GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY: -

There's startling news from Honolulu.

It sounds like a good old-time melodrama. The story begins with tragedy and ends with a hurrah of happiness -- in the best tradition.

defendants was the first thing that flashed over the cable. Of course there had been rumors and many petitions for a pardon for Lieutenant Massie, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Fortescue, and the two U.S. blue jackets who helped them to killing the half-caste, Joe Kahahawai. In fact Judge Davis did not impose the sentence until after a conference. Emerging from the conference Prosecutor Kelly intimated that either a pardon or a commutation would be granted by Governor Judd.

But the news of the sentence did not have time to cool off before it was announced that the Governor had commuted it from ten years to one hour,

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the one hour to be served in the custody of the bailiff of the court.

Well, you can imagine what cheering xxxxx there was in many parts of Honolulu. And to tell the truth, there will be millions in the United States who will feel like sending congratulations to those four people.

POLITICS

Broadcast for the 3. Literary Digest, Wednesday, May 4, 1932

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The opponents of Franklin
Roosevelt are shouting that another
puncture has been inserted into the tires
of the Roosevelt bandwagon. Yes, they
mean California.

But the fellow who did the puncturing was not Mr. Alfred E. Smith. It was Mr. John Nance Garner, of Texas, Speaker of the House. Of course the returns are not all in yet but the totals from 8,624 precincts out of 10,271 gave Speaker Garner 188,723. Governor Roosevelt had 156,066. Mr. Smith on the other hand made an unexpectedly strong showing with 126,730. Most of Al Smith's support came from the noble city of San Francisco.) Speaker Garner's strength lay mostly in Southern California, where the eminent Mr. William G. McAdoo still has tremendous influence.

George Morris, political editor of the New York World Telegram sees in these results the outlook for a wide-open convention in Chicago next month.

Yes, it looks like a grand free-for-all in Chicago.

And talking about the Roosevelt band-wagon, there's a new leading article in the issue of the Literary Digest which will be out tomorrow. It analyzes from a nationwide standpoint the reactions to the recent Democratic primaries.

of course, there's not much talk about the Republican primaries, as the renomination of President Hoover was a so plainly in the bag, as they say in sporting circles. But the close fight for the decision who's going to run against, Hoover, makes Democratic affairs today quite exciting. In fact, it's almost a sporting event.

Things are so close, says the editor of the Digest, that many returns are interpreted favorably by partisans of each competent.

"It is not at all strange to find the leaders on both sides professing satisfaction over the result in Pennsylvania", says the Digest, "Nor is it strange to find Pennsylvania

editors a little cautious in their statements." Some of them give Smith a 12 to I preference. Others declare that Smith is just as much out of the race as ever, though he proves himself, so popular.

The Digest points out that opinions as to who will be the nominee in Chicago, are still divided by a wide chasm. For instance, Mark Sullivan, Washington correspondent of the New York Herald-Tribune, declares that most of the major leaders of the Democratic party oppose Governor Roosevelt. On the other hand, during the governors! conference at Richmond, Virginia, Katha recently, aconcensus of opinion of the governors present was that Here Franklin Roosevelt would be the nominee.

So if ever there was a close fight this is going to be it. Politics are going to be mighty interesting in the U. S. A. this summer.

encouragement there was x some were some optimistic words dropped in Berlin today. "The United States is ripe for recovery and could turn the corner if a Federal Unemployment Dole were adopted."

The author of these remarks was William Stix Wasserman, a Philadelphia financier, who was addressing the World Economic Congress. And according to a dispatch in the New York Evening Post his they made quite a sensation.

Mr. Wasserman said he "loathed the idea of a dole but that every condition for economic recovery in America had **x** already been satisfied, except increased mass consumption." "The dole, he added, " is the only way to satisfy this condition."

What he proposed was a \$10.00dole weekly for each of the unemployed in
America financed at first by the sale of
Government bonds, plus a direct wage taxand then by unemployment insurance paid
by the workers themselves on British
and German models.

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Every other day we hear of some new economy that Congress is putting into effect in our national government, and on the following day we hear of some new and staggering expenditure.

The latest is the pension for world war widows and orphans which has being passed by the House. According to Talcott Powell in the New York World-Telegram there every indication the total cost of this may run as high as two billion = billion with a B = dollars.

It is impossible to estimate it accurately, adds Mr. Powell, because there's no way of judging how many World War veterans may marry before they die. You see, the pensions would go not merely for the widows who were married to veterans during the war, but for any ladies they happen to marry subsequently, and in fact, at any time. The curious part of it is that the this new legislation there's no provision for the widows and orphans of the men and officers who actually died in military service.

In times like these you always hear a great deal of argument as to whether advertising appropriations should be curtailed or increased.

This subject is really a special hobby with the magazine Printers' Ink, and there's a very timely editorial in the current issue. It tells ** an eloquent story of the essential soundness of advertising, in good times as well.

For instance, there's a certain very famous beverage - a soft drink I might add - which, increased its advertising and hit a new peak in earnings for the eighth consecutive year. That ought to mean something.

Then a large baking company!
This corporation reported profits of only 6.3 per cent below those of 1930, the slack being taken up by a million dollar advertising campaign to introduce an improved profuct.

well known cleansing powder that an

brought a net profit of 1,272,776

Another large firm manufacturing cleansing powders invested more money in advertising during 1931 than in 1930. It made more money than in any previous year of its history.

Acigar company put on a great advertising campaign and sold more of its product in five months of 1931 than during the whole year of 1930.

Still another corporation reports that it has increased its advertising program each year since 1921, and that it had more business last year than in 1930.

like these from the editorial in Printers Inke, all to the such instances, Well, but ** these seem to tell the tales same effect. and that sounds like good news.

here is what the paragraphs, I hope, is a swan song -- not a swan song for me, but for the subject of the next two paragraphs.

Yes, Mr. Alphonse "Scarface" Capone.

It seems definite that he is rolling into absolute oblivion. At any rate, that's the gist of a United Press dispatch to the New York Sun.

you've heard of Devil's Island,

much where the French send their most
dangerous criminals. Well, not even
on Devil's Island is the manding in
individuality of a prisoner wiped out
more completely than at the United
States penitentiary at Atlanta Callanta.

As he left Chicago Capone asked -and if this weren't such a serious
subject I'd say there was a good laugh
in it -- "What will Chicago do without
me?"

That does sound a bit comic,
doesn't it? He elaborated his question
in this way: "Who will they go to
when they want to stop the kidnapping
racket? Who's going to give protection

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Those sound like questions, but
Alexander Jamie, chief investigator for
Chicago's Secret Six believes that the
Chicago will get along very micely
without Alphonse.

"The Secret Six will try me to do better than Capone on the kidnapping matter," he replied. "As for protecting business, when he's gone business won't need so much protecting."

What jarred Mr. Capone most was that he spent a very uncomfortable night in an upper berth on the train which is carrying him to Atlanta, chained to another prisoner.

The United States ship Leviathan arrived in her home port today for the first time since 1914. The home port was Bremerhaven, in Germany.

You may recall that the Leviathan was once the pride of the German Mercantile Marine, under the name of Vaterland, and of course, you also remember that the war broke out while she was in Hoboken, so that she was interned until the United States got into the scrap, and took her over.

As an American ship and admittedly the finest in the merchant fleet of the United States, she has traveled to many places, but never to her home port before.

A large crowd on the pier greeted her as she entered the harbor of Bremerhaven. Many of the ships in port the harbor were flagged in her honor. A prepresentative of the Senate of Bremen made an official call of welcome.

By George, the old Lion
Hindenburg is going after things with a
strong hand in the German Reich.

A dispatch of H. K. Knickerbokers

from Berlin to the New York Evening

Post makes the following statement:

"The Hindenburg-Bruening dictatorship issued its first decree today after a lapse of several months. The effect of this decree is to dissolve the Communist and Atheist groups."

Moreover, it orders all political organizations of a military character to submit themselves to the direct control of the Minister of the Interior.

Germany has always been strong for societies, organizations, and what-not. In fact, semi-military clubs and organizations are as numerous in the Reich as peanuts at a circus. Now all of these, whether they favor the Bruening government or the Handsome Adolf's party, will have to be under the immediate supervision of General Groener, the Minister of the Interior

Here's some hopeful news from Shanghai at last. A United Press dispatch to the Kansas City Journal-Post declares authoritatively that a peace agreement between China and Japan will be signed at 10 o'clock this morning -- which means 10 o'clock tonight for we.

An interesting circumstance is that the parameter, principal signers will have to get up out of bed to fix their signatures to the document, as they were both victims of the bombing exploit last week. These signers, of course, will be the Japanese minister, and the foreign vice-minister of China.

The signing will be preceded by a conference between representatives of both parties at the British consulate.

They are taking no chances of a disturbance. The most elaborate precautions in for safety have been set in order. British troops will guard the approaches to the consulate, and only diplomats will be admitted to the grounds.

Heresan

Standard, of Red Bank, New Jersey. hands me one for the Tall Story Club. The Standard got it from George Robinson, a detective of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. But George pins the story on Constable Cliff Abbott.

It seems that Cliff Abbott was digging clams on Highland Beach the other day. He noticed a large spot of moving sand. He sneaked up on it cautiously, suddenly thrust his claim fork into the sand, and uncovered a clam four feet in diameter and about 12 inches thick.

Well, that isn't quite all. The clam, adds Cliff Abbott, had an enormous neck and a large head covered with red hair. Its eyes were blue and it had a slight mustache turned up at the ends.

Cliff didn't quite know what to do for a few minutes. The clam seemed too large to handle, and that mustache worried him. So he lit a cigaret and thought things over. Imagine his amazement when a voice speaking broken

English asked for a cigaret and a match.

It was the voice of the clam.

Well, Cliff Abbott was so flabbergasted that he became speechless, and took on the taciturnity for which clams have hitherto been proverbial. As for the clam, when it could get no answer out of Cliff, it snorted in disgust, wiggled its mustache, and buried itself deep in the sand again.

When Cliff recovered his wits he started digging like a steamshovel, but all his efforts were in vain. He couldn't find the mustache-twirling clamagain.

So now that clams have taken to talking, it's up to me to do what the clams usually do and say no more except, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.