Good Evening Everybody:

The Far West where men are men was in a state of amused excietment today. The question was: "Prince, prince, who's got the prince, Barbara Hutton's prince? Or rather I should say, Princess Barbara Hutton's prince.

The Princess is honeymooning in one of the swagger hotels on Nob Hill, San Francisco, <u>but</u>, she is honeymooning alone -- all by her lonesome. The Prince had to skip and leave his multi-millionaire bride's private car in the middle of the journey.

It was all on account of a big bad process server who wanted to subpoen Barbara Hutton's prince and make him testify in the trial of his two brothers in Los Angeles. You will recall that two of those marrying Mdivanis were indicted and arrested down in sunny California because a lot of people lost money in some company or other with which the boys were connected.

All the way across country the entire princely party were in deepest seclusion. Nobody could get near that palatial

private car without the password. At Reno the prince ducked out, hopped into an airplane and its reported to have landed in Portland, Oregon, this morning. The story now is that he will join the fair bride in Honolulu so that they can continue their round the world honeymoon. The princely party had reserved thirteen rooms, an entire half of the upper deck of the Japanese Nippon Usha Kaisha liner, thirteen rooms but no prince charming to occupy any one of them -- only an equally charming princess.

A couple of United States senators furnished us with some good, clean fun today. The comedians were Mr. Long of Louisiana, the Kingfish, and Senator Tom Connolly of Texas. Senator Tom is a member of the sub-committee which went down into New Orleans and investigated the charges made by Huey's enemies. The subject of the diversion was the nomination of a Mr. David Moore as collector of internal revenue for Louisiana. Senator Long objected to the appointment of Mr. Moore on the ground that Mr. Moore was personally obnoxious to him. In answer to this Senator Connolly made a snappy comeback saying:-"That is the best recommendation I have heard yet for Mr. Moore. What I learned about political conditions the Senator's state makes me determined that if there is nothing worse against Mr. Moore than that he is personally obnoxious to Mr. Long, I shall most certainly confirm the appointment."

Later in the day, Huey in person dropped in at the White House. When he was asked the purpose of his visit, he read the following statement prepared in advance. It read: "If you want to know how does it happen I am at the White House, it

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is because somebody told me that Baruch and Morgan and his partners and Woodin and Eugene Meyer and Raskob are out of here and won't be back soon." To which the Kingfish added, "If that's so, then maybe there's room for them to take in a boarder like me."

The Kingfish must take the White House for an acquarium.

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., is now safe in the saddle as Secretary of the Treasury -- or whatever the Secretary of the Treasury rides in. Mr. Ogden Mills said it was a seat that needed asbestos pants. At any rate the Senate has confirmed Mr. Morgenthau's nomination without any serious objections.

# BANKS

The Comptroller of the Currency gave out some interesting figures on the man reopening of banks throughout the country.

Following the bank holiday in March, there were one thousand,

--that is they remained closed.

four hundred and forty-six banks unlicensed. Today there are only four hundred and forty-eight.

For quite a while we haven't heard the name of Bishop Cannon, in the news. It's in today because the Bishop lost a decision in the United States Supreme Court.

You may recall that the government hauled the Bishop up on charges of violating the Corrupt Practices Act. It was charged that in the 1928 campaign he failed to make a report of the contributions he received to defeat Al Smith for the presidency. The Bishop's lawyers claimed the Corrupt Practices Act was unconstitutional. The lower court upheld the Bishop, But the Government took an appeal to the Court of the District of Columbia, and won. The Bishop appealed to the Supreme Court and now has lost. In other words, he with his secretary, who was treasurer of the Anti-Smith Democrats in 1928, will have to stand trial in Washington.

### BAYONNE

A pistol-shot today brought to climax that bank affair in France. It came almost to the same conclusion as the Krueger affair. The French police picked up the trail of Serge Stavinsky, the mysterious Russian who was the head of the big pawnshop bank and who disappeared when it blew up. The gendarmes had him cornered at Chamounix, the famous resort in the Savoy Alps. They knocked at his door, but he barricated himself in his room. They forced the door, but just as they were bursting in, the Russian raised a pistol to his head and fired.

The report swiftly flashed over the world that he was dead. Later, however, this was contridicted. He survived.

A surgeon operated on him extracted the bullet and he's alive.

There's a fair chance that he may live to stand trial.

It is said that the Mayor of Bayonne, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, is implicated, and rumors have been free that the Chautemps Cabinet would resign. However, these rumors are strictly unofficial.

## TOKYO

In Japan a crowd was assembled at the Kyoto station to say good-bye to a group of naval efficers and cadets who were leaving on a training cruise. When the farewells were at their height, the platform collapsed.

Confusion - terror, twenty killed, a hundred injured.

Alexander Toryanovsky, the new Russian

Ambassador to the United States, presented his

credentials to President Roosevelt late this afternoon
and was duly accepted as his country's representative
to Washington.

#### SWEDEN

More complaint for Hitler. Because Germany has restricted the amount of German money that may be shipped out of the country in payment of these bonds. Already John Bull and Uncle Sam has kicked, and now Sweden chimes in. Quite a number of ski-jumpers in that country bought those bonds.

## IRELAND

There's talk of a general election in Ireland all because of General O'Duffy. Emerald Isle politics have become acute all because the Supreme Court of the Irish Free State prevented President deValera's government from trying General O'Duffy, head of the Irish Fascists, - by court martial. So it is believed that a general election will be deValera's answer, to strengthen his hand or bring about a change of government.

I am back in New York tonight. And the first thing on my program today was the National Automobile Show.

Perhaps I was a lot more curious about it than most folks.

I almost got myself into a jam a few weeks ago when I gave out the hint on the air that some radical changes were coming in automobile dewign. Several people began shushing me, begging me to keep mum, so they could sell off what cars they had on hand.

You know how hard it is to keep a secret. Ever since then I've said nothing about it. But months ago, when I was in Detroit, Flint, Pontiac, Lansing, South Bend, and other automobile centers, I talked to automobile engineers and they were just bubbling over with their new plans. They all told me how cars were going to be streamlined, the startling changes. And that's what I wanted to see when I went to the Auto Show today.

I'll not attempt to describe these new streamline cars to you. The best way is to go and have a look.



And when you see those new Studebakers, Chryslers, DeSotas,
LaSalles, Hups, Pierce-Arrows, and so on, I believe you will
agree with me that we are now watching the most startling
transition, the greatest change that has ever taken place in the
appearance of the good old gas buggy.

But the changes are not in appearance alone. Another of the latest improvements is this business of your car walking over bumps -- knee action, they call it. I travelled in a new Buick belonging to a friend of mine, on my jaunt to the Adirondacks, and those knees seemed to take all the holes out of the road, even when we were in the roughest snow and ice.

Automobile knees? They are the bee's knees!

and then the Nash Company is out with a new mystery car, a car with a jewelled movement, as they say. It is called the Lafayette. And Mr. Nash says that he hopes customers will line up in droves at the dealers and say: Lafayette, we are here.

Mr. Walter Chrysler declares that we are climbing out of the depression. He knows that we are. And the reason?

Because of the way orders for new cars are pouring in.

Chicago had to heat its cereal this morning without any cream. The milk strikers out there are said to have tied up the city almost completely.

The situation is more than critical because apparently the milk strikers are so determined that they do not even care whether there is enough milk for children. Eighteen thousand of them are on the job spilling milk in the gutters and turning back trucks. They have even tried to commandeer whole trainloads bound for Chicago. Apparently this strike is the most effective thing of its kind that has ever been brought off.

The dairymen defend themselves on the ground that what they are doing is a matter of utmost necessity. They claim that milk bootleggers have knocked the A.A.A. milk code into spots by selling milk at ruinously low prices. They claim that if such conditions continued, legitimate producers who lived up to the code would soon be bankrupt.

Uncle Sam's Department of Agriculture has offered to jump into the breach. Secretary Wallace announced that he

willing to cooperate with the Chicago Pure Milk Association, in any way possible, to arbitrate the difficulty and bring an end to the strike.

Meanwhile, another milk strike has been called out in Los the boys who do the milking, what's more, angeles. There the milkers are on the warpath. What's more, five thousand members of other unions have called a sympathetic strike. So far the milk supply has been shut off mx from no.

fewer than sixty thousand houses. An effort is being made to smesh this situation by means of strike breakers with the aid of the police. Thirty seven picketers have been arrested.

This situation in Southern California is not nearly as serious as it is in Chicago. Some of the dairies have yielded to the demands of the strikers and these have returned to their jobs.

Good news for footsore Philadelphians. The taxi strike has been settled. The agreement is to be ratified tonight.

## FOLLOW LAGUARDIA

York. Widely known detective, Mike Fiaschetti, has been made a Deputy Commissioner. I supposed Deputy Commissioner in the Police Department -- because Mike for years was the hard-boiled chief of the blackhand Squad. But no, it's the Marketing Department. That seemed odd - Deputy Commissioner of cauliflower, brussel sprouts, and broccoli!

But here's the explanation - Public Markets! The docks! And the Racket! Mike is to fight in the battle against the racket which takes a huge toll on the foodstuffs that come in to New York.

The commander-in-chief of the Department of Markets is William Fellows Morgan, long a battler against the food rackets.

Prosper.

### FOOD SHORTAGE

After nawing, for all these years, an over-production of food in the country, the pendulum seems to be swinging to the opposite extreme. Clement Curtis & Company of Chicago, who keep tabs on this situation, issued a report that in the year just ended we produced less food in proportion to the population than at any time in the last fifty years. At the same time, there seems to be plenty throughout the land, but this appearance is false.

As 1934 wears on, a shortage will become evident. So says the report.

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A gentleman out in Chicago had an unusual experience. He was expected to be a witness in a racketeering trial. One of the defendants is a policeman, now under suspension of course, and the business agent for a truck drivers' union. Saturday night a couple of men drove up to his house and snatched him away from his own doorstep and took him for a ride.

This turned out to be a different kind of a ride. Although there were two men against him, the intended victim broke away. He ran towards the river with both men firing at him. They shot him through the shoulder and the left leg and he tumbled into the water. There he managed to remain hidden until the two would-be murderers gave him up for dead. However, he lived to come back and tell the tale. He struggled back to the road, where he was picked up by a police car and taken to a hospital. Today he was able to identify the men who had undertaken to take him for that ride.

On Saturday night I saw some lightning, terrific lightning, giant thunder bolts. It was not in the great outdoors. It was in the small indoors. It was that artificial lightning produced in the General Electric laboratories at Pittsfied, Massachusetts. The streaks of lightning flashed with ear-splitting detonations, and thunderbolts split logs of wood like a giant ax.

I was curious why anybody should want to creat lightning. It seemed so much more sensible to abolish it.

Karl B. McEackron, the wizzard of lightning, told me that the electric xxxix streaks from the sky strike transmission lines and bust telegraph poles. By producing lightning in the laboratory they are able to experiment and find a way to stop the damage and save millions of lollars, and lines too.

And I was shown another strange display - rivers

of colored lightning, streams of glowing electricity flowing

with a waving and twisting through the air. It was sher

magic and the magiciana take my har ork to.

And then from the sublime to the ridiculous. But wait a minute, that word "ridiculous" may make some of you golfers mad. Anyway the assembled scientists showed me a

a device for trying out your golf stroke. You hit the ball and the instrument registers the length of the shot, its accuracy, and the amount of hook or slice you may have put on the ball. Those wizards of cosmic science spend the day delving into the secrets of the universe, and then get all excited about that clever device which tells them what is wrong with their golf.

# GIANT POSTAL CARD ENDING

(Noise of a chair falling down.)

L.T.: Hey, what's that?

Jimmy: I fell over your postal card. And what a postal card:

L.T.: And that's no tall story. Anybody might fall over that postal card. It's the biggest postal card on record four feet long and three feet wide. You might call it a big bouquet of raspberries - raspberries from Florida. You know they're proud of their sunshine down there around St. Petersburg, and Miami. Some of the boys in Florida evidently heard about my being up in the Adirondacks so they've sent me a postal card, saying "How come?" How come we didn't foregather down where the sun is bright and the balmy breezes blow. The three foot postal card is from the Florida radio station, W S U N. And on it they tell me what those initials mean - WSUN. They mean Why Stay Up North? And the mammoth card concludes with poetic good wishes. Here's the poetry.

> Here's hoping you'll always have hair on your coco and lots of real pep and kick like Sunoco Well, if there's any more news I'll send you a postal

card. And so long until tomorrow.