

L. T. SUN. - THURS. MARCH 15th, 1934.

Good Evening, Everybody - And Happy Birthday to  
the American Legion! You are fifteen years old today!

And how big you have grown Grandmother! One million a hundred  
and fifty thousand members!

It all started just fifteen years ago today. A group  
of officers and privates in Paris met to talk things over, and  
then and there the idea of the American Legion was born. When  
the soldiers came home meetings were held and the first big  
convention staged in St. Louis. *And now look at it!*

INSULL

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The epic of Samuel Insull has taken a curious turn. Insull's sudden and dramatic disappearance has every one bewildered. Last night at midnight the Greek Government gave him final and premtory orders to leave the country within twelve hours. That meant by noon today. Around nine oclock this morning the American Consular Officials went to see the aged fugitive to fix up his American passport. The assumption was that when he left Greece he would return to the U.S.A., to Chicago. They found the one time utilities magnate in bed, he had half a dozen blankets piled over him. He muttered that he was sick and couldn't go.

When the zero hour of noon came Greek Officials went to Insull's quarters to see that the expulsion order was obeyed. They found him gone. He had disappeared. His wife who had been with him declared that he had simply vanished. She didn't know where. Mrs. Insull by the way is the former Chicago Opera Singer, Gladys Wallace.

Now for the strangest part of it all, a mighty strange rumor, <sup>the</sup> this drifting report is that the eighty year

old former multi-millionaire has eloped with a Turkish  
enchantress named Madame Kouryoumdjoglou. They say that  
~~she~~ at the last minute before his forceable deportation  
from Greece the patriarch Samuel Insull fled secretly with  
this new flame of love and that he is now sailing somewhere  
on ~~the~~ the Adriatic Sea with the lovely lady called  
Kouryoumdjoglou. A Turkish informant tells me that  
Kouryoumdjoglou means jewel, my precious jewel.

This rumored injection of the moonlit element of  
romance into the singular story of Samuel Insull sounds more  
like poetry than truth. But the old bird has flown.  
There's no question about that. And so has the fair Fatima,  
Madame Kouryoumdjoglou.

FRANCE

Page Sherlock Holmes in that spy history over in France. Dr. Watson's clever friend will be vastly intrigued by that case of the American, Robert Switz and his wife, the Vassar girl. She is twenty two and pretty. They are charged with being mixed up in a huge ~~espionage~~ espionage plot in France.

Sherlock Holmes would be mainly interested by the fact that the case now hinges on a microscopic examination of a blond hair. (Yes, my dear Watson, that is the modern method of crime detection.)

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When the gendarmes arrested Robert Switz and his wife they found incriminating photographic films and secret documents in their possession. Switz declares that a fellow he met in a cafe in Switzerland gave him several envelopes and asked him to wrap them up. The French detectives found in one of the envelopes a blond hair. They are comparing it with the hair of Mrs. Switz, the Vassar Girl, studying it with a microscope, trying to prove it is hers. (Elementary, my dear Watson, what?)

## JAPAN

It looks as if there might be a trade war between Japan and England. The two Nations have been talking over an agreement between the textile trade, but the negotiations got nowhere. Then, in the matter of foodstuffs, Britain had been selling a good deal to Japan but now Japan has switched to Argentina. She has just placed a huge order for canned meats with the ~~South~~ South American land of fat steers and gauchos on the Pampas. Britain doesn't like to lose that business in foodstuffs. So there you have a tightening of commercial rivalry which may become a regular trade war, reaching around the world.

The Gods of the storm are lashing the waters of all the seven seas this evening. And in the far East the tempest that capsized that Japanese torpedo boat is still on the rampage. Remember those maneuvers of the British Navy in the North Atlantic? Two squadrons of John Bull's sea fighters started off to stage a sham battle, but, the storm Gods stepped in and the squadrons had to battle the gale instead of battling each other. The wind roared down on them and they were battered by heavy seas that swept across the iron decks of the fighters. Three men are reported dead in the turmoil of the tempest at sea.

And, down under, in Australian waters, a cyclone and typhoon -- ships battered, ships wrecked. From Brisbane, (not Arthur but Queensland) - comes the word of three vessels lost and at least fifty sailors. And many small craft are missing in the Coral Sea between The Great Barrier Reef and New Guinea.

Yes, the Gods of the tempest are stalking the wide

spaces of the ocean. And relatives are thinking anxiously  
of their sailormen tonight.

## LINDBERGH

So Lindbergh says "No, I won't do it!"

The Administration had remarked in effect:- "Let's kiss and make up." But the Lone Eagle like good old Achilles, sulks in his tent. He has refused. Just when we all had that happy feeling about a reconciliation between those two prime favorites of the nation, the President and the Flying Colonel, the newspapers tell us the Colonel won't join the party. He won't serve on that Board of Investigation which is to look into the difficulties the Army had in flying the mails.

Everybody knows Lindbergh to be a positive minded young man and his letter to the Secretary of War shows his positive mind quite positively made up. There is a good deal of consistency in what he says. He reasons that the investigation in which he is asked to act is the business of the army air-men flying the mails. He was against that from the start. In his first run-in with the President he protested against the cancellation of the civilian mail contracts and the turning over of the air mail to the army. So now as he sees it,

water in his friendly beds at five A.M. One morning he sneaked

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he is being asked to help along something of which he disapproved from the start.

The Secretary of War answers back, and his argument is that the investigating committee on which he asked Lindbergh to serve will not deal exclusively with the army's activity in flying the mail.

From this we infer that the attitude of the Government is that Colonel Lindbergh was asked to serve in behalf of military aviation in general - (regarding the sky fighting resources of the nation.) But Lindbergh with his sharp and positive way narrows the thing down and holds onto the original angle - why army flying the mails. So he refuses to sing a duet with the Administration. Lindy is singing solo, just as he flew solo to Paris. He remains the Lone Eagle.

He stands before the public today stern and unbending. Just to keep a reasonable balance let's look at the lighter side of Slim Lindbergh. One yarn about him is that when he was getting ready for that flight to Paris he dumped ice water in his friends' beds at five A.M. One morning he sneaked

up on a sleeping companion and shaved off half his moustache.

Harry Bruno who was Lindbergh's personal representative in those days tells me that what pleased the Lone Eagle most on his triumphal return from France was his promotion to the rank of Colonel. The War Department sent him a Colonel's uniform. He put it on gleefully. "Pretty swell," he exclaimed, "not bad for a mail pilot." And he had lots of fun posing before mirrors in his new uniform.

Dick Blythe who worked with Harry Bruno said; "Slim, you can't wear that uniform. The public thinks of you as a civilian, besides you're on a navy ship and the boys here will be sore if you wear an army uniform."

"Well," Lindbergh argued back, "I can wear a navy coat over an army uniform, can't I?"

"That will look crazier still," Blythe responded. "It's June, you can't wear an overcoat in the hot summer."

Lindbergh was not convinced. And Blythe had to pretend finally that the uniform didn't fit. "I get you," Lindbergh conceded. Whereupon he put on his blue serge suit.

He gave in that day, but now he's talking back to the President.

INCOME TAX

Don't forget your income tax. Tonight's the night.

You must have your return in the mail by midnight.

And by the way, the total of income tax payments in New York yesterday ran three million dollars ahead of last year. Sounds good. Or rather it sounds bad for the depression.

BOY

It seems incredible that there should be a story like this next one, incredible that a mother and four children should have been left without fuel to shiver and freeze on those bitterly cold days of several weeks ago, incredible also that they could have been afforded no relief. Be that as it may, the oldest boy, Don Koman seventeen years old was told at the Relief Bureau that they had no more tickets for coal to hand out.

So Don went to the Long Island Railroad Yards with a basket and started to pick coal off the tracks. That's against the law. A railroad policeman with a pistol in hand arrested him. The boy was cold and hungry, frightened and weeping. When they asked him questions he replied none too clearly. They sent him to a mental ward of a hospital for observation. The doctors said he was perfectly sane, just undernourished. They held him in jail. He asked one of the guards to mail a letter to his mother. The guard read the letter. It went like this : "Dear Mama, the food is terrible. Please get me out or

I'll go crazy." And the note ended:- "I'm crying for you, Mama."

The guard was a hard boiled veteran but he says the letter made tears run out of his eyes. He didn't mail it to the mother. He took it to a prominent New York Lawyer who is also a United States Commissioner.

Yesterday the boy's case for coal stealing came up before the judges of special sessions. The United States Commissioner walked into the court and this is what he said to the judges: "Thirty five years ago," he told them, "I stole two pails of coal from a railroad yard to keep my mother warm. I wasn't sent to jail and I don't want to see this boy sent to jail. If the court pleases I would like to have him placed in custody."

And so the matter stands tonight. The court will make its decision tomorrow. I bet I know what the decision will be.

Meanwhile, something else happened today. A coal truck and a grocery wagon drew up in front of the boy's home

and delivered loads of fuel and food. "It's all paid for," the drivers told the mother, who at once started using the fuel to cook the food. And they are still feasting on it tonight.

The ~~happy~~ end sounds just as incredible in a joyful way as the beginning was incredibly sad. Because it makes us feel good that there is such a happy ending it should not keep us from feeling distressed that there should be such a story to tell at all.

RECIPE

The Washington Correspondent for the magazine Country Home went to Eddie Savoy the colored Major Domo at the State Department and asked for a recipe for eggnogg, the kind of Washington super-statesman eggnog for which Eddie is famous among the world's diplomats who come and go. "It's a fine recipe all right," Eddie the eggnog agitator admitted, "but you all knows that Mrs. Roosevelt gets paid for her recipes." "How much am I offered?" The story does not say how much ~~State~~ State Department Eddie was offered, if anything. He deserves a lot of credit even if he gets no cash. You can't blame a fellow for trying.

HOUSE OF DAVID

There's a battle on, not between the House of David and the House of Goliath but between two different Houses of David. You all know those House of David Baseball players with the waving whiskers! One outfit is suing the other, trying to make them stop using the House of David name. Each claims to be the original whiskery team. There are charges and countercharges.

One bunch hollers: "Fake!" and charges the other with getting shaved, rushing to the barber as soon as the baseball season is over; --- meaning the boys wear whiskers not out of conscientious conviction but just as so much spinach scenery on third base or in the outfield.

I am standing at salute before the microphone because I have here a communication from a General. Since I have become a Kentucky Colonel I am punctilious about these military matters. My superior officer in this case is General Kincaid who is also the superior officer of a string of big hotels including the Drake and the Blackstone in Chicago.

The General tells me that in his military headquarters at ~~the~~ the ~~Hotel~~ Gotham in New York he's been making a study of higher military strategy - the grandeur and glory of a Kentucky Colonel. "There are more than four thousand of them," *says General Kincaid.*  
There is <sup>even</sup> a Kentucky Colonel's Association with a couple of thousand members. *ff* Governor Laffoon has, ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup> to ~~this~~ date made six hundred and eighty four appointments. Whenever he is absent from the state Happy Chandler, as Acting Governor, makes a few Colonels on his own account. His ~~score~~ score is six hundred and forty. The youngest Kentucky Colonel is an orchestra leader at Ashland. He is sixteen years old. The newest of my fellow Kentucky Colonels is Rudy Vallee, who has just been appointed.

Joe Green of The Louisville Times tells me. It costs twenty cents to make a Kentucky Colonel, -- the charge for the parchment, the scroll work and postage for mailing. "Kentucky also has admirals and rear admirals, Commanders and Lieutenant Commanders", adds General Kincaid. They hold commissions in the Kentucky Navy which is the mistress not of the sea but of a couple of rivers.

One day Governor Laffoon took a fancy to four people out in a canoe. He appointed them Kentucky Canoeists. How would you like to be a Kentucky Canoeist? Every so often there is a row about the Colonel Business in the Kentucky Legislature. Whenever a bill is offered abolishing the Colonels, it is referred to the fish and game commission.

At this point General Kincaid at his military headquarters in New York gives me an alarming bit of warning. He informs me that one Kentucky Legislator has introduced a bill levying a tax on Kentucky Colonels. They want to make every Kentucky Colonel, Kentucky Admiral and Kentucky Canoeist pay a tax to the State.