

ST. PATRICK

It might seem appropriate right now if I were to say - "Well, tonight I ought to be broadcasting from Dublin." And yet that wouldn't be so apt. The place to broadcast from on St. Patrick's Day is - right here, New York. Because today New York was the shamrock capital, the Dublin of the world; its own rivals being Chicago and Boston.

But let's look at Dublin. It's different over there than it was in the old times when the Seventeenth of March was the day of days; when the St. Patrick's Day parade in the capital of Ireland was the rollicking event of the year. The coming of Irish freedom has taken the roar and rebelliousness out of those old celebrations. In the Irish Free State St. Patrick's Day has become a sedate national holiday.

So in Dublin today the parade was a mere formal procession. The pubs were closed as tight as a drum throughout Ireland, and that naturally put a damper on the jubilation. Maybe damper isn't the appropriate word. It might be better to say - dried up the jubilation. Even St. Patrick's Day dancing was

handicapped. To stage a dance they had to get special permission from a magistrate, and in many parts of Ireland the magistrates refused to pass out the permits. Ireland was determined not to have any shindig or Donnybrook Fair today.

In New York, on the other hand, the day was celebrated by a giant parade. The Gaels turned out forty thousand strong, marching through a light drizzle. In fact I had to march with them to get here to Radio City to the R.C.A. Bldg. They were reviewed by that distinguished Hibernian, Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, of the Venetian Irish. Mayor LaGuardia, however, qualified for the occasion by wearing a magnificent sprig of shamrock, which was sent to him by the Honorable Alfred Byrne, Lord Mayor of Dublin. Moreover, St. Patrick himself was probably an Italian - a Roman.

From Washington, I am sorry to report, comes disillusioning word. At a group of Irish Congressmen, burst forth with a St. Patrick's Day manifesto in which they speak evil words about Irish stew and corned beef and cabbage. These, they say, are not Irish at all --utterly unknown in the Emerald Isle .

What would George McManus say about that?

I found this news so disconcerting at lunch over a plate of Irish stew with my Celtic colleague, John B. Kennedy, that I asked that eloquent Irishman about it. And John said it's true - that both Irish stew and corned beef and cabbage are strictly American inventions.

Then, "What do they eat in Ireland?" I asked in dismay.

"They eat Irish potatoes and Irish bacon", responded John in his rolling Irish voice.

So all is not lost.

FATHER COUGHLIN

Today - Father Coughlin said: "I would rather have seen this one destroyed." And he pointed to a stately structure of concrete and steel that has cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to build. He could rather have lost his new magnificent shrine than the humble little frame building that went up in flame and smoke. The original shrine of the Little Flower at Royal Oak, Michigan.

Defective wiring, a swift spreading blaze through the frame structure, and nothing but charred ruins are now left of the tiny Church that Father Coughlin build ten years ago.

He began his career there, a career that has led him to nationwide fame as the Radio Priest. He first began his broadcasts there, first attracted a hearing outside of his own small parish. So today the man of the flashing phrase on the radio, stood looking at the smoldering ruins, and spoke these simple words:- "It was my home. I have eaten, slept and read there for ten years."

FLOOD

In the flood news that we hear from various parts of the east, it's always tempting to make a reference to the Johnstown flood. That's the American classic of a rush of inundating waters, heroism, rescues. So tonight let's refer to the Johnstown flood, but not the one of long ago, Eighteen Eighty-Nine. The one - today.

Johnstown, Pennsylvania, is again in the grip of water, the swollen surge of the Onemaugh and Stoney Creek Rivers. The business section of the city is under four feet of water, isolated, torrents rushing down the main streets. Telephone lines down; the city engineers have ordered the bridges closed - they are endangered by the mad rush of the streams.

It's all bad enough, but luckily there's no chance of anything like that classic of flood disaster back in Eighteen Eighty-Nine.

CRIME

The New York police today raided a boarding house near Riverside Drive and arrested a truck driver, a contractor and his wife, a show salesman, a waitress, and and several day laborers. That's what the boys and girls said they were -- just innocent folks. In their boarding house hideout, the cops found half a dozen repeating rifles and sawed off shot guns, a layout of pistols, thousands of rounds of ammunition, a cache of gun cotton and a short wave radio transmitting set. The cops say the gun cotton was used to blow up safes and that the short wave transmitter was the means of communication between gang headquarters and the members of the mob.

No, that doesn't sound so innocent. So we find the police accusing the prisoners of being wanted for a whole string of crimes -- a forty thousand dollar bank robbery at Edgewater, New Jersey; a seventy thousand dollar jewel robbery at the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Boston; several of the gang have been hunted in connection with the record-breaking half million dollar Brooklyn ice plant hold-up of a couple of years ago. And the leader will be charged with the murder of the son of a former New York assemblyman, and two friends, last Sunday. The cops accuse another of being the gunsmith for the gang, specialist in

putting silencers on rifles and sawed off shot guns. And they say that ^{even} the landlady has an impressive police record, including an arrest in connection with the Vivian Gordon murder case ^{a few years ago.}

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With these imposing aspects, we find a neat, swift episode of police work. Detectives had word the gang was gathered, ready to pull off a big job. They surrounded the old brownstone boarding house on Riverside Drive, taking care not to give the alarm. They were about to crash in, when they saw a man and woman come out of the place. The man looked something like one of the suspects they were hunting. Quietly - they grabbed the two, and questioned them. The man proved to their satisfaction that he was no more than an innocent visitor to the place. That was a good break, because they proceeded to use the couple for a quiet, unexpected entrance - had them accompany ^{the} ~~a couple of~~ detectives to the house. ^Q ~~and~~ ^{of} ring the doorbell - and as the couple were known to the landlady, the detectives were inside before anybody knew what was happening.

They found ^{their quarry} ~~the occupants~~ sitting down to a big meal in one room. It was all such a surprise, there was ~~is~~ no

resistance - except for the fact that one man made a dash and tried to get hold of a gun lying on a window sill. The

detectives knocked him cold with a blackjack. That happened

while the police captain in command was examining the silencer *from*

one of the gang
~~some~~ rifles. In the excitement, he swung with the silencer

— crowned him.
and hit one of his own detectives. Nothing serious - just a bit

of comic relief to top off a first rate police job.

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INCOME TAX

The deadline was last night, and today the Treasury officials in Washington were cheering. Right up to the deadline the returns and checks came pouring in -- a record-breaking stream.

The Treasury figures given out today show that the collections for the first fifteen days of March were three hundred and sixty-one million dollars. That's forty-six and four-tenths percent of the total amount due the government, according to the tax returns. It represents an increase of nearly fifty percent over the collections for last year.

~~The jump in income tax money is just a reflection of increasing business everywhere.~~

~~Financier~~
~~Banker~~ Owen D. Young succeeds to the medal of
Grace Moore and Eva LeGalliene. They, of course, are not
~~Financiers~~ ~~Bankers~~ ~~Financiers~~ ~~Bankers~~ Young receives this year's gold medal awarded
by the American Society of Arts and Sciences. Eva LeGalliene
got it one year and Grace Moore got it another -- not to mention
Thomas Edison, John Philip Sousa and various ~~professors of~~ ^{eminent men of}
science, who from time to time have copped the honors.

What's the big idea? The society puts it in these
words:- "To bring laurels to the living who have made the
world a better place in which to live." So to Owen D. Young
the laurels will be presented at a banquet at the Waldorf.

I don't know for what particular service to humanity
Eva LeGalliene and Grace Moore were decorated but in the case of
~~Owen D.~~ ^{Owen D.} Young, the reason is as follows:- "Because of great
services in the cause of improved international good-will and
in behalf of the principles of good government, and also for
unique services toward raising the responsibility of organized
business in its relations both to the public and to the State."

That ought to get a medal. *Certainly sounds
like a presentation speech.*

EUROPE

They've finally fixed up that invitation over in Europe - invitation and acceptance. (Germany has agreed to attend the League of Nations session that will pass judgement on the rights and wrongs of Hitler's rearmament of the Rhine.)

Hitler declared that Germany would not attend with the status of a bad boy going to get a spanking. Now - German equality is conceded. The Berlin delegate will have no vote in the Council meeting. But neither will France nor Belgium. Because they are the parties that are making the complaint against Germany.

Germany accepted the invitation today, with the proviso that the Hitler peace proposal would be brought up. Brought up when? That seems to be the compromise angle of the matter. Great Britain has promised to use her best efforts to introduce the peace proposals. London all along has been trying to compromise between the French demand to punish Germany and the German resolve not to back down. It's a success of the compromise idea - that Germany is sending her delegate, von Ribbentrop, to take part in the League proceedings on Thursday.

But now at the last minute France is balking -- doesn't want negotiations with Germany -- wants punishment.

The compromisers tried to put off any further debate until the Thursday session. But it didn't work. Litvinoff, the Soviet delegate, got up at the League Council and delivered a bitter attack on the Hitler government. He accused Berlin of treaty-breaking, of sabre rattling, of trying to dictate to the whole continent. The Red Commissar for Foreign Affairs admitted he might be talking a little strongly, but he justified himself by pointing to the ~~ix~~ bitter way that Hitler has denounced Red Russia.

Litvinoff said that the Soviets would like to see Germany return to the League, but would consent to it only under certain conditions. Germany would have to make a special promise to observe international treaties, would have to go on record as renouncing the settlement of international disputes by warfare.

Tonight's closing line about London and the League is, wait for Thursday.

EDITH CAVELL

Tonight, as the world broods over the peril of another World War, a tragic shadow is summoned, the ghostly figure of Edith Cavell. And with that, our attention is called to two living people - a man just released from prison and a quiet, secluded French schoolmistress.

Keenan

The man is Gaston Quien, condemned for a crime against the war-torn feelings of millions. They said it was he who betrayed Nurse Cavell to the Germans, gave them the information that she was harboring escaped war prisoners. After the War, the man was tried for this, and sent to prison - protesting his innocence. Now he has been released, after nearly twenty years in a cell. Why? Because the authorities at this late date find that the evidence against him in that trial of long ago was insufficient. There might still be doubt that it was actually Gaston Quien who betrayed ~~Edith~~ ^{Nurse} Cavell. # Who knows what tragedy may lurk behind this? May he really have been innocent? Nobody can say. Mere - doubt.

There's one person who perhaps might be expected to

know - that French schoolmistress, who presides over an academy for girls on the outskirts of Paris. Her name is Louise Thuliez, a name linked on the tragic record with that of Edith Cavell. She worked with the English nurse in Belgium. Miss Cavell and Mademoiselle Thuliez were partners in helping escaped war prisoners, and they both were tried by the German court martial, and sentenced to death.

Edith Cavell was immediately executed in that episode of terror that stirred the wrath of the world. In the outcry that followed, the life of Mademoiselle Thuliez was spared - because of urgent representations made by President Wilson, the Spanish Ambassador to Brussels, and the Pope. Her sentence was commuted to imprisonment. She spent thirty-three months in prison, and was released three days before the Armstice. The Allied governments decorated her with an array of war medals, among them the Croix de Guerre, the Order of the British Empire. For years now she has been head mistress of a school of fifty girls. She has seldom spoken, keeping her silence about those events of other days.

Now, the man accused of betraying both Edith

Cavell and Louise Thuliez has been released ^{and} - Mademoiselle Thuliez speaks. What does ^{she} ~~Louise Thuliez~~ say? She denounces the execution of Nurse Cavell and says it was merely an act of German bitterness against England. The deed ^{being} ~~was~~ carried out ^{even} before the official notice of ^{the} ~~his~~ sentence was published. The sentence was unjustifiable, the haste unforgiveable - so says Louis ^{is} Thuliez today.

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But what about the man, Gaston Quien? The quiet little school mistress shakes her head - she cannot judge. Was he ^{was he} guilty? the man who betrayed her and Edith Cavell to the Germans? Or does he stand a tragic figure of innocence, after twenty years in prison, after having been branded with an infamous crime of treason? ^{She doesn't know.} Louise Thuliez cannot answer those questions. So, all that remains is - doubt.

WIVES ENDING

From Vienna comes the story of a man who certainly represents the height of uneasiness -- the pinnacle of worry. He married sixty-one wives. Yes, that's enough to worry anybody.

He married them for their doweries, and told each that she was his onliest only. So his great problem was to keep any two of the sixty-one from meeting. That was the great anxiety. Suppose Number Three were to meet Number Fifty-Seven, and that they compared notes. Or suppose that Wife Number Thirty-Eight should see hubby in the company of Wife Number Seventeen? Yes, that surely would be the height of uneasiness, the pinnacle of worry.

But tonight that gay Viennese is serene and untroubled of mind -- because he's in jail. Finally caught up with, he was put on trial and sentenced. Today was his first day in prison. And when they clanged shut the iron doors of his cell, he sighed happily and said:- "This is the first quiet moment I've had for years."

Let's all have a quiet moment, and --

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.