

OLYMPICS

There were some highlights at the opening of the Olympic Winter Games over in Germany today. You can expect all sorts of spectacular dramatics when the Nazis run the show. (At Germisch-Partenkirchen, they staged an Olympic pageant that certainly would have compared favorably with the best efforts of the ancient Greeks at the original Olympic Games so many centuries ago. Hitler was there, presiding -- the predominant figure.

One highlight was that the American team of winter sportsmen, as they paraded by the Fuehrer, didn't give him the Nazi salute. They executed an eyes-right in salution.) The British team gave the Olympic salute, which consists of raising the right arm, but not so high as in the Fascist version. (Maybe that's why the American team were received in silence by the crowd, while other squads got a big hand.) Nor did the American hockey players get any ovation when they promptly scored a victory, beating the German team by one to nothing.)

Another highlight, the Jewish hockey player in game. Anti-Semitism has been flaring anew in Germany. So interest

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was concentrated on Rud Ball. On which team did he play? The German! Some say he was included in the Teutonic team merely to discount the supposition of anti-Jewish discrimination. He was the center. How did he make out? He was the star of the game on the German side!

So we have a snappy beginning of the athletic carnival which Germany is staging in such grandiose fashion.



## BASEBALL

Dolly Stark has called many a close one. As premier umpire of the National League, he has made many a hairline decision- whether the ball cut the corner, or whether the base runner <sup>touched</sup> ~~dodged~~ the bag. <sup>But -</sup> If Dolly Stark were here at the microphone, he'd have to use his keenest judgment as an umpire to call a decision on this one. And it concerns himself - tonight's puzzle <sup>of</sup> Dolly Stark.

He's the ace among the men who judge plays on the ball field. Salary, Ten thousand Dollars for a season of five and a half months. Last summer fifteen hundred fans got together to do him honor. No, not pop bottles or a thunder ~~ing~~ of booing. ~~That~~ With applause and distinguished ceremony they presented him with a <sup>brand</sup> new shiny automobile, a rare distinction in the history of baseball, with its old traditional shout of "kill the umpire!" A couple of weeks ago the National League players voted to choose the best and most popular umpire. And they picked Dolly Stark. The season before they had a similar election among the players, and Dolly won that. ~~time too~~

But what do we hear today? Well, the National League authorities say that Dolly <sup>has grown</sup> ~~is~~ depressed with the sad business of being an umpire. He feels he is an unpopular figure. He is

not permitted to associate with the ball players, for obvious reasons. Must make no friends among them -- no favorites. Hence the umpire is an outcast in the domain of the diamond. He never can become famous, never a big man in the athletic world. He has no chance to draw a large salary, not compared with the players on whom he calls balls and strikes. So Dolly has asked for a year's leave of absence, so that he can look around for another job. And the leave of absence has been granted.

That's what the League says. But let's hear from Dolly himself. He is basket ball coach at Dartmouth, and from the campus up there he announces - yes, he is quitting as an umpire, but his retirement is forced. They are letting him go. Dolly, the most popular umpire -- out!

That's the contradiction we have tonight, and I'd have to be as great an ump as Dolly Stark himself to call that decision.

Seventy-seven. Even in high school at Wheaton, Illinois, Red ripped off such dazzling runs that he caught the eye of the football world. Yale came bidding for him. The University of Illinois got him. And then with a big seventy-



## GRANGE

Let's examine the dope about Red Grange and Cornell.

The athletic director at Cornell University denies that any decision has been made in filling the post left vacant by Gloomy Gil Dobie, the melancholy football coach who takes his tears to Boston College. However, the dope is insistent in mentioning a name, and it works out this way:- The football wise men say that there are only two likely contenders for the Cornell coaching job. One, George Pfann, one of the greatest of the old time stars on the big Red Team in the days when Cornell licked 'em all. But, it is pointed out that George Pfann is a member of the staff of the United States District Attorney in New York, busy with his job. The second contender is - Red Grange.

Along with Jim Thorpe the most magical name in the annals of the gridiron - Red Grange, the ice man, the galloping ghost, Big Seventy-Seven. Even in high school at Wheaton, Illinois, Red ripped off such dazzling runs that he caught the eye of the football world. Colleges came bidding for him. The University of Illinois got him. And then with a big Seventy-

Seven on his back he went rampaging through the collegiate football world. What he did to Michigan was plenty. After graduating, Red turned professional under Cash and Carry Pile and in his first game pulled in seventy-four thousand spectators. He played along in the Pro league with the same old Seventy-Seven flashing on his back. Later he opened a night club and called it "Seventy-Seven." But he returned constantly to football.

Now - rumor has him marked down for the post of Coach at Cornell; the Galloping Ghost in place of Gloomy Gil. Gee --

*no new evidence has been produced. Nothing new to make the G-Men take up the trail again. Meanwhile the political hot water boils more furiously around the name of Hoffman.*



## HAUPTMANN

Here's an answer to that question so often asked - what new evidence have they in the Hauptmann case? Anyway, it's the answer the Department of Justice gives. It comes about in this way. Colonel ~~Schwarzkopf~~ Schwarzkopf, head of the New Jersey police, being ordered by the Governor to do some more investigating in the Lindbergh kidnapping, wrote to Attorney General Cummings. He asked for some help from the G.-Men. Today the Attorney General gave an answer. He says, "No". The Department of Justice will not step into the case again. And the reason <sup>the Atty. Gen. of the U.S.A.</sup> ~~he~~ gives for this is that in his opinion no new evidence has been produced. Nothing new to make the G-Men take up the trail again. Meanwhile the political hot water boils more fiercely around Gov. Harold Hoffman.

## PEKIN

The little town that jumped into the news in such spectacular fashion, is jumping out just as suddenly. The strike in Pekin, Illinois, was called off today. That was announced by the labor leader in command of the walkout ~~and~~ the citywide tie-up.

Who had ever heard of Pekin before? Yet there it was for days making the front page in a big way, <sup>with</sup> something of a town revolution. The general strike shut down everything. Insurgent labor controlled the place. There were flaring rumors of shooting and bombing. The mayor slept with a shotgun in his bed. ~~And~~ ~~all the while~~ <sup>And</sup> Pekin burst into violent fame, ~~for a small town.~~

~~So let's have a personality sketch of the community that made the ~~ix~~ headline.~~ Pekin, with twenty thousand people, is in the heart of the corn belt. It is not only a rural trading center, but also a hive for manufacturers. The amount of local industry explains why Pekin could have such an outbreak of labor trouble. It has nine railroads in addition to a river, for transportation. <sup>Its</sup> ~~There~~ list of industries includes corn products, cereals, yeast, distilling, sand gravel, leather products, paper boxes, ~~still~~ <sup>steel</sup> compression tanks and pipe organs. The pipe organs



probably symbolize the fact that Pekin can make a loud noise when it wants to.) But ordinarily it's the quietest sort of rural manufacturing town. The business district, mostly one and two-story buildings, is around "the square". Residential streets and shade trees predominate. The last previous excitement the town had was in September, when Colonel Frank Knox, Republican aspirant for the presidency, staged a political rally in Pekin. <sup>TH</sup> Now the strike is off and it will probably go back to pipe organs.

## SOCIAL SECURITY

It's easy to promise but hard to pay. We know that when the bill collector comes. And, they're getting a lesson in this sad philosophy - up in Canadian Alberta. The Social Credit Legislature convened today, with that benevolent plan of giving everybody twenty-five dollars a month. No sooner were the Social Credit Legislators gathered, then the bill collectors showed up. That is to say, committees of the folks, demanding their promised Twenty-five dollars a month each. They had voted for Social Credit, but thus far they haven't received a nickel - not a Kopek. To today they said to the legislators - "pay."

Ah but there's a little difficulty. Where's the money to come from? The provincial treasury not only hasn't any, but is heavily in debt. So they have social credit, but no credit. The scheme as propounded when it swept the election, was to raise the cash by - levies. They didn't call it "taxes". That word has an unpleasant sound. But on whom are they going to put the levies and who is going to pay the taxes? Enough to provide everybody with Twenty-five dollars a month?



As the Alberta Legislature convened today, nobody seemed to know the answer.

The problem is engaging the profoundest meditations of Premier Aberhart, the one time preacher who was swept into political power as the Social Credit Messiah. Today, when confronted by his followers who were saying "where's our Twenty-five dollars a month?" he replied: "Stop your confounded grumbling."

Great Britain and France are planning to call the big now-wow, and the story goes like this:- They'll say, "this warship business should be settled here, so let's get together and see what we should do about battleships and submarines." Ostensibly, the gathering of statesmen is to discuss naval affairs. It sounds like another Naval Conference, only we've had plenty of them already. But the battleship and submarine part of it is merely so much window dressing. The real purpose of the conference will be a peace with all its angles, an attempt to settle all the dangerous international problems. The sign posted will be, "This way to talk about the navies." And the word on the g.I. will be,

## EUROPE

The international conference reported in the news today looks like a large concerted effort for peace, an attempt to iron out all the dangers and wrinkles of European diplomacy. That's a praiseworthy idea - so why should there be any camouflage about it? ~~Exaggerated~~ Why shouldn't it be out in the open? Yet, there seems to be some of that diplomatic hiding, with a cloak and a mask, pretending to go in one door and ~~then~~ going in another, *instead*. ~~For~~ Diplomacy is that way.

Great Britain and France are planning to call the big pow-wow, and the story goes like this:- They'll say, "this warship business should be looked into, so let's get together and see what we should do about battleships and submarines." Ostensibly, the gathering of statesmen is to discuss naval affairs. It sounds like another Naval Conference, only we've had plenty of them already. But the battleship and submarine part of it is merely so much window dressing. The real purpose of the conference will be - peace with all its angles, an attempt to settle all the dangerous international problems. The sign posted will be, "This way to talk about the navies." And the word on the g.t. will be,

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"We'll, talk about everything," — a general discussion of peace.

One headline spread above this news is that Germany will be asked to come to the parley - for Germany stands today as the biggest and most threatening question-mark before the eyes of the statesmen of the other countries. They <sup>'ll</sup> ~~are~~ trying to fix things up with disgruntled and discontented Berlin. <sup>¶</sup> They say that one purpose of the reported conference will be to make Germany feel that the other nations are not banded against her; - ~~we're~~ all friends. <sup>So</sup> ~~And~~ <sup>^</sup> - to persuade Berlin not to do anything that <sup>might</sup> ~~may~~ kick over the applecart. <sup>The</sup> <sup>^</sup> Dispatches make no mention of Italy or Ethiopia. But of course if there is any such general European peace conference, they <sup>surely want ignore Gen. Craxiani</sup> ~~will hardly take the attitude - Italy?~~ <sup>and Ras Desta!</sup> ~~Ethiopia? Yes, they are two interesting nations.~~

## TUNNEL

Two thousand years ago, the news of the day told how in Britain Roman engineers had driven a mining shaft -- a great lead mine. Today there's <sup>a</sup> follow-up to that ancient story. The British have just completed seven miles of tunnel, an engineering exploit - to reopen that antique Roman mine.

The reason for all that technical triumph and to-do was - water. The Roman lead mines in northeastern England, near the River Dee, still contain vast treasures of ore, but they've been out of commission for a long time because of the way water kept seeping into the deep underground shafts. <sup>And</sup> They've <sup>been</sup> ~~been~~ flooded for years. In Eighteen Ninety-Eight, they tried to dig a drainage tunnel, but failed. In Nineteen Twenty-Nine, the attempt was made all over again, and it has been going on ever since. Now the announcement comes that they've completed a seven mile drive underground, which drains the seeping mine waters into the estuary of the River Dee.

For years British metallurgists have been vexed by ~~lead~~ the lead mining problem. But now <sup>it's</sup> ~~that problem is~~ solved - as the deep diggings in the Flintshire hills are cleared of water, the lead mines operated by the engineers of the Caesars twenty centuries ago.



And now -- the downfall of Mr. Squawk. He has been detected. His career of evil-doing has been tracked down. You know Mr. Squawk, of course. If you listen to the radio, you've been a victim of his wicked ways. He has a way of butting in right at the best moment of your favourite program -- with a loud squawk. You figure something has gone wrong with the set and have <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>trouble shooter</sup> radio ~~man~~ take a look at it. But it does no good. ~~Neither the neighbourhood radio man nor the trouble shooting experts of the big broadcasting companies have been able to do anything about it.~~

really  
Mr. Squawk became <sup>really</sup> sensational last Fall. It was then that occurred an epidemic of screeching interference which affected every phase of radio communication. Some theoreticians supposed it might be caused by ~~some~~ electrical phenomenon from another planet. Some of the more detective-minded guessed there might be some sinister figure <sup>in</sup> ~~of~~ a radio underworld, who was committing malicious mischief on the air with a powerful transmitter. <sup>R</sup> At Harvard the Cruft Laboratory went quietly to work looking for scientific clues, a research job.

And now the announcement comes -- that they have detected Mr. Squawk. They've found out who he actually is. He turns out to Dr. Diathermy. Who's he? Oh, he's an ultra-modern physician who devoted himself to doing good to mankind -- especially to football. Dr. Diathermy is a short wave wireless ~~set~~ set used to treat muscles and joints. It shoots the waves into the tissues and produces heat there. A kind of radio heat treatment. At the same time it also shoots out those waves of interference.

It's used extensively on football players and their charlie-horses. That's why there was such an epidemic of interference last Fall. That wild shriek that came screeching just when Lily Pons was singing her sweetest -- that was probably a half back having a bum knee fixed up.

So there you are. He's found out. A kind of Jekyll and Hyde person -- Dr. Diathermy -- Mr. Squawk. As Dr. Diathermy he's a benefactor of foot-ball. As Mr. Squawk he raises cane with radio programs. Today E. K. Jett, an engineer of the Federal Communication Commission, announces that inspectors will get in touch with all medical operators of short



wave therapy and tell them how to shield their machines and keep the interference from shooting far and wide. And that'll be the end of Mr. Squawk. While Dr. Diathermy will continue his benevolent career with football and charlie-horses. Mr. Squawk won't squawk anymore, and neither will I, tonight -- and

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.