

L.T. - Sun. Wed June 20 '34.

GERMANY

The most interesting set of complications in the world just now are over in Germany. I mentioned yesterday that President Von Hindenburg was believed to be in thorough sympathy with the outspoken attack on the Nazis made by Vice Chancellor Von Papen.

And now the old Field Marshall comes right out into the open and says: "Yes, I knew about Von Papen's speech. I approve of it. I endorse everything he said."

Nobody today knows how the German cat will jump. Of course the Nazis, with their hundreds of thousands of well-drilled, goose-stepping Storm Troopers, are in a strong position. But then, it is apparent that Hitler has come to a parting of the ways with the Junkers, who at first supported him.

For us over here to appreciate what the word Junker means, we must think of the owners of hundred thousand acre ranches in Montana, or Dakota or New Mexico. Over here these giant estates are usually run and operated by stock companies. In Prussia, ~~particularly~~ particularly in East Prussia, they are owned and operated by powerful hereditary aristocrats; Men who have dominated Germany for centuries; Men who intend to go on dominating Germany if they can.

It is from that class that old Field Marshall President Von Hindenburg comes. It is this class that Vice Chancellor Von Papen represents in the Hitler government. And then Von Papen is a Catholic, and represents the large and powerful Catholic element in Germany, which Hitler's hot heads have tried to squelch. *Will there be a lineup between the Lutheran Junkers and the South German Catholics? That's an angle to watch.*

Von Papen makes no bones about his conviction that the only sound form of government for Germany is a monarchy. That does not necessarily mean that he is for the return of the Hohenzollerns. Even the devoutest of the Old group, the excellencies, the royal highnesses, the serene highnesses and just plain highnesses in Germany today admit that the Ex-Kaiser, though he meant well, made a terrific botch of his job. But that does not impede the belief of many intelligent Germans that they need a king, an *an all highest,* emperor, or whatever they choose to call him.

There is another diverting personal angle to this story.

About the time that Uncle Sam plunged into the Great War, there were probably few more unpopular figures than *Frang* Von Papen, *— over here.* He was Military Attaché to the Germany Embassy in Washington. There was no question that he violated and outraged diplomatic hospitality, that he broke



the laws of this country, that he accomplished a lot of scandalous acts.

But look at him today. By defying Hitler, by openly ~~criticising~~ criticising the brutality of Hitler's Storm Troopers, he may become something of a popular figure, in this country.

## FRANCE FOLLOW DROUGHT

Not even LaBelle France has escaped an overdose of dry weather. In gay Paree they are having a heat wave. Mercury up to ninety-four.

It has lasted so far only two weeks in France, but already forest fires are raging in several parts of the country.

There is no great damage to crops. But, if the drought lasts another two weeks, not only will the wheat crop be hurt, but a thing far more important to the heart of the Frenchman - the vineyards.

Maybe all this has been arranged by nature to prevent man from getting too conceited. With all our monster express ships, our streamlined trains, our faster-than-wind airplahes, when it comes to providing enough water for thirsty fields, we don't know what to do.



LT m

Heelsner.

June 20,  
1934.

DON HEEBNER

Here in the studio this evening I've been hearing a good deal about that familiar subject, marriage, weddings, wedding bells on the tropical island of Aruba. Our tropical correspondent Don Heebner is here and he's been telling me about that tropical matrimonial puzzle, ~~and~~ <sup>that</sup> I mentioned on the air sometime ago. It's a case of too much marriage, isn't it don?

DON HEEBNER:- I'll say it is! Aruba, our small island in the Caribbean, has an American oil colony. About two thousand of us. It's an ultra-modern little town with all up-to-date improvements except -- there aren't enough wives to go around. Aruba is an equatorial paradise, palm trees, coral reefs, trade winds and tropical moonlight. In fact it's so beautiful and romantic that all the single men can do is think about marriage. So any American girl who comes there is grabbed before she can say "scat" --or say "no!" She simply can't escape the beauty and romance, and all those sighing Aruba bachelors. And that has been causing the oil company a lot of trouble, because when they send women employees to work



down there, the girls promptly get married.

L.T.:- As soon as they get off the gang plank. That does make it difficult for the company. But, have they tried to do anything about it?

DON HEEBNER:- Sure! They passed a rule that <sup>all</sup>~~was~~ women employees sent to Aruba must be over thirty-five years of age. But even that didn't work. The beauty and romance is so intense that the age limit didn't count. To those tropical bachelors a woman of thirty-five is, well she's just a girl of sweet sixteen. So the company is now thinking of raising the age limit to sixty.

L.T.:- And maybe that won't work either down in Aruba. What a place! What a hot climate! The fountain of youth, itself. But here we are, two veteran married men, Don, talking about marriage -- and the fountain of youth. Let's talk about something else.

LT m  
STEEL

One of the boldest things that President Roosevelt has ever done was to appoint his Secretary of Labor, Miss Frances Perkins, as mediator to settle the squabble in the steel industry. We are now accustomed to the spectacle of women doing all sorts of difficult jobs. But even so, the idea of a woman trying to iron out the rigid differences between hard fisted, hard headed steel manufacturers and their equally hard fisted, hard headed employees --well, that idea even today seems a bit sensational.

But there's another angle to this story. The dope in Washington is that this move on the part of the President is rather a black eye to General Johnson and his merry yes-men. The N. R. A. cohorts and the Labor Board have had ample opportunity to bring about peace in the steel industry. But, as the whole country knows, the N. R. A. crowd <sup>didn't</sup> ~~can't~~ get much beyond first base. Not that anybody blames them much. It was a frightfully tough job. All of which makes the appointment of Miss Perkins the more remarkable. Of course, the new Labor Law gives the President the widest powers for the settling of labor disputes, and that should help. But, on the other hand, we observe that the first use he has made of this power extraordinary is to delegate the



job to a woman.

Those who know the personalities in the Roosevelt Administration say that this was an obvious appointment. The job needs courage. And Frances Perkins has that. She is quite fearless. She is one of the very few who will ~~even~~ talk back to the President, when she thinks he's wrong.

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As for senators and representatives, she treats them as plain nuisances. She made an appointment recently which infuriated Senator Bone of Washington. The Senator called on Miss Perkins to expostulate, and she would not even see him. On another occasion, Senator Pat Harrison, Chairman of the important Finance Committee of the Senate, called to see her on official business. She let this most important Chairman cool his heels in her outer office for half an hour. Any Cabinet minister who is that inconsiderate with the Chairman of the Finance Committee is just inviting a slash in the appropriation for his or her department.

That's the background. It adds interest to the drama to come, when the lady in the case meets magnates and hard fisted steel labor leaders. We're all going to have ringside seats when the sparks begin to fly.

W m  
MAINE

Let's look at that eminent playboy and fighter, Representative Shoemaker of Minnesota. He has been in plenty of fights, with policemen, with citizens into whose cars he bumped, and all with perfect impunity. But the pugnacious playboy from Minnesota started one fight too many. He decided the House of Representatives wasn't good enough for him, he wanted the seat of Senator Henrik Shipstead. And ~~the~~ <sup>have</sup> the voters of Minnesota swamped him! They ~~did~~ <sup>have!</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>And,</sup> It was worse than a punch in the nose for the Congressional battler.

<sup>Phyes, and</sup> ~~and~~ there's a colorful angle to the Republican primaries in Maine. The man who will run for Governor on the G.O.P. ticket is sixty-seven years old, a retired lumberman. He had three other candidates against him but he won hand over fist. He will run against the present Governor, Louis J. Brann. Mr. Brann was the first Democrat to capture the State of Maine in sixteen years. But some <sup>how</sup> ~~what~~ the idea of a lumber magnate running for Governor of the old "pine tree" state is singularly fitting.



A seat will be vacant in the New York State Senate when that body gathers in midsummer. No special election will be called to fill the seat of Senator Warren Thayer.

The decision not to hold a special election will keep Governor Lehman's Democrats out of a perplexing situation.

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Another Republican elected to succeed the Republican Senator Thayer would throw the balance of power in the New York Senate into the hands of an insurgent Tammany lawmaker who is on the outs with the Democratic majority.

But this is all a minor tangle of political maneuvering compared with the broader aspects of the affair. Senator Thayer, who resigned some days ago was found guilty by a unanimous vote of his colleagues, both Democrats and Republicans. They voted ~~to the man~~ that he had been guilty of improper dealings with public utilities companies.

This brings to an end a large political scandal, in which the New York State Senator was shown by his own admitted letters to have asked the companies whether his work in killing bills obnoxious to them was satisfactory.

No thrill (to some), no romance, to others, but an important political affair.

WT m  
HARRIMAN

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The question in the case of Joseph W. Harriman is -- what kind of sentence will he get? Of course, the well-known banker was found guilty on all sixteen counts charged against him, and that renders him liable to a possible maximum sentence of an eighty thousand dollar fine, *and 80 yrs. in prison.* Eighty years in prison for a man so old -- that mixes the feeling of justice with a deep feeling of sympathy. -- although, of course, those eighty years in prison are a theoretical maximum, ~~and~~ the aged banker would not be able to serve even a moderate minimum. *Anyhow it's* ~~it's~~ now up to the judge to pronounce ~~the~~ actual sentence.

The jury found Joseph W. Harriman 'squarely guilty in the collapse of the Harriman bank, which was one of the biggest of the banks that failed to reopen after the famous banking holiday. Albert Murray Austin, a subordinate, was on trial too. He was found not guilty. The case at issue was:- Was this subordinate merely obeying orders when he made false entries in the books of the bank? The jury was convinced that he was obeying orders and that the president of the institution was responsible.



LAW

Most doctors will tell you that there are too many doctors. Most lawyers will tell you that there are too many lawyers. But in our land of the free and the home of the brave nobody does anything about it.

So let's take a look at Nicaragua. The same situation prevails down there: too many doctors, too many lawyers. Thousands of young men emerge from a long and expensive course in medical and law schools only to sit around waiting vainly for a client or a patient to show up. So here's what the Congress in Nicaragua is doing about it. They are going to close all law schools and all medical schools in that republic for a period of five years.

Now, what would happen in this country ~~and in~~ if they did that? The boys would all have to become preachers I guess.

FIGHT

There's tragedy in the social register, but it's comedy in boxfighting circles. It centers around Signor Enzo Fiermonte, who married Mr. Vincent Astor's stepmama. Signor Fiermonte, before he became by marriage <sup>one of</sup> ~~an~~ the Astor clan, was a middle-weight Italian fighter, but they say he's <sup>not</sup> ~~s~~ so much of a fighter.

From the Inner Sanctum of the Four Hundred, Signor Fiermonte, the prizefighter of Clan Astor, issued a challenge to no less a luminary than a Mr. Maxie Rosenbloom, Maxie Smacksie Rosenbloom. Maxie Smacksie is light heavyweight champion, but he is just as famous for his prowess in night clubs as in the squared circle.

This challenge has been the subject of some ribald comment <sup>from</sup> ~~for~~ the boxfight experts. Everybody treated it as a joke though Signor Fiermonte has been going through the gestures of arduous training. Maxie Smacksie <sup>Rosenbloom</sup> is doing most of his training in night clubs. But that is nothing new. He does that even when he is matched against a Hogan's Alley fighter, and not a member of the Four Hundred.

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But here is the sad part of it. The New York State Boxing Commission has no sense of humor. It says crudely that being married to a lady in the social register does not qualify the husband for a championship bout. The Boxing Commissioners are really rude about it. "There are fifty boxers in this country," they declare, "who are more entitled to a bout against Rosenbloom than this man." And then they add the unkind statement:- "Fiermonte has never fought a real opponent."

Maybe the Italian Adonis never fought a real opponent, but he might ask the Boxing Commissioners whether any of them ever married into society.

A grave question is in my mind. "Is it legal, is it constitutional for a Vice-President of the United States to have a sense of humor?"

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Vice-President John Nance Garner has been expressing himself on the subject of his job. After nearly two years as Vice-President of the <sup>U.S.A.</sup> ~~United States~~, he says that his position is "a fifth wheel job - a spare tire on the national automobile."

The Vice-President goes on to remark: "It is an obscure post. I don't get much fan mail. I never even see any job-hunters. I haven't any jobs to give."

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He talks with plaintive homesickness about his former lively dignity as Speaker of the House of Representatives, "I had the best time of my life," he remembers sadly. "I had a hand in the swift daily activity of lawmaking, deciding what legislative <sup>ion</sup> ~~ions~~ should be brought out, what to be killed."

He concludes dolefully: "The Vice-President~~x~~ is a figure of slight importance with a title of great impressiveness."

Now, I ask you: Has a Vice-President any right to be so humorous - and for nothing? He said all this in an article



for the American Magazine. The editor, Sumner Blossom, offered him a huge sum for the story. But the Vice-President answered: "You're paying me because I am Vice-President. As just plain John Garner, I am worth nothing." Said he:- "I think this article is worth nothing -- so you can have it for nothing."

Say, Mr. Vice-President, just because an article is worth nothing is no reason why an editor shouldn't pay for it, especially Sumner Blossom. You'll be getting magazine editors into bad habits -- especially Sumner Blossom. If editors can get articles from Vice-Presidents for nothing, what the deuce are we poor writers going to do for a living? Talk on the radio, I suppose. Talk and talk, and then say:

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.