## FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1931

INTRO

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

I've a waming to pass on to you tonight, and I went to headquarters to get it straight.

The New York newspapers today are printing an alarm- an alarm that counterfeiters are putting out a large batch of bogus ten and twenty dollar bills. If you have a ten or a twenty handy, you might take a squint at it right now and check it with what I'm going to tell you. It might also be a good idea, if you have a pencil and paper handy, to take down the description of the counterfeits, as I pass it along to you.

I wanted to get the full details so I called up the

## Federal Secret Service.

I was told to warn the public to be on the lookout for two dangerous counterfeits, - false ten and twenty dollar gold certificates. They have already begun to appear in considerable numbers in the Metropolitan area of New York. And, I suppose they'll soon be spreading through out the rest of the country. The first of these counterfeits is a twenty dollar gold
certificate, of the series of 1928. The check letter "K" is
in the lower righthand comer. The face plate number of the
phoney bill is 109. The counterfeit bears the portrait of
Andrew Jackson. A sharp and practiced pair of yax eyes can
detect that the note is a counterfeit. Fine lines appear on
the back of the genuine bill. In the counterfeit, these are
dulled by heavy green printing. The back of the fake twenty
dollar bill has a smudgy appearance.

The second bill to be on the lookout for is a ten
dollar gold certificate, of the series of 1928 . The check letter is "G". The face plate number is 136. It bears the portrait of Alexander Hamilton. This spurious note too, is badly printed on the back. The green is off-color, and the whole back has a smudgy appearance.

The Secret Service asks that all you folks be on the
alert and take a good look at any ten or twenty dollar bills that you are offered. If they have a suspicious appearance, notify the police.

Here's hoping none of you get any of that wooden money.

I seem to hear a sound of biff! bang!--or, rather, it goes something like this:- You say, biff; l'Il say, bang! It was Germany and Austria who said, biff! They got up and told the world that they were going to have an economic union between themselves. "It's true," declared Germany and Austria, "that you fellows won't let us unite politically and become one nation. But, just the same, were going to get together in an economic way. We're going to stop making each other pay tariffs on each other's goods."

Well, France, and some other countries that were on the Allied side during the World War, didn't like that. And so, Germany and Austria having said, biff! France is saying, bang!

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FRANCE

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FRANCE - 2.
balance off that monad economic union between Germany and Australia.

The International News Service informs us it was announced today that Premier Briand has proposed that Hungary, Rumania, Yugo-Slavia, Poland, and Bulgaria get together. These are all agricultural states, and the idea is for them to form an agricultural or agrarian alliance. They're to cooperate with each other in the buying and selling of agricultural products.

Biff! says Germany. And, bang! says France. And that sounds like an old story.

There is more trouble in Spain tonight. In the streets of Barcelona

The mobs are protesting against the new Republican Government at Madrid. They demand that the Province of Catalonia, with Barcelona as its capital, be made an independent republic. A delegation from Madrid arrived in Barcelona today by airplane. The $y$ want to talk over some scheme by Which Catalonia can have loo al homerule and yet remain a part of spain.

The International News Service cables that the Minister of Finance of the Republican Government at Madrid announced today that all financial obligations made by King Alfonso and the monarchial government will be respected The Republicans will assume
the financial agreements made by the monarchy.

The Associated Press cables an odd detail. Offices and factor lies are having trouble with their workers. Of cour se about half of the workers are absent, celebrating the birth of the New Republic. But those are on the job are badly handicapped. Their voices are gone. They can scarcely speak above a whisper. After two days and nights of cheering the Republic and shouting VIVE incessantly at the top of the ir voices they are so hoarse that they can hardly talk.

NICARAGUA - 2

The Company is arming it's men and preparing to resist the rebels.

Meanwhile the policy of withdrawing the mar ines from Nicaragua will be continued. Not more than 500 American evil Doge out of 5,000 will be left in the country.

The well known political expert, David Lawrence, writing for the New York Sun, states that the administration started withdrawing the marines as the result of pressure from Congress. Congress wanted the mar ines to leave Nicaragua.

## ITALY

Page 10
An appropriate song at this point would be the sweet refrain of the old_Eolks_at_Home.

The town Corveo, in Italy, is high in the mountains. It has 180 inhabitants. The Associated Press informs us that 3 of 180 are over 95; 13 are over 90 and 20 are over 75. And that's a good average for the Q 1 d_Eolks_at_Home.

## ANIS

Now comes a story that's positively shocking. It only goes to show how people can have a first class reputation and yet on the sly behave themselves in a scandalous way.

We've all been mind ia edified by tales of the industrious well-ordered life of that familiar insect, the ant. He's a busy little creature, second only to the busy bee. But now comes a story, cabled by the International News Service from Berlin, which states that scientists have discovered a glaring scandal in the life of the ant

There's a certain kind of beetle which has tufts of blonde hair on its back. Immediately under the blonde hair are pores which secrete a kind of perfume. It has an intoxicating, drug-like effect on the ants, and it turns the ants into drug fiends. They hang around the beetles to get whiff of the perfume. They neglect their work. They become lazy, enslaved by the drug. They feed the beetles, ${ }^{\text {and }}$ do
anything to persuade the beetles not to go away.

The beetles become real gigolos. They make fools of the ants. They let the ants provide them with food. They just hang around and live at the expense of the ant colony. If an enemy attacks the beetle, the ants $r u s h$ to the defense. They fight off the enemy savagely.

It's a strange situation. And l'm afraid it tends to destroy my faith in the race of ants.

## DIGESI_=_EIRPQ

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13

> Well, I explained to you
folks a couple of days ago that 1 was all wound up on the subject of sports, and I wouldn't be able to resist the temptation of telling a few sport stories.

So here goes, with a few words about a ponderous big fellow who a few years ago was a headliner on the sporting pages of newspapers all over the country.

He is Louis Angel Firpo, the former wild bull of the Pampas, the grim powerful giant who in a mad nerve-wracking fight knocked Jack Dempsey kicking out of the ring. and just barely missed winning the heavyweight championship of the wor Id. I have an article here which tells how the other day firpo, who is in retirement in his native Argentina, reached into his pocked and extracted a frayed Christmas card which bore in fancy lettering the message: - Greetings from Jack and

QIGESI_=_EIRPO - 2
$\qquad$ Estelle.

Well, the old wild bull of the Pampas fought one of the most ferocious fights on record with that same Jack Dempsey,, but they're good friends. The battle now is between Jack and Estelle who are having it out in the divorce courts.

The reason for my present enthusiasm for stories about sport, is the fact that the Literary Digest editors have gone in for sport stories in the present, the theril leith issue of the Digest, and fxaxaxxmxy us xxx a reporter for the New York Sun in Buenos Ayres called upon the great bulk of a man with uncombed hair and great hairy paws and slouchy dress. But rirpo is in good shape financially. He made plenty of money during his fighting career in the United States. He hung on to every nickel of it and invested it well. He is now supposed to be worth two or three million dollars.

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DIGESI_=_EIRPO - 3
``` He's in the automobile business in Buenos Aires. He has a ranch, three cars, two dogs, a canary bird, a secretary, a penthouse and a good looking wife. He is fat and prosperous. Of that the Literary Digest gives convincing proof in a photograph which shows the former cave man of the ring sitting at his desk with/ \({ }^{\text {the }}\) contented look of a man who has a comfortable padding of fat around his waist and sleek jowls beneath his jaw. I can only give you a sketch of the information in that Digest article. It is an amazing, colorful story of the retired life of the dark and hairy Goliath whose ponderous right hand punch was the talk of the country half a dozen years


Here's a Hit_gnd_Run Story. A car came along. A boy was in the way. He was hit and he ran.

The New York Wort Id-Telegram informs us that he scampered of limping a little and calling to the motorists that he was late for school already and didn't want to be any later. After school was over it was discovered that he had a broken hip. Well, that boy had plenty of spunk. sprightly magazine "The New Yorker" -an article by Andrew A. Freeman, a chap I used to know out East. He was the editor of a newspaper in Bangkok, the capital of Siam.

I asked him today to come in and see me. He exclaimed as we shook hands:"I want to suggest your News Item of the Day. You know, of course, that the King and Queen of Siam landed at Vancouver today on their way to New York. That's it."

NEWS ITEM - 2

Well, King Pradjadhipok and his royal consort, queen Randal Barni, are the newest royal guests who will be entertained by Uncle Sam.

The King was ill on the ship that just brought him across the Pacific. According to the International News Service, he had a slight attack of influenza, and then was threatened with malaria. Then he got bronchitis. I suppose he was also seasick. And, in ad ition he's headed for New York to be treated for eye trouble. No, the King is not exactly in perfect health.

I wanted to ask Andrew Freeman about the doctors of

Siam. I thought maybe I'd get some weird, fantastic story of witch doctors and medicine men and their grotesque, magical
remedies.
"You're all wrong there," Freeman told me, "The
sage doctors out in Siam are up-to-date medical men, trained by the Rockefeller Foundation, which has taken numbers of bright young native Siamese and turned them into clever, skillful physicians.
"The reason the King is coming to the United States for
medical treatment is not because Siam has wild and woolly witch
doctors, but because it has first rate physicians. They've done
just what any good Western practitioners would do. They've ordered their patient to one of the foremost eye specialists of the world." Mr. Freeman gave me one other interesting sidelight.

He reminded me that a number of people were a bit surprised when the King of Siam made a gift to the Episcopal cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. Siam is a Buddhist country. The King is Buddhist. He is, in fact, one of the august heads of Buddhism. Just the same, he constantly makes donationa to Christian churches.

The reason is the Buddhists think that all people are Buddhists. They believe that you're a Buddhist, and I'm a Buddhist, and we're all Buddhists. The Christian churches, according to their idea, are really Buddhist churches that conduct their worship in a somewhat different way.

I've a letter here from Mrs. Gordon Morse, of Fochester,

New York. Mrs. Morse is the author of a book on the white elephant of Siam - a book called "Chang." We met in Singapore. Being vastly interested in things Siamese, she suggests that \(I\) should say so long until tomorrow in Siamese, in honor of the King of Siam.

She tells me how.

Andrew Freeman also told me how. In fact Andy-from-

Siam gave me a few lessons in the peculiar singsong of the Siamese language.

Well, here goes right off the deep end:-.- Maw hah
pie gone. Yes, Kaw lan pie gone. In other words, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.```

