

L.J. Simoco Tues, March 1, 1938.

ROOSEVELT

There's much argument and gossip about the appearance of the newest big-time author, the literary celebrity whose by-line reads - Franklin D. Roosevelt. The President is turning columnist, says one rumor - will grind out a regular column *straight from the White House.* a la Heywood Broun or Westbrook Pegler, He's getting fabulous money for his literary efforts - says another, sums commensurate with the fame and dignity of president of the United States. The first presidential magazine article is scheduled to appear on the ~~magazine~~ stands tomorrow, and today the heated controversy brought a statement from the White House.

Presidential Secretary Steve Early gave a formal account of the presidential activities as an author. There is to be no column signed - Franklin D. Roosevelt. The columnist rumors are false. *however* The President will [^]turn out a series of publications, which will include volumes of state papers and speeches,

magazine articles of presidential history and opinion, and *stenographic* ~~speeches~~ reports of White House press conferences, *to be printed* ~~then~~ *in the newspapers.* ~~press conference reports will be given to the newspapers for publication.~~

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Secretary Steve Early declared that the reports of presidential compensation are grossly exaggerated - the figure is far too big. One ~~report~~^{being} that Author ~~Franklin D. Roosevelt~~^{F. D. R.} is getting a hundred thousand dollars for the magazine articles, the first of which will appear tomorrow. Nonsense, says Steve Early. ~~and he proceeds to tell a story that pretty well accounts for the rumor. A magazine did approach the President and offer him ninety thousand dollars, the deal to include publication of the press conference reports. The President turned them down because he had promised the Washington correspondents that the write-up of his talks with newspaper men would be turned over to the newspapers for first publication. And a second magazine made an offer for articles without the press conference reports. This was accepted.~~ What's the figure? We aren't told - but merely informed that it's ~~well~~^{far} below ~~the~~^a hundred thousand, ~~well below ninety thousand.~~

Who gets the money? You'd naturally suppose - the author. Writers do like to get paid for their literary productions. But there are certain proprieties that bind the

President of the United States. He won't take any of the money, neither will his collaborator - Justice Samuel I. Roseman of New York. The Justice, who is known to be a White House advisor, has taken a hand in the preparation of the large bulk of the presidential material that is to be issued. We are not told just what part of the work he does as collaborator. The money for both President and collaborator will be devoted to a public purpose. As Steve Early today phrased it - to a useful public purpose under government direction. What purpose? We are not told. It has been decided where the money will go ^{but} - the announcement will be made later.

~~So it's pretty much~~ ^{So that's} cleared up - ^{much} the discussed appearance of President Roosevelt as an author. I just had a look at the first of his articles, which will be on the news-stands tomorrow. Meaning - I've had an advance ^{slant} ~~look~~ at tomorrow's LIBERTY. For ^{magazine} ~~publication~~ it's that Bernarr Macfadden ~~publication~~ which begins publication of the new headline author.

It gives a quick sketch of the problems of democracy

down the panorama of American history, and then comes to the Franklin Delano Roosevelt ideas as incorporated in the New Deal. That brings up an interesting point - New Deal, how did the expression originate and become a national by-word? Author Roosevelt, who coined the phrase, tells us in the LIBERTY article.

"On the occasion of the all-night session of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, in Nineteen~~Thirteen~~Thirty-Two, he writes, "I was at the Executive Mansion in Albany with my family and a few friends. While I had not yet been nominated, my name was still in the lead among the various candidates. Because I intended, if nominated, to make an immediate speech of acceptance at the Convention itself in order to get the campaign quickly under way, we discussed what I should say in such a speech. From that discussion and our desire to epitomize the immediate needs of the Nation came the ~~immediate~~ phrase 'A New Deal,' which was used first in that acceptance speech and which has very aptly become the popular expression to describe the major objectives of the Administration."

That's the presidential account of how the New Deal was named, and now we're to have copious presidential writings about what the New Deal means.

WHITE HOUSE

From the White House booms the resounding term - trust busting. The President today held a conference with his trust-busters, ^{including} ~~headed by~~ Chief Monopoly Smasher - Robert J. Jackson. Later on, the President declared he's going to send a special message to Congress on the subject of trusts and on monopolistic practice. The message will be sent soon. The President said he didn't want any abrupt, vio^let trust-busting legislation, but hoped that the laws against monopoly could be improved gradually, during the space of a couple of years.

From the White House also emanates ~~word~~ the word - phosphates. There's going to be a special message on that subject too. What about phosphates? Well, there seems to be a world shortage of these chemi~~cal~~ necessities. The President said today that he'll ask Congress to do som~~e~~thing about the phosphate shortage.

NAVY

Today, the House Naval Affairs Committee set aside ~~one~~ ^{three} million dollars. For what purpose? That takes us back to the sad story of American experience with great rigid dirigibles - the Shenandoah, the Akron and the Macon. After the disasters to the bigships, expert opinion turned against ~~those great dirigibles~~ ^{them. And} the explosion of the German Hindenburg didn't change the American state of mind. But now, ~~something has changed it. The~~ ^{the} United States is going to build another of those lighter-than-air sky monsters, one about the size of the ^{obsolete} "Los Angeles," ~~which is decommissioned, obsolete.~~

That's revealed by today's action of the Naval Affairs Committee. The Navy Bill provides fifteen million dollars for experimental work, and ~~two~~ ^{three} million of this is set aside to build the rigid dirigible.

PERSHING

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The doctors say that today is the critical day for General Pershing. If he survives through the night, he's likely to take a turn for the better and get well. The doctors add that it all depends upon his heart. Their diagnoses ^{states} ~~shows~~ that the heart of Pershing was strained by the lifelong rigors of his military profession - yes, strained on many a march, many a ~~command~~ ^{command} ~~demand~~ of his soldiers, and that supreme command - the A.E.F. in the World War.

REPUBLICANS

The Republican Party made its first step today towards seeking alliance with Democrats opposed to the New Deal. Dr. Glenn Frank, Chairman of the Republican Committee on Program, gave out the names of seven chairmen for committees in different sections of the country. And he made a statement, which points toward ^{that} ~~an~~ alliance with Democratic Anti-New Dealers.

"There's a philosophy developing," said he, "which is at complete variance with Republican and Democratic policies and thought. And it is probably inevitable that sooner or later those who think alike about the political and economic basis on which we should proceed will have to act as well as think alike."

So today we have the first move of what may turn out to be a major political phenomenon.

AUSTRIA

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The Austrian-Nazis staged wild demonstrations at the City of Graz today. Twenty thousand Hitler enthusiasts paraded in Brown Shirt uniforms, with chorus^{ed} shouts of - "One people, one reich!" Meaning - union with Germany.

The Number One Austrian Nazi is in Graz tonight, Dr. Von Seyss-Inquart, the Hitler supporter whom Chancellor Schuschnigg appointed to his Cabinet at Hitler's demand. The Doctor's presence in the Nazi hot-bed seems not so alarming. They say he was sent by Schuschnigg to pacify his partisans there, and arrange some sort of compromise with them.

STOKOWSKI

There was excitement today in the vicinity of Naples, Amalfi, Capri, the playground of southern Italy. There were inquiries about a mystery woman. The Italians were calling her, "la Donna Misteriosa." Who is she? Inquiries were made everywhere, with American newspaper men leading in the questions. ^{ing.} Tonight, the answer is given by a man whose name you've heard in the past, Dr. Axel Munthe. He's the Scandinavian physician who wrote a best-seller several years ago, "The Story of San Michele." The woman of mystery visited him at Capri today. And the Swedish author-doctor says that "la Donna Misteriosa" is none other than - Greta Garbo.

Who is the man with her? There's no question about that - Leopold Stokowski.

There have been rumors, often denied, that the famous orchestra conductor would marry the movie star. The rumor seems all the more plausible tonight, with the revelation that Stokowski and Garbo have been sojourning in deep secrecy in southern Italy - *maybe married and honeymooning.*

COP

When a man needs a shave -- that's simple. When a man can get a shave free -- that's simpler still. ^{At Canyon City,}
^{a Denver} Colorado, Patrolman, W. J. Ryan had that scrubby darkness on his jaw. He was visiting the State Penetentiary, and in the prison there's a barber shop, a convict working with a lathered brush and a razor. All of which could only mean -- a free shave for a cop.

So Patrolman Ryan took his place comfortably in the chair that leans back. The convict barber lathered his face, and then the patrolman chanced to take a good look at the convict's face. And that brought back memories of a few years ago. Patrolman Ryan recalled that big moment in his life -- a ten thousand dollar robbery of a Denver store, a spectacular gun battle, Patrolman Ryan shooting it out with the robber, Slim Johnson. He put a bullet in the robber, captured him and sent him to prison for a long stretch.

While the Patrolman was remembering all this, the convict started to strop the razor. Slap, slap -- the sharp steel edge on the leather. Patrolman Ryan, ^{reclining there, remembering:} ~~remembered~~ ~~the~~
^{Yes, that} convict barber was Slim Johnson, whom he had shot and sent to prison.

There was a wild yell as the cop leaped from the barber's chair and dashed out -- the white ~~lather~~ lather still all over his face. And Slim Johnson nearly laughed his head off, as he kept on stropping the razor.

~~Really a~~ terrifying moment in the Life of a cop, ~~while~~
stop! Stop!
~~this is the moment for me to say~~

~~SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW~~

CAPONE

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Today the month is March, and yesterday it was February -- that ~~is~~ obvious fact is the key note of today's story from San Francisco -- a story that tells of mysterious secrecy. A big shiny limousine cruising along the Embarcadero of San Francisco. A taxicab drives by. A quick hail from the limousine. A well-dressed woman ~~accompanied by~~ ^{and} a man get out in great haste, jump into the taxi and command -- Drive Fast to the Dock, the dock where the boat to Alcatraz was about to leave. ~~The woman~~ ^{and} ~~man~~ ^{were} Mrs. Al Capone, wife of Scarface Al, once underworld lord of prohibition in Chicago, ~~the man was~~ ^{and} Ralph Capone, whom they called "Battles" in the old days when he was a power as his brother's gang lieutenant. With as much hast^e and concealment as was possible, she keeping her face shielded by a large straw hat -- they took the boat for the fortress prison.

Mrs. Scarface Al visited her husband yesterday. She did it again today, accompanied by ~~his brother~~ "Battles." The stern rules at Alcatraz provide that no ~~prisoner~~ person may visit any prisoner more than once a month. That's why it's a dramatic point that yesterday was February and today is March. It explains

how the Number One prisoner of Alcatraz could receive visits from his wife on two successive days.

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All of this is a ^{tantalizing} [—] puzzling hint [^] of things hidden by the blank secrecy of Alcatraz -- reports of the mental break-down of Scarface Al, rumors that he ~~is~~ has gone mad. Perplexing and mystifying, and we have no clue to the enigma of those rapid-fire wifely visits in February and March.

Later, when they returned from Alcatraz, Mrs. Capone was cornered in her hideaway and said that Scarface Al was suffering from mental depression rather than insanity — and would recover.

WHIPPING POST

Is there any use of talking about the Baltimore whipping post, and its grim details today? Only this - that it is present day evidence of the meaning of the old-time cat and nine tails and the floggings that were a part of ^a~~the~~ previous era. The story tells of the prisoner, skinny and scrawny, sentenced to receive the seldom inflicted punishment because he was guilty of a particularly atrocious case of wife-beating. ^{Today} ~~he~~ ^{is} tied to the whipping post. The sheriff, ^{all} two hundred and twenty pounds, ^{of him} ~~and~~ six feet two, ^{— he holds} ~~has~~ the cat ^{and} ~~and~~ nine-tails. And he swings with a peculiar stiff armed motion. He must, according to law. He is forbidden to bend his elbow, for doing that he might weaken and soften the stroke of the whip. So, stiff armed, he whirls the cat o'nine tails.

In the old days it was a commonplace. In our time we may ask - was the punishment really so bad? Today's report from Baltimore will suggest an answer.

The first stroke didn't seem hard.

But a dark streak appeared across the wife-beater's back. All the strokes of the cat o'nine tails thudded softly,

but the second left another dark streak. And with the fifth, there were red streaks. With the sixth, the wife-beater groaned.

Thereafter he sobbed with each stroke. There were twenty in all, when the cat o'nine tails flashed for the last time, he seemed to have fainted. When he was released he walked away - with help.

Today's justice to a wife-beater gives a harsh meaning to the term "flogging" - all that cat o'nine tailing that was once ^{the} ~~in~~ vogue.

The wife who was beaten tried to see it, but they wouldn't let her in. Still bruised and battered, there was no let-up to her vindictiveness. She protested that the punishment should have been ^{the} ~~a~~ full measure of the law, a hundred lashes.

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"Instead of twenty, a hundred," said she.

Foel D'Annunzio

In his later years, the ~~poet~~¹ was haunted by the thought of death - as in his earlier years he seemed mad with the lust of life. The young poet who set Italy aflame, with his incredibly brilliant poems, novels and plays, master of the flaming and sensuous style. The flagrant lover, whose affairs made scandal around the world. The genius adored by Duse, who devoted her dazzling career and topmost fame to him, and whom he betrayed with a book that destroyed her - ~~a book~~^{a book} that was a prodigy of literary genius. The warrior, who flung himself into the conflict of the nations, flew and fought as an aviator. The international adventurer, who with his own private army seized the City of Fiume, in defiance of the Versailles Peace Conference, and thereby gained Fiume for Italy. The political thinker, to whom the basic ideas of Mussolini's Fascism are attributed. Yes, it's a picture of a genius maddened by life, ~~with~~^{with} that small, incredibly ~~bird-headed~~ bald, egg-headed, ugly man, who was the darling of gods and women. *In later years* his ~~the~~ "life-madness" turned into a fantasy of death!

A world poet, idol of Italy, he lived in a fabulous villa, in which he created for himself a strange room. He called it his "dying room."

It was decorated with daggers, pistols and bombs - instruments of death.

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In Italy I heard fantastic stories of how ~~he~~ once a year d'Annunzio would create a fiction for a day - that he was dead. On that day he retired to his dying room, and considered himself no longer in the land of the living. I was told that this yearly day of death was the anniversary of the day when a woman pushed d'Annunzio off a balcony, and he landed on his head, and nearly died. ~~He~~ He always said he wanted to be buried amid the surroundings of his dying room, the daggers, pistols and bombs; he wanted to be wrapped in a coverlet on which were inscribed secret signs - signs of which he only knew the meaning, signs of death. His last book was published in Nineteen Thirty-Six, the final production of his genius. It bore the strange title - ~~the~~ "A Hundred and a Hundred and a Hundred Pages from the Secret Book of D'Annunzio, Tempted to Die."

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What's the news about d'Annunzio tonight? He has died - in his death room. — d e l - u - t - l n .