

L.T. SUNOCO - Monday, March 12, 1934

Good Evening, Everybody:-

I feel as if I were back in school again tonight.

I'm broadcasting from the High School Auditorium in Hamilton, Ohio. Barnstorming in the footsteps of Will Rogers, Count Luckner, Tony Sarg and Ruth Bryan Owen, as the guest of the American History Club of Hamilton. Surrounded by history too, because this was ~~was~~ once the headquarters of that stout fighter "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

When I arrived at the Anthony Wayne Hotel there were 3 big red fire engines & trucks out in front. At first I thought it was the reception committee and that they had me mixed up with Ed Wynn. Then I looked next door and saw a \$100,000.00 Presbyterian Church going up in flames.

HAMILTON

Hamilton, Ohio, was named after Mr. Andrew Mellon's predecessor Alex. Hamilton. And it's interesting to reflect that the man who founded Hamilton, Ohio, bought all the land which it now occupies at three cents an acre, bought it from Congress. You ought to see the place now, a flourishing city humming with prosperous manufacturing plants, tall buildings, fine homes.

Incidentally, we're only a few miles from the huge towers and power plants of Powell Crosley's famous station WLW. Those towers, with two exceptions, are the highest structures in America.

CHINA

Now for the subject of Kings and Pickles. A Romantic Asiatic Kingdom has been offered to an Englishman intimately connected with pickles:- sweet pickles, mustard pickles, dill pickles. Let's jump in imagination to the old Chinese Province of Sin Kiang, also known as Chinese Turkestan, the remotest of the provinces of outer-China, sometimes called the Chinese wild west or High Asia. Inhabited largely by Central Asiatic Moslems, it has been the scene of many a Mohammedan revolt -- the natural clash between ^hBuddism and the other religions of China, and Mohammedanism. Recently the report came through that the province had declared its independence and now it proclaims its own king -- King of Islamestan.

I suppose it all goes to prove that the wildest romance is not dead or even seriously ill -- when we learn that an English medical missionary, Dr. Khalid Shell Drake, son and heir of a wealthy British manufacturer of pickles, has made himself so well beloved in that weird corner of the world that the local chiefs have proclaimed him their monarch.

I suppose his crown and throne will be made of jade because Eastern Turkestan is the legendary land of jade.

I don't know whether the rest of the world will take this new reigning monarch quite seriously, but there is one person who does, his wife in London. She and her two sons are starting for the distant Kingdom, she to be the Queen and they Princes of royal blood.

So let's give three cheers for His Majesty the Pickle King of Islamestan who brings a new fillip of fanciful romance into a work-a-day world.

And then let's ponder over a more serious angle. We have been watching the break-up of China. Not so long ago, Tibet broke away from the huge empire that was called Celestial. After the World War the vast land of Mongoliamrew off Chinese authority. Right now we see Japan snatching Manchuria. And latest of all, this kingdom of Islamestan.

Does this mean that China will also lose her historic westernmost province? That's the deeper thought that underlies the bizarre coronation of the Pickle Potentate of the Central Asian kingdom of Islamestan.

JAPAN

Over the weekend the Japanese Ministry announced a program of naval construction to bring the Mikado's sea-fighting forces up to full strength. It has been rumored the Japanese are experimenting on new types of war vessels. The news today bears out that aspect of naval experiment.

Japan's latest war ship, the torpedo boat, Tono Zaru, has been wrecked in a mysterious manner. The boat capsized in a heavy sea and many men ^{were} lost. She was only completed two weeks ago. The Tono Zaru, though her burden was a mere five hundred and twenty-seven tons, carried twice the weight of guns of any other ship of her size in the world. That illustrates the cleverness of the Japanese. They ~~xx~~ are able people. But the point is that the London Naval Treaty which regulates larger ships allows a free hand with vessels of less than six hundred tons. It is an old story that experiments often begin with failures, and that no doubt explains the loss of Japan's newest Baby Giant of the ocean -- foundered at sea.

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A year and a half ago there was a similar story. A crack Japanese destroyer capsized off the coast of Formosa. These sea disasters across the Pacific emphasize how keenly the

Japanese are experimenting, striving for new power, sea power, seeking all the oceanic might that may be had within the limits set by the treaty.

NBC

Here's a lone wolf. His name is Benito Mussolini!
He isn't going to play poker with the boys any more. He's
going to play solitaire.

The Black Shirt Dictator is disgusted with European
diplomacy. He said so today. Probably a lot of Americans will
feel like saying "Shake Benito, old boy."

The Duce decrees that since those European conferences
do not get anywhere he's not going to join them in getting
nowhere. In those big palavers hereafter his government will
be represented, but his merry men will be merely observers.
I said merry men. It might as well be "Married men" for the
Fascist policy is to discourage bachelors. So let's say
"merry married men," if you know what I mean.

Mussolini declares that in the handling of
international affairs he intends to go his way, all on his
lonesome, playing his own hand and following his own policy.

His forthcoming conference in Rome with Chancellor
Dollfuss of Austria and the Prime Minister of Hungary will be
devoted to economic matters. And that is in line with

Mussolini's policy of forming a line-up of the nations on the Danube. Anyway, the Duce is a lone wolf now, the lone wolf of the Capitol~~and~~Hill.

NBC

BRITISH NAVY

Britain is building on the sea, also maneuvering on the sea. More than a hundred of His Majesty's warships have steamed out of British ports and are concentrating somewhere on the broad Atlantic tonight. Giant maneuvers are afoot, secret maneuvers. The eastern Atlantic is to be the scene of spectacular war games with the booming of guns, the snaking of dummy torpedoes. The Lords of the Admiralty explain that the maneuvers are intended to determine whether a mythical enemy could invade England.

From the sidelines all in all it looks like another detail in the picture of armament, world armament.

But, we seem to be hearing mighty little about disarmament these days! Not a word from Geneva.

NBC

GERMANY

And now -- the Blue Boys.

This | armament business is tangled around the thorny question of German armament. And today the German question narrows down to the Blue Boys, Goering's Blue Boys.

Any military textbook will tell you that war planes are easier to build than sky fighters are to train.

Are the Nazis getting ready with a fighting corps of war aviators? The Blue Boys answer "Yes." ~~It~~ Ostensibly theirs is ~~there is~~ an establishment of civilian fliers, just air-minded sportsmen. But actually, they are military units, trained in the tactics of sky fighting, sixty thousand combat pilots. Their official name is Air Sport Association. They wear blue grey uniforms.

The movement was started by Hitler's right-hand man, Hermann Goering. So they are called Goering's Blue Boys.

So, in this evening's armament spotlight we see the singular ~~figure~~ figure of Goering, the | Nazi swashbuckler, number-two-man of Hitler's regime, more Nazi than Hitler himself. He is burly, bullnecked, bullheaded, reckless. He is one of the

toughest men ever turned out by German militarism. His father was the first Governor of German Southwest Africa. The son won honors as an ace aviator during the World War and became second in command to the ~~ig~~ legendary Richtofen -- Red Devil of the Flying Circus.

When the armistice came, Goering was ordered to turn his air command over to the French. He refused. He took off with his squadron of planes and led them back into Germany.

In Berlin did they give him a hero's welcome? They did not! The Communists sat on him and ripped his officer's insignia from his shoulders. That's one reason why Goering hates the Communists.

He loves uniforms, gold braided and gaudy. He wears a string of blazing medals across his husky chest. He keeps lions for pets. Yes, he's Goering, the hardboiled. With sixty thousand airmen ready to take to the sky. There's an item that will interest the lads of our air corps -- and all of us.

For the first time in fifteen years the air mail is traveling on rails. By order of the President, General McArthur, Chief of Staff of the Army, has suspended all air mail flying for two days.

I suppose most people are agreed after the casualties among the Army fliers, that Uncle Sam's Air Corps was not properly equipped for carrying the mails. The machines were not built for that purpose and the fliers were trained for war maneuvers, not for day and night cross-country mail flying which is a special form of flying. I've heard other Army men say what General Billy Mitchell has been shouting for years, that the Army planes are in large part old and obsolete.

Naturally the Republicans have been attacking all along the air mail line. Some have used such strong terms as "legalized murder." Congressman Hamilton Fish of New York wants to know who told the President the army could carry the mails? The President hasn't been saying much, but I suppose he could ask pointedly:- 'Who's fault is it if the Army air equipment is old and obsolete?

AIR MAIL - 2

It is assumed that the halt in any army carrying of the mails means a forty-eight-hour interval for a general check-up and reorganization.

Major Jones of the Army Flying Unit in the East tells us that fifty civilian pilots have filed applications for Army jobs to fly the mails. Anyhow accidents don't seem to mean much to the adventurers of the skies.

NBC

ADD AIR MAIL

Aviation in this country, and Dayton, Ohio, are synonymous. There are several thousand army aviators and their families in Dayton. I talked to quite a number of them yesterday and today at Wright Field and at the Van Cleve Hotel. I asked them what they thought about the air mail situation.

They agreed that hind-sight is better than foresight. But their feeling was that it was all done too abruptly. Blind flying is a special game. They should have had a month or so to get ready to go over the air mail routes, where the mail pilots have been flying for years and know every barn and hill. But they feel that a lot of good will come out of the whole matter; probably improved equipment for the Air Corps.

So far as fliers are concerned the boys in the Air Service are as good as any in the world.

And, maybe some day they will have their own branch of service. That is the ambition of every army flier.

L.T.

INCOME TAX

Income tax day approaches with ~~the~~ loud reverberations of income tax drama. You'll all remember the name of the master of the income tax several years ago, Andrew W. Mellon. Who is the imposing figure on the carpet today, charged with evading his income tax? Why, Uncle Andy. Attorney General Cummings has announced that Mr. Mellon is to be questioned about possible irregularities and possible evasions of the tax. Mr. Mellon responds with a hot denial. He calls it "The crudest sort of politics."

Beside the Pittsburgh Croesus stands another figure. Quite a different ~~xxx~~ sort -- Jimmy Walker. The only resemblance between the former Secretary of the Treasury and the former Mayor of New York is that they are on the same piece of carpet. Jimmy pleads a jaunty "not guilty." He says he spent six billion dollars while Mayor of New York, but you can't charge him income tax on that. Anyhow, it wasn't income it was out-go. And it was not his money! So why bring that up, says Jimmy.

At any rate, income tax day is Thursday. Returns must be in the mail box that night. Otherwise that carpet on

which Mr. Andrew Mellon and Mr. James J. Walker are standing
will be overcrowded.

NBC

POSTMAN

A London postman delivered a small brown package at a London office on Charterhouse Street. He thought it was a box of pills. A Mister Oppenheimer signed the slip for registered mail.

Then the reporters got hold of the postman. How did it feel, they demanded. How does a mail-man feel when he delivers the fourth largest diamond in the world, ~~"a three-hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar diamond?"~~ The astonished postman gapped. He hadn't the slightest idea that he had been nonchalantly carrying around with him that sensational precious stone recently dug up in South Africa, the news of which was heard around the world.

Do you think he missed anything by not knowing? Probably he missed a bad case of nervousness and the jitters,--the fear of losing it, or, elation and a sense of importance, and a big smile when he delivered it.

TREASURE

8

The Sultan's treasure, the ~~gods~~ golden horde of Abdul the Damned! Treasure hunters are after it. But it's not so romantic as it sounds. The Treasure Hunters is the name of a British Corporation. The treasure they seek is not at the bottom of the Golden Horn, but tucked away in banks and investments.

A corporation has just been formed to fight for one hundred and fifty million dollars left by Abdul Hamid, the Red Sultan. These Britishers will split all they get fifty-fifty with the legal heirs of ~~him~~ the one-time despot. And they say it will be fought out in the courts all the way from London to Constantinople, from Paris to Jerusalem.

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If you insist on being romantic, here's an angle:-
the amount of the Red Sultan's ^{legacy} ~~inheritance~~ that has been traced is one hundred and fifty million. But, it is known that old Abdul's wealth was many times that. What has become of the rest? Have you got it?

BABIES

If you are a student of coincidences here's one.

Also if you are a student of singular family relationships. In a village in Poland a family celebrated three births on the same day. A farmer's wife seventeen years old, her mother, and her grand-mother. Each had a visit from the stork on the same night. All three babies were boys. Nephew, uncle and great-uncle--the same birthday and the same age. Nephew, uncle and great-uncle. And after that one I guess I'd better say "Uncle--and so long until tomorrow."