GOOD EVENING, Everybody:-

The quality of color. The same thing is true in sports and in politics, not to mention paint, both house and picture. Some days it's all news and no color, important stories. Serious, rather dry. But how about a day when it seems to be all color and no news? That's pretty much the case this evening. Real headlines are few and far between. But on the other hand, there's a wealth of details, chock full of odd happenings, exotic scenery and romantic glamour.

The mr European crisis which has been clamoring so loudly has quieted down to a whisper. And that's a relief. We get tired of hearing about the same thing day after day, what England says and what France intends to do, and the state of affairs in Italy, Germany, Poland and Lithuania. And moreover, the old saying certainly does apply to the European imbroglio -- no news is good news.

three-cornered alliance between England, France and Italy.

France would rather have a general treaty, embracing all European nations, Germany included. But if she can't get that she will try for a three-power, English-French-Italian pact with each country ready to jump in and help the other.

It sizes up this way -- everybody is waiting for the conference at Stresa. The expectant silence today tends to make that international present pow-wow loom all the bigger. One bit of fresh information is that Austria intends to make an appeal to Stresa on behalf of her own re-armament plans. The Vienna government has followed Germany's example in defying the peace treaties, and has announced that Austria intends to build up a regular-sized army, and now will ask the international conference to puts its okay on this.

IRELAND.

GOING ON WHICH FORMERLY WAS A THING OF SPECTACULAR DRAMA,
BUT NOW IS ALMOST UNNOTICED. IRELAND KEEPS DRIFTING
FURTHER AWAY FROM ENGLAND. THE ISLAND OF COURSE STAYS RIGHT
THERE, THOSE TWO FATEFUL PIECES OF NORTH ATLANTIC LAND ARE
INSEPARABLY JOINED AS NEIGHBORS. BUT POLITICALLY IRELAND
CONTINUES TO PUSH TOWARD A COMPLETE SEPARATION, DOGGEDLY,
INSISTENTLY. IT LOOKS AS IF SOON THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY TIE
LEFT. I WONDER HOW FAR ENGLAND WOULD GO TO PREVENT A COMPLETE
AND FINAL BREAK.

DUBLIN. PRESIDENT DE VALERA HAS SIGNED A BILL DECLARING THAT
THE PEOPLE OF THE IRISH FREE STATE ARE NO LONGER BRITISH SUBJECTS.
ACCORDING TO THIS, IRISHMEN HEREAFTER WILL NOT BE UNDER THE
PROTECTION AND THE JURISDICTION OF THE UNION JACK, THE PRINCIPAL
MEANING OF WHICH CONCERNS THE WEARERS OF THE GREEN IN FOREIGN
LANDS. THEY SAY THERE IS NO UNANIMOUS AGREEMENT ON THE SUBJECT
IN OLD ERIN. SOME IRISHMEN BELIEVE THAT THE STATUS OF A THROWN

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BRITISH SUBJECT HAS ITS ADVANTAGES, WHICH NEED NOT BE SACRIFICED

AS A GESTURE OF HOSTILITY TOWARD ENGLAND. BUT THE MAJORITY SEEM

TO BE WITH PRESIDENT DE VALERA, WHO KEEPS HIS AUSTERE AND

DETERMINED EYES FIXED ON THAT ANTI-BRITISH GOAL TO WHICH HE

HAS BEEN DEVOTED FOR SO MANY YEARS -- COMPLETE FREEDOM FOR

IRELAND.

OF COURSE, LONDON HAS A GOOD DEAL OF INTEREST IN THE MATTER.

WHAT'S HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT DOING ABOUT IT? WELL, THEY'RE

DOING JUST ABOUT WHAT THEY'VE DONE IN THE CASE OF OTHER

SEPARATIONIST MOVEMENTS ON THE PART OF DUBLIN. NOTHING MUCH -
AT LEAST NOTHING ACTIVE. BRITAIN CHOOSES TO IGNORE THE MATTER.

LONDON'S ATTITUDE IS THAT THE FREE STATE HAS NO RIGHT TO

DEPRIVE THE IRISH PEOPLE OF BRITISH CITIZENSHIP AND THAT THERE
FORE NO ATTENTION WILL BE PAID TO THE BILL.

British news of late has had bits about a sort of mystery doctor who is a sensation on the Island of Ceylon. They have been having a dreadful plague of Malaria on that island south of India. The report was that a doctor A. T. W. Simeons arrived from Bombay and offered to conquer the epidemic. He had a mysterious new drug. He asked neither fees nor expenses. So they gave him a corner in the Colombo General Hospital and with his wife as his assistant he began to treat the Malaria stricken natives. And then tidings and rumors spread of the miracles Dr. Simeons was accomplishing. The ordinary quinine treatment for that type of serious tropical malaria takes days for relief, and then there may be relapses. But with the Doctor's magical drug, an injection of three-tenths of a dram of it cured the worst malaria cases in five days and never a relapse. That's how the stories went.

CONTROVERSIES WERE STIRRED UP. THE CELONESE AUTHORITIES WERE WILLING THAT FIFTY THOUSAND ISLANDERS SHOULD BE
GIVEN THE INJECTIONS. THEY WERE WILLING THAT THE DOCTOR
SHOULD CONTINUE TO DO IT FREE. OTHER POLITICAL LEADERS MADE
AN ISSUE OF THAT AND DEMANDED THE MIRACLE WORKER SHOULD BE
REWARDED HANDSOMELY.

ASTONISHING SOUND, BUT TODAY COMES WORD (THAT SEEMS DISILLUSIONING.) IT GIVES THE NUMBER OF DEATHS. THE PLAGUE SEEMS TO
BE CONTINUING UNABATED, MIRACLE OR NO MIRACLE. FIFTY-FOUR
THOUSAND FATALITIES SINCE THE EPIDEMIC LAST. NOVEMBER; SIXTEEN
THOUSAND IN FEBRUARY ALONE. Rex Barton, the traveller who has just been there, says it is the worst malaria plague in the history of that lovely island.

A WILT WEST WORLD IN THE STREET AT YOUR SHAPE WAY, WITH

JAPAN .

GRAND IMPERIAL DOINGS ARE BEING SOLEMNIZED IN TOKIO.

PROFOUND SALAAMS AND A CHORUS OF BANZAI FROM EVERYBODY EXCEPT

THE AMERICAN COWBOYS. AN EMPEROR IS VISITING AN EMPEROR. THE

LORD OF THE DRAGON THRONE IS CALLING ON THE SON OF HEAVEN.

AND THOSE AMERICAN COWBOYS MUST CHECK THEIR SIX SHOOTERS AT

THE DOOR.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, KANG TEH, OF MANCHUKUO HAS

ARRIVED IN TOKIO FOR A MISSION OF STATE. THE IMPERIAL BARGE

STEAMED INTO HARBOR BETWEEN LONG LANES OF NIPPONESE BATTLESHIPS,

CRUISERS AND SUBMARINES, WHILE TWENTY-ONE GUN SALUTES BOOMED

OUT. THE MANCHUKUAN MONARCH IS DISCUSSING INTERNATIONAL

AFFAIRS WITH THE EMPEROR HIROHITO, WHO RULES OVER THE LAND OF

THE RISING SUN. VARIOUS AFFAIRS OF GREAT AND LOFTY STATECRAFT

ARE INVOLVED IN THE VISIT, NOT INCLUDING THE QUESTION OF THOSE

AMERICAN COW PUNCHERS AND THEIR SIX SHOOTERS.

A WILD WEST RODEO IS BEING STAGED AT YOKOHAMA, WITH

COW PUNCHERS FROM TEXAS, WYOMING AND OKLAHOMA RIDING THE BUCKING

BRONCS AND THE BRAHMA STEERS. ON THE DAY OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE

EMPEROR OF MANCHUKUO, A DOZEN UNIFORMED JAPANESE POLICE OFFICERS ARRIVED AT THE RODEO. AND TOLD THE BRONCHO BUSTERS THAT THEY'D HAVE TO GIVE UP THEIR PISTOLS. THEY COULD USE THE SIX SHOOTERS FOR WILD WEST NOISE-MAKING DURING THE PERFORMANCE, BUT AFTERWARD THEY'D HAVE TO TURN THE ARTILLERY IN AT THE LOCAL POLICE STATION. THEY WOULD GET THE PISTOLS BACK FOR THE NEXT SHOW, AND SO ON. THE COWPUNCHERS SAID: "HOW COME?" BUT NO EXPLANATION WAS GIVEN. HOWEVER. THE POLICE DID TELL THEM THE GUN-CHECKING ROUTINE WOULD BE CONTINUED ONLY AS LONG AS THE EMPEROR MINIMUM WAS IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN. SO THE CAUTIOUS POLICE SEEM TO BE AFRAID THAT ONE OF THE RODEO RIDERS MIGHT TAKE A POT SHOT AT HIS MAJESTY OF MANCHUKUO. I DON'T SEE WHY ANYTHING LIKE THAT SHOULD BE SUSPECTED. I DOUBT IF MANY OF THE RIDE-EM-COWBOY RODEO HEROES KNOW WHERE MANCHUKUO IS, OR WHETHER KANG TEH IS A RIVER OR A KIND OF ORANGE PEKOE.

BUT, ANYWAY IT USED TO BE A GOOD OLD WESTERN DANCE HALL
CUSTOM -- CHECK YOUR SIXSHOOTERS AT THE DOOR. AND NOW IT'S BEING
REVIVED IN JAPAN.

3

THE NEWS FROM WASHINGTON CHIEFLY CONCERNS THE SENATE MUNITIONS INQUIRY AND THE UNITED STATES NAVY. THE SENATE COMMITTEE IS LOOKING INTO VARIOUS ACCUSATIONS THAT CERTAIN PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO INFLUENCE THE GOVERNMENT IN GRANTING CONTRACTS. ONE CHARGE IS THAT THE PRESIDENT'S SON, JAMES ROOSEVELT, HAD SOUGHT TO INFLUENCE THE AWARD OF NAVAL SHIPBUILDING CONTRACTS. AND THE COMMITTEE IS STRIVING TO PUT ACROSS A DRASTIC BILL TO ELIMINATE WAR PROFITS, MAKING MONEY ON MUNITIONS IN TIME OF WAR.

THE NAVY CERTAINLY SEEMS TO BE IN A MOOD OF GOODWILL.

THE PEACE ORGANIZATIONS ARE SWIRLING WITH ACTIVITY, AND PUTTING

ON PRESSURE, AND, THEY HAVE SUCCEEDED IN INFLUENCING THIS YEAR'S

NAVAL MANOEUVERS OF THE UNITED STATES WAR FLEET. JAPAN IS

STAGING HER OWN MANOEUVERS FAR OUT IN THE PACIFIC -- HALF WAY

ACROSS THE OCEAN. THE AMERICAN ADMIRALS DECIDED TO DO THE

SAME THING. THIS LED TO LOUD PROTESTS BY THE PEACE PEOPLE.

AND THE NAVY DEPARTMENT GAVE IN TO THE EXTENT OF DECIDING THAT

OUR WAR GAMES WILL KEEP PLENTY FAR AWAY FROM THE SCENE

OF JAPANESE ACTIVITIES. OUR SHAM BATTLE FIGHTING SHIPS

WILL KEEP TO WITHIR TWO THOUSAND MILES THIS SEDE OF TOKIO.

THEN WE HEAR OF STILL FURTHER GESTURES OF PEACE AND GOODWILL. ADMIRAL UPHAM, THE COMMANDER OF UNCLE SAM'S PACIFIC FLEET, WILL TAKE HIS FLAGSHIP ON A FRIENDLY VISIT TO YOKOHAMA THE DAY THE MANOEUVRES START, AND AFTER THAT THE ADMIRAL WILL PAY GOODWILL CALLS AT OTHER JAPANESE PORTS.

AND FURTHER, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY SWANSON ANNOUNCES

TODAY THAT THE U.S.NAVY WILL STICK TO THE PRESENT NUMBER OF

SHIPS AND NOT START ANY BUILDING PROGRAMS. UNCLE SAM WON'T

JOIN IN ANY NAVAL RACE. HOWEVER, WARNED THE SECRETARY, IF ANY

OTHER NATION STARTS ANY WILD SHIPBUILDING PROGRAM, WE MIGHT

BE TEMPTED TO CHANGE OUR MINDS.

BUT NOW LETS LOOK AT SOME OF THAT COLOR I MENTIONED.

SUNOCO BOWLING

Tonight I am broadcasting from a banquet room, Maybe some of you will begin to think that I spend my life going from one banquet to another. But I couldn't survive any such ordeal.

However, tonight I am attending a banquet that is of unusual interest to me. Sitting around me here in this magnificent ballroom of the Penn A. C. which looks like some gorgeous oriental palace - and about the size of the Grand Ballroom at the Waldorf - sitting here are about a thousand bowlers, lads who are experts on rolling 'em down the alley. These gentlemen belong to the Sunoco Bowling League which has grown until it includes teams in forty-eight cities. The Sun Oil Company, which sponsors this news broadcast, also sponsors things of that kind for its employees. And it creates a lot of good feeling. At any rate, these chaps certainly don't look down-hearted.

(Uproar and applause)

Evidently they are not.

But let's bowl along to another news item.

ROCKEFELLER.

THAT LATEST PRINCELY GIFT OF THE ROCKEFELLERS TO

NEW YORK CITY HAD ME LISTENING TODAY TO SOME QUAINT

MEDIEVAL LORE. AND IT MAKES ME THINK OF -- A UNICORN AND

A MONOCLE. THE UNICORN AS THE FABULOUS BEAST WITH THE

DINGLE HORN, AND A MONOCLE IS A SINGLE EYEGLASS. MOREOVER,

THE MAN WHO TOLD ME ABOUT THE UNICORN WAS WEARING A

MONOCLE.

JOHN D.ROCKEFELLER, JR., IS PRESENTING A PRIME AND PRICELESS TREASURE OF ART TO THAT CLOISTER OF ART WHICH HE WILL BUILD ON TOP OF THE HIGHEST HILL IN MANHATTAN, THE ART TREASURE IS A SET OF TAPESTRIES CALLED - "THE HUNT OF THE UNICORN."

FEW WWW MEN IN THIS BROAD LAND WHO IS ALWAYS SEEN WITH AN EYECLASS SCREWED IN HIS EYE. HE IS CARL FREUND, THE ART EXPERT WHO IS A SPECIAL ADEPT ON THE SUBJECT OF "THE ANIMAL IN ART." HE RELATED HOW IN THE MIDDLE AGES THE FABULOUS UNICORN WAS THE MYSTICAL SYMBOL OF KNIGHTHOOD.

IT REPRESENTED THE PURE AND THE UNAPPROACHABLE, BECAUSE THE PERFECT KNIGHT WAS PURE, AND PURITY WAS UNAPPROACHABLE. THE IDEA OF COURSE ORIGINATED IN THE EAST, WHERE THE ONE-HORNED ASIATIC RHINOCEROUS IS THE PROTOTYPE OF THE UNICORN. OUT IN THE EAST TODAY THEY MAKE A MAGICAL POTION OF POWDERED RHINOCEROS HORN, ALONG WITH PULVERIZED EMERALDS AND CHOPPED-UP TIGERS' WHISKERS. THE IDEA WAS BROUGHT TO EUROPE BY THE CRUSADERS. AND IN EVERY BARONIAL CASTLE THERE WAS A PHIAL OF THAT WONDER-WORKING POWDER, IMPORTED FROM THE INDIES. AND WITH THIS RHINOCEROS-HORN-MEDICINE WENT THE UNICORN LEGEND. IT WAS BELIEVED THAT WHOEVER COULD CAPTURE THE UNICORN WOULD GAIN THE PERFECT SOUL OF KNIGHTHOOD.

SO THAT'S THE MEANING OF THOSE TAPESTRIES SHOWING THE HUNT OF THE UNICORN. JOHN D.ROCKEFELLER IS SAID TO HAVE PAID A MILLION AND A HUNDRED AND TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THEM. HE'S GOING TO HOUSE THEM IN THE TWO MILLION AND A HALF DOLLAR EDIFICE BUILT LIKE A MEDIEVAL MONASTERY. AND MODERN MACHINE-AGE-AMERICANS WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE HOW MEDIEVAL KNIGHTS AND LADIES SOUGHT THE UNICORN. SYMBOL OF THE PURE AND UNAPPROACHABLE.

3-ROCKEFELLER

"ITS A LOT OF MONEY FOR A UNICORN," SAID CARL FREUND,
ADJUSTING HIS MONOCLE.

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Exactly twenty years ago I had the fun of taking a four hundred mile ride, across the Cascade range of mountains, in the cab of the first electric locomotive put into use by an American xx railroad. That was on the Milwaukee -- bound for Seattle.

Today I happened to have a similar experience -- came from New York here to Philadelphia in the cab of one of these new streamlined Pennsylvania engines. It would take fifteen minutes to describe the experience to you, but in a few seconds, what impressed me was this: - The terrific xx power, the phenomenal way in which the signals work, the smoothness with which you glide along at high speeds -- oh yes, and they even have a washroom for the engineer and fireman. It's about as nice in the cab as it is back in the Pullman car. The engineer was C. O. Eldridge, seventy years old atth Only a few weeks more until he retires. One of the officials let me take the engineer's seat and operate the controls at between seventy and eighty miles an hour, streaking along to the city of Brotherly Love.

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Instead of shoveling coal the fireman stands on the other side of the cab watching the electric signals and calling out:- "All clear!" Or, if it isn't all clear I suppose he calls cut:- "Slow 'er down! Man on the track!" - or "Blonde on the track!" Or something like that.

Although Jimmy Wallington is in Radio City, at

Rockefeller Center, and I'm over here in Philadelphia, I have

an idea that right now Jimmy is shouting to me:- "Slow 'er down!

Put on the brakes!" So, to avoid a head-on radio collision with

him I'll do just that, I'll jam on my brakes and say --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.