

L.T. - SUNOCO. FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

One big headline tonight is tax dodgers. And with it -- a list of names. Before a Congressional investigating Committee the Treasury Department presented evidence, facts, figures and names -- to show how payment of income tax was being avoided by people with large earnings. This brings the President's general denunciation of tax dodging to the precision of point by point facts. Yet, today's revelations are not so drastic as you might surmise from the bare headlines.

The government witness, Chief Tax Investigator for the Treasury Department stated and repeated that he made no charge of law violation. The tax avoiding devices that he described, he could not call illegal. He merely cited them as an example of a loop-hole in the law.

Foremost on the list is a well-known name. A film star, the British movie actor, Charles Laughton, old Henry

the Eighth himself. Henry had a bad way with wives and today we find his modern incarnation to be clever with taxes. Charles Laughton made a lot of money out of his Hollywood films. He established a holding corporation for himself back in his native England, and paid a large part of his earnings to that corporation, as much as 190 thousand dollars. In that way, quite according to Law he was able to escape a considerable burden of income tax.

Somewhat similar is the case of Colonel Schick, retired Army officer who got rich with a safety razor. The government testimony today relates that the Colonel became a citizen of Canada, and formed several companies in the British owned Bahamas. To these he paid much of his income. Thereby lightening his tax burden.

And there's the prominent New York banker Jules Bache, of renown as a philanthropist, who passed along twelve million dollars to a personal holding company in Canada.

In these and other cases today the one common theme is -- form holding companies abroad, hand over cash to these

and you don't have to pay so much tax. And according to the government expert it is all quite legal! There were some charges of disingenuous trickery. But for the most part the assumption was that it is proper to do what is legal, simply obey the law.

Argue it out for yourself.

The treasury Department experts declared today that the purpose of their revelation was to point the need of tightening the law -- plug up the loop holes. This was stressed by Professor McGill, Under Secretary of the Treasury. Critics on the side-lines observe that when Professor McGill point s to the loop-hole in the law, he ought to know. Because he is credited with having had a large share in drafting the tax law, loop-holes and all.

GERMANY

The late cables from abroad bring no explanation of the shake-up in the German admiralty. High officers have been transferred, including the skippers of seven warships, three of them battleships. They've been moved to other posts. Ordinarily, this wouldn't mean much, just naval routine, -- except that one of the officers transferred is Admiral Hans Langer, Commander of the pocket battleship DEUTSCHLAND, the craft that was bombed by Spanish Left Wing planes in that international incident. He is the officer who gave the order to fire on the planes, either before or after the bombs hit - it isn't clear which. There's speculation why this Admiral has been transferred from sea service to a land job - to take charge of the naval fortifications on the coast of Friesland. The inevitable surmise is that the bombing of the DEUTSCHLAND may have something to do with it. But that's only a surmise.

Meanwhile, the Spanish war news from Bilbao is about the same - Franco's men tightening their choking grip on the city. There are wild rumors of dreadful events in Rebel territory - rumors to remind one of ancient stories of how tyrants

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would have slaves do some secret work and then killed them to keep the secret from being divulged. The Rebels are said to have executed thousands of war prisoners after making them work on secret fortifications near Gibraltar. Thereby keeping the fortifications secret.

There's another fantastic rumor - that the death of General Mola was deliberately accomplished, that fatal plane crash. The pilot an Anarchist, masquerading as a Fascist. Plunging his plane into the mountain he sacrificed his own life in order to destroy the enemy general. A fantastic rumor!

RUSSIA

(News continues to stream out day by day of the terror raging in Red Russia. More and more arrests on charges of sabotage, wrecking, conspiracy, Trotskyism. One Communist newspaper prints a list of denunciations - seventeen hundred persons accused. And today we hear of mass arrests of Soviet railway officials. Stalin at death grips with his enemies, death is right - much of it.)

And the world continues to wonder. Does the terror indicate a perilous cracking and beating in the structure of the Communist state? Some people think yes. In Poland, they're gambling - "yes". And it's a strange story of money.

In Poland there's a boom in the Rubles of the Czar. Since the Communist revolution twenty years ago, Romanoff Rubles have been on a par with German inflation marks, and these have exactly the same value as our Confederate money - nothing. But now affairs have changed for the Rubles of the Czar.

At the time of the Bolshevik triumph, many Poles had quantities of Czarist Rubles - and hung on to them, tucked

them away in the faint hope they might be worth something
sometime. Now that time has come. There's a brisk business
in the obsolete imperial money. A thousand rubles in the days
of Nicholas the Second were worth five hundred dollars. Now
they'll fetch fifty cents in American money - not much, but
more than nothing. Speculators are buying them up, willing
to gamble. Gamble on what? On the overthrow of Stalin and
the Red Regime in Moscow, and on the possibility that a new
Conservative regime in Russia may redeem the money of the Czars
and pay off on the old imperial ruble. It seems like a mighty
slender chance, but the speculators are willing to gamble -
backed by the news of the Stalin terror in the land of
Communism.

AIRPLANE

Tonight in northern skies a plane is winging north and ever north. Soon, keeping on in the same direction, without ever making a turn, it will be flying - south ever south. Meaning it's heading over the North Pole.

(Russian flyers making a second attempt at a non-stop flight from Moscow to San Francisco, via the top of the world.

They tried it once before, but the plane was forced down by a broken feed-line.) The second attempt began at eleven o'clock last night, New York Time, but it was not known until this afternoon. The Red censorship draws a veil over even such things as airplane adventures, and the news was not released by Moscow until now.

Meanwhile, in Burma - there's a flyer in the rain. Amelia Earhart in the monsoon. She took off to fly to Bangkok, but ran into such a torrential monsoon storm, that she had to turn back to Burma. Now she's waiting - a flyer in the rain, bird-woman in the monsoon. Out there where the rain is the heaviest in the world.

FIGHT

The sports pages are full of dope and prognostications concerning the big battle of next Tuesday night. About Joe Louis it sums up like this: He looks terrible in training and he looks great! He's slow and sleepy and lethargic - and he's alert, on his toes, ~~and~~ fighting like a tiger. He has lost his punch - and he's punching harder than ever. In other words, contradictions.

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Only one point seems significant and suggestive - that in his training camp boxing, the Brown Bomber shies away from a right hand punch. ~~The dark angel~~ ^{He} blinks and ~~shinks~~ ^{shrinks} every time he sees a right hander coming. Does that mean that the dark destroying angel can't get rid of the impression of those smashing right handers that Schmeling socked into him? Did the beating he took then put a streak of fear into him, fear of a right hand smash? Well, ~~xx~~ Jim Braddock has quite a potent dexter-mit, as the boys would say. In other words, he's a solid right-hand hitter.

But, We'll have to wait till they're in the ring.

ENSIGN

A couple of weeks ago, they had a great day at stately Annapolis, on the shore of Chesapeake Bay. Graduation exercises at the United States Naval Academy, with traditional forms and ceremonies. The midshipmen of the graduating class were given their diplomas, received their epaulets, kissed by their girls, and commissioned as officers in the United States Navy - as ensigns. High in the class, only eighth from the top, was Charles Nash of Saginaw, Michigan - Chuck Nash. He was in his glory then, as honor graduate, with his diploma, and his commission as an officer. He was an ensign, but only for the briefest time.

Today, Chuck Nash has been stripped of his commission, he's out an an officer - expelled from the Navy! Why? He got married - a secret wedding while he was still a midshipman at Annapolis. That 's against the stern regulations.

It seems a hard fate, and up speaks - the mother of the bride. She's deeply grieved for the young fellow. She want to to to Washington and intercede with the Navy Department, persuade them to restore his commission. "I'm not going to see

his career wrecked by the thoughtless action of a young girl." she declares. And she adds: "I've talked with his mother by long distance telephone, and she is heartbroken."

Now imagine the distress of the bride. You imagine wrong - it isn't the kind of distress you'd expect. Eighteen year old Beulah, who married the midshipman, exclaims in agitation: "I never did love him, he talked me into marrying him in the first place. And I never will love him." Beulah, the bride, is now taking steps to get the wedding annulled.

So the romance of Chuck Nash, eight in the graduating class at Annapolis, comes to a twofold calamity - he has lost his commission and also his bride.

Still the eighteen year old Beulah offers some hope to the disconsolate Chuck - the hope of getting back, not the bride, but the commission. She says he shouldn't be punished for the marriage, because they really weren't married at all, the wedding wasn't legal - because she was already married. When she was fifteen, she eloped and became the bride of a previous bridegroom in Georgia. The story of romance, with an unromantic ending.

ANGELS

One of the great works of literature is "The Revolt of the Angels," by Anatole France. It would certainly be brash for one to try to compete with that tour de force of ironic legend, with its satirical scenes of Heaven and its satire of angels and fallen angels. Yet, in today's news there's a "revolt of the angels," such as Anatole France never dreamed of.

Whose Angels? (Father Divines's angels. They staged a revolt and they got away with it. A revolt against the cops. And the "dauntless police" of New York were thwarted, defeated, forced to retire in chagrin.)

It began with an episode late last night in Harlem. Two women were walking along the street - and they were not angels. They were ex-angels. There's been considerable strife and dissent in Father Divine's Heaven, trouble among the angels of the Negro-cult-leader who is regarded as God. Some of the seraphim have pulled out to form new paradises of their own. Such were the two women walking along the street, seceding cherubs. One black, the other white. The black ex-angel was called "Humility-Consolation." The two were seen by a crowd of

angels in good standing, and these charged to the attack. They seized Humility-Consolation and her companion, dragged them into Father Divine's nearby Heaven, and there gave them a thorough shellacking. After which -- Humility-Consolation ran to the nearest police station.

A police car full of cops went speeding to Heaven to haul the offenders out through the Golden Gate to the Hoosegow. The vicinity was black with a multitude of angels . The cops piled out to search Heaven. There was an ominous growl from the thronging seraphim and brickbats began to fly. "The revolt of the angels," the insurrection of Father Divine's heavenly beings.

The situation was so threatening that the cops had a second thought. Searching Heaven to make arrests wouldn't be so good. So they piled back into their police cars and went away from there. The revolt of the angels ended in triumph -- which is not exactly the way that Anatole France wrote the story.

COLONEL

But the liveliest story of the day takes us into the lofty atmosphere of society, bluebloods and the elite. The gentleman who is the hero is wealthy, in the Social Register, a member of exclusive clubs, and moreover, - he is a colonel. The colonel lives, as you'd expect, on Park Avenue - the most aloof part of that aristocratic boulevard, in the fifties, that's Park Avenue as is Park Avenue.

In his magnificent apartment, the colonel was entertaining - seven young ladies. That was socially correct, because the Number Seven occurs in the colonel's age. He's sixty-seven.

The beverages were of the best. The champagne was of the vintage of Nineteen Twenty-Six, one of the rarest vintage years LaBelle France has ever known.

A good time was being had by all, until - sad to realize, two of the girls got into a fight. And with this, the Park Avenue salon was in an uproar.

The two young ladies, one a brunette and the other a redhead, were in each other's hair - auburn and Titian, respectively. The Colonel tried to separate them, and as he did

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so, the girls started swinging bottles. The brunette crowned the redhead with a champagne bottle, vintage of Nineteen Twenty-Six. The bottle shattered, lucky it was empty. It cut a big gash in the Titian tinted scalp. Whereupon the redhead swung with a bottle on the brunette, also on the colonel - on her graceful ^{brow} ~~coccy~~ and his venerable dome, ~~respectively~~.

They got hit with a gingerale bottle, and sustained deplorable injuries.

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The fracas ended in the police court, with the colonel and the two beautiful battlers ~~put~~ under arrest. The cops looked into their records, the colonel's record was gilt-edge, Social Register. ~~As~~ As for the redhead - the annals of the police have her charted ~~ed~~ this way: Arrested Nineteen twenty-eight, disorderly conduct, six months in the workhouse. November Nineteen Twenty-Eight, vagrancy, a hundred days in the workhouse. April Nineteen Thirty-Six, vagrancy, six weeks. June Nineteen Thirty-Six, intoxication and disorderly conduct, etcetra, etcetra.

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That's the story of the colonel's party, which is quite enough to hold us ~~fx~~ over the weekend, and -

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.