will not ask Congress for any more funds. He will use the nine-hundred-and-fifty-million dollars recently appropriated which he believes will be enough to carry his new plan through.

REPEAL

Now for something that may seem old, stale news in other parts of the country, but red-hot front-page stuff here in Washington today -- repeal. Prohibition in the District of Columbia ends at midnight tonight. The reason, of course, is that it took special proceedings by Congress to repeal the old pre-Eighteenth Amendment Prohibition Act for the District of Columbia.

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Mr. Somerville of the Willard tells me the Washington hotels are not encouraging any celebration. They could ~~and~~ serve liquor from midnight until two o'clock, which has been established as legal closing hour for liquor sale. However, they are not going to take advantage of that twelve to two period. They don't want any hijinks.

Washington liquor regulations have some familiar features -- no bars and no ~~displays~~ display of bottles where beverages are sold. There is one additional feature -- you are not permitted to mix drinks in the room where they are served.

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In many parts of the country, so far as this new era of repeal is concerned, every week is Complaint Week. You know the old, wet wail -- burglars' prices for bum booze. However, there is no complaining in Washington tonight as the zero hour of the local dry era rolls around.

P.B.



## ART

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In New York today they are measuring art by the mile. At that Municipal Art Exhibition which has just opened at Rockefeller Center, there is one solid mile of pictures. Step up, ladies and gentlemen -- one long mile of nothing but art.

And of course there are a few complaints. Some folks kick because the modernist pictures are so artistic you can't tell what they represent. More advanced asthetic souls put in a kick because in some other pictures a tree looks like a tree and a dog has four legs and a tail. But it's all there in the galleries and labyrinths of that giant Municipal Art Exhibit at Rockefeller Center.

Mayor LaGuardia, who officiated at the opening of the mile of pictures, made a speech splashed with colors from the pallet of an orator. Said he:- "While American finance has hesitated, American industry has been timid, and American commerce uncertain, American art has forged forward. This, tonight, is the artists' answer to the depression." (A mile of ~~xxxx~~ pictures.)

I suppose the Mayor means that the artists painted the depression red, while most of us were painting it a little too black.

P.B.

COMPLAINT FROM FLORIDA.

CARNERA - LOUGHRAN FIGHT IS OFF UNTIL TOMORROW ON  
ACCOUNT OF WEATHER.

Governor Harry  
Moore.

New Jersey.

Feb. 28, 1934.

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I was talking to the NBC Studios in New York a few minutes ago and they told me that in the studio there, listening to this broadcast right now, is Governor Harry Moore of New Jersey. So I told them -- Have a microphone near the Governor, in case he's got any complaint to make on the air tonight. They said -- Okay, we will surround him with microphones. So I'll take time out for a minute and give the Governor of New Jersey his say.

All right, Governor Moore, what's the latest complaint from New Jersey?

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I haven't a thing to say, Lowell. In New Jersey we have no complaints -- except maybe that they ought to make Hoboken the capital of the United States. Things are swinging along finely, business improving, lots of industrial activity. (insert here)

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Of course we hear a lot of complaints from over in New York. Millions of people muttering they wish they lived in New Jersey.

For instance, I was at lunch at Hotel Gotham this noon, and I heard somebody mention that Lowell Thomas lives in New York. And I said -- Well, that's something you've got to complain about, Lowell -- you ought to grow up and move to Jersey.

FOLLOW GOVERNOR MOORE

~~SECRET~~

Well, I'd gladly do it, Governor, if you could  
arrange to move Dutchess County out toward Trenton somewhere.  
But anyway, I'll sing out three rousing cheers for New Jersey,  
and as I'm in Washington tonight and bound for West Virginia  
tomorrow I'll add three cheers for Washington and West Virginia.  
In fact -- three cheers for everywhere!

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It may be Complaint Week in the capital of the United States, but it's Coronation Day in the royal town ~~out of Hain King~~, in frosty, wind-blown Manchuria. "The will of Heaven was accomplished," as the old Chinese formula has it. It was accomplished, in bitter cold and a biting dust-laden wind. Dust storms are a common discomfort in northeastern Asia. So tonight, the former Henry Pu Yi, now the Emperor of the new state of Manchukuo, sits on his modern Dragon Throne.

In his Coronation statement he made a truly imperial declaration:- "It will be my policy," he proclaimed, "to guide the people of this country in the sacred doctrine of Wang Tao." And what's Wang Tao? It is the Confusian principal of benevolent rule.

And so the story reaches its climax. The young man in the horned-rimmed spectacles, direct descendant of Nu Urhachu, the great conqueror of centuries ago, sits once more on the Dragon Throne -- sitting pretty -- nothing to complain about, says he who was until today Henry Pu Yi.



## JAPANESE

Yes, in wind-swept Manchuria tonight the splendor of the imperial Manchus is being renewed. And this afternoon, on a Pennsylvania train coming to Washington, I encountered a reminder of strange, distant days of old Japan. In the railway coach was personified the quaint antique Nippon of the Shoguns, those singular potentates who ruled over the island folk of the Rising Sun for a thousand years. In fact the Shogun was on the train -- that is the heir and living representative of the glory of those former potentates of Far Eastern chivalry.

The Shoguns were the masters of a empire secluded and apart. The Mikado was but a figure head, the real master was the military autocrat, lord of the Samurai, the Shogun.

At Penn. station in New York I noticed the rough and ready pomposity of a squad of New York coppers escorting a Japanese party to the Washington train. I investigated and found -- Bruce Noble of the Canadian Pacific Railroad -- old friends, those gentlemen of the C. P. R. He told me that he was escorting a group of princely Japanese on a tour of this

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continent and the high and special dignitary was Iyesato Tokugawa, who was accompanied by his son, the Japanese Minister to Canada and by his grand-daughter. The Prince is the head of the historic Tokugawa clan of old Japan -- the family of the Shoguns. He was the President of the Japanese House of Peers. And I found him a grave aristocrat who speaks with tact and reserve on questions of state.

Prince Tokugawa's message to the United States is that the commercial relations between his country and ours are so intimate and important that any quarrel between the two nations would be utterly irrational and disastrous. He points out that the Japanese textile industry uses great quantities of American cotton and that Americans buy a large part of the Japanese silk output.

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To me the fascination was this:- Today in Eastern Asia memories of the Manchu conquerors were revived with Oriental spectacle; while on a train bound for Washington, as a fellow passenger of a few dozen business men, - there with

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travelling salesmen and politicians rode the living  
representative of the Shoguns who ruled Japan in the  
palmy days of Bushedo and the Samurai.

In Rome they have a sense of the dramatic. The  
Caesars had it. Mussolini has it. and the Pope too.

57 → This is the fifth anniversary of the day on which the  
Pope left the Vatican and appeared on the streets of Rome for  
the first time in half a century. This is the day on which he  
ceased to:- "The prisoner of the Vatican." It is also the day  
the Pontiff selected as the occasion to make an appointment of  
curious significance. He named Cardinal von Faulhaber the  
Prelate of Munich, a Papal Legate. The real purpose of this is  
to render the Cardinal immune from arrest by the Nazis. Cardinal  
von Faulhaber has been outspoken in rebuking the Hitlerites.  
As a Papal Legate he has diplomatic immunity.

## GOLD

There is great excitement in Northern Canada and it was all started by a turkey, a common turkey gobbler. The scene was out near Prince Rupert the city at the end of steel on the Northern route of the Canadian National Line, on the Pacific Coast.

A butcher was cleaning this turkey for a customer and when he came to remove its cran he found in it three bits of mineral. They were small gold nuggets. The news spread and everybody was asking where the turkey came from. The butcher knows, but won't tell. The moment the Spring thaw comes Butch is going to hit the trail for the place where that turkey gobbler up the nuggets of gold. And he'll have a crowd following him.

SCOTCH

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Next time you hear anybody making a crack about Scotsmen tell him this one. The story begins way back in Nineteen Seventeen somewhere in France. A Canadian soldier stumbling into a shellhole found there a wounded officer of one of ~~John Bull's~~<sup>a</sup> Scottish Regiments. The Canadian hoisted the officer on to his back and carried him to a dressing station, got him there in time to save his life.

8 1/2

That Canadian soldier's name is Bill Mintz. Only this week Bill received a letter from Scotland. It was from the officer whose life he had saved. The letter carried the information that there was a quarter of a million dollars reward waiting for him in bonnie Scotland which would be paid to him as soon as he arrived. The last seen of Mr. Mintz he was breaking all records running to a steamship office. *The man who went on his way to Washington for complaint weeks.*

END

I suppose in honor of Complaint Week I'll have  
to end this complaint broadcast with a complaint of my own.

I've another story here, and I haven't time to tell it.

So I'll have to hold it over. That's my complaint, and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW,