

L.T. - SUNOCO. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1936.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

I had intended to tell tonight a story of smiles and gay confusion. Smiles in the Argentine, gay confusion below the Equator. This morning I found on my desk a cablegram from Buenos Aires - from ~~twice~~ Bill Murray, the Movietone cameraman who is filming the presidential extravaganza down there. Bill was giving me a few South American sidelights. He told me of presidential smiles - two of them. The renowned Roosevelt smile, of course - and another as well. He told me that President Justo of the Argentine was imitating that Roosevelt smile, beaming on the vast crowds in that expansive way made famous by F.D.R.

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As for gay confusion - the joke is on the United States Secret Service men. That's the way I had intended to tell the story. The cable related that the Argentine multitude^s, in their wild welcome to President Roosevelt, were constantly breaking through the police lines and swarming around the presidential car. You know how carefully the chief executive of the United States

is guarded by the White House detectives, standing on the running board ever alert, with watchful eyes. Naturally, they were baffled by the surge of Argentino enthusiasm. I had intended to make a joshing remark or two about the comic plight of the secret service men. The last line of the cablegram reads, "White House detectives in a daze."

Then later another word came, and it wasn't "dazed" - it was "death." The death of Gus Gennerich, the personal secret service man to the president, dropped with a sudden heart attack. After his duties were over, Gus joined a party of White House attaches at a night club. Perhaps his heart was overtaxed by the excitements of the day. At any rate while dancing, he collapsed.

Then the news dispatches say, has cast a gloom over the presidential party amid the gayeties of the Argentine, - and some of the presidential festivities may be curtailed. All of which is quite understandable to anyone who knew Gus Gennerich and his place in the presidential household. When the two men first met, Gus was a New York City policeman, who had been decorated by wartime King Albert because of the way he had guarded the King on

an American visit. Franklin D. Roosevelt was Governor of New York when they met. On a trip to the city, Policeman Gus escorted him, and then and there the two became close friends. Governor Roosevelt took him to Albany. Then President Roosevelt took him to Washington.

It was Gus Gennerich who was seen so constantly with the President, photographed with him so often - in the same car with him, or the President leaning on his arm. Gus was the presidential shadow, a burly, brawny shadow, with a ruddy face.

I recall him particularly in our Dutchess County baseball game with the White House correspondents. The President driving up in his automobile, a laughing spectator as he watched his newspaper pals take a shellacing. With him - Gus Gennerich of the Secret Service, always on the alert, always on the job. The nearest I ever saw him come to relaxing was once, when after a soft ball game, President Roosevelt went to Casey Hogate's house for a reception consisting of hot dogs and bottles of beer. Casey, publisher of the WALL STREET JOURNAL, large and jovial. Then the presidential shadow relaxed sufficiently to eat a

frankfurter. Gus sat a few feet from the President, and as he munched his hot dog, watching - always watching.

President Roosevelt is known for his warm friendships and Gus Gennerich, on whose muscular arm he had rested so often, was in a singular way his bodyguard and friend. So death throws a shadow on those gay festivities by the River Plate. Tonight's story puts a touch of tragedy in that South American jubilee of statecraft.

ROOSEVELT

In an atmosphere of solemnity, (President Roosevelt this afternoon opened the Pan-American Peace Conference in the Legislative Palace of the Argentine Republic. Standing on the rostrum he faced the delegates of every American nation from the Canadian border to the tip of Cape Horn. Mr. Roosevelt made his plea for the abolition of war in this hemisphere.) Going deeper than that, he called for the abolition of conditions that cause war. He cited economic conditions and said the road to peace lay in the betterment of standards of life for the masses - also in the maintenance of democracy and democratic government.

He looked beyond this hemisphere, when he called upon all nations of the Americas to unite against any aggression from across the seas. And he looked still further abroad, declaring that a great war in the old world always threatened danger and trouble for the new world. Hence, it was a Pan-American object to promote peace everywhere - world peace.

And during this there was an unseemly interruption -- a shout. As the President spoke a young man cried: "Down with Imperialism. And it was a son of Pres. Justo of the Argentine. The young man is known as a radical - once expelled from Brazil as a communist.

POLICIES

The story of the President in South America leads on to the question - "What does he intend to do when he gets back to North America?"

In answer, we have a prediction:- Tomorrow, in the magazine LIBERTY? will appear an article by Dr. Stanley High, formerly a colleague of ours here in N. B. C., a radio commentator of things political. For the past year or so, he has had the inside track to the White House - in the confidence of the President. So what does Stanley High predict about the second Roosevelt administration?

He uses a phrase familiar to students of American History - "The Era of Good Feeling."

High says the President will forget all bitterness. It isn't that he doesn't feel any resentment, he probably does. He believes the opposition to him was unduly violent. But he is not of a vindictive temperament, says Stanley High, and he'll forget.

Also he will revive the principles of the N.R.A., but he'll try to do it by voluntary cooperation on the part of business. No cracking down, except as a last resort.

He will seek to have the Supreme Court review and reverse some of the decisions that hit the New Deal so hard. But he won't attack the Court, won't seek to curtail its powers.

Relief to be reformed. The budget to be balanced, without new taxes if possible - more taxes if necessary. And George Creel says much the same as this in Collier's.

To cap the climax, a peace conference with the rulers of the world - perhaps, maybe. It has been rumored that President Roosevelt might call a world congress to act against war. Stanley High thinks it's possible that he may do so - if troubles in the old world settle down in a way to make the project sound reasonable.

After the Pan-American Peace Conference, a presidential call for a peace gathering of the rulers of the world - that would indeed be a climax of the predicted "Era of Godd Feeling!"

AWZ
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~~The~~ American policy is -- no entangling alliances. That's the doctrine to govern the foreign ^{relations} ~~policies~~ of this nation. It's also a regulation to govern the ringing of ~~the~~ wedding bells. Because, what alliance could be more entangling than marriage? You can get so badly entangled in matrimony, that a fly on fly-paper looks like a free, untrammelled soul.

What could be more complicated than a diplomatic foreign matrimonial entanglement? That's what the State Department in Washington wants to know. Today the order flashed round the world to all American ambassadorial and consular officials -- that hereafter none of them will be permitted to marry a foreign wife without getting permission of the United States Secretary of State.

Washington revealed today a recent survey which discloses that of American-career diplomats eighteen percent are wedded to women of foreign birth. For embassy and consular clerks the figure is twenty-seven percent. [^] *Not do* these statistics about foreign wives ~~do not~~ include the ~~xi~~ celebrated case of Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde. ^{For} *^* She isn't American Minister

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to Denmark anymore. And anyway it was a foreign husband that she married.

So now we find the State Department in Washington casting a frowning eye on ~~the little god~~ Cupid. However you can't blame ~~the statesmen of the U. S. A.~~ ^{Washington statecraft,} Suppose our ambassador to the Eskimos ~~would~~ ^{were to} marry an Eskimo wife. And then the United States declared war on the Eskimos. Our ambassador would be torn between love and duty. And love might win! -- it often does! Then we might find the American ambassador fighting in the enemy ranks of the Eskimo.

Such are the dangers which the State Department now ~~try~~ ^{des} to avert -- no foreign wives for American diplomats without express permission from Washington!

SPAIN

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Tonight's story from Spain tells of Germans and Frenchmen -- fighting. London claims to have information that five thousand Germans landed at Cadiz and have been sent to Seville -- to fight in Franco's Fascist army. The German Embassy in London denies this, but Foreign Minister Eden of Great Britain announced today that he would bring the question of foreign interference in Spain before the Non-Intervention Committee.

From Spain itself comes word of thousands of Frenchmen fighting in the ranks of the Left Wingers -- ~~French~~ Frenchmen with radical sympathies.

All along there's been the peril of outside nations being drawn into the Spanish Civil War, first fighting against each other in Spain -- then maybe fighting each other on their own frontiers. That's pointed up today by the news of Germans and Frenchmen clashing in battle. Shades of the World War!

And Madrid shook ^{again} today ^{This time} with the most violent blast of war since the attack on the city began -- unceasing cannon fire, bombing, exploding dynamite. The Left Wingers dynamited

the great hospital building held by the rebels in the

University section. Part of the structure was demolished,

but the rebels are said to be hanging on to the remainder.

The Left Wingers are on the ~~of~~^{now,} offensive, and claim to be succeeding.

CRYSTAL PALACE

I wanted to talk to a Londoner today -- because one of the great landmarks of the City on the Thames has gone up in blasts of flame and smoke. Crystal Palace, one of the world's curiosities. It happened that I ran across Lady Astor, here on a visit. She's originally an American of course, but by this time is a Londoner about ninety-eight percent. We talked of that vast edifice of steel and glass, domed with glass, which was a freakish masterpiece of construction back in the last century. And we recalled the days when for a while the Crystal Palace was a monument to history. That was right after the war, when it held a colossal exhibition of tokens and mementoes of the great struggle, World War trophies, battle flags, weapons, uniforms, documents -- miles of them. Lady Astor said she had visited Crystal Palace frequently then, and so had I.

Then the World War treasure store was transferred to a permanent British War Museum, and Crystal Palace once more became a place for London sight-seeing, exhibitions, ceremonies. Now it vanishes in a storm of raging fire, a catastrophe of falling glass. One of the largest buildings in the world.

STRIKE

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The maritime strike, long drawn out, is hitting hardest at Hawaii. The islands depend on imported food - so far as Americans and other non-Hawaiians are concerned. With shipping tied up, nothing coming in, the necessities of life are being exhausted. The last bit of flour will be used up by next week. The rice supply is already exhausted, and Hawaii's large population of Chinese, Filipinos and Japanese live mostly on rice. Butter and canned milk are short. So much for the necessities, but luxuries are plentiful - meaning such things as fancy chocolates, delicate marmalades, and I suppose caviar. The only necessity that's plentiful is money. Things are prosperous out in the Islands. But ^{when} you can't buy necessities, only luxuries ^{then} - money becomes a sort of decorative tinsel.

But none of this applies to the native Hawaiian population. They don't depend upon imported staples. ~~the~~ Tropical ^{fruit} ~~food~~ grows as usual and the fish ~~are~~ still swimming in the lagoons. So the natives just sing "Aloha", and don't care.

Another curious angle of the Hawaiian strike situation

is the way the government is slapping fines on people.

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American ships tied up by the walk-out. ~~if~~ ^You've got to take a foreign ~~ship~~ ^{vessel} if you want to sail to the United States. But there's a law, passed forty years ago, which forbids anyone, American or foreigner, to take a foreign ship between two American ports. You're not allowed to do it under penalty of a Two Hundred Dollar fine. Meaning, right now, if you pay the fine, you can do it.

So foreign ships are doing a lively business, but each passenger, in addition to the fare, has to pay two hundred bucks to the American authorities. There's Doris Duke Cromwell, tobacco ~~business~~ heiress. She sailed from San Francisco to Hawaii. When she lands in Honolulu tomorrow, she'll have to pay that two hundred ~~fine~~ ^{dollar fine} and consider the sad story of the Maharajah of Indore, one of the fabulous golden-potentates of India. He recently landed in San Francisco from Honolulu. Don't say that this bejeweled ~~potentate~~ ^{prince} of Hindustan can well afford to pay the two hundred dollar fine. He had fourteen oriental attendants in his party, and had to pay for them all. But I suppose he can

afford that also, for there are historic treasures of India
in Indore.

DINNER

As this is dinner time, let's have a dinner story. You folks at the table, or ready for the table - how would you like to buy a dinner for sixty? How would you like to have a waiter hand you a check - for sixty? I don't want to spoil your appetites with lugubrious imaginings, but it happens that something of a record is being established.

It all came about because of golf, which can be a mighty dangerous game, as you'll observe from the following: Jimmy Stallman, publisher of the NASHVILLE BANNER and prominent member of the Associated Press, challenged Joe Sullivan to a game of golf. Nashville Jimmy said he'd play the whole course with a putter while Nashville Joe could use the regular assortment of clubs. The loser to buy a dinner for twenty at the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center, New York. And Nashville Banner Jimmy with his putter, won the match. Later, publisher, Stallman was challenged by Harold Smith, same terms - dinner for twenty, at the Empire Room of the Waldorf. Jimmy of Tennessee also won that one.

They decided to roll the two dinners of twenty each into one and somehow the Nashville newspaper man seems to have

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talked it up to sixty. The most expensive money can buy.

That's the idea. The winner Jimmy Stahlman does the ordering.

Joe and Harold to pay the check. And what a check!

And, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.