

Things have been moving fast in ~~the~~ new love and friendship between the United States and Japan. Right on the heels of ~~that~~ exchange of peaceful promises across the Pacific, comes a significant act in ~~the~~ ^{our} Senate. The lawgivers of Capitol Hill have passed the Philippine Independence bill, by an overwhelming majority of sixty-eight to eight. Which sends the bill hurrying to the White House, to ~~wait on~~ the President's desk, for his decision.

Of course, in this matter of Philippine independence, Japan has a predominant place on the sidelines. The Philippines are mighty close to the archipelago of the rising sun. The two groups of islands might be called sister archipelagos.

The latest is a report that Japan is willing to guarantee the neutrality of the Philippines. The New York Times correspondent at Tokyo cables a statement by an official spokesman of the Japanese Foreign Office, who declares that if it would please the United States, Japan would be willing to enter into a formal arrangement to guarantee the independence of the islands.

Let's look at the points of disagreement between our republic and their empire. There is the naval question.

Japan is not satisfied with the five-five-three naval ratio.

She'd like to have more than three. Five would suit her better -- that is, equality of seapower with Britain and the United States.

And then there's the Japanese Exclusion Act. They resent it. They think they should be treated like other nations-- on a quota basis. This would allow only a hundred or so Japanese into the country a year. That is negligible, but the exclusion of all Japanese is an affront to the proud little men of the Orient, where pride is so touchy.

Then there is the recognition of Manchukuo. The United States refuses to recognize that Japanese-created nation. American recognition of Manchukuo would strengthen Japan's position.

Add to these factors the problems that will arise from Philippine independence, and you have the controversial background of these protestations of amity and peaceful arrangement between our Uncle Sam, ^{he} of the chin whiskers and red, white and blue suspenders, and the Mikado who rules as the son of heaven.

Let's listen to Hitler as he says: "No, we Germans have no thoughts of war. No shrechlichkeit. We are a peace-loving people. Soldiers? Why, look at our trifling little army of a hundred thousand."

Then up speaks General Goering, the Premier of Prussia and leader of the civilian aviation unit called "Goering's Blue Boys."

R "What~~s~~ says Goering of the iron fist?" "Be proud!" he shouts. "Proud that we are laughed at as a nation in military boots. We know what valiant service these boots have done for us. We know that the revival of the Prussian spirit has given back to the Fatherland her lost honor."

There you are. You pays your money and you takes your choice. *It does look as though there is some contradiction there.*

SUBMARINE

All too many times the world has been shocked by having to read of sailors trapped on the bottom of the ocean in a sunken submarine. And now the British Admiralty has decided that these episodes of horror must not happen again. The Lords of the Admiralty have equipped all of John Bull's submarine fleet with a new, foolproof safety device -- a gadget which shoots men out of the submarine to the surface.

The Jack-tars will have to learn an additional drill. It takes considerable practice to use this device. You can't just reach for it, snap the button and shoot up through 200 feet of water, to the surface.

A similar device was invented by Lieutenant Mumford of the U.S. Navy, and I believe it has been used on American submarines for some time.

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SHEBA

I've always been tantalized by the mystery of the Queen of Sheba. The lady who paid that memorable visit to King Solomon is one of the most famous women in history and yet we know practically nothing about her.

I wonder whether the discovery made by those two French aviators will really throw any light on the subject? They have just returned to Paris from their flight over the Arabian desert, the Rub-al-Kali, with pictures of the place they think was the great Queen's capital. I learn that their photographs indicate it to have been a city of marvelous buildings with temples and towers rising hundreds of feet into the air.

Bertram Thomas, the celebrated British explorer, who was the first European ever to cross the formidable Rub-al-Kali, also ran across the ruins of what had been once a great and rich city. But in his account he made no mention of great temples and towers.

It's a baked and blistered desert now, but we still call it Arabia Felix, and it was indeed "Happy Arabia" with

SHEBA

kingdoms of frankincense and myrr.

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surely the world's eye it would have been safe to reckon
not only the American but of a hundred other nations what the Grand
National was. And of those who did, a considerable number didn't
know whether it was a flat race or a steeplechase. Nowadays, however
millions of folks from coast to coast are curious about this English
classic steeplechase. The victory of "Golden Miller" of Aintree
today was broadcast across the ocean to the N.B.C. networks and
then re-broadcast to all America.

Last year the winner was a horse owned by an American.
This year the best Uncle Sam got was second and third places
horses owned by J. B. Snow and John Hay Fahey.

That course of Aintree is considered the most difficult
in the world. You've seen it in the movies. Usually only about
twenty-five percent of the starters make the race.

I heard a story at the races today which illustrates
the terrific nature of some of these horses. Mr. Harold Fahey,
a director of South's Distilleries, told me that one day last year
in Liverpool last year when a horse named "The Duke" was racing

STEEPLECHASE

Barely ten years ago it would have been safe to reckon that only one American out of a hundred knew or cared what the Grand National was. And of those who did, a considerable number didn't know whether it was a flat race or a steeplechase. Nowadays, however millions of folks from coast to coast are curious about this English classic steeplechase. The victory of "Golden Miller" of Aintree today was shortwaved across the ocean to the N.B.C. networks and then re-broadcast to all America.

Last year the winner was a horse-owned by an American. This year the best Uncle Sam got was second and third place, horses owned by J. B. Snow and John Hay Whitney.

That course at Aintree is considered the most difficult in the world. You've seen it in the movies. Usually only about twenty-five percent of the starters finish the race.

I heard a story at the Waldorf today which illustrates the terrific nature of some of those hazards. Mr. Harold Whitacker, a director of Booth's Distilleries, told me that one American visitor in Liverpool last year asked a native where the race was to be run.

The Liverpudlian -- looked at the ~~Q~~merican and replied: "Right here. You are standing at the first water jump now." They were, as a matter of fact, standing on the banks of the Mersey River which at that point is almost a mile wide.

That's an English tall story. Yes, even an Englishman can tell 'em, ^{tall,} and sometimes even funny.

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TAXI STRIKE

3

A steeplechase rider takes his chances. And for the last day or so taxicab riders in New York have taken their chances. The chance of being yanked out and beaten up.

They had a strike. It seemed to be settled. Three thousand drivers, still dissatisfied, walked out all over again. Mayor LaGuardia originally felt considerable sympathy with the drivers, and made no bones about it. He instructed the police not to interfere with them. His intention was sincere but it had troublesome results.

The striking drivers, re-enforced by bands of hoodlums, have been running wild all over the city. They not only attacked such drivers as were not on strike, they smashed their cabs and frequently smashed the passengers. During the night I heard the roar and yelling under my window -- and then the shrill sirens of police cars and ambulances. There were no fewer than forty-one serious riots throughout the five boroughs.

This was too much for Mr. LaGuardia, who saw his

sympathy had been imposed upon. So he issued different orders to the police.

I suppose we all see hopeful signs in the automobile strike situation. The strike was called for yesterday, but today there is ^{none --} ~~no strike~~ -- yet. The President is still holding ^{it} ~~off. the outbreak.~~ The motor magnates and the Union have agreed on a two-day truce. To keep discussions open. And that seems to ~~it~~ argue a reasonable and tolerant attitude, with a promise of possible adjustment.

And we can repeat ~~it~~ those same remarks and apply them to a threatened longshoremen's strike on the Pacific coast. The men who load the ships are demanding higher wages, and twelve thousand are ready to walk out. ^{Mr.} ~~President~~ Roosevelt asked them not to strike, and the longshoremen said, "Okay, Mr. President." And now Labor Board officials from all the big seaports on the coast are gathering to help settle the dispute.

Three hundred thousand miners in the bituminous coal area are threatening to quit work on April 1st, when the contract between the coal operators and the United mine workers expires. The men who dig coal in the black mines want a seven

STRIKES - 2

hour day and a five day week. There is possible labor trouble for the railroads too. In Washington the Federal coordinator of transportation is trying to iron things out.

The countrywide picture is one of strikes and threatened strikes, the old sign of returning prosperity. The thorniest point of all seems to be the question of company unions. People are asking -- how do the majority of workers really feel about it? Are they satisfied with company unions, or do they want the American Federation of Labor? They ought to hold a Literary Digest poll to settle that.

INSURANCE

Unemployment insurance -- there's a [^]phase that
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may sound like a sour note to some financiers. For they say
that if jobs are insured, they will have to foot the bill.

But wait a minute, Secretary of Labor, Miss Frances
Perkins, who is the strongest sponsor of the idea, claims it
will benefit the manufacturer and the capitalist as well as the
rest of us.

She says unemployment insurance is the only way to
avoid another depression which may follow the next period of
prosperity which is bursting upon us. "Let us," urges Madame
Secretary, "set aside some of the surplus profits of industry
in a period of high tide, set them aside for an ~~em~~ unemployment
reserve fund. Then, when employment falls off, buying won't
take such a ~~tremendous~~ tremendous slump."

In England it resulted in a dole. But, every country
seems to be going in for it -- except Siam and Arabia Felix.

N.R.A.

In Greenwich, Connecticut, they are pointing to a local citizen and saying: He is the daddy of the N.R.A.

He's a young man named Frank Vanderhoof. He used to be an advertising man. Way back in 1932 he conceived the idea of organizing the manufacturers of the country along the lines now in force under the N.R.A.

He wrote a letter outlining his plan to President Hoover in 1932. Mr. Hoover turned it over to the R.F.C. Nothing came of it.

Vanderhoof sent a copy of the same letter to Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was at that time Governor of New York State. He has in his files an answer from Governor Roosevelt, thanking him for his ideas and promising to consider them.

So the people of Greenwich are saying, "Yep, Frank is the daddy of the N.R.A., ^{which is supposed to cure unemployment.}" But they are saying it with a peculiar expression. Because today Frank Vanderhoof is without a job.

He has been in the ranks of the unemployed for a long time.

The legend in France is that Dr. Guillotine who invented the fatal blade was guillotined. And NBC the daddy of the N.R.A. is ~~not~~ looking for a job.

PILOTS

Here's an airmail slant that nobody will dispute. The Army pilots who have been flying the mails have been treated shabbily. I am not referring now to the debatable side of this situation, whether they were properly trained and equipped for the job. But there's no debating the fact that these officers and men have ~~been~~ had to run into debt in order to pay their living expenses on this emergency job.

3 Their pay from the Army has been totally inadequate to provide food and lodging. The commanding officers at some of the fields have advanced as much as four hundred, even twelve hundred dollars, out of their own pockets, to their men, just to keep them going. At another camp the pilots and mechanics were turned out of their hotel for not paying their bills and they've been sleeping on mattresses in the hangers. --- All because of red tape.

There is a bill pending to reimburse these officers and men to give them an allowance which will enable them to make ends meet. But the senators have been wrangling about it so long that the plight of the pilots and the ground staff has become almost a national disgrace. I know that one Army Aviation radio operator in Chicago worked two ~~dy~~ days without anything to eat - just pulling his belt in notch by notch.

JONES

(Chuckle) -- It looks as though the Army chiefs have been following the example of the brain trust and playing anagrams with the alphabet crackers. I have a bit of information here about the E-Z-A-A-C-M-O. What, I asked, could the E-Z-A-A-C-M-O be? Well, it signifies the Eastern Zone Army Air Corps Mail Operations. And it's an operation to say that!

2
Major B. Q. Jones, Ezaacmo's commanding officer, stationed at Mitchel Field, Long Island, has worked out a plan whereby air mail can be transported profitably for one cent an ounce. The greater the mail loads, says Major Jones, the less will be the cost. Major B. Q. Ezaacmo visualizes an airmail system costing no less than seven and a half millions and no more than fifteen millions a year.

That's the latest from the Ezaacmo.

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WEATHER

The other evening we had a broadcast about Spring, the blooming flowers, the twittering of birds, and dreamy spring fever. But what has happened to Spring, lovely Spring? Somebody must have kidnapped the charming maid in her robes of sunshine and green.

This evening the appropriate thing would be to have a winter broadcast with frigid remarks about chill winds and dreary skies and flurries of snowflakes. Because this weather certainly has a lot of people buying that extra ton of coal they had hoped to get along without.

Anyhow my next jump is to Richmond, Virginia - tomorrow evening- where I hope to meet the Maid called Spring, in her robes of sunshine and green.

SINGERS

Here's something to alarm public speakers. There was a banquet at Cardiff, Wales, in honor of Viscount Sankey, Lord High Chancellor England. In addition to the after-dinner speeches there was to be some singing. A girl choir was on hand to provide music. The speechifying began. The girls waited. The speechifying continued. The girls waited some more. It seemed as if the speakers would never get through. You know how it is with those after-dinner events, the orators just get wound up after the first hour. Finally the girls got tired. At a signal from the big soprano, they got up and walked off state. They went on strike for shorter speeches.

BLOOM - ENDING

Ⓢ Congressman Sol Bloom made a speech to several hundred Polish-Americans in front of the Pulaski statue in Washington. Riveters were ferociously at work, banging away on a government building across the street. Not a word of the speech was heard by anybody, not even by the Congressman himself. And so the Polish government has awarded the Congressman a glittering decoration. Combine an oratorical speech and enough riveters and the result is almost the equivalent of silence. For me the equivalent of silence is SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

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