

Good afternoon, Everybody.

~~Last week was what editors would call a well-
valanced news week, stacks of variety.~~

In the ^{news} panorama of the week we had a series of political headlines that crashed through with a real thrill. Take Philippine Independence. It developed with dramatic swiftness. Actos ² in the theatre could not have staged a big scene with any more rapid-fire action than that spectacular Philippine duel between Congress and the President.

Ever since 1898, the American people have had the problem of the Philippines before them. And that controversy has been going on ever since, until now ^w it has climbed to a dizzy high-spot. A bill for Philippine independence jammed thru Congress; Mr. Hoover returns it with an emphatic veto.

^{Today's} ~~In these~~ Sunday ^{papers} ~~editorials~~ ~~today newspaper editors~~ are commenting upon those powerful presidential words ~~that~~ ^{used when} Mr. Hoover, ^{he} with a deeply-felt indignation, ^{he} stated the whole case against the bill, pointing out the duty we owe to the Philippines.

The latest news is that the Senate is still battling on the subject. The question ~~is~~ now before the Upper house ~~is~~:- whether to pass the bill over the President's veto or not. The Senators spent all day yesterday debating the matter, ^{and tomorrow} ~~The New~~ *they will be at it again.* ~~York Times tells us that the loud palaver was still going on when the time came to adjourn. And so the subject was put off until Monday.~~

RUSSIA

In the foreign news of the week there has been a good deal of discussion about affairs in Russia. A last-minute dispatch printed in the New York Herald Tribune today tells of a considerable movement of the people out of the cities.

Thousands are deserting the big towns and going to the farms and villages of the peasants. The reason, is a new policy of the Soviet authorities. They are said to be bearing down hard on the elements of the population that are not enthusiastically identified with Communism, rounding up these classes and sending them to work in the mines and lumber camps. There's a shortage of labor in those Soviet mines and lumber camps. The going is said to be pretty tough, and naturally the tendency is to keep as far away from them as possible.

That's the reason for the flight of those thousands from the cities.

INTRODUCTION TO HALLIBURTON

There's a young man who has received just about as much publicity as any young man of our day. He came from the South, from Memphis, Tenn. He was reared with considerable restraint and always did the proper thing. For instance, he went to Lawrenceville prep school, and then on to Princeton. And when he got that off his chest he said: "This business of taking life seriously doesn't appeal to me. Let's have some fun. And ever since then he has gone where he wanted to go and apparently had a hilariously glorious time.

He got himself jailed by the British for snooping around the Rock of Gibraltar. He slept all night in the garden of the Taj Mahal. Then he wrote a book that excited wide attention called the Royal Road to Romance. It clicked. So he said: "Oh, ho, life is just a bowl of cherries for me." Whereupon, he went out on another traveling spree and came back with a book called The Glorious Adventure. Then he swam the Panama Canal - on the installment plan - while some of the folks in Panama ^{stood on the bank and} gave him the ~~raspberry~~ ^{bravo cheer.} He climbed Equatorial mountains, dived into sacred pools, stretched himself like Tarzan of the Apes

Dick
Halliburton.

Author,
adventurer.

Jan. 15, 1933.

and wrote "New Worlds to Conquer".

~~His success was so unusual that all~~ ^{They} the wiseacres ~~said~~ :-
"This Halliburton success ^{is}
~~began to say: "It's~~ just a fad!" He ~~will~~ ^{'ll} vanish now and

we'll never hear of him again." Whereupon that's just what

he proceeded to do - that is, ^{he} vanished. But, ^{wait I'm ahead of} ~~we are hearing~~

~~of him again~~ ^{myself: -} He was gone for a long time. He rubbed his

magic lamp and the Slave of the Lamp came forth and presented

him with a flying carpet. That is, he took the money he had

made on his book royalties and from his lectures and bought

himself an airplane ~~that he~~ ^{and} named ^{it} "The Flying Carpet".

Away he flew to remote lands, off the beaten path

most of the time; he did things rather more difficult than he

had done before and then with his flying carpet, he flew back

home and wrote a book by that very name. It's one of the best

sellers of the present day. Even the movie people cornered him

and made it into a film ~~although~~ ^{even if} it was ^{it} ~~not~~ fiction. #

And now, Dick Halliburton is back in New York ^{once more! -} ~~at last~~;

in fact, he's at my elbow. Well Dick, where have you
been, and what's the news from Timbuctoo, Borneo,
Persia and Tibet?

HALLIBURTON

L.T.: - Where have you been, and what have you been doing?

R.H.:- Where have I been? Well, the heart of the Sahara Desert, for example. Aboard my Flying Carpet, along with Moyer Stephens, my companion. In order to visit Timbuctu we flew two thousand miles across the Sahara. Gasoline cost us four dollars a gallon, at one point in the desert, and the airplane required over a hundred gallons for that one fueling. Our desert flying also gave us the opportunity to visit the French Foreign Legion. In fact we lived the Legion life for three months.

Lately in the newspapers we have seen that the Shah of Persia, Raza Khan, has cancelled the concessions

made by his predecessors for development by English capital of the great Persian oil fields. England has invested millions in this project and is greatly dependent on this supply for her navy's fuel. Consequently, this autocratic gesture on the Shah's part may have very serious consequences. Raza Khan is every inch a king, and having risen from ^a private soldier to dictator and to the throne, he rules his country with an iron hand.

I had a ~~most~~ amusing encounter with him in Teheren, ^{his capital.} ~~the~~ ~~Capital of Persia,~~ ~~On arriving there with the Flying Carpet,~~ I found that the Shah had thrust into jail ^{man} ~~most~~ of the partisans of the old regime. Among these ~~partisans~~ were ~~found~~ most of the enlightened and noble families of Persia, ~~the country's most interesting and distinguished citizens, in fact.~~ Hearing of this ~~situation~~ and finding the local hotels impossible, I appealed to the Shah to sentence me to the Imperial jail. Even though he accused me social climbing, he granted my petition - and to jail I went, by official command of Raza Khan. My fellow prisoners were indeed most delightful and cultivated Persians. The town's best tailor had been invited to measure them for their stripes and their cells were decorated

with beautiful rugs and objects of art brought from their own estates. The jail itself was unbelievably comfortable and the food excellent. ^{But} After four days, the Shah sent one of his generals to inquire after my health and immediately, ⁺ a rumor got around that I was a friend of the throne - probably a spy. [^] Immediately all my fellow prisoners turned away from me - I was ostracized - and forced to leave my luxurious jail and its delightful prisoners and go back to the cold desolation of the Grand Hotel.

L.T. - Dick, I saw in the papers some time back that you planned to attempt the flight of Mt. Everest by airplane.

It's rather a hope than a plan, Lowell. ^{Low gear} In the Flying Carpet I flew across Nepal to Mt. Everest and along its southern face. ⁹ But with only a 18,000 foot ceiling, ² I was unable to get even near the top. At present an English climbing expedition is making a fourth attempt to ^{conquer} ~~climb~~ Everest and the climbers are accompanied by ^a powerful plane. [^] If this plane gets over - and I most sincerely hope it does - there'll be no point in anyone else trying to do it. But if the British plane fails, I'd like to make the attempt.

The mountain is over 29,000 feet high, but so fearful are the winds at the top that one would need 5,000 feet of clearance for safety's sake-- or a ceiling of 35,000 feet. There is no standard plane today able to fly **that** high and carry the gasoline, cameras, instruments, electrically heated clothes and two people. But I'm sure such a plane could be designed. If the opportunity comes to me and I succeed, it would be amusing to fly on north **across** the Himalayan range and land in Lahasa, the ~~largest~~ forbidden capital of Thibet. That, of course, is a wild dream indeed. But you may be sure flyers will do even this some day. If I have any luck with my own flight I'd like to come back some Sunday afternoon and greet your friends again, and tell them all about this new adventure.

CHINA

Here's hoping you do, and that you don't have a forced landing up there at 29,000 feet. And by the way, here's a romantic story ~~of~~ that you'll like.

It concerns that row in Manchuria. The Japanese, as we know, are pushing on deeper into Chinese territory, although one report is that they have been slowed up a little bit. They say the soldiers of the Mikado have been held back in a few places by the Big Swords. These are Chinese troops, who in addition to rifles and their modern equipment, carry swords, long flashing blades that they use when they get to close quarters. I believe these are something like the huge grotesque swords we see in Chinese pictures. Anyway, the men of that particular outfit of Chinese troops are called the Big Swords.

Heavy fighting has been going on around the town of Shanhaikwan, and that brings us to our sentimental story of another era. The city of Shanhaikwan is at the point where the Great Wall of China meets the sea. It was there that nearly three hundred years ago a terrific battle was fought between the

Chinese and the Manchus, a disastrous battle for the Chinese, because it led to the Manchu conquest of China.

A story in the New York Herald-Tribune gives an account of that wild struggle at Shanhaikwan those long years ago. It was all because of the Lady Chen, the round-faced beauty. The last emperor of the Great Ming dynasty was overthrown by a usurper. The last of the Mings hung himself in despair, and the usurper made himself emperor.

Away to the North, at the Great Wall of China, a war was on with the Manchus. The commander of the Chinese forces there was Wu San Kuei. He was about to yield his allegiance to the new emperor when he learned that the monarch had seized and taken unto himself the Lady Chen, the round-faced beauty. She had been a slave girl, but General Wu, having seen her, had fallen in love with her and had intended to make her his wife. Wu swore an oath of vengeance, because the emperor had taken the Lady Chen, the round-faced beauty. In revenge he invited the Manchus to enter China and dethrone the emperor. The emperor in

alarm restored the Lady Chen, to General Wu, but it was too late. The Manchus had swarmed down upon Shanhaikwan, the city where the Great Wall of China meets the sea. The emperor mustered his army, and near the town was fought the battle that made the Manchus masters of China.

Well, today a descendant of the old Manchu emperors reigns in the new state of Manchukuo. He was put on his throne by the Japanese and it is the men of Nippon who are fighting the battle for the Manchus near the city where that Great Wall of China meets the sea.

AUTO SHOW

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To the World of Finance and Commerce the National Auto Show this past week was ~~an~~ ~~decidedly~~ important affair. It may show the way the wind is blowing. For instance, Montagu Worthley, in the New York Evening Post remarks:

"It has been said that the National Automobile Show may be likened to the State of Maine on presidential election prophecies. As the Auto Show goes, so goes the automobile industry."

If that ~~is~~ true then it looks like good times ahead for the automobile world. The crowds at the show were greater than ever. It was an enormous success and if the automobile industry flourishes this year that of course, will mean more prosperity for the steel industry, for the rubber industry, for all the companies that make accessories -- in fact, it may permeate the whole life of the country. Well, here's hoping!

As you have heard, the cars this year were more strikingly beautiful than ever before and they are much more economical. But to me one of the most interesting things about this automobile week in New York City was a feature that I haven't

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heard mentioned. Aside from the exhibition at the Grand Central Palace, there were ~~very~~ huge private exhibits in other parts of the city. For instance, General Motors took one floor of the Waldorf-Astoria, and the magnificent background at the Waldorf provided an unusual setting for the display of the ultra-modern cars that are now coming out. Behind each car at the Waldorf was an exquisite country scene - an enormous thing 12 or 15 feet high -- not painted, but beautiful scenes all made of bits of wood, inlay work as fine as anything I ever saw in the Orient. Those wonderful wooden panels at the Waldorf would be worthy of a special exhibition.

DIAMONDS

Here ~~is~~^s a bit of Philippine news but it hasn't anything to do with affairs in Washington. It is about a diamond hunt. ~~that is going~~ No, they haven't discovered any deposits of precious stones around Manila. It was just the case of a man who threw a lot of diamonds into the dirt. The New York Times tells the story of a man connected with a jewelry firm who is charged with a \$57,000. shortage in his accounts. He grew desperate and decided to end it all. He started for a high cliff determined to throw himself over. He had a bag of small diamonds with him and in his desperation he emptied ~~these~~^{2 diamonds} into the loose dirt along the road as he was on his way to the cliff. When he got to the cliff he changed his mind; ~~he~~^{and} decided to explain his shortage by pretending he had been robbed. That didn't work ~~out~~ either. ^{So} He ended by confessing the whole matter and then the next thing was to hunt for those diamonds he had thrown by the handful into the dirt.

There were ~~it was~~⁻⁻⁻ said to be 4763 diamonds worth around \$40,000; ~~and~~^{I have} the folks ~~people have~~[?] been hunting for them. The dirt all along the road has been shovelled up. ^{whole} Two truck loads of earth

of Manila
were brought into the city yesterday for closer examination.

~~It~~ is an odd story, but as I remarked it has
nothing to do with that Philippine tangle down in Washington.

SPORTS.

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This is rather off-season for sports, but that didn't keep the sports pages during the past week from providing some lively reading. I suppose the outstanding event was the crowning of a new middle-weight champion of the world, - although some people seem to think it was rather a synthetic coronation, + the New York Boxing Commission says it ^{was} a championship affair. ~~Some~~ Some other Boxing Commissions ^{seem to} don't agree with that - you know how confused and all snarled up things get in the world of fighters and fighting.

The new middle-weight champ. ~~of the world~~ is Ben Jeby - ^{Jebalawitsky} - his right name is Jebaloff, or something like that. - which means ^{anyhow} ~~that the~~ New York's Jewish quarter has a new hero, Yes, Ben Jeby and as such Ben ~~is the toast of the Ghetto.~~ He steps into the shoes of that other still-more-mighty Ben, Benny Leonard.

The N.Y. World Telegram describes the new champ as one of those plodding, awkward, untiring fighters. In fact, it was his awkwardness that made him a boxer. His father was an East-side painter and he intended that his Benny should follow his own

colorful profession, Yes there's a lot ^{the} of color ~~in that~~ profession. ^{of}

painting.

But Benny was too clumsy for the job of applying the brush. He was so clumsy that one day while swabbing a ceiling he fell off the ladder. And that was the finish. So Benny departed from the paint business and decided to become a boxer. In the gymnasium where he started out he was so awkward the boys all fell off their chairs laughing at him. But Ben just kept shuffling along, and now he's won the big fight, and the crown of the middle-weight championship sits on his noble brow -- I suppose it sits awkwardly on his noble brow.

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Another interesting sports item was the Metropolitan debut of Babe Dedrikson, the Texas Cyclone girl, who went through the Olympic games like a tornado.

The Babe, having turned professional, seems to be making a thorough job of it. Her first appearance in the New York area was in a basketball game, and once more the Babe swept

all before her. Now she's scheduled to display her skill in a pocket-billiards match with another feminine pocket-billiards expert. Pocket billiards is elegant for pool, but it isn't so refined to say female pool player.

What I'm trying to get at is that the Babe, having departed from the lofty and ethereal altruism of the amateur status, is raking in the shekels all the way from basketball to pool, and I'll bet she could shoot a swell game of marbles, if somebody would put up a few shekels for that.

Too bad about the Poughkeepsie regatta, the greatest and most spectacular of all inter-collegiate boating events. It has been called off for this year, the reason being expense. The athletic budgets of colleges are not what they used to be, and retrenchment is the order of the day.

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One up-to-the-minute sports item concerns Gene Tunney. He has settled a famous law suit -- the one with Tim Mara -- which concerns some complicated agreements made before the first

Dempsey-Tunney fight. Mara sued Gene for half a million bucks. He claimed that Tunney had made a contract with him. Tunney claimed that the contract was for something else.

They went to law about it, and there were a lot of court proceedings. Now the New York Herald-Tribune tells us Gene has settled the claim:- no, he isn't shelling out any half a million dollars, he's settling for thirty grand, as the Broadway boys say.

BANANA ENDING.

In reading that exceedingly distinguished and famous
~~Union~~ newspaper of Springfield - the Union, I came across the
following item this week: "Banana oil is not made from bananas.
It comes from coal tar."

Well, be that as it may, ^{Announcer} Jimmy Wallington has just
signalled to me across the studio that it's time for me to
borrow Dick Halliburton's ^{Flying} ~~Magic~~ Carpet and fly from this mike. And
Anything that Jimmy Wallington says is not banana oil.

So, so-long until to-morrow.