L.T. PROCTOR & GAMBLE THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1947.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

It's pleasant to report that at the conference of the foreign Ministers in London the tranquil spirit of Thanksgiving Day prevailed -- at least to the extent of not having any rancorous oratory such as Molotov's denunciation of American imperialsim yesterday. Soviet Russia and the United States agreed today on principles of establishing a democratic government in Germany and of holding an international peace conference to draw up a German treaty at an early date.

However, a clash did come on the subject of the frontiers of Germany and Poland. The Moscow delegation renewed its previous contention that the present boundaries between the two countries is permanent and final -- cannot be changed. With this Secretary of State Marshall disagreed emphatically, and got out the text of the Potsdam agreement.

He read the section on German frontiers, including the following line: *Final delimination must await a

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peace settlement." On this basis Secretary Marshall argued that the final delimitation of the German Polish border is still to be decided -- by a peace conference. FRANCE

The new Premier of France finds himself today in a doubly difficult position -- attacked in the <u>national assembly</u>, not only by the Communists, but by the right wing followers of General DeGaulle. Today the DeGaullists **immum** launched a bitter parliamentary attack on Premier Schuman because of what they call his "conciliatory attitude" toward strikers in the epidemic of Communist-led walkouts.

Nor is the conciliatory attitude of Premier Schuman producing much result -- eighteen unions, led by Communists, he unions, hed by Communists hering rejected his offer of wage increases all along the line. A million and a half workers are on strike, and thousands more are quitting today.

In France rumors are circulating that the Communists in both France and Italy are working toward revolutions in those two countries. In Italy reports are the same.

Italian newspapers today printed stories that the French government has brought back thirty

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thousand troops from the occupation of Germany and has stationed them near Paris, Marseilles and other large cities, where a red coup d'etat would most likely be staged.

In Italy the Communist disorders, spreading from other areas, reached Rome today -- red mobs pursuing tactics that have now become familiar, launching attacks against anti-Communist newspapers.

Soviet Russia has sent a protest to France complaining about the deportation of Nineteen Russians. These have been ordered expelled, on charges of fomenting Communist strikes in France. Moscow doesn't like it -- and protests.

FOREIGN AID

In Washington there's alarm because of congressional attacks against the emergency aid for France, Italy and Austria. Administration leaders are reported to be what the Washington dispatch calls --"genuinely disturbed". This follows the vote in the Lower House to cut the amount of money for Europe, and add sixty million dollar: for China. Also the support that this got in the Senate, even though the idea was voted down.-

Today Democratic Senator Hatch of New Mexico predicted that the Senate would okay the full amount of five-hundred-and-ninety-seven million dollars, but said he thought it possible that by the time the emergency aid bill is finally passed, the total might be trimmed.

HAGGIS

The government of the United States had

to back down today -- defeated by Scotland. The

Department of Agriculture reseinded an order it issued -- weakening in the face of angry Scots. Well, po wonder the Caledonians were enraged. Listen to what pappened.

As all of us know who have Scottish

The supply for the St. Andrews Society of Illinois was sent by nobody less than a Scottish

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Peer, Lord Lovat, of the ancient clan of the Frasers. The haggis was shipped aboard a trans-Atlantic airliner, which arrived in New York today. And what do you think happened?

An inspector for the Department of Agriculture ordered the haggis **beaches** destroyed. He said something about food and mouth disease, and added that haggis was not fit for animal consumption, let alone human consumption. The name of this inspector, to be written large in the book of <u>caledonian</u> indignation is J. A. Ramos -- very different from MacGregor *effor*. MacPherson.

It would seem that Inspector J. A. Ramos took a look at the haggis and ascertained what haggis is made of. Well, it consists of offal and oatmeal cooked in the stomach of a sheep. That, as any Jock and Bandy can tell you makes it an exquisite delicacy -and not something unfit for human, even animal consumption.

You can imagine the uproar, the rally

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of the clans. The first to rise in insurrection were some Scots at New York LaGuardia Field -- when they heard the haggis was to be ignominiously destroyed. They promptly communicated with the St. Andrews Society of Illinois whereupon the roars of protest went echoing to Washington.

The latest -- the Department of Agriculture has backed down. The Haggis from Lord Lovat will not be destroyed -- it will be sent along to the Scots of Illinois, to be the piece de resistance at Saturday's the Chicago Banquet of the St. Andrews Society -- the caledonian equivalent of Thanksgiving Day Turkey. A friend of mine, Mon-Scottish, Kells me of attending a St. Andrews banquet in New York, a New years ago, as the guest of a Scottish friend. The Haggis was brought in with max pomp and circumstance and wartan bagpiping and served in high style. This friend of mine took a look at the gray grayish stuff on the plate before him, and after some hesitation tasted gingrigs gingerly.

THANKSGIVING

The President of the United States today heard a Thanksgiving sermon that originated with a colored taxicab driver. President Truman attended Thankgiving services at the First Baptist Church, which is a few blocks from the White House, and there, during the sermon, the pastor, the Reverend Hughes Pruden related the following:

On his way to church, he took a taxi driven by a colored man who turned out to be the usual talkative taxi driver, though with a difference -- his conversation was about the Devil. He remarked that the <u>devil</u> was up early this morning, even though it was Thanksgiving Day. Because old Satan, said the colored taxi driver, always gets up at the crack of dawn and starter his evil work early.

The Minister of the gospel said he agreed with this. Whereupon the taxi driver added that the prince of Darkness should not be allowed to get away with it". I don't believe God ever intended the world to be run by the <u>devil</u>" said he. "I think

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he intended it to be run by Christians."

To which the Reverend Doctor Pruden responded: "That's just what I keep trying to tell the people."

"Are you a preacher?" asked the driver, looking around.

"Yes" replied the Minister, "and this morning IIm going to preach to the President of the United States."

"Well" remarked the colored man, "you just tell him what I said."

So the preacher did. The sermon for the President today being on that theme -- that the future of the world is in the hands of those who put their trust in God.

I can think of nothing to add except that I hope all of you had much to be thankful for today.

STRIKES

We Americans may well give thanks for the amount of industrial harmony disclosed by some figures issued today -- labor department figures pertaining to strikes. Last month showed the fewest number of strikes in this country for any month during the whole year. Onehundred-and-seventy-five walkouts were recorded in October, sixty /thousand workers leaving their jobs. That was fifteen thousand less than during September. The most important strike was of East Coast ship ard workers, C.I.O. -- /but this labor trouble has since been settled. However, the Chicago newspaper strike, which began a few days ago, has increased - spreading from the Windy City /to dher communities in the Chicago area. /Today the/Chicago morning papers, the Tribune and the Sun, came out with holiday editions, but most of the pages were photo-engraved, as on previous days /-- because of the strike of the printers.

MOUNTAIN LIONS

At La Jolla, California lion hunt on again. A lion hunt right in the city streets, on Thanksgiving Day. Two mountain lions down from their mountain haunts looking for fresh meat, and roaring when they don't get it, scratching at people's doors, and making the night eerie with their frustrated cries.

Early this week the LaJolla police went out in their prowl cars, with rifles, but did not get a glimpse of the marauders. Last night, however, Patrolman Wilfred Tyler wounded one of the big cats with a shotgun blast. But the animal got away. Now it has to be a hunt to the end; for it there's anything more dangerous than a hungry mountain lion, it's a wounded one, and someone is likely to get hurt.

Meanwhile, there's a heated argument going on at LaJolla. People who have seen the two say they are black. Now everyone who knows about mountain licns down there, says there is no such thing as a black one, but others are saying that Colorado has black mountain lions, and that these visitors might have hiked from Colorado

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unless they are black panthers from the San Diego zoo. Curator Aen Scott says none of his panthers are missing, so these two beasts must be black mountain lions. All of which is increasing the excitement. Lion hunters from all over the West are offering their help and their dogs, while the locals are out in posses looking for the two animals. Here's hoping they don't shoot anything but lions, which is why cautious residents of LaJolla are keeping their cats in tonight -- and the cats don't like it a bit.

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BAD_CHECK

Here's an exploit, of acting, worthy of a Hollywood Oscar.

The gentleman in Question, fifty-seven years old, went to an Atlanta, Georgia, funeral director, and said he wanted to make arrangements for the funeral of little Ronnie. Little Ronnie, he said was his grandson.

"He broke into spasms of grief," related the funeral attendants, "as he told how little Ronnie died in his sleep and how Ronnie's father had been killed in the war! The sad story of little Ronnie melted the heart, even of the undertaker.

The grief stricken grandfather selected a small casket and completed the mournful arrangements, paying in advance. He wrote a hundred-and-fifty dollar check, then noted that he needed some cash to by a few other small things for the funeral of ---> BAD CHECK - 2

Little Ronnie. Would the undertaker cash a check for fifteen Dollars? Why, of course -- and the fifteen bucks were handed over to the grieving grandfather.

The heart of the undertaker was touched so deeply that the funeral director, of his own accord, put a notice in Atlanta newspapers, announcing the funeral of Little Ronnie. The trouble was that Little Ronnie failed to appear to be buried, and the checks proceeded to burne bounce.

The climax of disillusionment was reached when it was found that **them** there was a little Ronnie all right, a small grandson of the grieving grandfather -- but little Ronnie is in Baltimore in perfect health. Playing games and having a big Thanksgiving Day dinner.

All of which say the police, represents an all time high in complicated maneuvers for passing a fifteen dollar bad check.

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METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

New York, Metropolitan Opera House issued a statement today -- disclaiming responsibility for the behavior of high society at the opening of the opera. The Metropolitan says it can't be held accountable for the way some people in the social register conduct themselves at that number one social event, the opening performance of the season at the Met. The statement refers to what it calls --"individuals who go to extreme ends in having themselves photographed".

This official declaration is a climatic highspot following a whole lot of talk about news photographs made at the Metropolitan opening this year -- pictures that were unconventional to say the least. The news (photographers) got all sorts of surprising poses. Similar instances were noted in previous years as at the Nineteen-Thirty-Nine opening of the Met, when Richard Knight of the social register stood on his head for the photographers. This year things were even more spectacular, with members of the dazzling opera

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audience going to what a statement today justly calls

The prize photograph was of an elderly widow high in the society register, who was lawishly gowned, with a gleaming tiara on her head and a mass of orchids on her shoulder. In the operatic salon where refreshments were served, she swung one leg up on the table and said to the news **phis** photographers: "What has Marlene Dietrich got that I heven't got?" Thus she posed for a picture, tiara, orchids, and an expanse of nylon. Which certainly was -- 2m "going to extreme ends."

It appears that the array of opening night society photographs not only caused plenty of talk but drew a lot of protests -- people writing to the management of the Netropolitan and suggesting that society of that sort be barred from the opera. All of which evoked the statement today -- George A. Sloan, chairman of the board of the Netropolitan, declaring that it we isn't the business of the opera

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house to write a code of manners for its social patrons. The opera cannot compel the customers either in the top gallery or the Golden Horseshoe to behave themselves with dignity and decorum, and cannot be held responsible for the few dopes who, wanting to get their pictures in the paper, go to extreme ends.