

L.T. SUNOCO. MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh are home for Christmas.

They want no publicity. Let's grant their wish -- say nothing about them. That's about the best Christmas present we could give them.

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It looked today as though the National Labor Relations Board was out for trouble. The Board seems to have undertaken to lock horns with the press. It issued a subpoena for Hartley W. Barclay, editor of a trade magazine. Mr. Barclay had published an article which severely criticized the Board's actions toward the Weirton Steel Company. In fact, Editor Barclay described the hearing of the Weirton Steel case as "a colossal burlesque, staged with the taxpayers' money." So the Board issued a subpoena for Editor Barclay ordering him to appear before it and explain that article. He defied the subpoena issued for him by the Board and said positively he had no intention of appearing. He was ordered to appear today but he was in New York this afternoon, speaking before a convention at the Waldorf-Astoria. And he added: "I refuse to answer or appear; I consider that subpoena an impudent invasion of the freedom of the press."

The Scripps-Howard newspapers today published another revelation. Harry T. O'Brien, Editor of the DAILY PRESS of St. Marys, Pennsylvania, had been similarly called before the

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Board. He complied. The consequence was, according to the Scripps-Howard papers, that Editor O'Brien was grilled for hours about the policies and contents of his newspapers. He was asked questions about the editorials that he had written. And he was compelled to name the correspondent who had contributed an article which took a crack at the C.I.O. The correspondent was a woman who had asked that her name be not made public as it might injure her husband. Editor O'Brien objected to answering that question. But the Board's examiner then read him a section of the Wagner Labor Act which compels witnesses to testify.

CONGRESS FOLLOW NLRB

The excitement over this action of the Board could hardly come at a worse time for the plans of the administration. It is particularly unfortunate for President Roosevelt's pet measures, the Wage-Hour Bill and the Farm Bill. Many opponents of this legislation in Congress have objected on the ground that ~~they~~ ^(those bills) will erect still more bureaucratic boards, government bodies with police powers to regiment the citizenry.

The President ~~Roosevelt~~ returned today from his fishing trip and reached the White House at a ^{four-forty-five} ~~quarter past four~~ this afternoon. He was met at the station by a welcoming committee of several congressional leaders. The reports they had to make to him could not have been any too rosey. For, in fact, the President comes back to find the congressional revolt against his pet projects more mutinous than ^e ~~er~~.

The House Committee on Labor today took the bit in its teeth. It ordered the Wage-Hour Bill completely rewritten. The Representatives flatly declined to sanction the establishment of another five-man board. The new bill will provide that it shall be administered by the Department of Labor.

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And the House of Representatives-as-a-whole took its first test vote on the Farm Bill. The issue was whether crop control should be compulsory or voluntary. By a majority of eighty-five to seventy-six, the Representatives decided voluntary.

In the Senate there was an argument between Senator Borah and Senator Schwellenbach of Washington. The Idaho veteran objected to limiting the farmers in production. "Instead," said he, "let the government buy crop surpluses and distribute them to those who need them." And Senator Schwellenbach retorted: "That would cost one billion, six hundred and eighty-seven million dollars a year."

About the only ^{place where the} ~~thing in which the President wishes~~ President's wishes were gaining ground was in the matter ^(of business) ~~of~~ taxes.

There the House Sub-Committee and Under-Secretary McGill of the Treasury, agreed upon substantial ^{tax reforms to help business.} ~~reforms to help the taxpayer.~~

ROOSEVELT

Here's one from Washington. The first thing that President Roosevelt did when he returned to the White House was to sit in the Dentist's Chair. The abscess in his gum, where the tooth was extracted a month ago, has not healed yet. But Dr. McIntyre said reassuringly tonight: "We'll have the whole thing cleared up by the end of the week." The President slept well through the night aboard the train and did not awake until ten o'clock this morning. "He's in fine condition and excellent spirits," said his medical attendants.

REPUBLICANS

Republicans and Democrats alike today were discussing the manifesto issued by Governor Aiken of Vermont demanding a shakeup in the G.O.P. In some quarters it is being interpreted as a move on the part of Vermont's Governor which may lead to his becoming national leader of the G.O.P.

Vermont, you may not recall, was one of the two Republican states in the last federal election.

In Washington, Senator Gibson of the Green Mountain State declared:- "Governor George D. Aiken is dead-right when he demands a sweeping organization of the Republican National Committee." Then the Senator went on to say, "Aiken is a man of the Coolidge type, a farmer, and an executive." And he added:- "We could do worse in search of a presidential candidate."

The American Institute of Public Opinion points out to me that Governor Aiken's remarks are remarkably like what the rank and file of Republicans said in a national survey. The Institute has finished making a canvas of Republican voters and their opinions duplicate in many respects the program outlined by Vermont's Governor.

HELIUM

Uncle Sam is going to sell seventeen million, nine hundred thousand cubic feet of helium to the German Zeppelin Company. It is presumed this will be for the new monster ship that is being built to replace the ill-fated HINDENBURG.

After that dreadful HINDENBURG disaster last May, there were harsh criticisms of our government. Some took the attitude that all those people lost their lives because Uncle Sam had been too tight to part with his precious unburnable Helium gas. The contradictions, issued later, of course got less notice. So this is perhaps a fair occasion to repeat that the United States government did offer the Zeppelin Company Helium for the Hindenburg, but the Germans declined. Now they accept for their new air leviathan.

RADIO CLUB

But wait a minute, I'm forgetting, I'm a toastmaster this evening -- right now. I'm starting a reception going at Miami. Down there where the palm trees grow, and the weather is always, always salubrious, the city is giving a banquet to the International Radio Club, on its way to a convention at Havana as guests of the Cuban Government. They've asked me to preside. But here I am in New York where the weather is not salubrious at all tonight. ~~XX~~ So I'll preside by radio. Where's my gavel Charlie? Here it is. (3 raps). Gentlemen be seated.

You hundred Radio Club members around the groaning festive board. And you Bernarr MacFadden, watch your physical culture diet! And not the twenty-four fair young ladies from Canada, the United States and Latin America, who are present to compete for the crown of -- Queen of Radio.

Now -- you go on with your celebration, -- and I'll go on with the news.

ANY SPECTACLES, ANY SPECTACLES

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Alexander Woolcott, the Town Crier, has just sent me a message from Bomoseen, Vermont. As you ~~know~~ ^{perhaps} ~~no doubt all~~ ^{know} know, to your sorrow, the Town Crier is off ~~the air~~ ^{for a year,} hibernating like a bear in its ~~cave~~ ^{cave,} somewhere in the Green Mountains, sleeping off the affects of New York life and recharging his batteries, so that he can come back and be an even more vigorous Town Crier. ~~at the end~~ ^{Here's} ~~of his hibernation~~ ^{what he writes me: -}

I have a favor to ask of you. When a family goes away for a while it often asks a neighbor to look out for its cat. I am ~~off~~ off the air for a year and I have a cat for which I hope you will put out a saucer of milk.

This is the story. A little more than two years ago I chanced upon a woman in New Jersey who was ~~goin~~ doing a good job of work. From her experience with the bread lines and the men out of work she knew that what many of them needed most was a pair of glasses. Now a prescription

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is easy to get at a clinic, but getting the prescription filled is another matter. The spectacle frames are more than half the battle. What maddened her was her intuitive knowledge that all over the country there were people who had spectacle frames they didn't want. She was making herself into a clearing house by which these were brought together and distributed. In broadcasts since then I have on two or three occasions gone through the streets of the country calling out "Any spectacles, any spectacles" in the manner of the ragman calling "Any rags, any rags". As a result ~~xxx~~ she has been brought under several avalanches amounting in all to some twenty-five thousand pairs. Now she needs more, and I am not broadcasting. Will you send out the call for me during my sabbatical year -- to any and all good people who have on hand old spectacle frames they don't want. Send them to Mrs. Arthur Terry at Short Hills, New Jersey. What do you say?

And that is ~~xxx~~ Alexander Woolcott's message that he sends down from Vermont. And all I have to add is:

If you have any old spectacle frames send them along to Mrs. Arthur Terry, Short Hills, New Jersey.

CHAPLIN

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One of Uncle Sam's Deputy Marshals has been having a tough time out in Hollywood. The deputy, whose name is Lavelle, used to be a ~~FRANKIERMAN~~ frontier sheriff in the tough days of Yellowstone County, Montana, a real two-gun man. He was assigned the job of serving a subpoena on Charlie Chaplin, a subpoena in a lawsuit brought against the great comedian ^{— brought here} in New York. Said the ex-two gun man: "That ought to be easy." So he drove up to the front door of Charlie's home in Beverly Hills and asked for him. A maid promptly slammed the door in his face. Then said the two-gun deputy: "What the blazes?" Whereupon he ~~is that so?~~ ^{He} rented a laundry cart, drew up to the rear door, and started up with a bundle. The first person he ran into was the same maid. *And she threw him out again.*

His next device was the well worn ^{stratagem} ~~stratagem~~ of dressing up in a Western Union messenger's uniform and pretending to deliver a letter. He demanded Mr. Chaplin's own signature on the receipt and they told him: "The master isn't home." Since that trick was no dice, with brilliant originality the deputy borrowed a satchel such as surgeons carry their instruments in. This time the butler opened the door and Lavelle tried to scurry in, saying

he was the doctor that Chaplin had sent for. To which the butler said: "Sorry, sir, Mr. Chaplin is playing golf."

The deputy then learned that ^{Charlie}~~Chaplin~~ was staging a big party at his home on Saturday night. So the hardy ex-frontiersman laid aside his two gallon hat and his guns and rented him an evening suit, complete down to the ebony cane. In that disguise he had no difficulty getting into the party. Leaning against the table where the ice cream sodas were being served, he got chummy with a movie producer. After a few minutes, the deputy said: "By the way, I wish you'd introduce me to my host." To that ~~he~~ ~~the~~ ~~producer~~ the producer replied: "I'd love to, but Charlie isn't here, he's at Palm Springs." The astonished deputy exclaimed: "You mean he isn't here at his own party?" And the producer replied: "Oh no, Charlie often gets tired of a party before it begins and runs away somewhere. But that doesn't prevent the party's going on anyway, *going on indefinitely.*"

At that Deputy United States Marshal James P. Lavelle, former frontiersman, former Sheriff of Yellowstone County, Montana, threw up his hands in despair, *said he was licked.*

LATE

Now for a quick glance at the late bulletins. Here's a spectacular one from Berlin. It is not the African colonies of Belgium and Portugal that Germany wants. She wants the territories taken from her by the Treaty of Versailles. And the potentate who said so was General von Epp, ~~who is~~ leader of the Colonial League of the Reich. ^{von Epp} ~~He~~ was formerly organizer of the Nazi Storm Troopers. ^{He} ~~and he~~ made ~~these~~ statements in a speech at a mass meeting of the Colonial League in Berlin. The ostensible purpose of ^{the speech} ~~it~~ was to reassure the governments of Belgium and Portugal. The General said: "Reports of German aspirations against ^{the} Belgian Congo and Portuguese Angola are mere fabrications of the foreign press."

That rather puts the European international fat ^{right} back again in the fire. For in other words, Germany ~~will~~ wants nothing less than the return of territory now in the possession of England and France.

(From Nanking we learn that the waterfront is in flames. Warehouses on the river side struck by incendiary bombs

from Japanese airplanes are blazing and there's no way of putting
out the conflagration. At the railway station, Chinese were
killed by the scores and wounded by the hundreds.

EUROPEAN

The English are in a state of great indignation. That's a sentence I seem to have had to repeat twice a month. The bombing of three British ships by Japanese airplanes at Wuhu has aroused John Bull's temperature for about the thirtieth time this year. The ships were plainly marked, say the British, and there's no excuse. So another note of protest has been sent to Tokyo.

(However, we've learned ~~that~~ frequently from reporters in the Far East that one of the remarkable features of this warfare is the rotten marksmanship of Japanese and Chinese pilots alike.) The incident gave rise to a volley of questions in the House of Commons today. In reply to them, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden put the damper on a lot of alarmist reports.

"There is no truth," he said, "in the rumor that the Japanese

Consul General had said that the British colony of Hongkong

might be involved in the fighting."

~~might be involved in the fighting."~~

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The Spanish Civil War came to life again today. There was a battle in the air over the front lines of Aragon.

~~There~~ Presumably it is the ~~prelude~~~~big~~~~drive~~ prelude to the big drive that General Franco has been promising. The government claimed a victory in the air, said that three of General Franco's planes had been brought down.

PRINCESS

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A quaint little anecdote comes from London about Her Royal Highness, the Princess Elizabeth. Since the abdication of her Uncle, the Duke of Windsor, she has become heir presumptive - or perhaps I should say heiress presumptive to the throne of England. That means that she will one day be queen unless a baby brother is born. ^{So} ~~However, the probability is, they say, that~~ Queen Elizabeth the Second ^{may} ~~will~~ be the fifth woman to ^{rule as} ~~be the~~ reigning sovereign of England.

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As heiress presumptive her name is included in the official prayers which all loyal subjects are supposed to say every night and morning and four times on Sundays. The text reads:- For the King, the Queen, Princess Elizabeth, and other members of the royal family." That became rather a sore point with Princess Elizabeth's younger sister, the seven year old Princess Margaret Rose. Said she:- "Why should I pray for Elizabeth when she doesn't have to pray for me?" Elder sister gave her the explanation promptly: "Because I shall be queen some day." To which she is supposed to have added: "And when I'm queen the first thing I'll do will be to make a law that people can't ride or drive horses on Sundays. Horses must have holidays." And, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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