

L.T. SUNOCO - MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1934

Good Evening, Everybody:-

A crime was committed today in the White House.

A robber in the home of the President!

It was breakfast time. In the dining room where the White House help have their meals, everything was set. The bacon and eggs and toast were all on the table. The door of the dining room was left ajar.

Enter the villain. His name is Winks. He's the latest addition to the White House dogs. He saw a table covered with bacon and eggs and toast. Food enough for nineteen human beings. And Winks hopped to it! Before anybody appeared to interfere, Winks had devoured all that bacon and eggs and toast. The White House has not yet made public what discipline will be ~~awarded~~ awarded to Winks. Maybe the Senate will investigate.

NBC

General Johnson, Administrator of N.R.A., invited criticism of the codes. He invited folks to do their criticising during the first week in March. But some are jumping the gun. They are answering the invitation ahead of time. One of the first kicks concerns the practice of price-fixing. Many manufacturers and leaders of industry are objecting vigorously. The latest kick comes from a group of top-notch economists in Washington. These experts back up everything that the manufacturers have said about price-fixing. They are pointing out that the customer, the consumer, will have to pay more for what he ~~gi~~ gets.

Another pre-invitation kick concerns the restaurant code which went into effect today -- for swagger restaurants, dining rooms in crack hotels, and every roadside hot dog stand, and lunch wagon.

A vigorous kick regarding this code ~~fx~~ comes from the consumers. They are annoyed because the code promises to do away with that ancient institution, the free lunch.

The N.R.A. code forbids anybody who ~~sells~~ sells beer or other refreshments to give away so much as a sandwich. But how about pickles and pretzels?

I've just asked somebody in the business what this "No Free Lunch" law means. He said it means a new type of bootlegging. Instead of bootlegging liquor, they will bootleg free lunch -- liverwurst, salami, and limburger. How would you like to be a limburger bootlegger?

NBC

In those air mail troubles we heard a lot about letting out government contracts to the lowest bidder. I suppose it's a good idea, holding bidding competitions, but sometimes it works out in a peculiar way. The latest concerns the C.W.A. and was told me by one of my friends on the Jersey Journal. The supervisor of the C.W.A. work in Hudson County, New Jersey, recently had the welcome task of notifying a number of men that they had been appointed to jobs. To send them the glad news, he spent twenty-two dollars and fifty cents for stamps.

Now here's the joke of it. That supervisor hasn't the faintest idea how he can get the money back. He's forbidden by law to buy anything without advertising for bids. Just how one can advertise for bids for postage stamps, which nobody but Uncle Sam is allowed to sell, seems a puzzle. So goodbye twenty-two dollars, and hurrah for the lowest bidder.

The subject of hobbies is in the White House news today. Both the President and the First Lady have their own hobbies. Mrs. Franklin D. is going to speak on this subject at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, Thursday afternoon. The occasion is a reception to celebrate the 22nd birthday of the Camp Fire Girls of America. In a message to the organization she says: "There is no question that every girl should begin as young as possible to build up a variety of hobbies." Do I hear a few husbands speak up, saying: "I wish my wife would take up cooking for a hobby."

Saucier

SNOW

The country from the Atlantic coast to the Missouri River is sleeping under a blanket tonight, a blanket of snow, anywhere from half a foot to two feet deep. And the weather man tells us that our white blanket is going to grow thicker during the night. And, just to cheer you up, it'll be colder tomorrow.

The Automobile Club of New York tells me that the best way to drive your car this evening and be sure of being safe, is to drive it into the garage and lock the door. Motoring conditions are bad from Maine to Nebraska, from the North Pole to Virginia. In New England many roads are impassable and even the best are none too good.

I ran into some roads of that variety yesterday afternoon when my own car took a nosedive into a snowdrift. I was vainly trying to get to Williamstown, Massachusetts, but it simply could not be done.

Oh, well, all this snow will be gone within a day or two, then we can all start for the Poconos.

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And still,

~~was~~, it's a question whether it is better to be in
the frigid east tonight or ⁱⁿ sunny California. On the Pacific
Coast the highways ^{today} are covered with flood waters. Light and
power service and communications are on the blink in many
sections. Near San Francisco ^{they had} a landslide.

NBC

TORNADO (Follow Snow)

And the tornado that brought death and destruction to Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia raises another query.

It was an unusual tornado. As a rule these storms occur between April and July.

A tornado is younger cousin of a hurricane? Their chief difference is in their dimensions and the length of time they last. A tornadoes is small while a hurricane is big. A tornado starts from the clouds and becomes a cone-shaped storm. It's the tip of the cone that sweeps along the earth and creates so much havoc. This latest one was remarkable because of the zig-zag fashion in which it tore across those three states, like a mad tornado, a drunken tornado.

NBC

TELEGRAMS

Deluged with telegrams! Buried in telegrams!

That Western Union offer of a free telegram to all who wanted to say something about Friday's broadcast from the Western Union office -- well, it seemed to produce results. There's a mountain of replies -- an ocean of them. We don't know how many there are yet. But I'll let you know in a day or so when they've all been counted. And then I'll spend my spare time for the next five years reading them. More about that tomorrow.

Prosper

PLANE

And now tonight for a moment let's turn to the Wasatch Mountains, that range which tower into the sky just east of Salt Lake City. An impressive sight, when they are covered with snow, but death lurks in those steep canyons. A dark mass of wreckage, a shattered airplane. The story is brief: Many of you know it.

A plane leaves Salt Lake City with eight passengers aboard. For two days not a word is heard from them. For five years the Boeing Line has carried passengers between Chicago and San Francisco without even a mishap, but now that luck was broken by the demons of the storm. Over the Wasatch Mountains a snow-flurry, an air-pocket, perhaps, or some deadly trap of the stormy sky. Into the side of a mountain the plane drives headlong. There are no survivors to tell about it, neither pilot nor men passengers, nor the girl hostess -- all lost. These days of storm have been perilous along the highways of the sky.

TRAGEDY

There seems no end to the melancholy, the sadness in the news tonight. In the tragic news from Dartmouth College, the death of nine sleeping students, there is a note of warning. I learn that such fatalities occur here and there every winter all over the country. One of the heads of the Anthracite Institute of America points out that the nine students were killed during their sleep by carbon monoxide gas, but that this is not to be blamed on the fuel. Any fuel, say the experts, whether coal, or coal gas will produce this carbon monoxide. If the pipe connecting furnace and chimney is defective, there is always danger of the dangerous gas. Therefore, they say, it is important in winter always to inspect your furnace and make sure that the connection with the chimney is secure and tight. It was a defect of that kind which caused the calamity at Dartmouth.

NBC

The last few days they have been debating:

"Which was the greater baseball manager? John McGraw or Connie Mack?" "Tonight McGraw, the little Napoleon, lies dead. And tonight, Connie Mack, the long, lanky patriarch of Philadelphia, answers the question. He declares in no uncertain words that beyond all question it was John McGraw. "John," said old Connie, "was the greatest of them all."

The passing of John McGraw marks definitely the end of an era, the era of scrappy, bulldog, bait-the-umpire and hate-your-enemy kind of baseball.

There was showmanship in his truculence. The crowds booed him often, but they always flocked to see his team and largely for the purpose of seeing John there with his fighting clothes on.

His motto was: "I hate a loser." And he admitted that he deliberately made the Giants play as he said, "vivid, colorful, emotional, quarrelsome baseball." Another of his sayings was: "There must be ~~like~~ internal harmony in a ball ~~in~~ club,

even if it has to be brought about by force."

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We can best pay tribute to the memory of John McGraw, with a baseball story. It concerns the famous episode at the Polo Grounds in 1908, when Fred Merkel pulled the classic boner of them all. He failed to touch second base. Fred Merkel lost the game, lost the pennant, lost the season, lost everything ~~p-~~ against the Giants' most bitter foes, the Chicago Cubs. Next day, all America/^{was}booing and jeering bonehead Fred Merkel who really was one of the smartest players in the game. And what did John McGraw say, John the hard-fighting, truculent despot? What did he say to the man who had pulled that boner, the man who had lost him the ~~pennant~~ pennant? He put his arm around Merkel's shoulder and said: "It's all right, Fred. Here's a raise in salary for you. I'll bet you'll never pull that one again." And maybe the Recording Angel has that one marked down on his book tonight for John Joseph Mc Graw.

UNGAVA BAY

It's impossible for me to reply to all the requests that come in by mail. There are far more than I could ever take care of, as much as I'd like to do it. But here's one that's irresistible. W. S. Whyte of Swampscott, Massachusetts, is eager to get in touch with his brother who is a fur trader for Revillion Freres, away up in the frozen North, at the uppermost tip of the Labrador, at Leaf River on Ungava Bay, where a boat touches only once a year. He wants to tell his brother of the passing of their father.

I wrote a book, a yarn about Louis Romanet who used to be a fur trader at the same place on Ungava Bau. Up there he was called Kabluk of the Eskomo. And I know the dreadful isolation of those men at the far northern fur posts.

SMUGGLING

John Bull has a war on his hands, a war on his own front doorstep, against smugglers. And apparently John is taking an awful licking.

Of course it is all due to the terrifically high British tariff. John Bull used to be the most staunch and unflinching champion of free trade. But the minute he stopped that, he went to the other extreme. The inevitable consequence is that there is a tremendous profit in smuggling. For instance, on clocks, watches and cameras there now is a duty of thirty-three and a third per cent. So, there's an obvious invitation to smugglers. They say "the most romantic days of the Romney Marshes, the Essex Creeks and the East Coast Caves have been revived."

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Somehow or other smuggling has never been considered a terrifically ^{heinous} heinous crime. Of course we all shake our heads and disapprove of it. But how many of us would refuse to associate with somebody just because they've been found out in a bit of smuggling? At any rate, there has always been a halo

of romance around smugglers. In the Eighteenth Century entire communities in the English counties on the seashore lived and thrived on the proceeds of smuggling. And now, once more, as a business, smuggling is highly organized in England. Money is being invested in it by British suburban spinsters and respectable business men. They just put up the money and wait for their profits, while the dangerous work is done by ~~xxxx~~ ex-army officers.

For instance there is a stockbroker who has a small yacht. Every Saturday he puts out for a cruise, picks up a cargo off the coast of Holland, and returns on the following Monday to land his contraband with the utmost impunity. Nobody dreams of suspecting him.

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A large bulk of the smuggling is done by means of airplanes. They fly within a few yards of the coast. The pilot watches for signals and at the critical moment dumps his contraband into the sea, securely wrapped in oilskin. The stuff is salvaged by his confederates on shore.

The British authorities are said to be more or less powerless to stop this traffic. But it's got them worried.

London Daily Mirror

WRECK

Here's a story of a shipwreck from England. A Salvation Army Band, twenty-four strong, was on its way to the Isle of Wye, a charming little island off the South Coast. They were going to fill an engagement. When they arrived at Portsmouth to catch the steamer, they found that all sailings had been cancelled on account of fog. Nothing daunted, they hired a motor boat and set off for the Isle of Wye, fog or no fog.

Several hours later they were reported missing. No sign or trace could be found of those twenty-four Salvation Army bandsmen.

The motor boat had gone astray and ran aground. In the fog they couldn't see where they were and disaster seemed to be staring them in the face. Partly in the hope of attracting attention and partly to keep up their spirits, they got out their instruments and started to play characteristic Salvation Army tunes. For half an hour they filled the air with the stirring sounds of "Onward Christian Soldiers".

Imagine the feeling of those bandsmen when they saw

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a small boy, barely four feet high, walking towards them. He came nonchalanly and clamboring over the side of their boat. At any time during the hours when they sat shipwrecked, whistling to keep up their courage, they could have waded calmly ashore!

And that's true with many of us. When we are in trouble we might wade calmly ashore. And I'm in trouble with this time clock on my desk. So I'll wade hastily off the air. And SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.