

L.T. - Sun. Apr. 4 '34

There's a young man in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, who is probably being envied by a good many people today. His name is Richard J. Reynolds, heir to one of the big tobacco fortunes. This is his twenty-eighth birthday, the day on which, by his father's will, he comes into possession of a little nest egg of twenty-five million dollars! Twenty-five million dollars, just for the signing of his name on a couple of dotted lines! That ought to keep the cigarette heir in cigarette money for a while! And what will he do with it? Like the rest of us he can only wear one suit of clothes at a time, eat one meal --- but perhaps he can find a girl who can spend it for him.

DILLINGER

The hunt for Dillinger goes on and on -- one of the biggest, grimest manhunts this country ever saw.

While the authorities are grabbing his pals the No. One desperado continues to evade the nation-wide net. Federal agents think the woman they caught in St. Paul is the one who was with Dillinger when he shot his way out of an apartment in that city last Saturday. And, the man ~~was~~ whom Federal officers shot from ambush yesterday has admitted that he was with the arch-killer in Saturday's ~~shooting~~ shooting affray. The police insist that Dillinger cannot evade them much longer.

ICELAND

Mountains of fire in Iceland! The famous Cirka volcano, which now has that Arctic island in a state of alarm, has been still and quiet for many, many years. Until the other day, it was surmounted by a thick coat of ice. But the ice was suddenly blasted skyward and hot ashes are now pouring all over the Icelandic countryside, carpeting the land for miles around. The rumblings of Cirka can be heard for hundreds of miles around, from Reykjavik to Thorshöfn.

As a matter of fact, Iceland is volcanic in origin. Earthquake shocks are frequent and all over the island there are pits of boiling mud, hot springs and geysers. In addition to Mount Cirka, there are three other large volcanoes, Katla, Hekla and Laki. One of these blew up as recently as the year nineteen twelve. But the worse was the eruption ~~that~~ of Mount Laki in seventeen eighty-three, wiping out one-fifth of the entire population and destroying four-fifths of all the livestock. So no wonder up there on the Arctic Circle tonight the Icelanders are looking at the flaming mountain with terror and forboding as it glares in the long Polar night.

FRANCE

More trouble in France is expected. One French newspaper declares bluntly that ten thousand rifles have been smuggled into the country by Communists, in preparation for a monster disturbance they have organized for this coming May Day. The French police deny this.

But there is no question that things are quiet only on the surface in LaBelle France. Premier Doumergue has a most ticklish job on his hands to balance the budget. And the dangerous part of his program is that his emergency economy measures call for large cuts in the salaries of government employees. These cuts save a hundred and sixty-eight million dollars; but, they would infuriate a large proportion of the French population.

We Americans are ^{inclined} to think we have an awful lot of government jobholders to support over here, but in proportion we haven't nearly as many as France has. And the French jobholders cling to their prerogatives more tightly than glue. The Prime Minister is not asking them to do anything he won't do himself. He has offered to take a fifteen percent cut in his own salary. But is is a safe bet that

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when he asks the postal, telegraph and telephone workers, all of

them government employees; the railroad workers, and the ^{many}~~numerous~~

others, to do the same, he is going to have a tremendous row on

his hands.

ARMLESS

A story that comes from Mexico sounds like a page out of ancient history. In nineteen hundred and eight, a Mexican named Jesus Nini, was banished from the country. He went to Guatemala and there went into business for himself as a counterfeiter. Then he was laid by the heels, and the sentence of the Guatemalan Court was: "cut his arms off!" And they did.

That's shocking to us today. Such punishments are a hold-over from the days of ancient Rome. In those days, pick-pockets, instead of being thrust into prison, were sentenced to lose their right arms. It is evident that when Guatemala became a republic, many old laws imported by the Spaniards were not repealed. At any rate, this dire punishment was inflicted on the counterfeiter, the Mexican, Nino.

While they stopped him from counterfeiting, they did not defeat him, however. He taught himself to write, holding a pen in his teeth. Yes, and he became an author, wrote several books, which achieved wide popularity in Mexico. One was called "Obregon's Place in History."

So this armless writer made a new place for himself in the world. The irony of life is revealed by his death - he was accidentally shot in a pistol fracas. An accident. About the folly of any ruler who gets into a fight with the church. But that bit of wisdom and caution doesn't seem to cut much ice nowadays.

A German court has handed down a decision which is a body-blow to the Catholic newspapers in Germany. A Catholic paper complained to the court about a rival sheet, a sheet owned by Hitler's chief lieutenant, General Goering, Prize Minister of Prussia. The complaint was that an agent of Goering's paper was intimidating the Catholic paper's subscribers. The court turned down the complaint, saying that "the entire Catholic press in Germany is a superfluous element." Naturally, this has excited a furor among the Catholics.

All of which lends considerable irony to the statement of a Government spokesman in Berlin. He declared that Chancellor Hitler is so much interested in fighting anti-Christian activities as the Pope. "The Pope's fight is also our fight", he said.

That Berlin fight with Rome must decide what the Catholic papers in Germany are a superfluous element.

NAZI

The quarrel about religion in Germany continues with new developments all the time.

Hitler in his book, "My Struggle", wrote vehemently about the folly of any ruler who gets into a fight with the church.

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All of which lends considerable irony to the statement of a government spokesman in Berlin. He declares that Chancellor Hitler is as much interested in fighting anti-Christian activities as the Pope. "The Pope's fight is also our fight", he said.

That hardly jibes with that court decision that the Catholic papers in Germany are a superfluous element.

Peter Barker.

~~Sat~~

Apr. 4, 1934

FOLLOW NAZI

I'm particularly interested tonight in the French accusation that the Nazis are fomenting rebellion among the tribes in Morocco. A French newspaper charges that rifles and ammunition are being smuggled into the Spanish province of Rio de Oro, where a hundred and fifty thousand rebels have taken refuge from French territory. These rebels have been making raids into the French province of Mauretania.

The agent responsible for all this gun-running is supposed to be a sinister personality of the desert named Sidi Fra Achmed, brother of the Blue Sultan, (This potentate is called the Blue Sultan because his tribesmen are clothed in blue.) The French claim that Sidi Fra Achmed is not really the brother of the Sultan, but a German named Schaeffer. It happens that I have a gentleman in the studio with me tonight who has just spent five months in the province of Rio de Oro. And he knows the mysterious Sidi Fra Achmed.

~~likely enough,~~ You may have heard of Peter Barber. He has made several trips across the Atlantic single handed ^{- alone -} in a _{- solo in a coxleshell.} five ton boat. It was on his last trip that he adventured to north Africa in that same five-tonner.

L. T.: Do you think ^{Mr. Barber that} there is any truth in the charge made by the French that Sidi Fra Achmed is really a German?

Mr. B.: No, I do not. I know him quite well. In fact we became quite chatty. He obviously has Moorish blood and in no way resembles a German. The only European language I heard him speak was a few words of poor French. He is engaged in gun-running, but he is not German.

L. T.: I suppose you saw ^{plenty} ~~much~~ evidence of trouble over there in the Sahara, with the French and Spaniards trying to hold the lid down.

Mr. B.: Yes, indeed. The Spanish troops are virtually prisoners within their own fortifications. I don't believe those tribes will ever be brought under control. Their entire ~~motivation~~ ^{motivation} is religious, and religion makes heroes out of them.

Another thing that bothers the Spanish governors is that they have several hundred Communist and Royalist prisoners to guard. The prisoners are in a wretched condition. While I was down there I was offered twenty-five thousand dollars to help a couple of the Royalists to escape, one

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of them, the Marquis Real Tissoro, formerly one of the richest nobles in Spain. ^{I couldn't accept} ~~I turned~~ the offer, ~~down~~, but a couple of weeks later a fisherman took twenty-eight Royalists off and got a million pesos for it.

L.T. Lucky fishermen, Mr. Barber!

WAR

Another war story from Europe. A cheese war. It has been fought out on the Camenbert, Limburger ~~and~~ and Gorgonzola fronts.

The French started it when they slapped an import quota on cheese, reducing the imports from foreign countries. And they got back as good as they gave. First of all, Germany said: "If you won't buy my ~~Limburger~~ Liederkranz, you can just keep your old Roquefort." Then a loud cry from Italy: "No Gorgonzola for you, ^{Then} no Camenbert for us."

And the fellow who has to pay for all this squabbling is, as usual, our ~~poor~~ old friend, the ultimate consumer. A slice of

stracchino from ^{Tuscany,} ~~Italy~~ or of ^{schmierbaes from Dinkelpiel} ~~mainzer from the Fatherland~~ is a high

priced luxury in Paris today. ^{And the gourmet of the} ~~Maybe the big cheese men will take~~

~~boulevards is saying~~ "It's a cheesy war, this ^{war of cheese!"} ~~their troubles to Geneva~~

HOCKEY

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Meanwhile ~~a~~^{an icy} ~~ice~~ war is going on in American territory,
~~it is being~~ fought ^{out} on the hockey rink fronts of Detroit and
Chicago. The Chicago Black Hawks are battling the Detroit Red
Wings in the play-off series for the Stanley Cup.

There was a whale of a game at Detroit last night, one of
the hardest fought ~~games~~ ever seen on the ice. They had to play
two overtime periods before the Chicago Six broke the tie and beat
Detroit two to one. ~~That was the first game of the series and it~~
~~might ought to be worth going quite a distance to see the other~~
games.

FOLLOW HOCKEY

And in Washington there was an ~~etc~~ echo of a real war, the World War. You may remember how some members of Congress voted against our entrance into the War and President Wilson called them "a little group of willful men."

Seven of these willful men are still in Congress today. Still willful. And in a poll taken recently those seven admitted frankly that if the issue came up again they would once more vote against war. They are Senators Norris and Dill, Representatives Britten, Church, Frear, Knudsen and Lundeen. They take the same position they did seventeen years ago.

"Before people are asked to fight," they say, "they should be given a chance to vote on it." And that idea won't make people so mad today as it did seventeen years ago.

ICKES

Pity the poor cabinet minister in Washington! Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, ^{has} amused the capital not a little with his retort to a Congressman who wanted to make the Secretary the target for an investigation. Representative McGugin of Kansas declared ^{that} Mr. Ickes, as Public Works Administrator, was awarding public funds for nationalistic and Socialistic projects. ^P "My word", said Ickes, "I never knew how bad I was. But I suppose it's the right of Congress to call any of us slaves on the carpet whenever it sees fit." ^P If Secretary Ickes is a slave, he's a slave with a sense of humor. It was his ^{appreciation of} ~~feeling for~~ ^{his ability to laugh,} the comic, ^{that} recommended him to President Roosevelt when the Cabinet jobs were passed out. ^{So they say.} And now Mr. Ickes is the chief wag of the Administration.

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You remember the time when the President called a cabinet meeting aboard the cruiser Indianapolis? When the launch taking the Secretary of the Interior to the cruiser began to rock, he declared: "I will die for my President, but I'll be hanged if I'll get seasick for him." Then he ~~xx~~ asked: "If we capsize, do they rescue Cabinet members in the order of their ~~xxx~~ rank? As Secretary of the Interior he ranked seventh.

One day he and the Attorney General went to the new Department of Commerce Building, the gigantic structure that President Hoover built. They got lost. So he suggested to the Attorney General: "Let's send a wire to Mr. Hoover and ask him how ~~he~~ to get out of his building."

Harold Ickes, though he takes his work with ^{a grin}~~the utmost~~ seriousness, doesn't take himself seriously at all.

N.R.A.

The Blue Eagle has to fly high these days to duck all the shouts aimed at him. The latest recruit to the ranks of N.R.A. ^{busters} ~~opponents~~ is General Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Atterbury ^{began with} ~~took care to make~~ a polite bow to the President, saying that "in many respects Mr. Roosevelt has done a great job." But that was just sugar on the pill of his criticism of the N.R.A., which, ^{the General} ~~he~~ says, "has gone too far." ^{I think it will fall of its own weight," he declares.}

But far more astonishing is the news from General Hugh Johnson himself, which indicates that instead of cracking down he is preparing to let up.

As everybody knows, the purpose of the Act, which enables the President to license industries, thus giving him absolute control of them, expires in June. It was expected that General Johnson, above all others, would want that period extended. On the contrary, he is in favor of letting it expire. His attitude is explained and not difficult to understand. The opponents of N.R.A. in Congress, particularly Senator Borah, are threatening a flood of amendments which might seriously weaken the power of the N.R.A.-

Administration. ^{Rather} ~~Sooner~~ than leave the gate open to those amendments General Johnson is in favor of taking what he has got and be satisfied.

PRESIDENT - ENDING

Word comes that President Roosevelt has scored a complete failure in his latest enterprise. He started it with high hopes and great expectation, but it seems that all his plans have gone awry, all his efforts have been in vain, and he has accomplished nothing. No matter how you may feel about the New Deal, the N.R.A., or the Brain Trust, you will feel a profound sympathy for the President's sad plight -- *that is,* if you are ^{*a fisherman.*} ~~efficient~~ ^{*caught a fish, hasn't*} The president hasn't [^] had a bite. We have this on the authority of his son, Elliott, ~~Roosevelt,~~ who has just flown ashore ~~by airplane~~ from the presidential fishing party, ^{*TP Elliott*} ~~aboard the Mournehal.~~ [^] He tells how ~~his~~ distinguished father has been fishing and fishing and fishing, in a white hat, shirt supposed to be white, and a pair of pants that have long ceased to be anything resembling white. Daily the presidential fishhook has been cast into those tropical waters where sailfish, tarpon and barracuda are supposed to abound. But the fish don't seem to have any respect for ~~the~~ Presidents. ~~of the United States.~~ So far as they are concerned it might just as well be you or I. They take a look at the presidential

live bait, cut bait or shiny spoon, and turn away with
a scornful --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.