

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:-

For the past year the country has had its fingers crossed, wondering how long President Roosevelt would be able to avoid a battle-royal with Congress. Even such a popular man as the late Calvin Coolidge complained bitterly about the treatment Congress gave him.

But Franklin D. has received unparalleled support, as we know.

The first real Congressional outbreak came with the cancellation of those airmail contracts. Right or wrong, the swift casualties among the army pilots brought a violent storm of criticism against the Administration.

By the way, while listening to the radio today I heard that two more fatalities have been added to the list.

The cause of the Congressional disturbance of the moment is that always dynamite-loaded question of veterans'

compensation. The President has declared flatly and unmistakably that he will veto any measure that wipes out the economies he effected last year.

Ah, but a Democratic caucus has now voted by a majority of fifty-five, voted in favor of the veterans' compensation. So, there is rebellion in the ranks of the Democrats.

How would you diagnose this revolt if you were the doctor? The Fall elections. A lot of representatives are going to have to talk their way back into the comfortable seats in the House.

Furthermore, the President has so completely monopolized the center of the stage that the lawmakers have to stage a row to remind the voters that they are still on earth. Human beings, those Congressmen!

## NEW DEAL

Many people, in discussing the New Deal, are asking: "Where do we go from here?" According to Kentucky Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, President Roosevelt's confidential secretary, we are going quite a ways from here. The insurance of your job, for one thing. In an article for the Cosmopolitan, Colonel Howe predicts that employment insurance will be in operation within two years. Also, more scientific regulation of business. And, says he: "Wasteful and ruinous business competition must be abolished."

~~It is this sort of thing that makes~~ Some of the President's critics cry: "Socialist!" To which Postmaster General Farley ~~at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York~~ retorts, "Absurd"! Then he adds:- "The New Deal is a new order of social justice, if you like, but not Socialism."

NBC

## HEN

Obviously the influence of the N.R.A. is spreading beyond Uncle Sam's borders into the animal kingdom. Up in Windsor Ontario there is a hen which is behaving like a Blue Eagle. It lays one egg on every weekday but refuses to work on Sundays. On Monday morning to make up for it she lays one with a double yolk. This has been going on for six weeks and that ought to please General Johnson, *also the Tall Story Club.*

## JOHNSTON

In the news today we find an old theme strikingly repeated. The traditional ironic pattern - the veteran of a hundred battles dies from a fall down the stairs. Colonel Gordon Johnston killed while playing a game - the game of polo. The most decorated officer of his rank in the United States Army. He had the Congressional Medal. He was the commander of the regiment that came to the rescue of the Lost Battalion in the Argonne. And the hero of a score of other scrapes and scuffles in war.

In memory of a brave soldier let's tell a War story about him.

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Gordon Johnston won the Congressional Medal in the Philippines. In the heart of the Moro country was an old volcanic cone, a natural fortress of lava. There, six hundred Moro fanatics were entrenched. They had bolos and rifles, and cannon, on the lip of that volcano.

Gordon Johnston led his men up the steep slopes of that fire-blasted crater. On and on, higher and higher,

through a raking fire. At the summit of the volcano the fighting was hand to hand. The Moro fanatics battled to the end. Gordon Johnston carried on though his shoulder was shattered by a bullet. He survived that battle on the volcano. But not the game of polo. Yes, fun can sometimes be more dangerous than war.

LIECHTENSTEIN

The country of Liechtenstein, the smallest constitutional principality in the world. Tucked away between Austria and Switzerland, it has an area of only sixty-five square miles, divided into two counties. But, its Prince is one of the few remaining constitutional sovereigns on earth.

Why drag in Liechtenstein? Because the armament race among the Great Powers of the world has spread even there. Fifty years ago, the Liechtenstein army was disbanded. But now Prince Franz, or Francois, as you prefer, has decided to buy war equipment for his eleven thousand subjects. The only remaining specimen of that army, disbanded fifty years ago, is a ninety-year-old veteran, who still, on state occasions, wears a uniform dating back to Napoleon the Third.

NBC

Valentine Williams.  
war - corres. and  
foreign editor,  
Lord Northcliffe's  
"London Daily  
Mail."  
Mar. 9, 1934.



INTRO TO WILLIAMS

There is one man in this country right now who ought to understand foreign news. He is Valentine Williams, war-correspondent and foreign editor of the great London Daily Mail for Lord Northcliffe. He is a writer of mystery stories too. His latest thriller, "The Portcullis Room," has just been issued to a palpitating public. Valentine Williams was not born a writer of mystery thrillers. He was blown into fiction by a six-inch shell. When the war broke out, he was an honest newspaper man. One day on the Somme a shell came along and blew him sky-high. He went up a newspaper man -- and, came down a novelist. Took to writing imaginative yarns in a hospital. But I'm going to drag him back to the foreign officer's desk by asking him for his slant on armament and disarmament, the topic of the hour.

FOR CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

The announcement that the British Government intends to spend about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars more on the army, navy and air force, is a pretty fair indication to me that the Cabinet realizes that all attempts to secure the effective disarmament of Europe have failed. The most interesting aspect of the decision is that Britain means at last to build up her air forces. It's high time something was done about them -- I mean when it is remembered that England is an island separated only by twenty-six miles of water -- about ten minutes by air -- from the nearest foreign power.

I remember saying to Orville Wright in Berlin several years before the war, at the time of the Wright Brothers' first experiments with heavier-than-air machines -- I said to him:- "You and your brothers are going to put the British Navy in the museum."

Remember, we know something about air raids in England. During the war I used to see them taking dead civilians out of apartment houses bombed by zeppelins in

the suburbs. And when I was in the trenches in France it wasn't pleasant to hear the German bombers coming over at night and to realize they were on their way to bomb our wives and children at home.

I was back in England with my battalion when the famous German daylight raid on London took place. Twenty-four planes came over on a perfect June morning, and the sky was so clear you could see the Iron Cross markings, notwithstanding the height at which they flew.

The money which the British Government is now going to spend will go into swift bombing machines to destroy the enemy air forces before they get started.

## GOLD

And, now as a famous mystery business Valentine how about that Gold-Cement mystery now puzzling Scotland Yard. It surely will afford material for many a thrilling detective yarn. The Scotland Yard boys have their green whiskers on, puzzling and puzzling today. It all concerns that consignment of gold -- nine hundred and thirty-five ounces, shipped from Capetown to London. The box of gold that reached Southampton intact. But when it got to London, can you imagine the dismay of Scotland Yard? When the box was opened, in it was nothing but cement, nine cents worth of cement. No wonder the green whiskers are wagging in London today.

IRON BARS

Meanwhile a historic robbery was being perpetrated at no less a place than Uncle Sam's Treasury in Washington. But in this robbery the joke is on the robbers. Outside the main entrance to the treasury was a showcase containing a few gold pieces and what looked like bars of gold. All of these were swiped. And here's where the joke <sup>hits</sup> ~~comes in~~ on the robbers. Those bars were not gold at all, they were just iron dipped in gold. So there's one case where a thief goldbricked himself.

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LABOR

I learn from London that the Labor Party is on the upgrade again in John Bull's land. And this is shown in the most unexpected direction in the elections for the London County Council. The L.C.C., as it is called, has powers equivalent to those of Father Knickerbocker's Board of Estimate. For twenty-seven years it has been controlled by the Conservations. But now their control passes into the hands of Labor, for sixty-one Laborites have been elected and only thirty-nine Conservatives. This is interpreted to mean that Labor may rule the English roost again after the next Parliamentary election.

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STAVISKY

As echo after echo of the Stavisky case comes to us from Paris, we are inclined to rub our eyes and say: "Surely this is not nineteen thirty-four; this must be eighteen ninety-five, the epoch of the famous Dreyfuss affair.

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This <sup>o</sup>~~is~~ amazing imbroglio started with the failure of a municipal pawn shop bank in Bayonne. But just consider the trend of consequences. First, the arrest and death of Stavisky himself. Innumerable rows in the Chamber of Deputies. Two duels. A riot that seemed on the verge of overthrowing the republic. More than ~~xx~~ twenty deaths; more than six hundred wounded. The death of a high judge, some say by murder, others by suicide, a judge who was to have testified in the investigation.

Then a scene on the banks of the Seine. Two sailors see a man jumping off one of the bridges into the river. They fish him out and for a while they think he is an ordinary would-be suicide. When the police arrive, who is he? He is the lawyer who represents the secretary of the Russian

swindler Stavisky.

And what of Madame Stavisky, the beautiful model whom the swindler married eight years ago? The other day her two children arrived home from school and said: "Where is Mama?" Their nurse replied: "Mama is on a cruise at sea." Actually, she was in the custody of the police, answering questions.

As for the government, the Affair-Stavisky has had one world important result. It was the means of putting into the hands of the French Prime Minister powers that are virtually dictatorial. It was only upon that condition that Gaston Doumergue took the job over.

And the first use made of those powers was to slice nine million dollars off the budget, a salary cut for everybody, including Cabinet ministers.



## WINDOW

Have you ever traveled in France and tried to open a window in a railroad carriage? If so, you can appreciate the plight of a municipal councillor in Algeria who decided that the air in the council chamber was too stuffy. Said he: "I am going to open the window". To which the rest of the assembly shouted: "Non, Non, Mais Non!"

The fresh air fiend opened the window.

And, when his family last visited him in the hospital he was resting comparatively easily.

NBC

COUNT

(2)

In fourteen hundred and ninety-eight Vasco da Gama sailed the ocean blue, rounded the Cape and found the ocean highway to India. In nineteen hundred and thirty-four Vasco da Gama shot a dog and went to jail in New York. A different Vasco to be sure; but a descendant of the great Portuguese navigator.

This modern Vasco da Gama is a titled nobleman, a Count. He was in a high-hat apartment house. Along came a chow dog. Chow dogs are sometimes mean. This chow made a growling pass at the Count, whereupon Count Vasco da Gama drew a pistol and shot the dog.

For this the nobleman was given a term in the New York jug. Now he's out. And today he's singing songs of praise -- in praise of that jail, praise for the prison food, ~~xxxx~~ praise for his jailbird companions. While in the hoosegow he read twenty-seven volumes of the philosopher Herbert Spencer. A novel fellow this, a descendant of Vasco da Gama, the navigator. In a swell Manhattan apartment house

he shoots a dog and goes to jail, and loves it. But even the most original characters have a strain of the commonplace.

The Count objects to paying forty thousand dollars damages claimed by the owner of the dog. One touch of finance makes the whole world akin.

Prosper

MAE WEST

I don't go in much for Hollywood news, but, I heard something today that seems to me ~~too~~ too good to keep. It concerns the inimitable Mae West, the lady you are invited to come up and see some time. Everything was set for her new picture. The production arranged, cast engaged and everything, until suddenly the leading man discovered that he had to play his entire part with his back to the camera. Need I add that the script was written by the amplitudinous Miss West herself? At any rate, that surely was too much to expect ~~ix~~ of any actor. <sup>R</sup>"Art is art", said the great man in question, "but I have to consider my public."

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WEATHER

My friend, One-Dialer Hedley from the Jersey Journal, tells me this:- "If you are interested in the weather, go to the Wildwood Crest Grammar School. The principal is Mrs. Blizzard; the music teacher is Mr. Sunshine; the janitor is Mr. Showers.

But be there Blizzard, Sunshine, or Showers, I'm saying --

So Long until Monday - Yep Monday this time.

LT in  
Hamilton,  
Ohio.  
Mar. 17, 1934.