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L.T. SUNOCO - WEDNESDAY, May 23, 1934

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:-

The hand of justice struck hard down in Louisiana.

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It was the hand of doom for a desperado who might be called Public Enemy Number two. And it was doom also for his sweetheart who ranked as America's woman Public Enemy Number One. A party of officers outshot Clyde Barrow, the notorious Texas rattlesnake and his flaunting girl friend, the cigar-smoking Bonnie Parker.

It was something like that savage business in the Wisconsin woods when the Dillinger mobsters in their car shot down the officer^s. But this time it was just the opposite. It was the criminals, the Texas rattlesnake and his girl who were out-shot and killed.

Clyde Barrow had, in eight years, made himself a reputation something like that of the historic Billy the Kid. In fact, the rattlesnake and Billy the Kid had many things in common, wanton cruelty and the lust to kill for the sake of killing.

And, like Billy the Kid, Clyde Barrow was ~~xx~~ small, boyish in appearance. He weighed only a hundred and twenty-one pounds. Although he built up a notorious reputation for courage, the police say he was yellow.

His career began when he was fifteen years old, in West Dallas, Texas. His first theft was that of an automobile. When he got out of jail he teamed up with another young criminal from Dallas. Between them, they piled up a record of robberies, burglaries and nine murders. Six of their victims were policemen.

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The Rattle Snake

~~He~~_^ met Bonnie Parker when she was only fifteen years old. She was already married to a man who was serving a prison term for murder. The cigar-smoking girl was a waitress in a restaurant, when Barrow met her.

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P The ^{two of them}~~two~~_^ got away with so many murders that a couple of Texas rangers resigned from the force, declaring that they would draw no more government pay until they had run down these ruthless killers. And these ^{seemingly}~~two~~_^ Texas rangers made good. They were with the Louisiana deputy sheriffs who shot it out with deadly aim

Rattle Snake
when Barrow and Bonnie Parker drove their car into the trap
that had been set for them near Sales, Louisiana.

ROBINSON

Out on the Pacific tonight there's a Navy destroyer. And somewhere in the sky there is a Navy seaplane with three surgeons aboard. On their way to save a life on a Pacific Isle of the Galapagos group.

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An American citizen, adventurous young William A. Robinson, went out to that little island with his wife and a cousin. The three are roaming the seven seas in a little yawl, knocking around the world.

On a tropic isle, in the South Pacific, Skipper Robinson was suddenly stricken with appendicitis. Mrs. Robinson sent out a radio call for help. It was picked up at Naval Headquarters in the Canal Zone, and relayed to Washington. Admiral Stanley, Chief of Staff, immediately issued instructions to Naval Headquarters in the Canal Zone to send out not only a plane but a destroyer, just to make sure. So the doctors started out across sea and sky. Let's hope they find it just a stomach ache.

I know Bill Robinson. He's no high mogul or important government official. He's just a plain American citizen, even as you and I. But Uncle Sam's Navy has gone to Bill's rescue.

SILVER

There's one thing to be noticed about the silver affair tonight. The President regards ^{it} as an international, as well as a domestic issue. Part of his plan is to persuade foreign nations to put a bit of silver into their money.

~~It would seem like a lopsided thing if we were on a double metallic basis while other nations ~~had~~ stuck to gold.~~

~~And the modern tendency is for nations to get onto a common basis. And certainly a common basis for money would seem important to world industry and commerce.~~

So that adds importance to what they are saying in Europe today. ^{But} _^ The silk-hatted financiers of London don't seem to put much stock in the presidential silver program. The Daily Telegraph believes that the President has merely had to yield to the silver element in Congress.

The Morning Post declares that when Mr. Roosevelt tries to get the European nations to adopt silver he will not succeed.

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In Paris opinion is even more scathing. The French papers make the ironical remark that the victory of silver in Washington comes under the head of neither finance nor economics -- just politics. So they say they are not interested.

In our own Congress there is the usual difference of opinion; except this time the split is a little more complicated. There is a row among the advocates of silver. Senator Key Pitman, one of the leaders, is strongly in favor of the new arrangement which he helped to frame. But there are other silver senators who are protesting violently. What they are kicking about principally is the "permissive" part of the President's bill, which merely gives the President permission to make silver part of our money base. The radical silverites want to turn silver into money and not merely give the President the option of doing what he likes about it.

Senator Long of Louisiana, the Kingfish, jumped into the row with his usual loud voice. He called the President's silver bill a hearse. Then continuing with his funeral symbolism he called it a coffin, in which, as he declared, "silver legislation has been embalmed."

N.R.A.

It looks as though everybody were taking a pot shot at the old Blue Eagle. And there's a very timely point to it all. The N.R.A.'s legal term of existence is nearly over. So it becomes necessary for President Roosevelt to make up his mind one way or the other, whether or not he will issue an executive order prolonging the life of the N.R.A. for another year.

The Darrow report is mild compared to the statement of a large group of editors and writers about the N.R.A. This was read to President Roosevelt at the White House last month, and has just been made public. The gist of the journalistic wail is that the N.R.A. has raised prices but has not raised wages correspondingly. The editors and writers claim that the minimum wage provisions of the N.R.A. need to be revised. They are far too low. The consumer, says their statement, is being grossly neglected by the New Deal and something should be done to protect you and me who buy the groceries.

Senator Nye of South Dakota shouts:- "The Blue Eagle is a bird of prey on the masses." But Senator Nye is always shouting.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Britten of Illinois demands a committee of investigation into the N.R.A. And then it will be time for the Blue Eagle to pray and all of us to pray.

But here's a cheer for the N.R.A. A shout of "Bravo!" It comes from the Argentine. An NRA code has been adopted by the Argentine cattle thieves. They have a cattle stealing blue eagle or, rather, a blue condor.

Cattle rustling is quite an industry down there on the pampas in South America. The rustlers have been complaining recently that the price of cattle has gone so low that what you get for the loot hardly covers the cost of stealing. So they got together and formed the Cattle Thieves Marketing Board. And they've adopted a code along the lines of our own NRA. They've got their own General Johnson, but they haven't any Clarence Darrow although it is reported that the President has offered to send him down to them. The code is working fine they say; the price of cattle has gone up so nicely that the cattle thieves now have a neat margin of profit over the cost of stealing.

ELECTORS

Senator Norris of Nebraska is a tenacious man. He had to work for years before he put thru the renowned Lame Duck Amendment. But he won, eventually, and the Lame Duck Session of Congress is no more.

Now he's after the electoral college. It is he who is leading the move to do away with that out of date institution. So far, Senator Norris hasn't put it across with his colleagues in the Senate. They've turned down the latest move to abolish the electoral college.

Well, the electoral college would certainly provide us with some real fun if it really behaved as an electoral college. That is to say, if the electors ever got together and decided among themselves who should be president of these United States, instead of being a rubber stamp for the mandate of the voters. Imagine the squawk that would go up if the electors did that! But that's constitutionally what they are supposed to be there for.

BALBOA, CANAL ZONE. - Two U.S. Navy seaplanes were 150 miles from their goal in the Galapagos Islands where they are rushing medical aid to William A. Robinson, suffering from appendicitis. They expected to arrive by 5:30 P.M., E.S.T. The flight resulted from a radio appeal from Mrs. Robinson, the former Florence Crane of Chicago. Robinson is the young American explorer.

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I'll now interrupt this program so that The National Broadcasting Company can present a special news bulletin which comes to us from the Press-Radio Bureau. The bulletin follows -

The bulletin you have just heard was from the Press-Radio Bureau of the Publisher's National Radio Committee. For further details read your local newspaper.

(Pause)

SPEAKEASY

I picked up a strange story in Atlantic City *this morning,*
before I came into New York.
~~yesterday~~ It's about a haunted speakeasy.

During the prohibition era that speakeasy flourished
with all the glitter and criminal doings of the ^{period.} ~~era~~ More
recently it was turned into a ~~hip~~ legal place of festivity
and highjinks.

The other day at the tick of midnight when the jazz
band was blaring its loudest a woman screamed and then
sobbed hysterically "It's Mervine. I see him there -- John
Mervine." ^π Yes, she thought she saw the ghost of the swagger
owner of the place back in speakeasy days, ^{the man} who had been killed
at midnight in a quarrel over a woman.

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And on nights that followed other people cried out
that they saw the ghost -- just at midnight. Then it was
remembered that another owner of the speakeasy had gone
violently insane, while still another, a woman, committed suicide,
leaving an explanation that a curse had been placed on the
building. The wife of the most recent owner fell down a stairway
and broke three ribs. And his daughter dropped unconscious

on the way to school.

So the festive night club, formerly a haunt of gaiety, has become known as a house of horror. Patrons heard all kinds of strange noises and other spectral manifestations. And they say that the ghost of John Mervine passed along the tables of the merrymakers and knocked over glasses with an unseen hand -- at midnight, always at midnight.

So business went bad, as the awe-stricken patrons ceased to come to the house of horror. Now it has gone out of business. They are turning it into an athletic club. And maybe the ghost won't bother the pingpong, hand balls and ~~dumbbells~~ dumbbells.

JAPAN

This is a bad week for the militarist party which has been ruling the roast in Japan up to now. The explosion of the bank scandal in Formosa seems as much of a sock in the eye to the moguls of Tokyo as the Stavisky affair was to the Government in France.

But here's an angle:- the Japanese bank scandal may prove a blessing in disguise. If it brings about the downfall of the militarist party, it will mean a far less aggressive Japanese foreign policy.

The general idea is that the Mikado's new government will be liberal in complexion. The probability is that the new Prime Minister will be the present Governor-General of Korea, who has been one of the foremost liberals in the Mikado's realm. That it itself would promise a more peaceful attitude on the part of Japan.

From Soviet Russia come occasional stories of Communist officials with a shady past -- a most exceedingly shady past, ~~for~~ from a Communistⁱⁿ point of view. There have been cases where powerful commissars ~~who are~~ honored as old-time Revolutionists ^{actually were} ~~have really been~~ Czarist spies ^{in the old days,} ~~in the ranks~~ of the Revolutionary conspirators.

~~They had never been found out, but had just gone on as Communists and been given places in the Soviet Government.~~

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A story of this sort ~~now~~ comes from Moscow, a case of monumental impudence. N. P. Sharov rose to honor in the Communist party, which is most exclusive and calls itself "A United fighting organization of proletarian discipline." Comrade Sharov told how under the Czar he had been engaged in secret ^{communist} ~~commission~~ activities and had been persecuted by the ~~the~~ Czar's officials. On the strength of his story he was granted a pension in reward for his services to the Revolution. But Comrade Sharov was still more ambitious. He applied for membership in the "Society of the Old Bolsheviki," the last

word in Communist swank and exclusiveness. As battlescarred veterans under the Red flag they are entitled to all sorts of privileges, reduced prices, and higher pay. Anybody applying for membership is closely investigated. And the way they blackball would-be members is worthy of the ^{Athenaeum}~~Athenaeum~~ Club in Philadelphia.

So they looked closely into the case of Comrade Sharov. They unearthed documents proving that his claim of being an old-time Revolutionist was entirely false. ^{And that he} ~~He~~ had been in the Czar's service as a telegraph operator and had filed application to become a member of the Czar's Secret Police. So Comrade Sharov has been summarily punished, also the Communists who sponsored him for membership. But the affair goes further than that. It has caused a scandal in Moscow, where such matters are taken most seriously and has brought about a movement to exercise a far stricter ~~vigilance~~ vigilance over the membership of the Communist party ~~of Russia~~ ^{of} Russia's ruling class.

SPAIN

Rumor is busy with the name of ex-King Alfonso.

When Alfonso took it on the run from Madrid, three years ago, he didn't stop to abdicate. And he gave people to understand that he never would. But the story today is that under no circumstances will the former lord of Granada and Seville ever return to the gloomy old Escorial palace in Madrid as king. He would rather yield his rights to his twenty-one year old son, Juan, now a cadet in the British Navy.

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Considerable point is given to this rumor by the arrival in Madrid of the Duke of Miranda. That lofty nobleman was King Alfonso's chief steward in the palmy days of the monarchy. And he has been sharing the King's exile. The Duke himself declares that he is returning to Madrid simply for a ~~ix~~ visit with the folks. But Madrid gossip has it that there is something official to his visit, that before he leaves he will probably announce the abdication of Alfonso.

SALVADOR

The League of Nations is exceedingly angry at the Republic of Salvador. It isn't quite sure what can be done to chastise a Central American republic. But, there is great indignation in Geneva and a feeling that "something ought to be done," Salvador should be spanked.

It's all because Salvador had the nerve formally to recognize the State of Manchukuo in the face of the League's displeasure. It was explained that El Salvador took this step as a matter of business. The country was in dire need of new markets for its coffee, one of the principal exports of the tiny republic.

Though smallest in area of all the Central American countries, it is the most densely inhabited. It's population is a little larger than that of Detroit, although not so many automobiles.

Nobody seems to know quite what to do about this storm in the Geneva teapot. Probably the League will shake its finger at Senor El Salvador and say "naughty!" And Salvador probably will reply: "Bananas to you -- and SO LONG UNTIL MANANA."