

P.S. - Sunoco. Wed., Jan. 1/36.

Ames

FARLEY

The center of one amusing little row in Washington is the eager and ubiquitous Mr. James Aloysius Farley. Of course that hardly sounds like news. Storms are always breaking over the bald but smiling and devoted head of the Postmaster General. And you have to admit that if there is anybody who seems to enjoy a good row, it's Mr. James Aloysius Farley.

The latest group to join battle with the big stamp and letter man is the American Liberty League. They accuse him of misusing his office as ^{P. G.} ~~Postmaster General~~. They declare that he is personally soliciting funds for the Democratic Party.

That is, in connection with the numerous Jackson Day dinners that are being given all over the country tonight. From all reports, some eighty thousand people will attend, coughing up anywhere from ten to fifty dollars a plate for the privilege. The Liberty Leaguers declare that, as Postmaster General, Mr. Farley has no right to ask people to attend this function.

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Mr. Farley disdained to reply to his critics. Instead, he handed out a warning. You may have heard about those cartoon

stickers that Republican leaders are having made. The idea is to sell them to anybody who wants to paste them on the envelopes of letters, thereby increasing the G.O.P. war chest. A rumor has reached the ears of the Postmaster General that some of those stickers are highly uncomplimentary caricatures of the President, of Brain-truster Tugwell, of Sunny Jim ~~Farley~~ himself, and other celebrated New Dealers. So the Postmaster General utters the caution that those cartoons had better not be too uncomplimentary, or else!

His assistants have called attention to a peculiar law in the United States; ~~It is~~ a law which forbids people to put anything on the outside of a letter "which is intended to reflect injuriously upon the character or conduct of another person." Furthermore, that law has teeth in it. For it places in the hands of the Postmaster General himself the power to put such offenders in jail for five years. In other words, if any of those cartoon stickers happen to represent Mr. Farley, it will be ~~Mr. Farley~~ *James Aloysius* ~~Mr. Farley~~ himself who will judge whether or not they are uncomplimentary.

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As for the Jackson Day Dinner, it is really to be the official opening of the Democratic campaign. The principal feature will be the speech by President Roosevelt, which we will all have a chance to hear, as it is going to be broadcast. Mr. Roosevelt himself will attend the Dinner in Washington. His speech is being awaited with considerable keenness. ~~People have been busy expressing~~ No hint has been conveyed of what ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~Roosevelt~~ will talk about. But the general guess is that he will repeat ~~the~~ ^{his} defiant sentiments ~~he~~ ^{on "the State of the Union"} expressed before Congress last Friday.

WASHINGTON

The calm that hangs over Washington today was evidently the calm that precedes a storm. There are plenty indications that there's going to be a hot time in the old town pretty soon. For one thing, on Friday there's going to be a scrap over the Bonus Bill. It ~~is going~~ to be brought ~~out to~~ the floor of the House tomorrow, and on Friday the boys will jam it through. That's the schedule.

Then, as we might have expected, there were further echoes from the Supreme Court's epochal decision on Monday. One of the fruits of that decision, it seems, will be a regular crop of Constitutional amendments, *→ maybe. They'll be proposed.* One hears that numerous organizations are laying plans to get together and change the ~~F~~ Constitution so that acts passed by Congress for the benefit of particular classes of people cannot be voided by the Supreme Court.

One of the parties planning to gird their loins in this cause is the American Federation of Labor. We are sure to hear from them when the Executive Council meets in Miami next week. And it is a foregone conclusion what attitude they'll

take. The meeting of the A.F. of L. Council will be followed shortly by conferences of farmers' organizations. They also have an amendment up their sleeves. Likewise the Townsendites.

The ~~expectation~~^{rumor} in Washington is that the A.F. of L. and ~~the~~^{some} farm groups will for the first time in history, get together

in a political campaign. *TP and Father Coughlin steps forward with a Supreme Court idea; says he's going to attack the constitutionality of the Federal Reserve System!*
There's also a good deal of excitement on the Washington

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horizon over the question whether peoples' salaries should be public property. Several senators think they should. Others, among whom is Senator ~~Royce~~ Copeland of New York, believe it's unfair. Dr. Copeland presented a bill today which is designed to give people privacy in such matters. It aims to repeal the provision in the Nineteen Thirty-four Income Tax Law which compelled publicity for salary earners. ~~There are the makings of quite a hefty argument over that question.~~ The point of view of those who think salary figures should be public property was expressed by Senator McKellar of Tennessee. He says publicity is the best way to prevent tax dodging. Says Senator Copeland: "The only good it does is to satisfy the curiosity of idle people." So there you have both sides of it.

MORGAN

The principal excitement in Washington today was again afforded by Senator Nye and his Munitions Investigating Committee. To certain observers, certain of the revelations of today's hearing sound a good deal like much ado about nothing. However, one thing that came to light was copies of cablegrams sent by members of the House of Morgan to their London representatives during the World War.

It was claimed that these cables indicate J.P.Morgan & Co. had access to confidential information from the State Department in Washington. And what is more, that some of this was conveyed to the British government. And that one item concerned the terms of the note that President Wilson was preparing Germany after the torpedoing of the LUSITANIA.

That particular cable was signed by the late Henry P. Davison, one of the most famous of the Morgan partners. In it he said: "You may pass this along to the authorities if desired."

Attached to another

Morgan
~~LEAD~~ - 2

cable, however, was the warning: "Strictly confidential and for your information only". That one concerned a note that President Wilson was drafting to send to London.

Aside from this, the principal fact brought out before Senator Nye's Committee today was that the House of Morgan was the purchasing agent for some three hundred and sixty-three million dollars' worth of goods sent from America to the Allies.

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TF The reaction of some observers to this revelation is: "So what?"

Actually, it has been generally and publicly known that J.P.

Morgan & Company were the official agents for the Allied govern-

ments and there was no secret about it. TF Everybody knew all

along that ~~x~~ all transactions with France or Great Britain in

America ~~had to be~~ ^{were} made through the Morgans. TF However, in certain

quarters in Washington there seems to be a good deal of excitement

over this so-called revelation. One bit of evidence tends to show

that J.P. Morgan & Company suggested that John Bull should buy

control of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. ^Q ~~However, the~~

^{that} suggestion [^] was not adopted.

As we have observed before, the main purpose of

Senator Nye's Committee now is to get a complete picture of what happened over here in Nineteen fifteen and sixteen. They want to trace in detail the steps which led to Uncle Sam's getting into the War. The idea is that the complete scenario of those troubled days will enable Congress to keep us out of the next European mess.

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And ^{we're all for that.} ~~that surely is a noble idea~~

By a peculiar coincidence, a similar ^{inquiry} ~~hearing~~ is going on in London. That is being conducted by the Royal Commission on the private manufacture of arms. Its principal witness today was Sir Charles Craven of the great Vickers-Armstrong Company.

His name has been mentioned in the course of the Washington hearing also. His principal contribution to the ^{London} ~~the~~ proceedings ^{today} was to deny that his Company is a member of an international armaments ring engaged in fomenting war and trouble all over the world.

ETHIOPIA

How about a little African news, just for a change? This isn't a war story, it's a Christmas story. Well, this is the day in which the subjects of the King of Kings celebrate the feast of the Nativity. The weather contributed its bit by providing a real tropical rainfall. And that of course prevented any hostilities. So the Duce's soldiers had to help the Ethiopian celebration at least to the extent of laying off the fighting.

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The Ethiopian name for Christmas is "Ganna". The downpour was hailed as a good omen, coming when it did. The Ethiopians are now convinced that the invaders will be forced to retreat. But on the contrary, today's intelligence from Rome is that the Duce is going to send another hundred thousand men to Africa. In fact, thousands of Italy's crack soldiers are now on their way in troop ships.

From Addis Ababa we learn that the Negus has added another American professor to his "Brain Trust". Dr. John Hathaway Spencer of Iowa has arrived in the Ethiopian capital to act as Technical Advisor on Foreign Affairs to His Majesty, the Negus. That makes the third American in the Ethiopian Brain Trust. *Haile Selassie will be speaking with a Harvard accent before long.* The others are

Professor Pitman Benjamin Potter and Professor Everett Andrews

Colson. Dr. Colson is His Majesty's Financial Advisor. A Yankee

from Maine, he gets nine thousand a year as money expert to the

King of Kings. They say he works twenty hours a day, ^{and earns} ~~so he must~~

^{earn it} ~~earn it~~ every Maria Teresa dollar of it.

He got his experience by being assistant to the American

Financial Advisor in Haiti.

SKYSCRAPER

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~~Now for a really astonishing bit of news.~~ London is going to have a skyscraper. Yes, the City that has always turned thumbs down on tall buildings has bent its regulations sufficiently to permit the erection of an office building actually two hundred and ten feet high, eight stories. In other words, just about ~~large~~ large enough to be tucked away in one of the waistcoat pockets of the R.C.A. Building, [—] *not even a third as tall as the Waldorf.*

However, in London that's sensational. Hitherto the ^{London} ~~County~~ County Council, as the governing body of Greater London, has frowned on anything higher than a hundred feet.

DEAN SMITH

We haven't had a tall story for a long time. And it has been longer than that since we've had a spinach story. At the annual Explorers Club banquet, Dean Smith, veteran air mail pilot, and now ace flier for the American Airways, came over and told me a spinach story. It seems that a chap who was a racing enthusiast was sent to an asylum; he was mad about racing, and unbalanced in other ways too. In the asylum he operated as a bookmaker: posted bets, kept all the latest dope on races, and so on. Others in the asylum would come and place their bets with him. He quoted odds on all the big race meets.

Of course they were not allowed to use money, so he conducted his business as a bookie with pebbles instead of coins.⁵ You brought him so many pebbles, put them on a horse, and if it was a thirty-to-one shot you'd get thirty pebbles back for each one you put in.

Well, one day an inmate came to the bookie, or rather staggered up, carrying a huge boulder, all he could manage. He planked it down in front of the asylum bookie and said: "There, ~~the~~ take that! On Omaha, and on the nose!"

The bookmaker looked up and replied: Uh uh, take it away!
You know too much!"

And that's the latest spinach story.

I hope ~~that~~^{it} amuses you as much as it did me. But then,
maybe you've got to be a little mad to enjoy a spinach story.

Burton Holmes, the veteran traveler, and Jo Davidson the
sculptor, ^{were} sitting with us. And I was interested to discover that
these two gentlemen are almost as enthusiastic about aviation as Dean
Smith, the crack pilot. Although this is Mr. Holmes' thirty-eighth
or fortieth year on the platform, presenting his celebrated travelogues,
he keeps right up to the minute, and now does his traveling by air.
His eastern series commences this week at Carnegie Hall, then on to
~~the~~ other cities, and some of the journeys you take with him are
by air. Yes, and he's planning on traveling around the world by
air this coming summer.

CARLISLE

It's been a long time since the name of Big Bill Carlisle used to be featured on page one of all western papers. Once upon a time Big Bill was one of the most colorful of the wild west bad men. Strictly speaking, he was a good bad-man, ^a~~the~~ real Robin Hood. ~~character.~~ Indeed, he called himself the "White Masked Robin Hood of the Rails." It was his boast that he never harmed women or children. In his own words, "I took from them as had and helped them as hadn't." ^{TP} He used to make a specialty of the crack Union Pacific Transcontinental expresses. With a six gun in either hand, ^{Big} ~~Bill~~ would hold up the Limiteds, wave his revolvers while the train crew did his collecting for him from the passengers. He did it no fewer than three times. Twice he successfully eluded all pursuit, vanishing into the Wyoming canyons. But the third time the sheriff's posse' landed him.

His record of never having harmed women or children and having ^{soaked} ~~robbed~~ only the rich stood him in good stead when he was laid by the heels. The jury recommended ~~life~~ leniency for Wyoming's Robin Hood. By the laws of that state, train robbery was punishable with ^{hanging by the neck,} ~~death.~~ The jury's recommendation earned him a life sentence instead,

^{of a necktie party.}

In prison this once bad man and terror of the plains was a model inmate. His behavior was so perfect that Governor, now Senator, Carey commuted his life sentence to twenty-five years which left him only about 19 to go. Two months after this decree Big Bill did some commuting of his own. Part of the chores the prisoners of that penitentiary was making shirts. Bill managed to smuggle himself into a packing case. In that fashion he broke jail, disguised as a gross of shirts. The next thing the authorities knew, another Limited was held up. And once more poor Bill was captured.

After he was thrown in jail again, a novel experience happened to Bad Bill. He got religion, and became Good Bill. A prison chaplain converted him. That was nineteen years ago. And today was released. He walked out into the world a free man with a legal document to show that he has paid the penalty for his crimes. He has decided that the bad man business is out of date. So he is going into the cigar business. With the wages he earned in prison, he is going to open a store at Kemmerer, Wyoming.

And I'm going to close a broadcast in New York City.
And -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.