

FIRE

Here's an example of what history can do as a dramatist.

Act One:- A spectacular fire in one of the most famous buildings in Europe, the Reichstag in Berlin. A day of terror, either manufactured or genuine. The big opportunity for which the Nazis had been waiting. Hitler mounts the throne of power.

Act Four:- Cheers and jubilation in Moscow. A real triumph. The three acquitted Bulgarian conspirators have been released, deported to Russia. They reach the border where the Soviet welcome and cheer them with wild acclaim as martyrs. That happened today.

FIRE - 2

Act two:- The trial at Leipzig. The stage set for a swift conviction. The eyes of the whole world are on that court room. As the curtain falls one lone apparently defective lad, is convicted. The other defendants are acquitted.

Act three:- The scaffold. The convicted man goes to the guillotine, while the skeptical world looks on. The acquitted men are still held in prison. The Nazis refuse to release them.

Act four:- Cheers and jubilation in Moscow. A red triumph. The three acquitted Bulgarian Communists have been released, deported to Russia. They reach the border where the Soviet welcomes and cheers them with wild acclaim as martyrs. That happened today.

HINDENBURG

News from Germany indicates one significant thing - the eclipse of von Hindenburg. Only fourteen months ago, the old Field Marshall was not only the President but the idol of all Germany. He was no dummy president. He exerted real and useful power. But where is he today? It seems months since we have even heard his name mentioned. Hitler has pushed the gallant old soldier so far into the background that now his Excellency von Hindenburg and Beneckendorff has become even more obscure than the President of France --- even more of a figurehead.

As for Hitler, the fantastic oath of allegiance to him which one million of his subjects have just sworn, makes him spectacularly more powerful than the late Kaiser ever dreamed of being.

EXPRESS

Somebody is trying to manufacture a war between Uncle Sam and Japan. And that somebody is Lord Beaverbrook, British newspaper magnate. An article by the Diplomatic Correspondent of his Lordship's London SUNDAY EXPRESS declares that "behind the secret conference of British admirals which is taking place at Singapore lies a momentous problem. The governments of the United States, Great Britain, and France have been forced by the aggressive policy of Japan to consider the whole question of the balance of power in the Pacific!" That's what he says. Then this Diplomatic Correspondent goes on to say: "I am able to reveal that one of the vital questions that may be raised is the ceding by Britain and France to the United States of a number of islands in the South Pacific."

That sounds like news. But there seems to be a joker in it. Lord Beaverbrook's paper goes on to say:—"The price of these islands to be the cancellation of part of the Allied War Debt."

Another echo of the war debts.

MANCHUKO

Tomorrow an emperor will be crowned, an Emperor of the Manchus. Henry Pu-Yi, who hitherto has been President of the Republic of Manchuko is to become monarch of the land north of the Great Wall. The Japanese made him President, and the Japanese are making him Emperor. This is no state secret. There will be a grandiose oriental ceremony of coronation. And once more among the rulers of the earth will be listed a Manchu Emperor.

Some centuries ago that land of northern plains and tundra, saw powerful kings ruling over their horse-riding nomads. They conquered China and established the great Manchu dynasty. It lasted for a long era, and then in our own time the rule of the Manchus was overthrown in China. This same Henry Pu-Yi was the boy Emperor. The crown was snatched from his head by the Republican revolutionists. And he was left to survive as

nothing more than a pathetic reminder of other days - at least so everybody thought.

He lived surrounded by ^{obsolete} ~~absolute~~ formalities in a palace in Peiping. Then came one exciting day when Chang Hsun, the bandit chief, captured Peiping and decided to restore the monarchy of the Manchus. He took the frightened, weeping boy and had him crowned, but his empire was only for a day. The monarchist movement was put down and the former boy emperor went into exile. As he grew up, he adopted western habits. He adopted the name of Henry Pu-Yi. He wore English clothes and a big pair of spectacles. He still wears them. He learned to ride a bicycle.

(10)

The whole ^{destiny} ~~dynasty~~ of this ^{boy, this} ~~boy~~ pawn of circumstance and political juggling was altered when the Japanese made their recent attack on China. The Manchuko politicians seized upon him as a useful piece of stage decoration and when they made the old province of Manchuria independent of China, they set Henry Pu-Yi up as its President, and now he is ^{traced} ~~thrown~~ higher, all the way up to an imperial throne, a modern semblance of the

~~peace~~^{dragon} throne ~~fix~~ of his ancestors. Luck has changed for him - and he is changing his name also. He won't be known by the odd name of Henry Pu-Yi any longer. He is ascending the ~~throne~~^{dragon} as his Majesty, Kang Teh. That new name of his means tranquility and virtue, two qualities which the laws of Confucius decreed that an emperor should have. So tomorrow the word will be Henry Pu-Yi is dead, Long Live Kang Teh on the ~~dragon~~^{dragon} Throne ~~of~~ the Manchus.

Homer Croy.

novelist;
screenwriter.

Feb. 27, 1934.

INTRO TO HOMER CROY

Manchurian Emperors are not the only people to change their names. They do it in Hollywood too. Let's call a few screen celebrities by their right names. Most of them were born somebody else. They have famous names, but they are not their right names, not the names they were born with. Here's Homer Croy, just back from Hollywood. He's an eminent figure among novelists and humorists. He's the droll, capricious fellow who made a reputation with that best-seller novel several years back -- "West of the Water Tower." Homer Croy's latest is _____

In Hollywood Homer Croy specializes in writing movie plays for Will Rogers. He recently wrote Will Roger's latest -- "DAVID HARUM". You'll be seeing it in a few weeks.

All right, Homer, what are the real names of the dazzling, flaming super-stars of Hollywood?

Well, Lowell, let's start with Douglas Fairbanks.

His real name is Douglas Ullman. His mother was married three times, and during one of her marriages her name was Fairbanks. So Doug took it and made it famous.

Everybody knows George Arliss, but I don't suppose one person in ten thousand knows his real name, which is not Arliss at all, but George Augustus Andrews.

Edward G. Robinson's real name is Edward Goldenburg.

You remember Paul Muni from "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang?" Muni is his first name, and his last cognomen is Wisenfreund. Muni Wisenfreund, that's it.

Barbara Stanwyck's real name is Ruby Stevens.

Joan Crawford's is Lucille LeLaur.

And John Barrymore -- does it surprise you that John Barrymore isn't his real handle? It's John Blythe. His father adopted the name of Barrymore.

Jean Harlow's real written-in-the-family-Bible name is Harlean Carpenter, and her father is a dentist in Kansas City.

Ed Wynn was born Nate Leopold, son of a Philadelphia hatmaker.

Marlene Dietrich is really Marlene von Lorsch.

Irene Rich's maiden name was Irene Luther. ^{By} ~~the~~ way, she was born in Buffalo, and never saw Niagara Falls until she went there on her honeymoon.

Jack Oakie's real one is Lewis Offield. He once lived in ~~Oklax~~ Oklahoma, and when he got a job as clerk in Wall Street his fellow-clerks called him Oakie, an abbreviation for ~~Oka~~ Oklahoma,

Did you see in the papers today where Esther Ralston is suing for divorce? Well, she's Esther Frey. ~~Rix~~ Richard Arlen's real name is -- this'll surprise you -- Sylvanus van Mattimore. Helen Twelvetrees was once Helen Jurgens. Marie ~~Dressler~~ ~~Lilla~~ Dressler was Leila Koerber. Myrna Loy's real name is not quite as exotic as it sounds. It's just plain Williams.

Frederick March, back in Racine, Wisconsin, is still Fred Bickel. And Baby LeRoy is LeRoy Winebrenner.

~~EX~~

L.T.:-- Wait a minute, Homer -- you'll have me believing that everybody is somebody else. Don't tell me Will Rogers is a phoney monicker?

Homer Croy:-- It's a real name -- but only half of it.

His full name is William Penn Adair Rogers.

And now, Lowell, let me ask you -- what is your real name?

L.T.:-- Well, I suppose I might as well confess. My real name is Lowell Jackson Thomas.

And now, let's go on with the subject of aliases to alias Jimmie Valentine.

VALENTINE

A drama with an almost identical plot has been enacted at the Illinois State Penitentiary in Joliet.

The warden of the pen discovered that he could not open his safe. For a couple of days he and his staff struggled with the mechanism of the thing but without avail. So the warden went to the register and looked over the roll of his boarders. He picked out a number and sent for that particular convict. In exactly three minutes and forty seconds the door of the big safe swung open. Thereupon the convict apologized, saying: "Sorry to have been so long warden, but it's my first job in a couple of years. You know how it is! A little rusty!

CAPONE

I suspect that a real test is about to be made of Chicago's New Deal in law enforcement. The return of Ralph Capone, brother of Scarface Al, after three years in federal prison, will be a challenge to the Chicago police. The cops are accepting it as such.

It has been no secret that the Capone gang is still operating. The authorities admit it and say that a gentleman named Murray Humphreys is its leader. It requires no keen eye to spot the possibility of the tense situation in case the lesser known Ralph Capone decides to take over the job of captaining that gang.

The answer of the police is that if Ralph so much as shows his nose on that part of Lake Michigan's shore, he will be picked up on sight, or as the cops put it, "on general principles". With the expiration of Ralph's sentence for income tax evasion and there's prospect of brother Al's return soon after, well Chicago is again facing the public enemy problem in a big way. Al Capone back in Chicago. That would mean something.

COMMUNICATIONS

Some people are seeing more signs of Fascism in President Roosevelt's suggestion for government control of all communications. The new Federal Commission which he asks Congress to establish would have complete authority over telephone, telegraph, radio and cable. Of course it has been known for some time that this was in the air. The President has made no secret of his ideas on this subject. Such a commission would be ^a powerful body, certainly one of the most influential.

The idea is giving a good many people the jitters. Some see in it a threat of censorship. As a matter of fact, the extremists are hinting that, although a suggestion of censorship is carefully avoided now, it would inevitably come about.

Abroad, practically every foreign country controls all the mediums of communication. In England, for instance, not only the telegraph and cable lines, but the telephone and radio are under the control of the Postmaster General.

TUGWELL

Mr. W. E. Barnes of Florence, Massachusetts, writes me that he enjoyed some of the undergraduate boners from the University of Washington that I told about the other night. But Mr. Barnes thinks thinks he can beat them. At the University of Maine, an examiner asked the students: "Who is Rexford Tugwell?" The reply of one smart lad was, "Rexford Tugwell is the husband of Tugboat Annie." That would be news. The bright luminary of the braintrust, married to Tugboat Annie.

W. E. Barnes.

WEATHER

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Here's ^{the latest} ~~tonight's~~ message from the Weather Man. Cold tonight; fair and warmer tomorrow.

That railroad accident in Pittsburgh is being blamed on the storm. They say it was the snow that derailed a passenger train coming into the station on the elevated track. They haven't found the fireman or the engineer yet. Not counting them, the casualty list is seven passengers killed and forty-three injured. *Old Man Weather still up to his villainous tricks.*

NBC

DUCKS

Several people have written and telephoned in asking me to broadcast this message:- 'Don't let bread crumbs go to waste. Throw them to the birds. With most pf North America covered by snow the birds are starving.'

Dr. Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, is also sending out an appeal for funds to help our feathered friends. Two snow storms, one on the heels of the other, have made things hard for the wild birds and animals. On Long Island the chief game protector has sent shipments of grain to save the wild ducks.

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Birds have no teeth, so the full benefit of grain will not be derived unless nature's teeth, namely gravel sand or ground oyster shells, are supplied.

Beverly Davison, the Millbrook Pheasant Man sends me this tip.

TELEGRAMS

And now about a few greetings -- two hundred and sixty-six thousand, four hundred and seven greetings, to be precise. That's the number of telegrams in that mountain of yellow sheets of paper that came in response to the Western Union invitation last Friday night.

Among those two hundred and sixty-six thousand, four hundred and seven telegrams, are some good laughs. For instance several hundred are signed MAE WEST. And they all say, "Come up and see me sometime." A trick compliment comes from Donald Good of Hackettstown, New Jersey. It reads, "Sunoco is the best gas and you are the best gasser." Well, I gas so -- or maybe not.

A gargantuan good wish comes from the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce. It reads: "May the number of your future years before the microphone be as many as there are boards in the boardwalk, the exact number being three hundred and thirty-eight thousand, six hundred and twenty-four." That's a long walk. And it would be a long sit in front of the microphone.

At any rate, here are two hundred and sixty-six thousand, four hundred and seven cordial returns to those ~~xxx~~ two hundred and sixty-six thousand, four hundred and seven telegrams. To which I add one thing more: -

So long until tomorrow.

Prosper