

RUSSIANS

L.T. - Sunoco.  
Wed. Apr. 11<sup>th</sup>. '34

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A gallant gesture in the Polar North --brave news from that party of Russian scientists, their wives and children, who have been marooned on the ice floes for long long weeks. Professor Otto Schmidt, the leader of the expedition, is adopting the good old tradition that the captain is always the last to be rescued. A month ago eleven members of that scientific expedition were rescued by Soviet fliers. And now we learn that some sixty more of them were taken early this morning by the three <sup>Russian</sup> pilots who traveled all the way across the United States into Alaska to do the job.

Professor Schmidt should have been among those taken off, because ~~his~~ he is suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia. But he refuses to leave until all the others have been saved.

WHOOPEE

I see that it doesn't do a Russian any good to come from Georgia, I mean Georgia in the Caucasus. A lot of Soviet officials have been ~~via~~ finding that out. The fact that they come from Georgia, the home state of Comrade Stalin, the Soviet Dictator, is doing them just no good at all.

These bad lads were quite important fellows in Georgia. One was the head of the Iron Foundries Supply Department at Batum, another was Director of the Ore Department in Georgia, and so forth. It was observed that they were making frequent trips to Moscow on business. <sup>π</sup> But, when the Ogpu, the dreaded Secret Service, investigated that business, it turned out to be monkey business. Night clubs and all that sort of thing. So thirty-one of these Georgian whoopee-makers are now languishing in a Russian calabos<sup>ty</sup>. Their shame has been published in all the newspapers throughout the land of the Soviet. When their prison term expires, they will be escorted home to Georgia by the police. <sup>π</sup> In the Utopia of Communism a good time is not ~~xxxxxx~~ supposed to be had by all. Or even by anybody.

STALIN (follow Whoopee)

A friend with whom I was ~~lunching~~<sup>talking</sup> today at the Waldorf told me a story that gives a ~~bright~~<sup>side</sup> light ~~side~~ on the character of Comrade Stalin. It shows that the red master of Russia, for all the Soviet scorn of superstition, has a superstition of his own.

The yarn is that a Gypsy fortune teller visited the ~~Great~~ Dictator, whose adopted name means "Man of Steel." Said the fortune teller: "Show me your boots," and the Man of Steel immediately lifted one foot.

"Ah," said the fortune teller, "the sole ~~of~~<sup>is</sup> Russia, broad, wide and strong. But the source of a man's power is in his ~~heel~~ heel. And you -- your heel is loose. After you have gone, Russia will go on without you. And after you, will come the heels of another man, stronger, more powerful, more solid."

The Man of Steel gave the girl a coin and dismissed her. Several minutes later a Soviet army officer was seen running down the street to the cobbler's shop with Stalin's boot under one arm.

ADD STALIN

Well, I guess we're all a bit like that. Years ago, a hand-writing prognosticator in Cairo told me that if you ended your signature with a downward stroke it showed a lack of ambition. And ever since then I've been ending my signature with an upward flourish.

GERMANY

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A lot of optimism is being expressed by some of the opponents of Hitler. The German Socialist exiles in Prague say they are confident that the Nazi regime is due for a fall before long. Democracy, they say, is bound to return to ~~the~~ Germany. They base their confidence on reports from Socialists who have remained in Germany and who, while doing lip service to Hitler and his cohorts, are secretly as much opposed to him as ever. One leader describes them with the familiar German phrase -- Sie sind aehnlich einem angebratenen Beefsteak -- aussen braun, innen rot -- "they are like a good beef-steak, ready for dinner, brown outside but all red within."

Some of this confidence is not shared by Europe at large. Most political observers there feel that the Nazi rule is so strong that it will take many, many years to topple them off the throne.

Meanwhile, Hitler's Minister of Propaganda is planning a celebration such as never has been seen before. The big May Day festival, planned by Dr. Goebbels, is to be a colossal show. In Berlin there will be a mass meeting of two million workers

(Kol-5-sal'll)

and similar affairs in every other big city. One of the things they will celebrate is the decrease of unemployment.

In January, 1933, six million were out of ~~the~~ jobs in Germany, today there are less than three million. So say the figures given out from the Wilhelmstrasse.

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Chile

~~Good Evening, Everybody:~~

From two of the republics below the equator come rumblings of trouble.

Chile is getting hot again. They had elections down there. The elections were quiet, but today there are ominous signs of political dynamite in the background. The unexpected victory of the extreme Socialist leader of the Left-Wing in that election looks like bad news for the dictatorial government of President Alessandri. It is characteristic that Colonel Grove, the Socialist leader who won, was in jail up to a few hours before the election. He was charged with having cooked up a plot to overthrow the administration of President Alessandri. While he was in prison, the Chilean ~~XXXX~~ voters were preparing to elect him to the ~~SEN~~ Senate by a large majority.

The ~~ARMY~~ menace to the government is shown by the ultimatum that the Socialist, Democratic and radical groups have submitted. They want the Cabinet reorganized from top to bottom. They want to do away with the special emergency powers that were granted to President Alessandri. They want land ~~settlement~~ <sup>settlement</sup> laws and several other things, which are against the government policy.

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ARGENTINA (follow lead)

Across the Andes from Chile is the Argentine Republic. Signs of trouble there too. <sup>TF</sup> Rumors of a Cabinet crisis and of the impending resignation of important ministers have been current for months.

These rumors crystalized into news when the Minister of the Interior publicly admitted that he had resigned twice within a year.

Furthermore, it is known that within the Cabinet everything has been at sixes and sevens for weeks. Differences of opinion, ministers squabbling among themselves, and so on.

Meanwhile, it has been an open secret for some time that the Communists of Argentina have been planning a coup d'etat, a sudden bold political stroke.

We haven't any Presidential news in particular this evening, and that seems almost a relief. The lord of the White House is always making the headlines. So a change now and then is welcome.

But of course I mustn't grow flippant about it. There is a respect due a President, like the respect due a king. I learned something about <sup>that</sup> today. I dropped in at one of New York's curious haunts, the Circus Room at the Cumberland Hotel, and there I chatted with Catch 'Em Alive, Jack Abernathy, the wolf hunter. Catch 'Em Alive Jack is known to fame as the man who introduced the other Roosevelt, the mighty T. R., to the joys and thrills of catching wolves bare handed. He told me of a wild chase, the wildest chase anybody ever led a President. It was a break-neck race after a wolf. Two men were out in front-- Catch 'Em Alive Jack Abernathy and the President of the United States, *the strenuous T. R.*

~~The wolf hunter caught up with the big grey prowler.~~  
*Jack caught up with the wolf.*  
The wolf jumped and seized ~~the man's~~ <sup>his</sup> boot with his fangs. Catch 'Em Alive Jack shook ~~the beast~~ <sup>him</sup> off. Meanwhile the President

was galloping right into the thick of things. <sup>Jack</sup> ~~The wolf hunter~~  
vaulted from his saddle to the ground, and tackled the wolf.  
But this is getting too exciting for me.

I've brought Catch 'Em Alive Jack to the studio.  
So let's have him tell the climax of the story. Go ahead,  
Jack, the wolf jumped at you. Then what?

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Sack Abernathy.  
April 11, 1934.

FOR ABERNATHY

~~That's right,~~ Lowell, he jumped straight at my throat, with his jaws wide open. And I jammed my hand in his mouth, and grabbed hold of his lower jaw. That's the way you catch a wolf bare-handed.

We rolled on the ground, I wrestled him down. I pinned his jaw to the ground, holding it down with my right hand. The President was watching.

"Jack," he shouted, "I'd like to shake your hand."

Well, when a President offers to shake hands with you, that's an honor. But I was using my right hand to keep the wolf's jaw pinned to the ground. And it wouldn't be the right thing to offer your left hand to the President of the United States. So I gouged the wolf's jaw with my left thumb and made him open up.

And I started to switch hands. It was a tough job. I nearly had

*both* my hands taken off by that wolf's teeth. But I finally made it, and pinning the wolf's jaw with my left, ~~hand,~~ I raised my right hand and shook ~~the~~ hand of Teddy Roosevelt.

FOLLOW ABERNATHY

Well, Jack, that was a noble handshake all right.

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You <sup>are entitled</sup> ~~ought~~ to feel like the Irishman who used to stand on the Bowery and say: "Young man, shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan."

RICHBERG

Donald Richberg, chief counsel for the N.R.A., has been contributing his bit to the gaiety of the nation. On his way to Miami with General Johnson, Mr. Richberg composed a little poem on the subject of that now historic Wirt investigation. See what you think of Mr. Richberg's pome:

Cuttlefish squirt  
Nobody hurt  
That is the end  
of Doctor Wirt

Which proves that as a poet Mr. Richberg is a good lawyer. Then he got off some prose when he said that the greatest menace of economic recovery was the "League of Stuffed Shirts." In Italy, he railed, they have black shirts, in Germany brown shirts, in Russia red shirts. But here in the good old U.S.A. we have stuffed shirts. But, Mr. Richberg, has either side a monopoly on stuffed shirts?

PRIMARIES

There seems to be considerable difference of opinion as to the real meaning of those primary elections out in <sup>Illinois.</sup> ~~Chicago.~~ The regular party candidates were all triumphantly renominated, both Republicans and Democrats. The Democratic leaders claim that this is a triumphant vindication of the Administration policies. Certainly the Democrats turned out in ~~far~~ larger numbers than the Republicans. Nevertheless, ~~it seems unquestionable that~~ the real test will come in the November elections. However, those primaries show one thing: that the organization machines of both parties are working smoothly.

The principal excitement was in Congressman Rainey's district, where the Speaker's renomination was being hotly contested. But Mr. Rainey came out with the charge that Wall Street was spending huge sums of money to defeat him and the result was that he won by a huge plurality. *It's the old story - attack Wall St. and you'll be sentenced to Congress for life.*



POLICE

If police chiefs all over the country follow the example of New York's Commissioner, there's going to be a powerful lot of hungry coppers throughout the land. General O'Ryan has issued an order that no <sup>New York policeman</sup> ~~member of Father Knickerbocker's finest~~ may enter ~~in~~ any place where beer or liquor is served, while he is in uniform, that is, except on duty. The cops' answer to that order is:

"Then, where can we eat?" Practically every place in Gotham where edible ~~eatable~~ food ~~is~~ may be obtained, serves either beer or liquor -- even the so-called drug stores. The same thing applies to most of the other large cities in the country.

As the sergeant in Gilbert & Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance" sings so dolefully, "Where constabulary duty <sup>is</sup> to be done, A policeman's lot is not a 'appy one."

INSULL

The order of the day for Samuel Insull is, "Home Again."  
The comedy is over, the dodging from port to port has come to an  
end. The next port that the ex-king of Chicago will visit is to  
be Boston. And the cohorts of reporters, camera men, new reel  
experts, ~~who~~ will be on the pier when the liner EXILONA <sup>of the Amer. Export Line</sup> carrying <sup>Samuel</sup>  
Insull, docks about a month from now.

His departure from Istanbul next Friday will turn a new,  
perhaps a grimmer page in the singular affair of the fallen  
millionaire. Among those in distress are Insull's Turkish lawyers,  
who are wailing because they have not been paid.

SPINSTER

The ways of romance have changed, they say -- but I wonder if they ~~will~~ ever change. There are some stories of which people remark: "Things like that don't happen any more. They never will happen again." But they do happen, and you find them in the modern panorama of the day's news.

All of this is found, doubly found, in the story of Miss Alice Pyncheon. She was eighty-eight years old, a spinster. She had taught school for more than half a century. She was a member of one of the proudest of New England families. She died. And when her will was opened they found in it this command: "There is a package in my room which is wrapped and sealed. It shall be placed in my casket."

And in the package were love letters, love letters that she had treasured for seventy years. When she was a lovely girl of eighteen she fell in love with a comely youth. They were to have been married, but he died. In the seventy years that followed she never looked at another man, but kept her lover's letters as a perpetual keepsake. The paper grew yellow. The writing was blurred with her tears. A friend of the aged spinster tells

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how she confidently expected to meet her lover beyond the grave,  
and they would be young and fair again, as she was at eighteen.

And with her earthy remains she wanted to keep forever, the  
token which she had retained of him -- the packet of old  
yellow, tear-stained, love letters.

TOM SAWYER

It is the ambition of every good newspaperman not only to get the news but the story behind the news. So let's begin with a bit of news that ~~is~~ sounds only mildly interesting.

Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady <sup>has</sup> presented the original manuscript of that unforgettable American classic, Tom Sawyer, to the library of Georgetown University. Now let's go on with the story behind the news:-

Mrs. Brady's late husband, Nicholas F. Brady, used to live across the street from Mark Twain. And frequently, looking out of ~~his~~ his window, he used to see the picturesque Sam Clemens sitting up in bed writing the story of Tom and Becky, of the priceless episode of the whitewashing of the fence, of the pranks of Tom and Huck Finn. Subsequently, Mr. Brady read the book that he had watched from a distance while it was being created. He became as keen about it as have millions of others throughout the world. And he determined that some day he would acquire that manuscript. He got it, though it finally cost him forty-five thousand dollars. And that's a fillip of romance in the story of a book and in the life of a man of millions.

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HOCKEY

The eagle is screaming on the ice. For the fourth time in the history of hockey, an American hockey team (made up mostly of Canadians) has won the famous Stanley ~~Cup~~ Cup. (Incidentally the Stanley Cup was originally designated for amateurs, but it has now become a professional <sup>o</sup>monop<sup>o</sup>ly. The prize was founded forty years ago by Lord Stanley of Preston when he was Governor-General of Canada.)

The Chicago Black Hawks cinched the championship last night after a whirlwind ~~gix~~ victory over the Detroit Red Wings. Like every game in this exciting series, it was a close call, one to nothing, the final victorious score being shot by the diminutive ~~skati~~ skating ace, who goes by the interesting nickname of Mush March.

And now it's time for me to mush and march out of this studio. And --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.