

BUTLER

There is dark plotting and sinister conspiracy in this fair land of ours -- so it was proclaimed before a Congressional investigating committee today. A grandiose revolutionary scheme to overturn the Government of the United States! So it was said before the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, meeting in New York. And who said it? Why, General Smedley D. Butler himself. He testified about a proposed conspiracy to establish a Fascist Dictatorship in Washington. And who was to be the Fascist Dictator? Why "Old Gimlet Eye" Smedley in person.

The story of Fascist conspiracy was first published in the New York Evening Post.

In General Butler's testimony today the firey Marine told in dramatic accents about <sup>a</sup> three million dollar offer. Certain Wall Street interests offered to finance him to that extent if he would stage a Fascist march on Washington. He to recruit a Fascist army of half a million men, put on a revolution; Proclaim himself the American Mussolini.

President Roosevelt to be allowed to keep his job -- if he'd be nice, something like the King of Italy and Mussolini. Otherwise he'd be tossed out of the White House.

That was the proposal those Wall Street interests made to the mighty Marine. But he refused. He refused to take the three million dollars and raise the army of half a million and make himself Dictator.

After these startling revelations were made, Representative Dickstein, Vice Chairman of the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, issued the following statement:- "From present indications General Butler has the evidence correctly. There are signs that some rather important personages have been setting forth ideas that are distinctly un-American."

So the investigators are determined to find out all about it -- the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, about the great American Fascist plot to make Smedley Butler, Mussolini Butler.

WEATHER

It seems as if the wind had lost its way. That's the reason for the freak November heat wave around these parts. Dr. Scarr, a weather expert, says it is all because the wind is blowing from south to north instead of from north to south, as it is supposed to do at this time of the year. Yes, the wind has lost its way and as a result is blowing ~~the~~ Florida weather all up the coast. The mercury reached seventy-four today, which is some kind of a November record, and this balmy belated Indian summer is due to stay with us over tomorrow.—

*then lookout.*

Shields .  
Nov. 20, 1934.

## INTRO. TO MR. ARTHUR SHIELDS

There's a great old story in the annals of the literature of ancient Greece, which tells how the City of Miletus, a friend and ally of Athens, was sacked and destroyed by the Persians - which aroused grief and consternation in Athens. Then an Athenian dramatic poet wrote a tragedy, a play, about the capture of Miletus. When it was performed that play was so powerful and affecting the audience broke into tears and wailing. The poet was arrested, tried and condemned to exile for having caused grief and pain to his fellow citizens.

That old tale came to mind today when I heard how a modern audience had burst, not into tears, but a magnificent laugh, an Irish laugh. That too was an occasion when a dramatist was depicting the trials and tribulations of the people. The story was told me by Arthur Shields, Manager of the Irish Players, the renowned Abbey Players, who are in New York again, at the Golden Theatre, delighting American audiences, before a nation wide tour.

Mr. Shields is in the studio with me now. Tell us, Mr. Shields about that Irish laugh.

MR. SHIELDS: Well, the laugh was not so much in the comic line as in the state of mind of the audience.

I recall how I returned to Dublin one St. Patrick's Day, and the streets were crowded. You know what a St. Patrick's Day in Dublin is like. Suddenly, from down the street came that rattle you never forget - machine-gun fire. Instantly, the people thronging the sidewalks, threw themselves on their faces - one of the strangest sights I have ever seen; the distance of the sidewalks covered with a living blanket of prostrate human beings. Dubliners were war wise in those days.

The search for arms was incessant. You'd never know when somebody would be seized by the Black and Tans, a pistol found on him and he'd be marched away. Everybody expected to be searched - any time, any place, and you'd never know what would happen, a nervous trigger, some promiscuous shooting.

L.T.:- It must have provided what Broadway calls - audience response.

MR. SHIELDS:- It did. We gave a play by Sean O'Casey, in which the comic character was a Dublin peddler, loud and boast-

ful. He was always bragging of his warlike deeds against the Black and Tans, and of his prowess and firearms. One of the striking scenes was at night in the peddler's room, when the Black and Tans burst in to search for weapons. The audience gasped at that bit of action, so unfamiliar on the stage and so very familiar in their lives. The telling line came when the boastful peddler, with a Black and Tan pistol poked in his ribs, protested in a loud brogue - fervently and truth fully:-

"I've never touched a gun in me life, sir."

That broke the tension of the audience. The gasp turned into a shriek of laughter. The comic thrust stabbed straight into the fear and timorous nervousness of every member of that audience. They nearly collapsed with mirth. Yes, it was the greatest laugh I've ever heard, a laugh born of mingled gayety and terror.

L.T.:- Well, you certainly analyzed that Irish laugh, Mr. Shields. I wish I myself could bring an outburst of mirth like that, but first I'd have to think of a good joke, and then I'd have to have a terrified radio audience - each of which might be difficult, if not impossible.

PHILADELPHIA

They say there's a powerful gang working in that latest kidnap sensation in Philadelphia. It's described as a mob of gunmen <sup>who were</sup> in the big money during prohibition time, ~~thatxxxxx~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~now~~ up against it since repeal. So they turned to kidnapping and have snatched one of Philadelphia's gaudy characters. He is William Weiss, and it is only now revealed that he has been missing for three weeks. It has <sup>dark</sup> been <sup>a</sup> secrecy until now, a secrecy of terror. The Philadelphia Record declares it has word that Weiss is being held for a hundred thousand <sup>The police believe he may have been killed.</sup> dollar ransom. <sup>a</sup> He was a king pin of the whirling realm of Philadelphia night clubs, a big-shot ~~terror~~ in the ~~monte~~ <sup>monte</sup> of gayety - a collaborator of the renowned Boo Boo Hoff. And they say that Boo Boo himself is threatened by the same mob that has snatched his partner.

<sup>and</sup> That's ~~is~~ quite a sensation because Boo Boo has been a ~~most~~ spectacular and picturesque figure. He jumped into ~~grand~~ news prominence in connection with the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia. He later sued Tunney for a lot of money, claiming it was his own political wire pulling that made the fight possible. If the kidnap mobsters go after Boo Boo, they'd better take along not only guns but a tin foil shooter, because Boo Boo is the world's champion dead

shot with a rubber band and a wad of tin foil. They say that he'll stretch a band between his two fingers and put a tin foil bullet through a thick newspaper you are reading. He likes to do that. He's reported to have knocked a pipe out of a fellow's mouth at a distance of thirty feet. He had his big chance at Atlantic City.

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Boo Boo had his rubber band and tin foil along with him, when he spied a pretty gal on the boardwalk. She was fifty feet away, but he took a good aim and snapped her, <sup>well as nautical men say,</sup> ~~in the rear just below the rubber~~ <sup>aft - astern. Whereupon</sup> ~~girdle.~~ <sup>And</sup> she turned around and socked an innocent guy walking just behind her. And Boo Boo laughed his head off, something like that Irish laugh. So any kidnapers had better have ~~on~~ their tin foil-proof vest <sup>son</sup> if they go fooling around with <sup>the</sup> Boo Boo of Philadelphia.

It seems that a fan, in addition to being something *with*  
*which*  
to waft a gentle breeze, also comes ~~ex~~ legally under the  
head of clothing, and sufficient clothing at that. Sally Rand  
wore her fan at the Chicago World's Fair; the spectators thought  
the fan dance ~~was~~ highly entertaining. I suppose the coppers  
thought it ~~was~~ entertaining too, too entertaining. Anyway  
Sally was arrested, fan and all. She was released on bail, and  
ever since has been fan-dancing elsewhere while her case was being  
*fanned*  
~~fought~~ out in the courts -- with all sorts of legal technicality  
as to whether ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> fan is an article of clothing, and if so, how  
and where.

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Now, however, the Judge has handed down the decision -  
-- ~~it is~~ in favor of Sally. A breeze-blowing fan is ~~free~~ sufficient  
clothing, modest I suppose, and even prudish, *in the eyes of the*  
*dignified judge. Well, the older they are --*

HAUPTMANN

Last year the <sup>magazine</sup> New Yorker ~~magazine~~ printed a cartoon showing a convict in a cell, reading a letter which said: "Please attend to this bill promptly or we will turn the matter over to our attorneys." And then in another picture the convict was reading another dun, threatening: "Unless you pay this bill, your telephone service will be disconnected."

Well, that vein of comedy turns into reality today in the most spectacular criminal case before the public - the Lindbergh case. Hauptmann is awaiting trial in New Jersey for the murder of the Lindbergh baby. The federal government today filed a lien against the prisoner for not paying some nine thousand dollars in income taxes during the year<sup>s</sup> of nineteen thirty-two and nineteen thirty-three, income tax on the ransom money.

They got Capone, king of the racketeers, for income tax evasion - and now the same finger of income tax justice is pointed at Hauptmann, accused of being the Lindbergh ~~baby~~ kidnapper.

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The moral of this next story would seem to be -- it pays to pay. The Johnson Act forbids selling <sup>in</sup> this country, the securities of any nation that has defaulted in its debt to Uncle Sam. The shining example of not defaulting is Finland, the only nation that has paid up. So, Finland is legally allowed to to borrow money in this country. And that's what Finland is doing.

The Securities Exchange Commission today received a request from the Finnish Consul at Washington to float a ten million dollar loan in the United States. The loan is to be under-written by several large bond houses.

Pay up and you can borrow. It's an old principle of banking.

This should be of peculiar interest to a whole list of nations, to which the Treasury Department message was sent today. The message was the semi-annual bill to the debtor countries. Payment falls due on December fifteenth, and payment is sure to be made by one country --- Finland.

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We've been hearing a good deal about those naval ratios. Three sets of them have been figuring prominently -- five-five-three, five-five-four, and five-five-five. Now we hear of another ratio, and it's a wow -- five-four-four. And that's a sensation -- five-four-four. It's enough to make the American Eagle scream his head off -- five-four-four. It's almost as exciting a slogan as that old numerical war-cry of nearly a hundred years ago -- "Fifty-four/forty or Fight."

And let's see what five-four-four means. Japan has been demanding equality -- parity. The English are reported to favor a compromise, giving Japan a larger proportion, a good deal nearer equality and parity. Uncle Sam is standing pat for the present treaty ratio -- England and the United States equal, with Japan in second place.

But now the report is that Japan has a new compromise idea -- that she should be granted naval equality, not with England, but with the United States. Meaning -- England in the first place, Japan and the United States tied for second place. Five for England, four for Japan and four for the U. S. A. Yes, that does make the American Eagle scream.

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The Japanese justification for this proposal is that England has a great deal of colonial empire to protect, and needs plenty of warships to do it. Uncle Sam has no vast amount of far-flung realm, and therefore doesn't need such a big navy -- not any bigger navy than Japan, say the Japanese.

This Tokio compromise scheme certainly won't make any hit with the American delegates in London. And I don't suppose Tokio thinks ~~so~~ <sup>it will.</sup> ~~either.~~ In fact, the Mikado's admirals have no great conviction <sup>^</sup> that the Naval Conference will get anywhere. Reports from Tokio indicate that the navy men <sup>there</sup> are agitating a go-ahead program -- go ahead and build all the warships they want, and never mind the ratios. The diplomats of the foreign office prefer to wait and keep trying to work out some sort of agreement along diplomatic lines. As for the Emperor, himself, the Son of Heaven -- he doesn't take any public part in the argument. His office is more ceremonial. He has just officiated at the launching of a new powerful cruiser.

O'Dea .  
Nov. 207  
1934.

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END

When we were hearing the story of the Irish laugh, I thought we might as well make an Irish night of this. Arthur Shields, Manager of the Abbey Players, has ~~brought~~ <sup>along with him,</sup> one of the star actors, Dennis O'Dea. And Mr. O'Dea makes me feel a bit self-conscious.

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On various occasions I've tried to imitate an Irish brogue, and every time I do ~~the~~ the radio audience bawls me out for not getting it right. Then there was one day in Chicago, the only time I was late on the air. It was St. Patrick's Day and I wanted to say "So long" in Gaelic. In the afternoon I called the homes of Irish scholars ~~of~~ all over Chicago, couldn't get one, left word for them to call. At about six fifteen they began to phone in, dozens of Gaelic enthusiasts, telling me things in English and in Gaelic. They held me up to such an extent that before I could get my notes together and the taxi to rush me to the broadcasting station, I was five minutes late and they had the music playing. When I did get on the air and spoke my closing sentence in Gaelic, I got it all wrong - another bawling out from the Irish brigade of the radio audience.

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Well, ~~Mrx~~ Dennis O'Dea is a past master at the rich brogue of Cork, and also a scholar in Gaelic. So I am going to ask him to do

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in the right way what I've always done in the wrong way. Mr. O'Dea,  
will you sign off for me in those rich accents of old County Cork?

MR. O'DEA:- ~~Yes~~ Sure I will. - \_\_\_\_\_

L.T.:- And now in Gaelic.

MR. O'DEA:- \_\_\_\_\_

C.T.-In American it is - SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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