

The one thing that stands out today in dispatches from all points of the compass is the tremendous love that the Britishers have for their king. In far off New Zealand and on the barren Isles of the far northern Orkneys, in southern most Capetown, and in the northermost Yukon, his subjects kneel in prayer for His Majesty's recovery. That's what seems to me the most touching, the outstanding obligato in the suspense of the (hourly bulletins from Sandringham. Latest of these bulletins adds nothing to what we read and heard the first thing this morning:- The King is sinking. His number one physician, Lord Penn of Dawson privately admitted that it is a question of hours before the flags will be at half mast all over that empire on which the sun never sets. And then the solemn bulletin came:- "The King's life is drawing to a close.)

But it's not only throughout that empire that people wait in the streets to hear the news from Sandringham. An even more remarkable fact to observe is the interest of Americans in the health of a British king. Every newspaper office every telegraph office, every radio station waits on the quivive for another bulletin from the royal estate in Norfolk.

And here's something more astonishing. For weeks the newspapers of Italy have abounded in sentences of flaming hate for all things English. But even that fierce animosity appears to vanish in the face of the king's illness. On the front page of the powerful Giornale ⁱd' Italia, the mouthpiece of Mussolini, himself, is an editorial, the gist of ^{which} ~~it~~ is:- "All Italy feels deeply the condition of His Majesty, the King of England." And it continues:- "He is a king of knightly virtues." *So say all of us.*

LEAGUE

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Let's take a look at a place we haven't heard about for a few days - and glad enough we were for the respite. I mean Geneva. (The curtain rose today on another act of the serial African drama. It rose to reveal that melancholy comedian, the League of Nations, scratching its collective aching head as it faces a titanic question-mark. "To oil or not to oil the Duce, that ^{is} the question." Shall they slam the big petroleum embargo on Italy? Or shall they move more cagily? # We've a saying in these United States, that if you take it easy you'll last longer.

Some people thought the wise thing would be to dodge and postpone it. But the ^{Geneva} Committee of eighteen answered their own question with the reply, "eventually, why not now?"

In other words, the oil embargo must be considered. But not ^{too} abruptly. ~~as all that~~ ^{So} They've passed the buck to a ~~small~~ committee of experts. Shrewd observers tell us that this means the statesmen on the banks of Lake Geneva have their ~~hands~~ eyes on Uncle Sam; ~~They are~~ waiting to see which way the American neutrality ^{cat} ~~is~~ is going to jump. In short, Geneva won't say anything definite about oil until Congress has spoken. ~~So that~~ ^{our} ~~which~~ leaves the drama in a state of suspended animation.

SUPREME COURT

Today's news from the Supreme Court is a story you've heard so often that I'll wager you can tell it yourselves. The nine justices spoke and their sentences were made of words of bitter import to the New Deal. With the utmost emphasis they make it clear that there just isn't any reprieve for the hapless Triple A. On that subject Chief Justice Hughes and his

colleagues. The reason for this repetition is that the Administration had asked for a re-hearing on one of the Court's decisions; that decree ordering the refunding of all the taxes the government had collected from the Louisiana rice millers. The answer to this request is that the Court says the Court has spoken and does not need to reconsider.

Another ruling made from that most exalted bench today is even more emphatic. The justices say to the administration:- "The decision in the Hoosack-Mills case must be executed, at once." A peremptory order.

What all this means is that Uncle Sam's treasury is out two hundred million dollars; the sum collected from American industry in processing taxes and held in escrow.

In another case, however, the Supreme Court disappointed quite a number of people:- I mean the newspapermen, government officials and all those interested in various parts of the country; those who had been hoping that the justices would let us know what's what about the Tennessee Valley Authority. On that subject Chief Justice Hughes and his colleagues said nothing. That means we've got to be patient for another two weeks. The justices took a recess until February Third. Two weeks more of T.V.A. suspense.

BONUS

There'll be a celebration in most of the posts of the American Legion and other veterans' organizations tonight. (That roll call in the Senate this afternoon means that the payment of the bonus is virtually an accomplished fact, that is, of course ^{the} payment with Baby Bonds. ~~Be sure~~ It has ^{nt} ~~not~~ the President's signature. But that roll call of seventy-four to sixteen is conclusive. The President can veto his head off on that measure, but the bonus party has ~~got~~ more than enough ^{backers now} ~~votes~~ to steam-roller it over ^{any presidential} ~~the firmest~~ veto. ~~in history.~~ Seventy-four to sixteen, that's a two-thirds majority, with plenty ~~xxxxxx~~ of spares.)

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Of course these particular advices from Washington can hardly be ~~accurately~~ ^{such hot} described as news. For weeks we've been told that this was going to happen. And ~~for once~~ the political prophets were right. The only party to the transaction who hasn't tipped off his hand in advance is the President himself. He still remains the mysterious "X" in the equation. Whether he will stick to the rigid opposition he has maintained ever since he was nominated, is still a matter of guesswork. But, as the

figures show, a veto could be nothing more than a gesture.

Nothing less than a miracle can now prevent that Bonus-Bill-plus-Baby-Bond-measure from becoming law.

at the mouth of the shaft for miles from the vault of the earth.

A mile below the surface, there might be a tunnel near Leadville, Colorado.

There was a coal seam that could be left and the way up to the top. A crowd of thousands of men were working down to block the shaft. There was not a chance of their finding their way to safety.

But it may be tomorrow before the tunnel can be made to dig its way to the surface. The men are waiting, wondering whether death will come.

MINE DISASTER

A bulletin from the Far West brings a tragic suspense. Eight men trapped in a Colorado coal mine. What pictures of fear and despair that calls to mind. Anxious women waiting at the mouth of the shaft for news from the bowels of the earth.

A mile below the surface those eight are entombed. Near Lafayette, Colorado.

There was a dull boom that could be felt all the way up to the top. A crash! And thousand of tons came crumbling down to block the shaft. Three men out of eleven managed to find their way to safety.

But it may be tomorrow before the rescue crew is able to dig its way to the subterranean chamber where those eight lie waiting, wondering whether death will come.

MOTOR BOATS

In the motor car trade the slogan is, "an automobile for every family". The motor boat trade is not lagging behind.

Of course you hardly hear of the slogan: "a motor boat ^{- in every port I mean} for every family," for some families live miles from even a creek. So

today we hear the prediction that it won't be long before every family living near the water will have its own motor boat.

That's the state of optimism at the big annual show in New York at Grand Central Palace. The boating enthusiasts see big things ahead, including one mighty big thing right in front of them. This year they are displaying the largest craft ever exhibited at a motor boat show, - a fifty-six foot cruising yacht, set up in every detail, on the floor.

ROGERS

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I heard a Will Rogers story today. It might be called -- "Will Rogers' Farewell." It was told me by Ben Lucien Burman, who wrote the book, "Steamboat Round the Bend", the basis for the last Rogers picture. The big Hollywood executives wanted to call the picture - "Steamboat Bill." Burman protested. There was nobody named Bill in the book. They had begun to produce the picture. No Bill in it either. His protest did him no good. He went to Will Rogers, complaining bitterly. Will shot a telegram to New York, to Sidney ~~R.~~ Kent, President of the Fox Company. And here's the telegram he got back: "You're wrong ninety-nine percent of the time. But this time I think you're right."

They were shooting a scene in which Will Rogers, the steamboat Captain, was saying good-bye to somebody on shore. Standing nearby, watching, were the two Hollywood big shots, Sol Wurtzel and Winnie Sheehan. Will leaned out waving his hand and shouting: "Good-bye, good-bye!" And then, with the camera still grinding and the sound track still registering, he yelled still louder: "And tell Sol Wurtzel and Winnie Sheehan we've got their punk title changed!"

Such was Will Rogers' bood-bye. Right afterwards he flew to Alaska, to northern disaster.

STORM

To paraphrase a popular quotation: "One real good snowstorm makes the whole world kin." Wherever you go throughout the east today, everybody is digging. In the words of Matthew Arnold, "with aching hands and bleeding feet we dig and heap." Maybe not quite as bad as that, but we certainly dig a heap.

The blizzard was an ill wind that blew good to many thousands. Fifty thousand of them in New York City alone, who now have jobs clearing streets and highways.

The most serious part of the cost of January's blistering anger is a death roll of 161 throughout the country, many auto accidents - blinded while driving in the storm. And that includes the seventeen killed by those unseasonable tornadoes in Georgia, Alabama and Florida. As usual after such storms here in the East one hears reminiscences of that good old blizzard of Eighteen Eighty-Eight. Coming down from the country on the train - and we were snowed in at my house -- I met for the first time one of the survivors of that historic storm.

Matthew Schmidt, now a conductor on the Harlem Division of the New York Central - fifty years he's been with that line - told me some of his experiences when he was brakeman on a freight in Eighty-Eight. From Monday to Friday train crews were on the job steadily, without interruption, and practically without sleep. One of his experiences was a train smash near Millerton, New York, in which no fewer than five locomotives were piled up together in one crash.

In spite of the storm fury of this past weekend, there was astonishingly little interruption to traffic. Trains rolled along much as usually, only a few minutes late at most. Most of the main highways were passable. One of exception was famous Storm King Highway - where the Storm King reigned -- I mean snowed. And here are some useful travel tips for motorists from the Automobile Club of New York. Tonight highways are open in New York State, however, many are coated with ice. So take it easy.

Asgeirsson.
Jan. 20, 1936.

ICELAND

With so much ice around it's appropriate tonight to have a visitor from Iceland in the studio. Facing me at this moment is the Honorable Asgeir Asgeirsson, ex-Prime Minister of that island which we call ~~the~~ the "land of ice." These last two days must have made you feel quite at home, as though you were back in Iceland, Mr. Asgeirsson?

MR. ASGEIRSSON: On the contrary, Mr. Thomas. To me this is particularly cold and unusual weather.

L.T.: What - to an Icelander?

MR. ASGEIRSSON: Yes, to an Icelander. You see, our island some thousand years ago was wrongly named -- by accident. It really ought to exchange names with Greenland. It seems to astonish Americans when they learn that our steam trawlers once or twice have even had to import ice for our all-important fishing industry.

L.T.: Carrying ice to Iceland. Does sound funny. But I hear you Icelanders are remarkable in other ways. You's is the only land that never had a revolution, isn't it?

ASGEIRSSON: That is right. No revolution in a thousand years of history. What we're still more proud of is we have no army, no navy. What is more, we seldom have any murders or crimes of violence. In Reykiavik, a city of thirty-three thousand people, we have only fifty policemen. That means, of course, only twenty-five on duty at one time. And they are principally engaged in directing traffic and controlling minor offences.

L.T.: By the way, what does your Icelandic language sound like?

ASGEIRSSON: Here's a sentence: (Note:- say in Icelandic:-
(Yes, we have no ice in Iceland)

L.T.: A noble tongue. What does that mean?

ASGEIRSSON: It means, yes, we have no ice in Iceland.

L.T.: Fine, Mr. Asgeirsson, and if you want any ice to take back to Iceland our New York streets are full of it. It's our icy farewell as you sail for Iceland, where there is no ice.

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WIND And now change c to z and we have Ireland.

The other night I told about the Big Wind in Ireland, many years ago, and I had a suspicion that maybe the facts given me were a bit stretched, a bit of Gaelic imagination, painting the ~~sober~~^{sober} colors of truth. But now I'm told that I didn't overstate the Big Wind, I under-stated it. On this I have a letter from Mary McMahon of New York, who tells me that the Irish folks for generations remembered the night when it blew so hard. She herself heard about it from her aged grandfather. And with the letter is a quotation ~~on the~~^{from an} account of the Big Wind, written by an old Irish sea captain, Arthur Mason. The vivid description reads in part like this:

"The Big Wind wrought havoc through the country that night. Cattle sheds were upended. Chimneys tumbled down. Sheets of bog water went flying through the air. The four roads were choked with haystacks and jaunting cars. Thorn and whin bushes were plucked out by the roots. Hedgehogs, wheelbarrows -- all sorts of things were loose and on the run.

"Blaney's rooster, that weighed a stone and could crow louder than any rooster in the parish, got

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stuck in the garden gate. ^{And} The wind nibbled him
naked."

And so the account goes, how the wind nibbled the
rooster naked. And it goes on to tell that the wee folk, ~~and~~
the fairies were all blown out of Ireland the night of the
Big Wind and had a hard time getting back.

77 *And now let's let this wind stop*
~~There seems to be a wind blowing me, and I'll have a~~
blowing --
~~hard time getting back, unless I say~~ -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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