

L.T. SUNOCO - FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1934

Good Evening, Everybody:-

"Nature is balancing her accounts with a red pencil this year." That's the way Kipling phrased it once.

Another series of earthquake shocks. This time again in Asia, in the mighty ranges of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush.

It's impossible to estimate the damage at present because the shocks were so violent that they have interrupted all communications. The probability is that this latest earthquake has shaken the entire northwest Himalayan range. The effects were felt all over those two wild countries, Afghanistan and Baluchistan. Only the vaguest rumors have filtered through Khyber Pass, so far. But there seems reason to believe that this may be an even more serious earthquake calamity than the one which last January destroyed so much that was picturesque and beautiful in the Indian Province of Bihar.

One of the great earthquake belts of the world passes through that region. We felt quakes every day, some years ago when I was there; usually of no importance. Just made you jump a bit, and hurry out in the open. But this, from the vague accounts, is a big one.

So what's the news from Jalálabad, Kashgar, and the Vale of Kashmir tonight? Are the old walled cities of Central Asia still standing? Maybe we'll hear tomorrow, or not until next week.

MARRIAGE

When a young couple in the throes of love and springtime wanted to get married, the girl used to say:- "Ask Papa."
Or, in America, it was: "Ask Mamma." Mebbe? In Soviet Russia today the answer is: "Ask the landlady." You can't get a marriage license in Moscow unless you have permission from the superintendent of the apartment house in which you live. One comrade tried it the other day and the answer was: "The comrade may marry. But he may not bring his wife into the area in which he lives." So in Russia, it's "Ask the landlady."

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"If you don't make love to the landlady's daughter,
You'll never get a sweet young blushing bride."

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Or do Bolshevik brides brush? Or brides brush.

Brides blush, I mean. That's a ~~twix~~ twister:- Bolshevik brides blush.

MUSSOLINI

Mussolini and Hitler are deep in their discussions of the affairs of Europe. With all the secrecy that surrounds their confabulation nobody knows whether they are talking about the weather, the merits of sauerkraut versus ravioli, or the shellacking Carnera got, ^{from Max Baer} A pain in the neck to both the Italian dictator and the anti-Semite Hitler. But here are a couple of subjects that may possibly have entered into their discussions.

Chances seem to be impending in Austria. There's a rumor that the little Dictator Dolfuss may retire. The man mentioned to succeed him is Anton Rinteln, the present Austrian ambassador to Italy. He looks like a compromise candidate between the Nazis and Fascists of Austria. These Austrian Black Shirt and Brown Shirt factions are at bitter odds. The Fascists, leaning toward Italy, are strongly clerical and Catholic, while the Nazis, of course, are the allies of the German Nazis, who are having their difficulties with the Catholic church.

These proposed changes in Austria are expected to result from the conversations of Mussolini and Hitler.

It is believed that Hitler will convince the Duce that the Austrian Nazis ought to have some share in the Fascist government at Vienna. Meanwhile the Nazi disturbances in Austria have been called off ⁻⁻ the bombings and other acts of terrorism. The Brown Shirt headquarters at Munich has ~~has~~^s decreed peace and good will toward the Vienna government -- for the duration of the Hitler-Mussolini meeting. It wouldn't look so good to have ^{Nazi} ~~Nazi~~ bombs exploding in the neighborhood of Vienna, while the two dictators are trying to come to an agreement about Austria.

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MORATORIUM

And then, of course, there 's the German moratorium, with the Berlin government suspending payments on all foreign obligations.. Nearly every nation has something to say to Germany about that. And no doubt Mussolini will say it to Hitler while they are having lunch ~~and are~~^{or} taking a stroll at the villa Pisani.

England has had her say, in the form of a declaration by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Neville Chamberlain, before the House of Commons. He declared His Majesty's government would seize all German credits in England and apply them to loans made by British business firms to Germany.

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The attitude of France is somewhat similar. Paris declares that she will stop the private payments of French business firms to German firms unless Berlin lifts the moratorium. We don't know what the Boss Black Shirt is saying to the Boss Brown Shirt about ~~the~~ the Ex German moratorium, but after all, Italy must ~~feel~~^{feel} a good deal the same about it as other nations. We all feel about the same when we don't get paid. One touch of non-payment makes the whole world kin.

VILLA

It seems that what we have to tell tonight about the meeting of the two dictators is mostly what we don't know about it. They may be confining their diplomatic conversations to Mussolini's reminiscences of his father's Blacksmith shop, Hitler's reminiscences of the humble cottage where he was born, or their mutual reminiscences of being in jail. With all those reminiscences I might as well do a little reminiscing of my own.

The Villa Pisani is one of the show places of Italy, some miles out of Venice, on the road to Padua, lovely and exceedingly isolated. That's why the Duce of the Black Shirts and the sacrosanct leader of the Brown Shirts are there -- because it is so secluded.

I knew the Villa Pisani in those old wartime days, when it was not so far behind the ~~the~~ fighting lines. I ~~can~~ still see the white road across the beautiful countryside.

It was humming with military activity then. Not far away was the base of the American air force. Mussolini, then a private soldier, was in the trenches, to the north. Hitler was a private soldier, in the trenches too, the enemy trenches, the German fighting line in France.

Villa Pisani

I recall one incident of war in that sector, an almost fantastic piece of ~~strategy~~ strategy. Austrian airplanes came and bombarded Padua at night. Did the Italian defending ~~air force~~ *squadron* take off to wage a ~~bi~~ battle in the night sky? They did not. They took off, but they flew north into the ~~Austrian~~ Austrian zone. They went winging to the air base from which the enemy bombing fleet had come. The flying field was brilliantly lighted, ready for the return of the raiding squadron. The Italians bombed the field, bombed the lights, until the field was in black darkness.

When the Austrian bombers flew home, they couldn't find home. They looked for the lighted field, but it wasn't there. And this was in the mountains, in the jagged, craggy Dolomites. And they crashed all over the place.

That all adds impressive background to the spectacular meetings of the Dictators.

DEBTS

Over in Europe they call us, not Uncle Sam, but Uncle Shylock. But I should say that as a debt collector Uncle Shylock is a good baseball player. Of all the millions that were due us today, four hundred and seventy-seven of them, how much do you suppose we got? One hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars from the little fellow who pays - Finland.

This is a deliberate gesture of gratitude. Finland's Foreign Minister explains that when his country was in such sore need of food and other supplies from 1918 to 1920, Uncle Shylock sent her the food and other supplies, extended her credit. Actually the United States avoided a famine in Finland. And Finland hasn't forgotten.

All the other countries of Europe have defaulted.

Historians point out that so far as Great Britain is concerned it is the first default since the reign of Edward III, five hundred years ago. Well, that's quite a record.

Here's an angle. These same nations that are defaulting to us are jumping heavily on Germany, when Germany defaults.

TUNNEL

They're going to hold a celebration tomorrow in Denver, Colorado, which will recall some of the most picturesque days of the Far West. I mean more particularly the days when there was glamor, romance, and drama in railroading.

The event they're going to celebrate will be the opening of the Dotsero cut-off on the Moffat Road, running from Denver to Salt Lake City. Most of you folks back east don't know much about the Moffat Road. But to us old-time Westerners, it has a good deal of meaning.

Way back in the earliest years of this century, there was a heavy fight on between the railroad moguls. On the one side was the formidable E. H. Harriman, a hard, bold man, a genius in his way. He controlled the Chicago & Northwestern, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific. On the other side was George J. Gould, eldest son of Jay Gould, the railroad manipulator. They battled like the railroad giants that they were.

Then David H. Moffat, a Denver banker, got into the picture. He wanted to build a railroad which would cut like an arrow through the mighty continental divide, a short line to Salt Lake

City, and thence to the coast.

So Dave Moffat got the money together and started ~~with~~ building the Moffat road. They called it "Moffat's folly." The big Moffat tunnel which runs for six and a fifth miles under the Continental Divide was of itself enough to swallow up Moffat's personal fortune. And ahead of him was still the problem of building the Dotsero cut-off, about as formidable an engineering job as Harriman's Lucin cut-off, ^{- causeway -} which takes you ^{right} across the ^{middle of} the great Salt Lake. Then Moffat died in nineteen hundred and eleven. People said his heart was broken because he had failed to realize his great dream.

But his work has been carried on. The Dotsero cut-off is completed, and tomorrow the new streamlined train of the Burlington & Rock Island, the now famous Zephyr, will make the first trip over the new road. It will save eight hours running time between Denver and Salt Lake City. And the shade of Dave Moffat will be one of the passengers.

STEEL

The steel strike situation has been turned into a curious channel. They are still arguing it out in Pittsburgh, the representatives of the workers.

But the issue has changed today. It is not a question of capital versus labor. It is a conflict between the young and the old in the Union. The young hot-heads against the elder conservatives. The principal spokesman for the conservatives is William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor.

Bill Green, when he is not working as a labor leader is a Baptist deacon. He used to be a coal miner, came up through the ranks and succeeded Sam Gompers.

It is an anxious time for the country at large, waiting to know what the steel men are going to do. I am sure everybody realizes now that a steel strike would be a turbulent and destructive affair, and when all over, you would find that nobody had won. That's the tragedy of so many labor disputes.

ELIZABETH

A story I told last night of the man, the police of Elizabeth, New Jersey were hunting for, and found him in jail, was not correct -- it's funnier than I thought it was.

It all started out as a kidnapping case. The man's wife went in great agitation to the Elizabeth police, crying hubby had been kidnapped. And then the hunt was on until they found him in the Hudson County calaboose -- not Elizabeth. He had been kidnapped by federal agents for moonshining.

Well, if being locked up is being abducted the country is simply full of kidnappings.

HOCKEY

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With the thermometer between seventy and eighty, it hardly seems such a happy time to be talking about hockey. But just as the baseball season is organized in December, so the hockey season gets itself organized in June. The governors of the League had their meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. ★ The National Hockey League next winter will consist of ten clubs. Pittsburgh is coming back into the league.

FIGHT

And now about the big championship contest. It was a humdinger. The champion successfully defended his title. The challenger did his best, but the champion was too good. He retained his crown triumphantly.

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~~Yes,~~ the newspapers today tell us how the champion, Dr. Alekhine, ^{Alay bin,} beat the challenger, Bogoljubov, ^{ff} for the championship of the world - the chess championship. They had been playing over in Europe for weeks, for months, game after game, twenty-five games, each lasting for hours, smacking each other with ~~queens-~~ gambits, pushing pawns, capturing queens and calling "check".

But it all turned out in a glorious victory for the champion.

^{Oh yes, and}
Of course there ~~is~~ was that other championship affair in the Madison Square Garden arena, ^{out on Long Island,} And what a savage barroom brawl that ~~was~~ was! I saw it and I'll never forget some of the pictures impressed ~~on~~ my memory; the grinning, taunting, mocking Baer and his viper-like hitting. Swings brought up from the floor with the speed and slash of lightning. And Carnera's dogged courage, knocked down time after time, but always getting up and plugging ahead. Beaten to a pulp by those savage blows, he kept plodding

forward. I noticed there was something flat-footed about his advance into that gale of driving punches -- and now it develops ^{that he} ~~there~~ had a sprained, twisted ankle, got it when Baer hit him with ~~xx~~ everything including the Kitchen ^{stove} ~~stove~~ in that hair-raiser first round.

It is one of the oddities of the news to get on the same day the tidings of how the chess champion had held his title, ~~title~~ and the heavyweight champion of the world had ~~ix~~ lost. Which of these two championship events attracted the wide interest of the multitude? It is interesting to speculate about that angle.

Anyway, the play boy of the boxing world did the greatest fighting of his life. Now I suppose he'll go on playing. But there's some doubt about that. One authority quotes the new champion as exclaiming in his hour of victory:- "Bring me some beer and a dozen blondes." But another equally authoritative authority tells how he declared: "No more wild women for me. Mother is now the only girl for me."

You take your choice. I'll just say --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.