

Francis

Good Evening, Everybody:

Real excitement in Washington today. (Uncle Sam's House of Representatives came near giving an imitation of a session of the German Reichstag. The occasion, of course, was the debate over that 3.2 per cent beer bill. It's been a long time since there was such a boisterous scene in the United States Congress. A ~~xxxx~~ description in the Brooklyn Times Union reports that parliamentary ~~courtesy~~ was thrown to the wind. Both personal and political prejudices were on their hind legs. ~~usually~~ ~~conservative~~ <sup>usually conservative</sup> members booted and shouted and called each other names. In fact, did everything but come to blows.)

~~Representative Mouser - there's a catty name for you~~

Representative Mouser of Ohio said that Representative Brittan of Illinois was "daffy". The gentleman from Illinois retorted that the gentleman from Ohio ~~xxxxxx~~ with the catty name, was bigoted and hypocritical and fanatical. Added to which Mr. Brittan

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threw the <sup>term</sup> daffy back into Mr. Mouser's whiskers. *At this the uproar became so terrific that the orators grew hoarse trying to make themselves heard.*  
~~The Democrats~~ <sup>The Drys</sup> turned the laugh on Mr. Britten at one point. The anti-prohibitionist leader made the statement: "President Hoover will not veto the beer bill." To which Democrats shouted "What do you base that on?" Mr. Britten then replied that the President had written Senator Sheppard that 2.75 per cent beer was not intoxicating. The ~~Democrats~~ <sup>Drys</sup> then demanded: "When did he write that letter?" And Mr. Britten replied: "In 1918." At that the ~~whole~~ House burst into a roar of laughter.

It seems evident that a final vote on the beer bill will be ~~completed~~ <sup>taken</sup> in the House tomorrow.

ADD BEER

Meanwhile a disappointment is waiting for those enemies of prohibition who believe legalized whiskey is only a few ~~minutes~~ <sup>steps</sup> away. This statement comes from an experienced legislator, a lawyer, and a wet. I mean Congressman <sup>Vas. M.</sup> Beck of Pennsylvania. Mr. Beck <sup>has</sup> been one of the most tenacious enemies of prohibition ever since it started, or rather, ever since it was even proposed.

But He thinks <sup>his fellow</sup> ~~the other~~ wets are <sup>only</sup> fooling themselves if they think free liquor is anything like near at hand. Says Representative Beck:

"Liquor is not around the corner, or if it is, it must be playing with prosperity. There are numerous obstacles to its legalization.

"People who think the end to prohibition is imminent are either fooling themselves", <sup>he</sup> adds ~~Mr. Beck~~ "or <sup>they</sup> just don't know anything about the United States Constitution or the methods of legislators."

DEBTS

John Bull it seems, is not entirely delighted over President Hoover's last message to Congress on the debt question. A dispatch to the New York Evening Post reports that the English consider the message encouraging in one way. They like the idea of reviewing the entire debt situation. But they do not care for the notion of linking it up with disarmament.

In other words, the Evening Post dispatch points out ~~that they~~ they'll be glad enough to pay less money on the debts. But they don't care for having it made conditional on their paying <sup>out</sup> less money ~~out for soldiers and~~ to the manufacturers of munitions of war.

What observers were wondering most ~~about~~ today was:- what is the attitude of President-elect Roosevelt to Mr. Hoover's idea about the by-partisan delegation.

So far no ~~opposition~~ official word has come from Albany. The grapevine report is that Mr. Roosevelt does not think highly of the idea of a special delegation. ~~Mr. Roosevelt~~ <sup>He</sup> has already expressed himself to the effect that he considers ~~that~~ <sup>that the</sup>

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entire question of the debts and disarmament can be quite  
adequately negotiated through our ambassadors.

ART

And here's an item which makes an interesting commentary on the money situation in France. Another story in the New York Evening Post relates that a French art dealer has arrived in America from Paris with an object entirely different from that usually pursued by art dealers from Europe. This art dealer does not want to sell paintings to Americans. He wants to buy them.

This gentleman represents a syndicate backed by more than a million dollars. This money is to be spent in the States buying works of art that came across the Atlantic from France. He told reporters that for twenty-five years French art has been coming to America. Now it is going back. He points out also that this has happened before. It happened, for instance, ~~from~~ after the Franco Prussian war and after the French revolution. On every occasion there was a movement of French art backwards and forwards. "France", he adds, "always <sup>has</sup> gained money on the transactions."

VETERANS

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The National Economy League is concentrating ~~here~~ on reduction of Federal appropriations for veterans. A former Solicitor General of the United States suggests that there is no reason for continuing benefits to the veterans of the Spanish war who suffered no injury or disability from that war. ~~The~~ He suggests that cutting this out would save Uncle Sam as much as one hundred and nine million dollars.

Francis  
CABINET

There's a lot of discussion in Washington just now *as to* whether there'll be women in Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet, and if so, how many. It <sup>has</sup> ~~has~~ already been widely rumored and not contradicted that Miss Frances Perkins, ~~xxxxxxx~~ Industrial Commissioner of New York State, will probably be the Democratic Secretary of Labor.

A story in the New York Sun reports that not only women, but men in political circles are admitting that Representative Ruth Bryan Owen of Florida, the distinguished daughter of William Jennings Bryan, would make an admirable Secretary of the Interior. Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, former Governor of Wyoming, Vice Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is also among those mentioned, and the colorful Mrs. Greenway of

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Arizona. Well, if they don't get into the big cabinet how would it be if Mr. Roosevelt put them in the Kitchen Cabinet.



Major Francis  
Yeats - Brown.

"Bengal Lancer."

Dec. 20, 1932.

INTRO TO YEATS-BROWN

About two months ago an English friend of mine,  
Major ~~Y\*~~ Francis Yeats-Brown, the <sup>famous</sup> Bengal Lancer, <sup>author of</sup> arrived in  
this country, and was on the air with me one evening. Now  
tomorrow, the Bengal Lancer is sailing for home. In the meantime  
he has been travelling up and down America. Tonight he's here  
with me again, and I just thought I'd ask him if there was  
anything special about his trip across America that he would care  
to speak about.

What ho, Major, how did you find things?

~~of the anxieties which surround you. I will give you just  
one instance.~~

In order to keep ~~a~~<sup>one</sup> ~~lecture~~ engagement I had to use an airplane, but a blizzard had come along so that the plane was cancelled. I found that by taking a train I should be only ten minutes late. So I telegraphed to the committee, explaining the circumstances. But in the train a terrible doubt began to come over me. I was in the Great Lakes region where your time changes from eastern to central time. Would I be fifty minutes early or an hour and ten minutes late? I didn't know. I didn't dare ask. But when I reached my destination all the clocks proclaimed the ghastly proof. By the time I reached the Baptist Church where I was to speak, I was no less than an hour and twenty minutes late.

Yet the audience hadn't gone home. They were waiting for me. When I reached the pulpit (and it was the first time I had ever been in a pulpit), trembling like a leaf, they gave me a good hand, to put me at my ease. That is what I call real Christian feeling. ~~I talked to that audience long past the~~

~~Thank you, L.T., for letting me answer that question,  
and for lending me your microphone for a moment, to let me say  
goodby to the United States.~~

Well, L.T., I had no idea until I saw your great Middle West prairies how magnificently you were facing the ~~xxx~~ present depression. I was in a small town in Illinois a month ago. The lecture committee seemed a bit worried, but I never guessed the true situation until I met a journalist who told me that the chief bank in the place had failed four days ago, owing five million dollars. The man who drove me to the depot thirty miles away was working overtime. He said that the few dollars I paid him would tide him over the coming week, during which he couldn't get any money at all, because <sup>all</sup> ~~of~~ his savings were <sup>^</sup> in the bank. Yet he whistled and sang as if he hadn't a care in the world. That was an example of courage that I shall never forget. ~~And the best compliment I can pay him is to say that he seemed to me to be facing his troubles like an Englishman.~~

~~and you have time for all sorts of courtesies in spite~~

be on the ocean tomorrow and on Christmas Eve I'll drink the health of all the kind people that I have met in the last few months. And that's enough healths even for a cavalryman to drink.

DEER

*Here's*, *Major,* *that will*  
~~now for~~ a deer hunting story of an unusual sort, ~~part of~~ *interest*

*interest you.*

*some of it,*  
Its unusualness, *^* lies in the fact that a deer was shot, instead

of one of the hunters. A party of twelve veteran riflemen went out from Elwood, New Jersey. They allowed the wife of one of them who is also a mother of five children to *go along.* ~~accompany them.~~

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~~Max~~ But, says a dispatch to the Newark Evening News, they left the lady as they expressed it, out of danger. She did not accompany the twelve hunters into the woods, but was stationed in a clearing. ~~outside the woods.~~

Hours later the twelve veteran hunters returned empty handed. There they found the lady waiting for them. She had shot a fine five prong buck.

BASEBALL

Fred Lieb in ~~the~~ the New York Evening Post tonight has an interesting discussion on the broadcasting of baseball games. Fred points out that the strongest supporter of radio is Bill Veeck, President of the Chicago Cubs. Incidentally, Chicago fans are going to be among the lucky ones next summer. Not only Mr. Veeck of the Cubs, but Louis Comiskey of the White Sox, is also strong for allowing his games to be broadcast.

Fred Lieb points out that the Chicago Cubs, at whose park broadcasting <sup>is allowed and</sup> will continue to be allowed, are today the most powerful club in the National League. Not only are they League champions, but they pay visiting teams the biggest returns.

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Now, several other club owners have been trying to persuade Bill Veeck to bar the broadcasters ~~out~~ from his park. To which Mr. Veeck replied with a vociferous: "Nothing doing." Fred Lieb suggests that the other clubs, instead of trying to tell Veeck how to run his business, would find

it to their advantage to study Chicago Cubs and copy them.

The Cubs are not content with having a good team and letting customers find it out for themselves. They practise an intensive selling campaign. Whereas the other clubs, both American and National, confine their ads to a perfunctory six line card which nobody ever sees. The Cubs advertise baseball in Chicago as vigorously and effectively as a department store advertises stockings.



RIOT

A race riot is brewing in Alabama. So says a dispatch to the Philadelphia Daily News. This riot, if it comes, will be the sequel to a battle last night in which more than a hundred colored farm hands fought with the officers of the law. Three negroes were killed and four officers of the county were wounded.

(4) The Adjutant General of the <sup>Alabama</sup> National Guard is on the scene today. He was ordered by the Governor of the State to prepare for the calling out of the troops in case it becomes necessary. Six negroes are under arrest. Armed posses of white men are sweeping the countryside in automobiles. ~~hunting down~~

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BARTER

Here's another angle on the volume of bartering which is sweeping the United States.

Some of my neighbors in Nyack, New York are now swapping things they need instead of exchanging them by the usual medium of cash. A commentator in/<sup>a</sup>~~the~~ Philadelphia ~~Evening~~ paper says:

"We know a couple of Congressmen we'd like to swap for a dozen eggs." And the Commentator adds: "They don't have to be awfully good eggs."

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## BOOKS

In Pittsburgh over the weekend I learned many things that interested me. Here are two I thought you might like to have me pass along.

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Joe Esterbrook, head of a large book shop, and one of the best-known book men in America, told me what people are reading these days. "There is a great falling-off of interest in fiction just now," he said. Then he added: "Folks everywhere seem to be tremendously interested in books like Van Loon's "Geography;" James Truslow Adams' "The March of Democracy," and "Epic of America"; Mark Sullivan's "Our Times," and so on.

Then he told me something that sounded strange. "The price of a book," he said, "doesn't seem to matter; if people want it, they buy it."

Another interesting thing I heard was a remark by a gentleman whom the magazine Time would refer to as a tycoon. Mr. John Deasey, Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad system for the central region, told me that the Pennsylvania is not in the red, it's in the black.

POLICEMAN

An interesting adventure is reported in the Jersey Journal. It seems that a Jersey City lady put her dinner on the fire and then went across the way to call on the neighbors. When she got back she found she <sup>had</sup> locked herself out. Fearful that the house might burn up - and more serious still, the dinner might spoil - she telephoned the police to help her get into her own house. It required not only the police, but the fire department. The fire department brought the <sup>hook and</sup> ~~truck~~ ladder wagons and with one of the ladders the sergeant climbed up on <sup>a neighboring</sup> ~~the roof, of a neighboring house,~~ from there climbed to the lady's house, broke a window, and got inside. He found everything Okay except ~~that~~ the cabbage was slightly scorched. ~~He~~ <sup>He</sup> was about to open the front door when he heard moans. Drawing his pistol the sergeant went searching throughout the house. Finally he discovered the moans came from the ~~xxx~~ dumbwaiter. Opening the dumbwaiter he found there a large, stout blue-coated policeman in full harness gaspingly wedged into the dumbwaiter. The hapless cop, not knowing his chief was coming down over the roof, had got in through a basement window and into the dumbwaiter from which it required a rope fastened to a large <sup>motor</sup> truck to pull him out.

CIGAR

An exceedingly ancient joke was pulled off in the lobby of the Palmer House in Chicago today - a joke just about as old as the <sup>(famous)</sup> Palmer House itself. But it was done in such a fashion as to make it news.

(1) A dispatch to the New York World Telegram points out that it has also a touching side.

It seems that years ago General Grant gave a cigar to Horace Norton, founder of Norton College. ~~xxxxxx~~ Until recently that cigar has reposed in the museum of the college. But the other day there was a reunion of Norton Alumni at the Palmer House and it was decided that it would be a picturesque stunt if that famous cigar were smoked by Winsted Norton, grandson of the man to whom ~~General Grant~~ it was given by General Grant. So there you have the scene of action. As he started to smoke that history weed Winsted Norton said:

"When I light this cigar with a trembling hand it is not alone a tribute to the found<sup>er</sup> of the college, but to that Titan among statesmen, General ~~by~~ Ulysses S. Grant."

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All eyes watched the grandson of Horace Norton as he applied a ~~man~~<sup>tap</sup> to General Grant's ~~his~~<sup>his</sup> cigar. There was a puff of smoke.

Then another puff in the best General Grant manner. Then, in the manner of General Grant's artillery before Richmond <sup>Bang!</sup> - BOOM! ~~went~~

~~And before anybody booms me out of here I'll say~~

*And* SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.