

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Today was big money day - on both sides of the ocean. It was "Budget Day" in both the United States and Great Britain. President Roosevelt sent his figures to Congress; Chancellor of the Exchequer Neville Chamberlain recited his in the House of Commons. In both cases giant outlays are shown, big deficits, the need of raising money - with emphasis on taxes.

In each case there's a demand for cash. (President Roosevelt asks Congress for a billion, five hundred million for relief. This is only part of the yearly outlay by government, a fraction of what's handed out. That total is 7 billion this year.) The British budget calls for a total to be spent of four billion, three hundred million dollars.

Most of our money goes to relief -- unemployment. In his message to Congress, the President made this remark: "The principal danger to civilization lies in those nations which, largely because of an armament race, are headed directly toward bankruptcy." That points significantly to the British budget.

The greater part of the more than four billion dollars demanded

by the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be devoted to Britain's giant rearmament program, which is scheduled to cost seven and a half billion dollars in five years.

(President Roosevelt reveals that the deficits the government faces are greater than the figures he predicted some time ago. For the fiscal year that ends on July First, we'll have a deficit of two billion and a half.) That's three hundred million dollars more than the President thought it would be, when he made a statement in January. For the next fiscal year, ending in July, Nineteen Thirty-Eight, the deficit will be four hundred and eighteen million dollars. It had been expected that there would be no deficit for this period, the budget virtually balanced - that's what the President thought in January.

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What about the British deficit? Neville Chamberlain announced that, in spite of the terrific rearmament expense, London's deficit will be less than nine million dollars. How do they keep the figures in the red so low?

That takes us to taxation. President Roosevelt announced^S that a congressional study of the tax problem is being made, and he gave^S a hint that more taxes ~~might~~^{may} be necessary. But in England, it's no hint. It's a declaration ~~that~~^{with} the most drastic emphasis. Neville Chamberlain today told the House of Commons that Englishmen would be taxed to the savage limit. He waxed ironic as he said: "It has been suggested that I tax bachelors, bicycles, cats, dogs, debutantes, fiction~~ers~~, loud speakers, and other things. None of these things are of any use to me." He said.

What is of use to him? The answer is - income tax. ~~He~~

To meet the stupendous expenditures for rearmament, today's ^{British} budget calls for an increase of income tax to a basic rate of twenty-five per cent. That means ~~at~~ basic, minimum, everyone to have ^{at least} a quarter of his income taken by ~~his~~ ^{Majesty's} government.

Of course the rate increases for large incomes - jumps high, sky high.

President Roosevelt today called for a cutting of expenditures, go easy on the spending. He took a stand against

throwing new oceans of money into relief. Retrench and balance the budget, was the word. In the British budget proceedings, there was little mention of economy. The slogan ^{there} was - rearm and spend, build sea fleets and sky fleets, no matter what it costs.

The presidential message ~~to Congress~~ ^{by Congress} was received with almost ^{unanimous} ~~renewed~~ applause. The New Deal leaders of course shouted, "Hurrah!" But so also did the Conservatives. Republicans, such as Senator McNary and Senator Vandenburg, nodded their approval. What they liked was the retrenchment part of it, the economy, less spending.

There was general applause too in the British House of Commons. There the M.P.s shouted, "Hear, hear!" It isn't pleasant to have an income tax with a minimum rate of twenty-five per cent - but all England is resigned to rearmament, the necessity of having stupendous fleets of ships and planes.

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There's one important ship in the news tonight, called by the romantic name -- SEVEN SEAS SPRAY. I don't know whether that craft has navigated in the flying foam of all the oceans, but it certainly did a bit of navigation today that has a point in the affairs of the nations. The SEVEN SEAS SPRAY did the thing that's been bitterly argued about for days -- it took a cargo of food into the starving left wing port of Bilbao.

That harbour was supposed to be blockaded by the insurgent fleet -- a blockade which London has half recognized amid growls of protest. Nevertheless the British food-ship steamed into the Bilbao-roadstead today without mishap. So maybe the rebel blockade isn't all that it's cracked up to be. *In fact she* was convoyed by left wing fighting ships. She didn't strike any mines either, which seems to indicate that entrance to Bilbao is not ~~has~~ dangerously cut off by explosive charges ~~as~~ as General Franco has been claiming.

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On the other side of the picture we find Franco warships capturing a merchant vessel bound for the left wingers of Northern Spain. The rebels claim it was loaded with munitions.

Perhaps it was from Mexico. And Norway reports that one of its ships has been captured by insurgent vessels off Gibraltar.

So tonight the Spanish headline is maritime, ships and harbours -- while the international arms blockade of the Spanish Coast has begun its coast patrol.

BASEBALL

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At the Yankee Stadium today New York and Washington were battling through the innings of a tough game. Notables and celebrities were there -- Mayor La Guardia, Judge Landis, President Harridge of the American League. They were in the middle of the band playing and the flag raising and all the other festivities. Off in the left-field stands sat a hero of times gone by. Little attention was paid to him, none of the cheers were roared his way -- a forgotten hero. From this note of sentiment you may have guessed who he was. Yes, Babe Ruth. Does the forgotten hero ever rise out of his obscurity, and shine again -- for a brief glorious instant? How ~~can~~^{could} that happen there at the Yankee Stadium? The Babe wasn't in the game. How ~~can~~^{could} he shine?

In the fourth inning Crosetti the flashy New York shortstop was at bat. Across the plate came the ball and Crosetti took a vicious cut at it. He hit it hard, but not quite true. The ball went streaking, a sizzling drive -- but it was foul. You know those foul drives into the stands that seem as if they might kill somebody and ~~then~~ have been known to

bean people dangerously? It was one of them. It went smack into a box. There somebody caught it. And who was it? The Babe himself. The crowd, afraid that somebody might be hit, saw the old Bambino rise with a flash of his old fielding glory. He dragged the ball down -- the great ~~outfielding~~ out-fielder once more. And forty-five thousand fans broke into a roar of acclaim. Once more Babe Ruth got a cheer. The cheer of the day.

That only whetted the Babe's appetite for more. Later in the game a Washington hitter drove a high foul his way. He leaned so far out of the box trying to catch it that he collided with the Yankee fielder trying to make the catch.

and both missed the ball!

Oh yes, and the Senators beat the Yankees, 3 to 2.

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HORNSBY

Roger Hornsby says his legs are feeling pretty good - and legs are as important in baseball as they are in a musical show. Hornsby symbolizes the improvement of his under-pinnings with the figure eighty-eight. No, he hasn't ~~got~~ eighty-eight legs - that would make him almost a centipede. The hefty right-hand hitter, once king of batsmen, has set his ambition - to make eighty-eight hits this year. Times were when Roger Hornsby would end the season hitting around four hundred; and eighty-eight bingles would look ~~rather~~ small to him. But last year, Hornsby sat most of the time on ^{the} bench - as manager of the St. Louis Browns. He played only in a few games, and made only a couple of hits all season. He still had the eye to see the ball and the shoulders to sock it - it was his legs that had slowed up, and he felt like an elephant going around the bases. Now he feels new life in his knees and ~~ankles~~ ^{ankles}, so he expects to make eighty-eight hits this year.

Why that particular figure? Hornsby needs just that

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many, just eighty-eight, to bring his lifetime total up to three thousand. He wants to end his baseball career by having people say - "There's Hornsby who made three thousand hits!"

ROBBERS

In Chicago, George Kusan was alive - that's the point of this story. He was shot in a hold-up, but had not been killed - just wounded. So there was no capital crime. No murder charge against the robbers - two of them. Assault and robbery^{cy} was all. But they didn't know - they were in the dark.

Scene in ~~the~~^a station house ; the detectives questioning ~~the~~^{the} two stick-up men, had them under arrest, had the goods on them.

Grudgingly, reluctantly, they confessed what they could not deny - the robbery and shooting. They had to admit the truth - though they didn't know. Was it murder? They were in the dark.

Then came the falsehood, the devastating lie, as a detective spoke! - ^{"I suppose you know"} he said to the prisoners with cold menace "that Kusan has died." ^{"I suppose you know!"} The two men turned pale. They saw before them - the murder charge, the certainty of doom. They ~~bro~~ke down with shattering despair - "We're through; we're cooked." And they began to talk - they might as well admit everything. They confessed to murder, real murder - nothing false or fictitious about this ^{one.} They told how they had committed a number of robberies, in one of which they killed Edward Newroski - shot ^{him} down while

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resisting the stick-up.

So the detective's lie ^{had dragged out the} ~~brought out the dark~~ truth.

False murder brought real murder to light. For Kusan is
still alive.

SCANDALS

A beauty testified in a New York court today, a beauty one time ~~of~~ the "Scandals." Her testimony was financial. Miss Dorothy Savine of Broadway glow and glitter, suing a rich man of St.Louis - for a business deal. The lady, so lovely in the chorus, declares that he engaged her as his financial advisor - at three hundred dollars a month.

Do you think that a pretty head cannot contain complexities about stocks and bonds? Do you think that baby blue eyes were not made to scan Wall Street charts and figure? If so, lend an ear to this testimony by the former beauty of the "Scandals." "He said he wanted me to watch conditions in Wall Street. He gave me a hundred dollars in advance. Then he went to Europe."

So the Broadway beauty was ~~me~~ to be a bewitching wizard of Wall Street - but the rich man of St.Louis denies all.

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CARRIE NATION

In the middle west, a shadow must be walking tonight, a little, sharp-faced woman in old-fashioned clothes - and she carries a hatchet. Yes, the shade of Carrie Nation, and she smiled, must have ~~xxsmile~~ with a pious smile upon the Reverend William Dray - and his brick. Because he's the male. "Carrie Nation" of ~~the~~ day.

The Reverend Dray, fifty-nine year old minister of Vesta, Arkansas, is a crusader against Demon Rum. Instead of chopping up a saloon with a hatchet as Carrie Nation did, he tossed a brick through the front plate glass window, of one of those dens of iniquity, with a bar and a brass rail, customers and a bartender.

The Reverend Dray was arrested ^{d.} The judge asked him why he heaved the brick, to which the response was a severe scolding *about the bottle that leads to the downward path.*
~~with demon rum.~~

The judge pronounced sentence. And here's where the smile ^{on} of Carrie Nation's face must turn into a ~~formidable~~ scowl.

Because the judge sentenced the Reverend Dray to pay a hundred dollars and costs. Total - a hundred and fifteen dollars and

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seventy-five cents. He refused to pay, whereupon the judge ordered him to jail to serve out the fine at the rate of seventy-five cents a day - meaning five months in the calaboose. So the shade of Carrie Nation must indeed be frowning, with that most righteous and formidable frown of hers.

DIVINE

Today near Kingston, New York, an armed posse^F stalked through the gates of Heaven and invaded the Promised Land. They were looking for Father Divine, the negro cult leader, who calls himself "God" - and is worshipped by numerous followers, both black and white, ^{worshipped} as a divinity. The report was that the self-styled diety had taken refuge in that up-state heaven. They didn't find him, although they searched high and low, - also with caution. The posse^F consisted of state troopers and deputy sheriffs, twenty-five strong. They needed both strength and caution after what had happened in Harlem.

In the Harlem Heaven - "God" was among his angels.

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Meaning, Father Divine was haranguing twenty-five hundred of his believers into a wild frenzy. The big meeting hall was throbbing with ^{the} ~~the~~ fervor of excitement. The stocky little brown cult leader ~~is~~ ^{sixty} ~~years old~~ ^{years old} was shrieking his heavenly message. He was up in the spirits, as Harlem expresses it.

The frenzied fervor of religion was at its height in the Kingdom, when in the twelfth row a man arose - a white man - and in his hand he held a paper. He walked up the aisle to the

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dark divinity, and on the pulpit he slapped - a summons, a document in a lawsuit.

Instantly, pandemonium broke loose. With a yell, Father Divine grabbed the process server by the shoulders. His angels shrieked in wild bedlam: "He's fighting God!" they screamed. And they surged forward in a maddening, storming mob. The process server disappeared under a storm of blows in a wild melee. It took a squad of police to clear the hall. And the process server went to the hospital with broken ribs and a stab wound - dangerously if not fatally, hurt.

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Today the police held three of the angels accused of being foremost in the attack. One of them, a dusky seraph who bears the name of "Happy Boy Job", although Job was renowned mostly for his trials and tribulations. The police meanwhile are looking for Divine, the divinity who presides over that Heaven in which they raise so much - Cain. *And s-l-u-t-m.*

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