

ROOSEVELT

The issue between the Administration and public utilities has entered a new phase. The government has put its hand on what looks like a potent weapon in its controversy with the power corporations, the fight over such federal electric power projects as the Tennessee Valley Authority.

Mayor LaGuardia of New York has been conferring with President Roosevelt about a proposal to establish a municipal power plant in New York City, this to be financed by federal money, P.W.A. funds. And the President has said "yes". ^{Mayor} ^ LaGuardia announced today that the government would put up the cash to enable New York City to build an electric plant. The direct purpose to provide electric power for the use of the municipality and federal government institutions in New York City. Any surplus power above these needs will be available for sale to the public. This follows a long drawn out argument between the New York power companies and the City government.

But this only begins the story. The New York City electrical project, financed by federal money, will, according to tentative plans, be the first of a whole series of municipal

power plants in New York State. And it all will connect up with the St. Lawrence waterways project, which will provide enormous water power for conversion into electricity.

This certainly looks like war on a wide front, a national front, against the power companies. These, acting through the Edison Electric Institute, are fighting in the courts against the federal government going into the electricity business in competition with private industry. The Administration now is making a sweeping gesture in retaliation - the prospect of a government sponsored, government financed campaign, in favor of municipally owned plants for producing electricity.

Such an Administration battle, on a national scale, against utilities, would raise the problem of government in business to truly major proportions. It would mean a partnership of federal government and municipal government, in business together - the electric business, competing with private industry already in the field. The Administration is accusing the utilities companies of charging exorbitant rates. The companies, on their side, have been complaining that they cannot operate when they

are faced with government competition based on emergency public works and New Deal expenditures. They say they are legal companies, long in the field, and threatened with ruin when government goes into business.

Influence in a large part to his sense of humor. As a liaison man between the Administration and the bankers of the country, the tall man from Georgia had a way of driving home a point of shrewd wisdom and of getting a laugh at the same time.

Lean and lanky, with a big nose, big teeth and big ears, his intimate friends called him Andy Gump, and he didn't mind it. He found that the genial guise of an Andy Gump helped things along when he had to use persuasion on hard-boiled functionaries of government and chilly masters of finance.

He was a lawyer -- he became a banker. The story goes that one day, *after a meeting at the West*, *Black* walked along the street from one law office to another and passed a bank. He noticed that it closed at 3 p.m. and when he stopped and began to think, He decided that banking was an easier job than

practising law, so he became a banker and took it easy ever after. *He went to work for the government when he decided to*

BLACK

The passing of Eugene R. Black removes an influential and a humorous figure from public life. The man who recently resigned as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board owed his influence in a large part to his sense of humor. As a liaison man between the Administration and the bankers of the country, the tall man from Georgia had a way of driving home a point of shrewd wisdom and of getting a laugh at the same time.

Lean and lanky, with a big nose, big mouth and big ears, his intimate friends called him Andy Gump, and he didn't mind it. He found that the genial guise of an Andy Gump helped things along when he had to use persuasion on hardboiled functionaries of government and chilly masters of finance.

He was a lawyer -- he became a banker. The story goes ~~but~~ how one day, ^{back, in sweltering Atlanta heat,} years ~~ago~~, Lawyer Black walked along the street

49 from one law office to another and passed a bank. He noticed that it closed at 3 p.m. And right there he stopped and began to think. He decided that banking was an easier job than

practicing law. So he became a banker and took it easy ever after -- until he went to work for the government when no doubt he took it easier.

Here's a surprising picture - a society debutante, beautiful and wealthy - she's on her knees picking cigarette stubs off a court room floor and then sweeping the court room with a grimy municipal broom. It happened to Miss Nancy I. Bullitt, a Boston daughter of society. She was hurrying between a couple of her homes, from Kentucky to Massachusetts, for the holidays - and stepped on the gas through ~~Rockville~~ Rockville, Connecticut. The Rockville cops arrested her for speeding, and she had to spend a nervous hour in a local court room, waiting for the judge. She smoked a pack or two of cigarettes and chucked the butt on the floor. It was a shabby old court room, so what did it matter?

But when the Judge slapped on a fine of eleven dollars, he also added an extra penalty, most unusual. He sentenced the society deb to pick up all the cigarette butts, then to sweep the floor - and she did.

FLYERS

50 Trans-Atlantic flying - moonshine! The Adamowicz brothers did fly across the broad Atlantic. - There's no moonshine about that. It's a case of illegal liquor, a still for making hootch. That's where the moonshine comes in.

Remember how Joseph and Benjamin Adamowicz made that flight from the United States to Poland? They said it was to add glory to Poland's name. They had a lot of stops here and there, but they did make the hop across the ocean and finally set their white and blue monoplane down on the flying field of Warsaw, amid loud

~~applause~~

They were in the soda pop business, and that interested their old country friends and neighbors a good deal. They ^{se} figured the soda pop business must be a great thing in America if the two soda pop brothers ^{could} ~~can~~ make enough out of it to buy an airplane and fly across the ocean.

But did the Adamowicz brothers stick to soda pop when they got back? The federal government says "no", and it accuses the sodo pop ~~trans-Atlantic~~ trans-oceanic ^{boys} ~~aviators~~ of switching from soft drinks to hard. Word comes that the two Adamowicz brothers, another brother and four other men have been indicted for operating the

largest illegal still ever seized by government agents on Long Island. Two of the defendants are under arrest, neither of whom ever flew the ocean. The aviators are at liberty, though under indictment. Perhaps the question is, would this be the time for them to make another Transatlantic Flight?

RESCUE

Last night we left that rescue story right in the middle of an anxious suspense - imperilled, storm beaten sailors waiting to be saved. ^{Now} ~~Tonight~~ we can rehearse the happy ending we had all hoped for. Four rescue ships ^{bobbing} ~~cluttered~~ around the sinking Norwegian freighter, the SISTO. ~~And~~ With searchlights streaming through the storm and playing on the deck of the foundering vessel, a lifeboat of the ~~German~~ steamer NEW YORK fought its way through the raging seas, took sixteen men from the storm swept deck of the SISTO, and brought them back to safety.

ENGLAND

52
There is always something to be respected in the stern
relentlessness of British law. Yet it's no wonder that there were
frantic appeals for mercy from all over England, for ^{little} ~~that~~ woman ~~to~~ who
was ~~to be~~ hanged.

One thing that strikes the American is the brevity of
the evidence on which she was convicted. The unfortunate woman
hanged herself in advance while she was being questioned by a
police officer. There was nothing in the background of the
conversation to explain ^{when she said: -} ~~her~~ fatal remark ~~she made~~ "I didn't know
~~she said~~ that my husband had died of strychnine poisoning."

"Nobody has said he did", responded the detective with a
deadly logic.

And nobody had said it. There was no reason why she should
have known - unless she had done it. On that iron logic of a few
words, she was convicted. And not all her protestations of
innocence to the very last nor the flood of emotional appeals to
the British government, to King George, to Queen Mary, could save her.

NAVY

53 The die, if not cast, is as good as cast - although the action of the Privy Council of the Emperor of Japan merely added the most official sort of ^{confirmation} ~~action~~ to what we already knew was coming. The members of that grave and stately Council, the present day version of the former group of elder statesmen, is the number one advisory body to the Mikado. Its action, taken with the advice of the Emperor himself, is virtually final.

In fact, the statesmen cast their votes in the presence of the Emperor. ~~himself~~ They recommended to him that he terminate the Naval Treaty. And the Nipponese Son of Heaven is certain to act in accordance, so certain that the Japanese Foreign Minister announced immediately afterward that notice of the denunciation of the Treaty would be sent on Thursday, tomorrow, to the other nations that signed the Washington Treaty, Great Britain and the United States, also the smaller naval powers, France and Italy.

And the Mikado's Council, in addition to this definitive act, added a word of comment, a declaration that stands as a formal answer to ^{recent} ~~that~~ American announcement of policy. I mean - that strong declaration some days ago by Norman Davis,

American Ambassador-at-Large and delegate to the London Naval Conference, in which he insisted that the Treaty should stand as is. But, that if it didn't, and if any nation started to build warships, why the United States would respond with more warships, and out-build the competitor - meaning of course Japan.

Yes, this is answered by the Japanese Council, which declares most pointedly that in terminating the Naval Treaty, the Japanese government is "ready to face any consequence." It would take the most dyed-in-the-wool optimist, looking through the rosiest of rose-colored spectacles, to evade the belief that a naval race is inevitable, a naval race with all its incalculable consequences -- more taxes for you and me, Brother!

I wish I were an alarmist, a gloomy prophet of danger and disaster, for then I could have a lot of fun with still another bit of news that comes from Tokyo. It concerns naval manoeuvres in the Pacific. The Japanese admiralty announces that it is going to stage its naval war games next year as far east in the Pacific as the Hundred and Eightieth Meridian - way out at the International Date line, where you skip or gain a day.

And this is something new. Never before have the Japanese manoeuvres reached so far into mid-Pacific. Never before have the Nipponese warships played theoretical campaigns and fought mythical battles within hundreds of miles of that Hundred and Eightieth Meridian. It certainly looks as if the Japanese fleet, in its practice strategies, will be edging over toward the American side of the Pacific, a phenomenon to give any apprehensive and agitated spirit a resonant chance to view with alarm.

This war game announcement from Tokyo follows right on the heels of that spectacular British sham battle off Singapore. There has been mighty little news about the imaginary attack and defense of "the Cross Roads of the East", so little as to suggest the old shroud of secrecy. We've heard some of the spectacular details about rushing ships, zooming war planes, the deploying of land batteries and aircraft guns - and the final brief word that Singapore had been successful in fictitiously defending itself against the make-believe attack.

With these spectacular sham battle sights to behold, the people of Malaya had reason to be reminded vividly of those

days, nearly twenty years ago, when the warlike sights out there were no sham battles. The last time the Malay Peninsula experienced the booming of naval guns in earnest was when that cool and insolent German raider, the Emden, ran right into Penang Harbor, blasted and sunk a Russian cruiser at anchor, and then in a chase riddled a French gunboat. Right now in Penang Harbor they're salvaging that foundered Russian cruiser - the Japanese are doing it. A Tokyo salvage firm is cutting up the hulk for the copper and brass it contains. And the rust covered cannon of the ill-fated cruiser now strew the beach at Penang.

But wait a minute ~~/~~ here a climax to the Naval story.

From London the word is flashed today that the Naval Conference is adjourned. The delegates of the United States, Great Britain and Japan, after wrangling long and vainly, trying to agree upon a way to renew the Naval Treaty - have at last called it a day.

Yes, that's the climax, or maybe the anti-climax!

TURKEY

The kingdom of Italy seems to be developing into something of a storm center. There has been, of course, the Yugoslav agitation against Mussolini-land, which followed the assassination of King Alexander. More recently there has been that flare-up of trouble between Italy and Turkey. The news dispatch tells us that Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish Dictator, is mobilizing and fortifying the coast of Asia Minor opposite the Dodecanese Islands, those twelve isles of ancient legend. These are held by Italy. The Turkish military move is described as being in response to Mussolini's men fortifying the historic island of Rhodes, largest of the Dodecanese.

But there are broader grounds of difference between the two dictators, the Duce and the Ghazi. Mustapha has been wary of Benito ever since Mussolini in one of his ringing speeches declared:- "Italy's expansion must lie in Asia."

Turkey demanded an explanation. The Diplomatic Mussolini replied that he did not regard Turkey as being in Asia. And that didn't reassure the Diplomatic Kemal one bit. If Turkey is not in Asia, where is it?

Dawson.

Dec. 1, 1934.

MR. DAWSON AND L.T.
RMX

58 1/2
One agreeable thing about being in New York City is that your friends are always dropping in. Here's one tonight, from Russia. I am not going to ask him to make a speech about Russia, but while I was waiting to go on the air he made a remark that leads me to believe we ought to make him this week's Lord High Prevaricator of the Tall Story Club.

59
A.K. Dawson is the head of the Travel Department of the great American Express Company, and he says that during his recent stay in Russia he saw Noah's Ark -- yes sir, old Father Noah's Ark. Now, what kind of a liar does that make him out to be?

--O--

MR. D.:- I beg your pardon, Lowell, I am not a liar, it's the truth.

59 1/2
L.T.:- Okay, Brother Dawson, you win. Tell us your whopper. A Tall Story with a ~~Biblical~~ Biblical touch ought to be appropriate at this Christmas season.

MR. D.:- In the course of some four thousand miles of traveling in Russia, my wanderings brought me to Mt. Ararat.

L.T.:- Where the Ark ran aground.

MR. D.:- Sure! And on the ~~xx~~ slopes of Mt. Ararat there's an Armenian church, and the catholicus, the chief priest, showed me a part of the Ark!

L.T.:- I thought Carveth Wells was lying when he told us that one.

58
MR. D.:- I hope the Armenian Catholicus isn't listening in over there. Though he might be. People ~~ix~~ in Russia who understand English often listen to your program. I did, on a number of occasions, by short wave. And right now, they can hear over there at Mt. Ararat.

L.T.:- All right, A.K., that sounds like another Tall Story. But now, if we were on Mt. Ararat, how would I end this broadcast?

MR. D.:- Poka.

L.T.:- Well, poka, poka, and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.