

L.T., SUNOCO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1934

HOOVER

It seems that when you are one of the great of the land - - every little movement has a meaning all it's own. For example, ex-President Hoover - - every time he takes a walk around his veranda at Palo Alto, political dopsters say that it is a political move with a meaning all it's own. The former president is making a trip from California to Kansas City.

Mr. Hoover declares it is just a vacation. But the political wisecrackers are shaking their heads sagaciously and pointing out that Mr. Hoover has recently been in conference with a group of high conservative republicans - - I suppose you would call it a Corporals Guard of the Old Guard. And wise men shake their heads still more wisely as they mutter: "Anyhow why should anybody go on a vacation to Kansas City?" So they have doped it out that Mr. Hoover is on his way to forgather with some more of the big shots of the G. O. P., another Corporals guard of the old guard.

KANSAS CITY

When he arrives in Kansas City, Mr. Hoover will find something hardly to his taste - - a smashing democratic victory. Smashing is right, more smashing they say than glorious.

They call it "Little Tammany," the Kansas City Democratic organization. Three men were killed in the election and more than twenty slugged and beaten at the poles. One of the men ~~smashed~~ in that smashing victory was a reporter on the Kansas City Star. The Star is offering a five-thousand dollar reward for the arrest and conviction of the smashers. It will be nice to say that all that election skull duggery met with a just retribution. But life isn't always so nice. The retribution in question was a victory to the tune of a plurality of Fifty Thousand ^{ballots} ~~dollars~~ to the Little Tammany of Kansas City. A big bad beaten Tammany of New York might go out and take a few lessons.

MIAMI WHITE HOUSE

While I am broadcasting here, the gang is arriving - The Miami White House gang. They arrived on the six-thirty train, and right now are piling into the hotel here -- the President's Secretary, Colonel Marvin McIntyre, and his assistants; and the Washington Correspondents. They are taking possession of the whole top of Henry L. Doherty's Miami-Biltmore. I am just above them, in the topmost summit of the tower. The equipment is all in to establish communication between the Presidential fishing party at sea and the government bureaus in Washington. Seven lines of telegraph wire have been installed, batteries of typewriters are ready to go clickety-click and two press rooms have been fitted out for the newspaper boys headed by Francis Stevenson of the Associated Press, Fred Stone of the United Press, and Ed Lockett of the International News Service and the rest of the scribes, but not a Pharisee among them. So it's moving-in time right now for the Presidential executive office here -- or, as the local newspapers are headlining proudly, the Miami White House. I'll

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bet that phrase catches on in the newspapers all over the country -- Miami White House.

Meanwhile the President himself is out on the ocean. He boarded Vincent Astor's yacht, the Nourmahal at Jacksonville this morning, and put out to sea. And this evening he's looking over his hooks and lines and pondering the problems of government, the barbed hooks and tangled lines of government.

When the President left he had nothing to say about the bill with the veterans benefits. The Senate was doing the talking. A heavy debate has been under way all day.

And here's the decision of the law makers of the Upper House. The Senate has

The issue was clearly drawn. The Lower House ^{had} passed the increased benefits for veterans over the President's veto. It was up to the Senate to uphold Mr. Roosevelt's hitherto strong control of Congress, or to hand the President a full and thorough-going defeat on this issue.

MRS. ROOSEVELT

While the First Fisherman of the land is bating his hooks, the first lady of the land has been out shopping - not for fish, but for a new Easter bonnet, Mrs. Roosevelt's Easter regala will be of the color she made famous on Inauguration Day, Eleanor blue -- her new Easter bonnet with an Eleanor blue ribbon on it. And in case General Johnson is listening in - - N. R. A. labels are sewed on every article that the First Fisherman's First Lady has bought. She will be clad according to N.R.A. - from bonnet brim to French heels. Her Easter Fineries will exemplify not only the old feminine deal of looking fetching, but also the New Deal in economics.

And while on the subject of attire for Easter, we hear echos of that old theme song of beauty in mens clothing - a more gaudy embellishment in the duds that father wears. Haber dashery experts say that for Easter the well dressed man will wear hats that would be O. K. at a New Orleans Mardi Gras carnival, zebra stripes, checkerboard patterns and other horrors

called beautiful. But I'll bet that next Sunday will see us wearing the same old gray and black, the same soft hats and derbies.

But, at the same time there does remain that philosophical perplexity that in other ages men have worn the brightest of raiment. Curiously enough there seem to be two primary eras of colorless clothing for men. The Romans wore a monotony of white, white togas, a purple fringe being the only touch of bright color allowed. And we nowadays confine ourselves to the drab and dull of darker shades with an occasional red necktie for a headlight.

IRELAND

Here's the height of diplomacy:

Over in Ireland there's one perplexing, ambiguous problem. Who is the head of the State? Is he President DeValera; Or ~~is he~~ the British Governor General? Mr. DeValera as a conscientious Irish Republican takes the position of ignoring the ^{King's} Governor-General as far as possible. To the British the Governor General takes precedence as the representative of His Majesty George ^{the} Fifth, ^{Rex} Imperator.

President Roosevelt has just sent a new American Minister to Dublin, Mr. William McDowell. To whom should Mr. McDowell present his credentials -- to President DeValera or to the Governor General? If to the Governor General, that would make the Irish angry. If to Mr. DeValera, that ^{would be} tantamount to recognizing the Irish Free State and would twist the tail of the British Lion. What ~~should~~ the new American Minister do? Yes, a diplomat needs a bit of diplomacy now and then.

Well, Mr. McDowell presented his credentials and the result is a tempest in ~~the~~ tea pot among the British. You guessed it, the credentials were presented to Mr. DeValera and a good many loyal British subjects are saying this is a snub to King George.

However, that only begins the story. The British officials have nothing to say, neither have the British newspapers. In Washington the gentlemen at the State Department profess to know nothing about the hullabaloo. They're exceedingly vague and non-committal. But there's a rumor around that the new Irish Minister to Dublin had duplicate credentials and that he has given one set to President DeValera and the other set, a bit on the Q - T, to the Governor-General.

Now that is what I would call the height of diplomacy. It is a light laugh in the grandiose business of statecraft. But it's the kind of laugh that relates to things weighty and serious -- the determination of Ireland to cut loose entirely from England, and, the continuing concessions that the English are making. It looks like an even chance that there soon may be a final divorce between that long mismatched couple, those two islands, -- of the Lion and the Shamrock -- most likely with Ulster out of it.

HITLER

Over in Germany the Nazi's are spending more than three hundred and fifty million dollars during the coming year on armament. That is ninety million dollars more than for the year previous. And, Hitler's government has awarded a subsidy of One Million Dollars to those Nazi storm troops.

Hitler has been assuring Europe that his storm troops are not an official military organization. He has also been loudly protesting his love of peace.

It reminds us of the temple of Janus of Ancient Rome. The gates were open in time of war and closed in time of peace; and the God Janus was represented by an image with a double face that looked both ways. Hitler looks one way and talks peace - - and looks the other way and pours money in to implements of war. But, so do they all. It's pretty much the same with the heads of most great governments. The Romans had their God Janus looking both ways. In English we have the old expression two-faced. It's also called diplomacy and state craft.

ITALY.

^{next bit of}
The ^{armament} news this evening is that Mussolini

is selling twelve giant war planes to Austria, also twelve similar battle birds of the sky to Hungary and is lending to the Austriaⁿ and Hungarian armies a staff of crack Italian pilots to teach ~~the~~ Austriaⁿ and Hungarian aviators to handle those giant planes.

Let us keep in mind that only a week or so ago Italy made important treaties with Austria and Hungary -- economic treaties they were called. We surmised then^{that} those agreements had a heavy political, as well as commercial meaning -- something more than mere buying and selling. We are all the more convinced of this when the first bit of buying and selling we hear about concerns squadrons of great war planes bought by Austria and Hungary^{and}, sold by Italy.

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After all the alarmist clamor about war, it's soothing to listen for a moment to Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, also President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Doctor Butler has just returned to the United States after passing what he describes as ten memorable days in Rome. He is confident that the war which so many people have been predicting can be avoided, and he bases his confidence on Mussolini. ¶ Says Doctor Butler: "Rome is again becoming the capital of the Western World. Premier Mussolini has an increasingly firm grasp upon world problems and an increasing sense of his own responsibility for leadership in their solution. The Duce," says Doctor Butler, "understands perfectly that another war would mean the destruction of our civilization, and, that the frantic and suicidal economic nationalism now everywhere to be seen can only end in a war brought on by sheer stupidity."

~~and~~ President Butler said further:- "Since both the general Disarmament Conference and the General Economic Conference have broken down the obvious path of progress is to attempt to accomplish by negotiations between individual nations what has

Outside ~~of~~ the window here at the Miami-Biltmore Hotel the wind from the ocean is swishing through the palm trees. It reminds me that this is the perfection of a tropical evening. That fragrant sea ^{with its Gulf Stream} also reminds me of a classic aeroplane adventure of these parts. The theme song might be ^{the following words:-} ~~written~~ -- "and the wind changed."

The tale was told me at the Miami seaplane base of the Coast Guard. And it relates how the alarm was sent out, of a seventeen year old boy, out fishing who had been blown far and away to sea in a miserable flat-bottomed boat. So a big coast guard seaplane went out in the storm to the rescue. Aboard that flying life-boat were Commander Von Paulsen in charge of the Miami Coast Guard station, Lieutenant Olsen, two mechanics and a radio operator -- a crew of five men in all, aboard that giant rescue bird.

From the sky they spotted that storm beaten boy in his water-logged boat. They swooped low to take a look. They saw he was all in. Night was at hand, and it didn't seem as though he could survive the night. No boat they could summon could locate him until day. And the sea was too high and wild for the

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plane to alight safely on the water and take him aboard.

But the plane did come down on that tempest lashed sea. Safety didn't matter. Five men took their lives in their hands to save the youngster a lad of the fisher people of this coast. They pulled the boy into the cockpit and took off into the sky again.

And, that's where the story begins.

The lashing of the waves, the impact of the battering seas had damaged the plane so badly that when it got into the air it could not hold a level course. One wing hung down, it was a limping broken bird. The plane was gradually going to pieces in the air. Commander Von Paulsen made haste to land again on the stormy sea. She could afloat even if she couldn't fly.

The wind that had blown the boy to sea was still blowing the same way. What could it do but blow the disabled plane out to sea?

The story might end with the plane drifting on and on, out into the Atlantic until pounded to pieces -- only now comes the second theme song with the same words:- "and the

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wind changed."

By one of those happy and seemingly miraculous quirks of fate the gale shifted and blew on shore and the plane was blown onto the coast, safely through the breakers. That Florida shore was virtually a primeval jungle, but that was a small matter to men who had faced the ultimate terror of the sea until the wind changed.

And if it is to be an eye for an eye, it will have to be an ugly squint-eye for a mean-looking cocker.

You may recall that a little while ago Harvard high-binders kidnapped the Yale mascot, dog-napped is the word, because the Yale pet is of course a bull dog - - bull dog, bull dog, bow, wow, wow.

Yale tried to be gentlemanly about that and merely published a polite request asking the Harvard men to be kind to dumb animals. A sour old Yale grad was heard to remark that you could depend upon Harvard men to be kind to them unless. However, the pleading Yale men pointed out that Handsome Dan as the Yale bull dog is called, has not been

YALE

Here's a chance to earn a high academic honor. Just think up a dirty trick, an exceedingly low-down piece of skull duggery, and I'll bet they will make you a Doctor of Philosophy at Yale. The erudite seat of higher learning in New Haven is in dire need of some false foul villainy to hand back to John Harvard. Because them low-down Harvard's have done Yale wrong, - - dastardly wrong. And if it is to be an eye for an eye, it will have to be an ugly squint-eye for a mean looking cockeye.

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enjoying good health and needs special diet. They gave the menu that Hansome Dan required to avoid getting the pip, blind staggers or athlete's foot or pink tooth brush.

In response to this Yale politeness, was some Harvard politeness. On the occasion of the annual dinner of the Harvard comic magazine, the Lampon, Hansome Dan, properly fed on the necessary diet, was courteously restored to the men of Yale. But that Harvard politeness merely concealed a devilish guile. Before they handed the bull dog back the Harvard Lampon editors took him to the Statue of John Harvard. There they placed choice morsels of the dog food prescribed by Yale. That's where they let Hansome Dan have his dinner and they photographed him at the foot of the statue. The picture is being publishing far and wide - the photograph of the Yale bull dog kissing the feet, licking the boots of John Harvard. And you can have any academic honor at Yale you may want if you can devise a trick dirty enough to repay that dirty trick.

I would enter that competition myself only last night

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the Yale Glee Club here at the Miami - Biltmore celebrated
kept us awake most of the night. So I'm rooting for Harvard.

William
Osceola.

Chief of Seminoles
in Everglades.

Mar. 28, 1934.

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I have a distinguished visitor in the studio tonight, distinguished in appearance and distinguished in fact. Like Joseph, he wears a coat of many colours, or rather a shirt of many colours--the spectacular native garb of the Seminole Indians. He is Chief William Osceola, ruler of the Seminole Indians of the Everglades. He is the great-grandson and only living descendent of the great Osceola, mighty chief who fought the pale faces with bitter courage.

The modern Osceola is a rich man, rich in trade, trade in alligator skins, coon skins and the hide^s of other creatures of the Everglades. The Seminoles they say were never conquered by the white man. Chief Osceola and his people live the primeval life of the Everglades -- and talk the primeval language. Come to the microphone Chief and say so long until tomorrow in the Seminole language.

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(Chief speaks)

Yes, that's so long until tomorrow.