

ROOSEVELT

This is one of those days when everybody is joining in the pastime of looking backward. We might call it a milepost day. Franklin D. Roosevelt has reached the halfway mark of his term as President. Exactly two years have slipped by, and exciting years they've been, since he took the oath of office in one of the darkest crises in the history of this Republic.

One thing stands out beyond question. No President has ever made so much news in so short a space of time since the United States became a nation. No President ever got so much action, so much willing cooperation out of Congress. In these two years the Senate and the House have done nearly everything he wanted. When he said: "We must economize," Congress answered "Yes, Sir, yes sir." When, in the next breath, he said: "We must spend billions," Congress again dutifully salaamed: "Yes sir, yes sir." (He pushed through the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment with such bewildering speed that it caught the country unawares and not properly organized for the new conditions. He created the N. R. A., the A. A. A., the C. C. C. -

the whole list of anagram bureaus, with hardly a murmur of criticism.)

Now, at the halfway mile post, we can see one change not only in Washington but throughout the country. Two years ago a criticism of President Roosevelt was looked upon almost as a high treason. Today, the muffler of criticism ^{is wide open.} ~~has been cut out~~ Republican newspapers and G.O.P. leaders are giving tongue freely. There are ^{many} ~~even some~~ within the President's own party who dare to disagree with him openly. Father Coughlin roars disapproval in ~~the bitterest~~ terms, and whenever Huey Long gets up in the Senate to ^{howl defiance at the} ~~defy the Whitehouse~~ White House, the galleries are crowded.

Meanwhile, several of President Roosevelt's pet measures are hanging fire in Congress, measures which two years ago would have been rushed through like a ^{fireman} ~~sailor~~ down a greased pole. Even his devout partisans are saying: "Let's not be in too great a hurry, let's look at these things carefully." ~~wherever~~ when they ~~scrutinize the Roosevelt projects.~~ His program to make everyone sure of his job and safe against poverty, is being

batted backwards and forwards between both Houses of Congress. The wise men of Washington are taking their own time about the changes in the N.R.A. And the President's request for nearly five billion dollars for work relief, which would have been granted without question two years ago, is still a subject of hemming and hawing.

But there is one man in the country who seems to be not the least worried about it all. His name is Franklin D. Roosevelt.

His vigor is unimpaired, his health even better than two years ago, and the Roosevelt smile beams as cheerfully and humorously as ever. His partisans declare that he has never yet been licked in any important fight.

RICHBERG FOLLOW ROOSEVELT.

I don't suppose there's been any element in the New Deal about which there has been so much squabbling as the N.R.A. That old Blue Eagle might ^{well} ~~reasonably~~ be described as the stormy petrel of the Roosevelt Administration. So we were all interested in what Donald Richberg, who succeeded the colorful General ^{Crack-em-Down} ~~Hugh~~ Johnson as head of the N.R.A., would have to say in its defense in Boston. ~~last night. It was only to be expected that the~~ famous old South Mansion House ^{was jammed} ~~would be crowded~~ to hear Mr. Richberg, and the present head of the ~~NRY~~ N.R.A. was in rather a tough spot. General Johnson's much talked-about ^{current} series of articles ~~in the~~ ~~SATURDAY EVENING POST~~, though ^{they} ~~it~~ made no direct attack on Mr. Richberg, nevertheless left him considerably on the defensive. But Richberg did not join battle with the picturesque General. The gist of his speech was a defense of N.R.A. accomplishments and a plea which asked in effect, "Quit criticising the New Deal unless you have some better plan to offer."

But it was an unexpected interruption that provided the most interesting feature of the occasion. A woman in the audience jumped to her feet and asked: "Will there be inflation of the currency?" To which Donald Richberg replied categorically:

"Not so long as President Roosevelt is in office."

That ought to allay a lot of the anxiety that we've heard expressed in the last two years. To be sure, the question, "To inflate or not to inflate" is decidedly out of Mr. ~~Donah~~ Richberg's province. ^{But} ~~So~~_^ the important fact about his declaration is that no contradiction has come from anybody in Washington, ^{today,} and from this we may justifiably infer that Mr. Richberg knew what he was talking about.

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BANQUET

All this makes me the more anxious to hear the speech that General Johnson is going to make at the Waldorf tonight. Some two hundred and fifty big shots, guests of Red Book Magazine, will be there, including such magnificoes as Owen D. Young, William Green of the American Federation of Labor, governors, mayors and senators. Word has gone out that General Johnson is going to make the speech of his life; that he's not only going to call things by their first names, but he's going to cross his t's and dot his i's, take down his back hair and let himself go. You can hear the General because his oratorical fireworks will go out over the N.B.C. network at 10:15.

HUEY

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The comic highlight on today's political stage was provided by the teamwork of Kingfish Huey Long, Senator ~~Pat~~ Robinson and His Excellency, the President. Huey's role was that of the stooge, though he probably didn't intend it that way. He was pursuing his fight on Postmaster General Jim Farley. He got ^{on} ~~to~~ his hind legs in the Senate this morning and in the course of one of his characteristic diatribes made the dramatic announcement that the skids were all greased for Big Jim. He had official information from the White House, so he said, that Uncle Sam's big-money-and-stamp-man had resigned. On top of which the Kingfish declared that he had been positively informed that Farley's successor was to be the Honorable Frank Murphy, Governor-General of the Philippines. In fact, Governor Frank Murphy was already in Washington, all prepared to take Mr. Farley's seat.

Senator Long continued to ramble on, not noticing that Senator Robinson had quietly left his seat and gone into the cloak room. While Huey was still talking, talking, talking, Senator Robinson returned from the cloak room with the announcement

that he had just been talking to the White House and had learned that what Senator Long had announced was, to put it bluntly, not true. And to clinch matters, Senator Robinson said: "President Roosevelt has just assured me that it is entirely untrue."

That seems to end the latest round in the scrap between the Kingfish and Big Jim.

WALKER

When Jimmy Walker ruled Father Knickerbocker's city and when he was New York's famous playboy Mayor, what a wealth of friends he had. Rich men who basked in the reflected sunlight of Jimmy's popularity were in the habit of saying: "He needn't worry, I'd give him a job at a hundred thousand a year any day."

Now as we mentioned last Friday, Jimmy in London is broke, and had to tell an English court why he couldn't pay his bills. And none of those erstwhile fair-weather friends came to bat for him with one of those hundred-thousand-a-year jobs. But there is one bunch of Jimmy's real friends and who have come to bat with a job: The taxi drivers of New York. When Jimmy was on the crest of the wave he patronized taxis plentifully, when his famous \$25,000 Dusenbergs limosine wasn't handy. And the Mayor Walker was known all over town as one of the most liberal tippers. Today the New York hackmen are remembering that in a practical way. Jack Anthony, organizer of the taxi men's union has radioed Jimmy in London. They want him to take command of their organization, to become, I suppose, Czar of the taxi drivers. Anthony radioed Jimmy ~~xi~~ with these words:

"With you at the helm we are assured of victory." Victory maybe over some of those same New York magnates who used to talk about hundred thousand dollar jobs for Hizzoner Mayor Jas. T. Walker.

Miss Brown.
Mar. 4, 1935.

INTRO TO LADY HOBO

As you probably know from pictures you have seen of Rockefeller Center and Radio City, these NBC Studios are just about the last word in elegance -- miles of deep red carpets, futuristic studios with disappearing walls, and so on. Yes, the last word in elegance. And it isn't often that you bump into a hobo here.

Tonight I did, right outside the door of this studio. And what's more, she's a lady hobo. She became a bum, lived in the jungle along the railroad tracks, slept in freight cars -- just a hobo, a floater. But after a year or so she quit being a bum and wrote a book about it called "Lady Hobo."

When I was introduced to her a moment ago by Harold Peat, the radio manager, I pulled them both into the studio, thinking that you might like to hear a comment or two from a bum - a Lady Hobo.

Miss Beth Brown, or "Lady Hobo" if you still prefer

to be called that, why did you become a bum?

BETH BROWN:- Not bum, just a hobo! I got fed up and decided to go somewhere, anywhere, so I joined the huge army of American gypsy folk who follow the crops with the seasons. They're a happy-go-lucky lot. They go south in the winter to keep warm and then north in the summer.

L.T.:- You don't look as though you had starved.

BETH BROWN:- The hobos used to invite me into their jungles, to share their milligan.

L.T.:- Ever in any danger?

BETH BROWN:- One night in a little hotel in Victorville, Nebraska, I found a rope on the floor and a placard above it which read:- "In case of fire tie around your neck and jump."

L.T.:- So a hobo can be a ~~lady~~ lady?

BETH BROWN:- Yes, and a tramp can be a gentleman.

GREECE

The revolution that flared up in Greece over the week-end, with fighting in Macedonia, Thrace and Crete, has gained force. The rebels hold many parts of the country. Nobody believed that former Premier Venizelos would or could keep out of the picture permanently. He has seen more ups and downs perhaps than nay living statesman. He has been defeated in elections, only to come back a few years later, as in Nineteen twenty-eight, to be returned office with overwhelming majorities. Today, whether he's in our out of a job, he is unquestionably the most widely known of all Greeks. He has been on the warpath for democracy and for liberalism as ~~gx~~ against kings and dictators, for almost fifty years.

At the Peace-Conference at versailles, where I knew him, he was one of the most prominent and respected figures, although the country he represented was one of the smallest. Venizelos got just about everything he asked for from the Allies, most important of which was a slice of Turkey -- right off the drum stick, in Asia Minor. The Turks subsequently took it back and handed Greece a bad licking. Ever since then, trouble has been hanging over those fabulous isles of Greece.

A characteristic anecdote is told of the last occasion when his enemies tried to assassinate Venizelos. He was driving in a motor car with his wife at the time. He escaped unscathed, but Madam Venizelos was severely wounded. A huge crowd gathered outside his residence, calling for the grand old man himself. He appeared upon the balcony with his magnificent whiskers fluttering in the breeze. He put up his hand for silence, and to the huge crowd said these few words: "We know who did this". Then he turned on his heel and walked back into the house.

~~It is a small country, and a long time since Athens represented the head and front of western civilization. But in any fight that Eleutherios Venizelos is in, is always interesting to the entire world.~~

LADY YOUNG

A dramatic message came out of the African jungles, the jungles of southern Rhodesia. It was the tale of a white woman, an English lady, lost in the wilds. You may have heard that Lady Young, wife of Major Sir Hubert Young, Governor of northern Rhodesia, has been missing since last Thursday. The Governor's lady started out then on a three hundred mile flight across the jungles. She was accompanied by the medical officer of the Rhodesian government. That three hundred mile flight should have taken only a couple of hours, but for three days no word was received from the missing English party. It has caused considerably anxiety, because in the first place Lady Young was just recovering from an attack of malaria. Furthermore, parts of the Rhodesian jungles over which she was flying, are still infested with lions, rhino, water buffalo and other dangerous wild beasts.

A rescue party was sent out, with Sir Hubert Young himself in command. Today comes the news of a happy ending. Lady Young is safe. Also the medical officer who accompanied her.

~~encountered at the turn of any trail.~~ A forced landing had brought Lady Young and Dr. Kirby to ground in the midst of the Rhodesian jungle. But they were uninjured and were able to walk to camp when the husband's rescue party found them.

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Outside of politics, it's a little girl who holds the center of the spotlight on the American scene. Little ten year old Alyce McHenry was brought all the way from Omaha, Nebraska, to Fall River, Massachusetts, to take a chance of life or death on the operating table. The whole country had been interested in this game youngster. Although ten years old, she had never been able to have the same life as other children. Outwardly quite normal, her internal mechanism was almost entirely ^{upside down -} misplaced. ~~It was~~ ^a a unique condition. A well-to-do Omaha man became interested in her and paid the expenses for the little girl and her parents to go all the way to Massachusetts. There an operation was performed by Dr. Philemon Truesdale, ^a ~~the~~ famous Massachusetts surgeon. And the whole country will be interested and glad to learn that it was entirely successful.

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Little Alyce McHenry will now be a thoroughly normal child. And she'll be able to do what she has wanted to ^{do} ~~do~~ these many years, ~~to~~ go roller skating with the other kids.

I am told that this was one of the most sensational operations in the history of surgery. A dozen surgeons watched

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while Dr. Truesdale and three assistants ^{successfully} operated on little
Alyce McHenry, operated incidentally without a ~~few~~ fee.

That seems to be not only a cheerful note, but a cue for me to
put on my roller skates and go ^{over and} ~~to~~ hear General Johnson deliver
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that speech, ~~at the Waldorf~~, and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.