

L.T. - SUNOCO. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

46

In years past, this would be a big day - inauguration. But now, it's just March Fourth. No headline ~~and~~ celebrations to mark the beginning of a new administration. Instead of anything festive like that, there's a bit of wailing and gnashing of teeth. <sup>The</sup> tragic and lugubrious figure tonight is that distinguished elder statesman of Nebraska, Senator George Norris, affectionately known as "Uncle George." Is his face red!

Today, the seventy-five year old Senator Norris celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the affairs of federal government. On March Fourth, Nineteen Two, he took his place as a Congressman from Nebraska. But Uncle George wasn't celebrating today's anniversary with any wild jubilation. One report from Washington pictures him shaking his fist at the sky. Another dispatch states that he was out in the garden eating worms. My guess is that the

Senator sat in his parlor remorsefully ~~repenting~~<sup>getting</sup> a lame duck. Because it was his own cherished Lame Duck Amendment that has brought shame upon his old grey head.

In his battle for that amendment, changing inauguration from March Fourth to January Twentieth, the Senator used many arguments - including the weather. He declared that inauguration weather in Washington would be better on January Twentieth than on March Fourth, less chance of rain and mucky wet. Uncle George stood forth as a weather prophet, which is always dangerous.

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We all remember what happened on January Twentieth, inauguration drowned out by a drenching downpour. An ocean came ~~xxx~~ down out of the sky, and President Roosevelt took not only the oath but also an artistic ducking. He was almost drowned. *And he blamed Senator Norris.* With rain splashing off his silk topper, he declared that Uncle George was all wet, as wet as the weather.

Senator Norris retorted by declaring that the weather would be still worse on March Fourth. ~~and~~ *He* predicted a howling blizzard, as cold as the North Pole, blinding sleet

and snow. That was the only thing that could possibly have preserved the prestige and saved the face of Uncle George.

All of which takes us to today's weather report.

It tells of balmy breezes and shimmering sunshine. Reports from Chicago - fair. St. Louis - fair. Chattanooga, ~~Tennessee~~ - fair. New York - fair. Everything fair. And in Washington - one of the loveliest of lovely days along the Potomac. The United States Weather Bureau pronounces this March Fourth to be one of the mildest and brightest ~~days~~ on record.

48  
The word from Washington is that Senator Norris will propose to the Senate another constitutional amendment - to change the weather.

To go to something ~~more~~ less tragic - we find another elder statesman in Washington celebrating the anniversary of his entrance to the government. Borah of Idaho is beginning his thirty-first year as senator - dean of the Upper House. Today he was in a cheerful anniversary mood. ~~He never fooled around with lame ducks, nor did he set up as a weather prophet.~~ He wasn't bothered by the bright skies today. He was thinking



about the Supreme Court. He's in the thick of the fight to block the President's plan to enlarge the court. In this he counts on the support of Senator Norris - who also is fighting the court plan. Senator Borah will find his <sup>Nebraska</sup> ~~Edaho~~ colleague standing shoulder to shoulder with him in opposition - when Uncle George gets through making faces at the sunshine.

49  
President Roosevelt is <sup>dining out</sup> ~~in New York~~ tonight. On the traditional inauguration day of the past, he is celebrating a victory dinner with the Democratic chieftains. On January Twentieth, he was inaugurated in the rain. Tonight, the weather being what it is, he's banqueting indoors, roof overhead. He'll make a victory speech on the radio, and the guess is that he'll say something about the Supreme Court controversy. If not, he'll surely defend his court plan in his fireside chat next week. Being opposed by Senators Borah and Norris, ~~he~~ the President can't have any <sup>sarcastic retort</sup> ~~accurate report~~ to make tonight to the Borah side of the combination. But as for Uncle George, the President might get up and <sup>sing:-</sup> ~~say~~ - "The end of a perfect day."



While the Democrats are celebrating their victory dinner, let's see how much the victory cost -- also the defeat. Today the Senate Committee investigating campaign expenditures handed out the figures. Nearly twenty-four million dollars was spent by the various parties in the 1936 campaign. Republicans spend ~~the~~ the most -- nearly eight million, nine hundred thousand. The Democrats shelled out five million, ~~and~~ six hundred thousand.

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Of all the minor parties first place is taken by the Communists, those extreme anti-capitalists, who might not be expected to have so much capital. Browder's boys spent a hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars. ~~Whereas the Lemke-~~

~~Union Party~~  
~~Father Coughlin group~~ passed out only sixty-five thousand.

~~The Socialists -- twenty-four thousand, the Prohibition Party -- thirteen thousand.~~

How do the finances figure out in cost per vote? Which party spent the most for each vote it got? Republicans? You might think so, they were backed by business. The Republican cost averaged eighty-five cents a vote. Democratic votes

cost only thirty-three cents a piece. But where do we find the top figure? That's the surprise. The people who spent the most per vote were the Communists. The votes under the Hammer and the Sickle cost three dollars and thirty-seven cents apiece. Politics under the Red Flag is expensive.

LaGUARDIA

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Today Secretary of State Hull expressed regret, which <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ about all he could do. In our democracy, the federal government has no control over local officials, which sometimes makes things embarrassing in diplomacy. (The German Ambassador in Washington put in a ~~diplomatic~~ <sup>formal</sup> complaint <sup>today</sup> protesting to the State Department against things said by Mayor LaGuardia of New York. But the State Department has no ~~command~~ <sup>control</sup> over declarations made by the mayor of any city.

LaGuardia took a savage public fling at Hitler. In a luncheon speech, he said that at the coming World's Fair they should have a chamber of horrors, and in that chamber of horrors they should put an effigy of Reichsfuehrer Hitler, Brown Shirt and all.) That swiftly flashed to Germany, and today the German newspapers were blazing with anger - demanding that the United States government should formally reprimand the Mayor of New York. But of course the government has no right to do that.

Today the German Ambassador's protest pointed out that the World's Fair had asked Germany to be represented. That,



declared the Ambassador, made the Mayor's remarks all the more unbecoming. *H* All the Secretary of State could do was

to express his regrets, which he did to the newspaper men.

Secretary Hull declared that when a citizen makes public remarks of a sort to offend a foreign nation, why that is a matter of regret.

52

LABOR

( President Green of the American Federation of Labor today gave a ~~demand~~<sup>command</sup> to expell all unions affiliated with John Lewis's C.I.O. ) Let's see what sort of situation this applies to. The first thing is the fact - that John Lewis and his ten big C.I.O. unions split with the A.F. of L. and were expelled at the Tampa Convention. Since then, with the increasing Lewis C.I.O. prestige, other unions, branches and locals of the A.F. of L., have been joining up with the C.I.O. - climbing<sup>aboard</sup> the band-wagon. These organizations, meanwhile, have retained their membership in the state branches of the A.F. of L. A sort of dual membership - in the C.I.O. and also in the ~~A.F. of L.~~ Federation.

Now President Green says they must take their choice, one side or the other. They'll have to cut loose from their C.I.O. tie or ~~they'll~~ be expelled from the A.F. of L. - just as the ten original John Lewis unions were. He tells ~~the~~<sup>his</sup> state branches ~~of the A.F. of L.~~ that they must not tolerate unions that lean to the Lewis side.

This of course widens the cleavage in the ranks of



labor, deepens x the quarrel between those two leaders of the workers -- Green and Lewis. The A. F. of L. acts to check the drift toward the C.I.O. by saying - if you deal with them, you're through with us. It's a drastic attitude of -- make your choice, once and for all. A showdown!

John Lewis and his colleagues are not likely to be terrified by this showdown edict. The C.I.O. chiefs are jubilant over the progress they've made in the automobile and steel industries. They are looking for new worlds to conquer.

Yet, difficulties are threatening them. In Pittsburgh, Carnegie Steel workers have declared themselves against the C.I.O. There's a movement among employees, who refuse to be represented by outside leaders and don't want to pay dues to an outside union. The Company Union has voted to expel all C.I.O. members.

Neel -- what's on your mind? You seem about to say something.



## SINGERS

Here's the story of Ben and Bill, which only goes to prove that Radio City, here in Rockefeller Center, is a great place to pick up bits of human interest. Ben Hess and Bill Potter left their home town and came to ~~Manhattan~~ New York, determined to be singers. Ben a baritone, Bill a tenor. They had their eyes on the Metropolitan Opera House, and got there -- as a couple of ushers. The art of music was playing in a minor key, so far as they were concerned, and they had to eat as well as sing. Their Metropolitan ambitions were so far toned down that they went to the opera house and just asked for a job -- anything. They were hired -- as ushers. Occasionally Ben Hess was put in the ~~box~~<sup>the</sup> office to sell tickets, and Bill Potter collected tickets at the door.

The story of their/singing ambition and its comedown got to the ears of the Prima Donna, Florence Easton. She said boys I'll teach you to sing, and she did.

And what has all this got to do with Rockefeller Center, and Radio City? Just this. Ben and Bill have made their debut on the air -- singing <sup>the</sup> great tenor and baritone duet that Caruso and Scotti used to sing.

## HIGHEST LABORATORY

The highest laboratory in the world has just been built on the summit of Mount Evans, in Colorado. There at an altitude of over fourteen thousand feet, the University of Denver has constructed a laboratory for the study of cosmic rays. It's a stream-lined structure designed to with-stand wild velocities of from one hundred to two hundred miles an hour.

The need for such a stream-lined high altitude laboratory was suggested by the fact that eight expeditions had all ready attempted to ~~observe the cosmos from~~ *observe the cosmos from* the summit of Pike's Peak and ten had tried to study the cosmic rays from the

tip-top of Mount Evans. *Hence a heavenly-celestial studio - far above timber line - in Colorado*



## PARENTS

Two middle aged parents were grieving at Independence, Missouri. They had the sad news - their son was dead. He was a <sup>salesman - a</sup> traveling drummer, making the rounds through the south.

They hadn't heard from him for a while, and now they were notified - he had died. So Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stott were plunged into grief, their house in mourning.

They sent the money to bring their son's body home, and in due time the permit came. They scanned it with melancholy eyes - then with astonished eyes! Yes, there was their son's name, Joseph T. Stott, Jr. But - there was his age. Seventy-one years old! That was weird. They themselves were <sup>only</sup> in middle life. <sup>And</sup> Their son was thirty-three.

Yet it must be their son, because in the belongings of the deceased had been found a postal card from the mother, Mrs. Stott, a card of maternal affection that she had sent to her traveling salesman son. That was the reason why they had been notified.

57  
But the deceased turned out to be unmistakeably a man of seventy-one, and the dilemma was solved by the fact



PARENTS - 2

that Mrs. Stott had addressed the card care of General Delivery,  
Nashville. Two men of the same name, one young and one old -  
and the old man got the card - by mistake. He died suddenly,  
and the mother's message gave a false clue. - a clue that plunged  
a household into grief. Grief that now was turned into joy.

LINDBERGH

There's one particular face that's familiar to us with one particular expression - not much of any expression at all. Lindbergh's face - which is nearly always seen as quiet, serious, reserved. You seldom see the Lone Eagle in uproarious laughter or vivacious gesticulation. Lindbergh means poise, an impassive reticence.

have been  
So it must ~~be~~ <sup>have</sup> been a treat to see the aloof Lindy in a condition of violent embarrassment, blushing, desperately ill at ease. What ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> it that made Lindbergh blush? I'll tell you.

58  
It happened in India, where the Flying Colonel and his flying lady are on a sky tour. At Calcutta they attended a meeting of what is called <sup>The</sup> Parliament of Religions. They <sup>were</sup> occupying prominent seats when the Poetess Sarojini Naidu arose to speak. A poetess <sup>of</sup> ~~from~~ Hindustan is always likely to talk in lofty terms, and Sarojini Naidu is one of the loftiest - addicted to spiritual and poetical metaphors. So she turned <sup>in the floweriest</sup> loose some of her choicest, and the subject was Lindbergh - sitting there. She told the audience that he was not only a



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Lone Eagle, but also one of the great spiritual figures of  
the world to be compared to Buddha. Lindbergh right up  
in the same class with that mystic <sup>Gautama -</sup> ~~Lord~~ Buddha, ~~the~~ light  
of Asia, <sup>and Lord of the World.</sup> She compared Lindbergh to other mighty figures of  
history, religion and science, including Galileo. I suppose,  
she added the winged god Indra and Krishna and Vishnu.  
She climaxed by declaring that Lindbergh was "part of the  
world spirit of faith rendered into action."

59  
During all of this, the myriad eyes at the Congress  
of Religions were focused on Lindy as he sat there with  
Mrs. Lindy. And was he embarrassed! Was he ill at ease - in  
danger of being turned into a Buddha then and there. Was  
his face red? It was. The Lone Eagle blushed crimson -  
and it must be a great sight to see an eagle blush!



EARS

Shakespeare's Mark Anthony said, "Lend me your ears," and you folks have been lending me your ~~ears~~<sup>S</sup>, and your patience too.

But the question in Hawaii is - the ears of Woo Ping Sing.

91/2  
It's a problem of the Immigration law. Woo Ping Sing claims that he was born in Hawaii and therefore is an American citizen.

And there's a picture in the official files to prove this. But

is it really Woo Ping Sing's picture? It looks like him -

that is the face does, the nose, eyes and mouth. But not the

ears. They stand out in a way that is different. The officials

claim that the ears in the picture are not the ears of Woo

Ping Sing. So the controversy is on, and a judge will have

to solve a puzzle of ears. ~~And now~~<sup>But</sup> you've lent me your ears

0  
long enough, and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.