

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:-

The talk around the NBC Studios here tonight is all about the big fight. Vice Presidents are asking studio attendants:- "Who do you think'll win?" Announcers are asking each other in their best high hat diction:- "Will Carnera bear down on Baer -- or will Baer corner Carnera?" Is that the way Announcers speak, Jimmie?

JIMMY:- No! That's the way ^{the news} commentators speak!

L.T.:- Well, let's not turn this broadcast into a fight. That would be good -- James Wallington versus Lowell Thomas, for the jawbone championship.

JIMMY:- No, Lowell, I prefer something peaceful, like being timekeeper.

L.T.:- All right, Jimmie. Let's turn the news tonight into a boxing bout, and you ring the bell for the end of each round.

JIMMY:- Okay. Here goes. (BELL) Round One!

STEEL

Let's lead with a haymaker - something ~~that will be~~ more important than the ^{big} fight. The fight returns will be interesting, ^{maybe}, but the returns from Pittsburgh will mean a lot more.

Two hundred steel workers, representing a hundred thousand members of their Union, are deciding the question, "To strike or not to strike." If the answer is "yes," it may throw four hundred thousand men out of work. I say deliberately "may throw", although the Union leaders say they definitely can call out four hundred thousand.

But the steel employers scoff at the idea. They declare that the majority, the rank and file of the workers, don't want to strike, can't afford to strike. Of course that remains to be seen.

President Roosevelt's four points, by which he hoped to bring about a settlement, have not made much of a hit with the Union men. In fact, Michael Tighe, their seventy-two year old leader, declared: "The President's suggestion is a Chinese puzzle to me. I see nothing about the recognition of the Union in it."

Mr. Roosevelt's idea is that he should be authorized to establish mediation boards in various regions of the country. It would be the job of these boards, in case of labor disputes, to

conduct elections among employees, for the purpose of collective bargaining.

Michael Tighe, the President of the Union, is an aged, chubby, round-faced, amiable individual. He is known as "Honest Mike". And many even among his opponents say that he has well earned his nickname. He's a Conservative.

Nevertheless, the attitude of most of the steel operators is summed up by the words of John Girdler, Chairman of the Republic Steel Corporation. Said he: "I have a little farm with some apple trees and potato plants on it. Before I'll spend the rest of my life dealing with Bill Green, Mike Tighe and John Lewis, I'll retire to that farm."

I congratulate Mr. Girdler on his farm. But unless he gets a better break from the weather than we've been getting this year, he would find that retiring to his apple trees and potato plants might not be such ^a Utopian ~~an~~ existence as he seems to imagine. Yes, Mr. Girdler, ^{if} _^ tent caterpillars have left any of your apple trees undamaged, you're lucky.

(Bell)

INCOME TAX

Now a snappy left jab. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue lands one right on the nose of us income tax payers. He says you ~~got to~~ ^{must} have the June fifteenth instalment of your income tax in the office of your nearest collector before midnight tomorrow.

In previous administrations, the lords of the income tax were a bit more considerate. Your tax was paid on time provided the money was in the mail before midnight of the fifteenth. ~~If you put your money in the mail it was regarded as being in Uncle Sam's custody.~~ But it's different now. ~~Maybe they don't consider the Post Office as part of the government.~~ If your letter should get held up in the mails, well that's just too bad for you. You will have to pay a penalty.

So the Income Tax Commissioner is leading on points and the income tax payer is on the verge of a knock-out, as usual.

(Bell)

Jimmy's - Round Three

It's the old lack of training, gasping and groggy. The United States Treasury ^y ~~is~~ is -- from a shortage of change. That doesn't mean there is a shortage of money, but there is a shortage of dimes, quarters and dollars. Somebody went to the mint in Philadelphia the other day and asked for three hundred and nine-two thousand dollars' worth of quarters. What he wanted with them, I don't know. When Uncle Sam's boys went to look in the vault, lo and behold! they found only one thousand dollar's worth of quarters! ~~Although that's a lot~~

As a result, Uncle Sam has had to put his customers on rations so far as quarters are concerned. The only coins in abundance are pennies. So, if your grocer loads you up with coppers the next time you buy a peck of potatoes, don't blame him.

One question is:- "Are people hoarding quarters?" The Treasury officials say "No." In fact, they say the shortage is a hopeful symptom. It means that business, particularly small business, is picking up so much that there's been an unexpected demand for small change. Well, any

change is welcome, especially a change from the depression.

(Bell)

Jimmy: Round four.

MUSSOLINI

Now for some showmanship.

It takes showmanship to run off any big event, be it a fight or a frolic -- or a grand affair of statecraft. There was showmanship, loads of it at the Versailles ~~in~~ Peace Conference. There's showmanship when the King of England opens Parliament, or when Stalin, lord of the Reds, opens a conference of the communist party in Moscow, and it's the showmanship angle that's mighty interesting in that spectacular carnival ~~at~~^{of} Venice today -- the meeting of Hitler and Mussolini. Each of the two

Dictators is one of the world's master showmen. Hitler, and his Nazis make a specialty of putting on grandiose spectacles. And Mussolini -- why he's the old master of/showmanship game.

when So/the theatrical Hitler went to meet that grand producer, Mussolini, ~~and~~ there was certain to be a dizzy demonstration of stagecraft. It was up to Mussolini, the teacher, to show his pupil Hitler how a ~~big~~^{big} show should be put on.

~~There~~ And what a miraculous stage setting they ~~have~~^{had} -- Venice, the city of the Sea, with the Grand Canal, the ~~Rialto~~^{Rialto}, and venerable St. Marks. Venice in itself is a masterpiece of showmanship, grown accidentally through the workings of the

centuries.

Battalions of the Fascist militia were brought in a day ahead of time to rehearse their parades, their Roman salutes, and even their outbursts of cheering. The city was bedecked everywhere with Italian flags. Military bands blared martial music -- the German Deutschland Ueber Alles and the Fascist hymn Giovinezza. ~~Naazi~~. Barnum, Belasco, and Tex Rickard should have been there. They might have learned something.

One theatrical angle is that Hitler asked Mussolini not to ~~have~~ ^{have} any newspaper men on the scene for interviews. Mussolini went further than that. He is keeping any mention of the spectacular meeting out of the Italian newspapers altogether. Elaborate reports of the event are being printed all over the world -- but ~~no~~ in Italy, not a line.

But what's behind all the pageantry and ~~the~~ showmanship? The conferences of Hitler and Mussolini seem to be loaded with all sorts of international importance. The common belief is that Mussolini's advice and influence will be used to soften down the

52

belligerence and harshness of Hitler's Nazi regime. With Germany in a condition of grave crisis today, Hitler is likely to pay a good deal of attention to the Duce's admonitions to go easy, pipe low, and tone down the wilder of the Nazi activities.

The gravity of the German financial crisis is illustrated ~~today~~ by a rather startling development -- just as Hitler and Mussolini are greeting each other along the canals of Venice. Germany has declared a moratorium. The Reichsbank has announced that beginning with July first the Hitler government will stop payment on its international debts. This moratorium of payments is scheduled to last for six months. We had predictions of this several days ago from Paris -- coupled with the rapid fall of the mark. It sounded like something of an alarmist rumor then, but Paris was right.

(BELL)

JIMMY: Round Five!

PRISONER

That was a long round, but this one will be shorter. It concerns a prisoner, a German who has been confined in a Nazi concentration camp ever since nineteen thirty-three. His offence was that he used to be leader of the Peace Movement in Germany. The irony is that he has just been named as a candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize. He was nominated by the German League for the Rights of Man, which has its headquarters today in France.

This ^{has}~~is~~ the makings of a charming situation. If the Committee in Sweden were by any chance to award the Nobel Peace Prize to that prisoner, it would be grand fun watching the reactions in Nazi Germany.

(Bell)

JIMMY: Round six.

DEBTS

Let's take a swing at those foreign debts. The British don't seem to like the idea of paying in kind, goods instead of gold for the war debts. But even if John Bull won't settle his debts with monocles, the Italians are quite keen about the idea of paying up in spaghetti, salami and tenors. Maybe for good measure they'll throw in forty-seven thousand barbers in kind.

The French and the Italians are agreed on this one point.

LaBelle France also welcomes the idea of paying with shiploads of merchandise. Maybe she figures on sending us the Eifel Tower and a few thousand expatriate Americans, *and a few tons of those naughty Paris post cards.*

Let's study those debt figures. Great Britain owes the United States four billion, three hundred and three million, four hundred and eighty-seven dollars and thirty-nine cents. France owes three billion, seven hundred and ninety-eight million, four hundred and sixty-seven dollars, twenty-five and a half cents.

And Italy ---

(Bell)

L.T.:- But I'm not through with those figures.

Jimmy:- Yes you are.

(Bell)

Jimmy:- Round seven.

FLAG DAY

All right. Anyway --
It's time to wave the American flag, for today
is Flag Day. All over the country ceremonies were held in
honor of the Stars and Stripes, and Old Glory was flown everywhere.

It's an appropriate time to relate ^{that} ~~the~~ Congress, in
getting ready for adjournment, has passed two hundred and twenty-
four bills in one day. Two hundred and twenty-four new laws -
that's something to wave the flag about!

Among the benefits that Congress has thereby conferred
upon the ~~Uni~~ nation we find that you can now kill sea lions. If
you have any ambition to shoot or poison or choke a sea lion,
just go to Alaska. Open season is declared on the big marine
mammals because they are a menace to ^{the} salmon.

And then Mrs. Coolidge, widow of ~~the~~ ex-president, gets
franking privileges. She can send mail free for the rest of her
life. She'll never have to stand in line at the post office again.

I wonder whether the privilege extends to ^{free} money orders! *Cal would*

have enjoyed that.
~~also - farmers who are hard up can have six years to~~
~~pay their creditors.~~

Then there are twelve soldiers who went A.W.O.L. in

nineteen eighteen to visit their families. They were fined and put in the guard house. Now, Congress has pardoned them and they'll get back the money they paid in fines.

But the real Flag Day significance of those two hundred and twenty-four Congressional Bills is to be found in the one that makes Sergeant Albert Yorke of Tennessee a Major in the Army. Sergeant Yorke was acclaimed as the greatest single hero in the World War. The President is empowered to make him a Major and then retire him from active service.

I wonder why they haven't done that for Sam Woodfill.

Another Flag Day bit of news tells us that the United States Navy has been given a new Cincus. The old Cincus ~~is~~ has retired, and a new Cincus has been installed to the place of glory and power. Cincus is navy slang, for the Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet. The title is too long for radio and flag signally^{ing}, so they've shortened it down to the abbreviation of C-I-N-C-U-S.

So a new Cincus means that Admiral David Foote Sellers has retired as Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet and Admiral Joseph Mason Reeves is taking his place as the boss of a hundred and twelve mighty warships and all the gobs. The new Cincus is described

as a bearded sea lion - not the kind you are allowed to shoot in Alaska. He looks something like the stately Admiral Sims of War days.

(Bell)

Jimmy: Round ~~seven~~ eight!

BOAT

There's been an attack on the American Fleet. One of the destroyers in New York was rammed by a mysterious craft. There was a sinister crash at night as a boat hit the side of UncleSam's proud warship. But the criminal has been apprehended, and ~~he~~ is in the hands of the police.

He is Jimmy Hickens, a fifteen-year-old colored boy. Jimmy comes from Virginia. And he doesn't like New York so well. He had a ~~big~~ fuss with his family on West One Hundred and Fiftieth Street and decided to go back to Old Virginny, to visit his kinfolks down there.

So he went down to the dock and got into a rowboat and started to row. He hadn't got very far when he began to realize that it might be hard work rowing all the way down to Virginia. He saw a trim pleasure craft in the river, a sailboat with an auxiliary motor. He climbed aboard and ~~there~~ raised anchor. He couldn't hoist the sails and he couldn't start the motor. ~~There~~ So he just floated downstream, drifting back to Old Virginny.

By this time Jimmy was mighty hungry. He rummaged around in the boat, and low and behold! He found the galley

— fork chops presumably!
full of food. So he started to eat, with the appetite of a colored boy of fifteen. He ate and ate, forgetting all about navigation.

Then came the crash, the ~~xxx~~ assault on the dignity of the United States Navy. Driven by wind and current the boat smacked bango into the side of Uncle Sam's rakish, frowning destroyer Number 113. I don't suppose they cleared the decks for action or started shooting the guns, or anything like that. But the American sea fighters promptly captured the enemy and hauled him on deck.

"Were you trying to attack the American Fleet?" the stern question was put to Jimmy.

"No ~~sir,~~^{Boss,}" he sobbed. "I ~~was~~^{was} just trying to go back to Old Virginny."

So Jimmy was turned over to the children's society for care.

(BELL)

Jimmy: Round ~~stare~~ nine.

PRISONER

The Police Commissioner of New York says there should be a moratorium of jokes on coppers. But I can't resist this one about the police of Elizabeth, New Jersey. They received a request to find a missing man. They searched for days and days. And finally they found him by accident, and where do you suppose he was? Right in their own jail! He had been committed there on the charge of operating a moonshine still. The police of Elizabeth remind me of the absent-minded professor who went all over the house looking for his pants and finally found he had them on, underneath his pajamas!

(BELL)

Jimmy: Fight's over. You lose Lowell.

L.T.: Down but not out! SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.