

L.T. - SUNOCO - TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1934

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Summer is the time to think of far places and distant latitudes -- the call of the wanderlust, the itch of the itching foot. So how about a trip around the world tonight -- around the world with the news? Let's go dashing in imagination from continent to continent, and see how things are going in this old world, all the way from Detroit to Darjeeling, from Hoboken to Honduras. Just to keep up the illusion of travel, I have a few sound effects here beside me, just to make sure it sounds real. Let's jump in the car, fill up with Blue Sunoco, and buzz down to Washington. So, honk the horn boys.

(HONK)

CONGRESS

In Washington the news is -- travel! On your way!

The legislators, all day, have been rushing to railroad station and ^{airport} jumping into their cars, after five months of terrific strain -- strain on us, and on themselves. Senator Borah, a real veteran, declares it was the most arduous session he has ever been through since the days of the World War.

Before snapping the locks on their trunks and bags, the Senate did some quick last minute bill-passing. They jammed through a bill for the settlement of railway labor disputes. They okayed a report on the Housing Bill, and they put through a measure giving the farmers six years grace on their debts. After that, the Senators read a letter from President Roosevelt, thanking them for their splendid work and cooperation, and went quietly home.

The House went home too, but not so quietly. The farewell party lasted until the early hours of the morning.

One odd feature of the ^{Senatorial} ~~Congressional~~ closing was a loud roar from that roaring statesman, Huey Long. ~~There's nothing extraordinary about Huey letting out a few roars, howls, hollars,~~ ^{and} ~~but~~ ^{roar} ~~this~~ ^{little drama} time Huey's ~~little drama~~ came to an even more ludicrous end than usual. Some papers belonging to him had disappeared, a report on the Farm Mortgage Bill, ~~And~~ did he raise Cain about it? He ranted around on the Senate floor and threatened to hold up the adjournment with a filibuster if the papers were not returned.

Several hours later it was announced that Huey had the missing papers in his pocket all the time, ~~and~~ ^{that} made it a rather ridiculous splash for the Kingfish.

ROOSEVELT FOLLOW CONGRESS

The passion for travel has spread even to the White House. Obviously, the President feels now that the mice are away, the cat can play. He is leaving Washington tonight for New Haven, Connecticut, to become a Yale Doctor of Laws.

After the ceremony he'll proceed to the Harvard-Yale regatta where his brawny son, Franklin Junior, will pull for Harvard on the freshman crew.

After that, the big trip down the Atlantic coast, through the Panama Canal, and all the way to the sugar plantations and pineapple groves of sunny Hawaii. While Mrs. Roosevelt will make a tour of the country, slipping quietly in and out of small towns, without warning, to see how the New Deal is going.

As for ourselves, let's go to, Boston. Boys, where's the plane.

(Aeroplane motor)



COUNT HANFSTAENGL

Our speeding plane lands us, or dumps us right down in dear old Boston where we can see famous old Boston Common, Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill - also the bean and the cod. And, also we can take a look at Dr. Hanfstaengl, the big bad Nazi, about whom so much fuss has been raised, up there at the Harvard reunion. The representatives of Hitler's Anti-Semits is being carefully guarded. And the two police officers who are in charge of that guard, both of them are Jews.

I wonder how they feel about it -- and how Hanfstaengl feels about it -- especially if some Jewish demonstration against him should take place? But then, they are policemen, and they'd go right ahead doing their duty according to police regulations.

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And now let's take the train to New York.

(WHISTLE)

MYSTERY

In New York people are talking about the latest real life detective mystery - the unsolved disappearance of Miss Agnes

Tufverson, a well-to-do woman lawyer of Detroit and ~~New York~~. ^{Gotham} The ~~police of three countries are on the job.~~ ^{has come to a climax.}

The drama begins on a boat train in England. In July, nineteen thirty-three, Miss Tufverson met the handsome Captain Ivanovich Poderjay. He described himself as an officer in the Jugo-Slavian army, suffering from a broken heart.

The next scene is in New York. Miss Tufverson yields to the ardent pleadings of the handsome Captain. They are married at the Little Church Around the Corner. Miss Tufverson, a woman of some means, withdraws her funds and securities from the bank, ~~earns in~~ Two weeks later she telephones to her sisters in Detroit, tells them she is married, and introduces her husband over long distance wire. She tells them she is going on her honeymoon.

The following day she and the handsome Captain leave her apartment, drive to the Hamburg American Line pier. That was the last seen of her.

Two days later the handsome Captain returns to his wife's apartment, explains that she has sailed for Europe ahead of him.

He takes her trunks - four of them - and that day sails on the Olympic.

The handsome Captain reaches Southampton. Four days later the lady's sisters in Detroit receive a cablegram signed by her saying she cannot stand the English climate and is going to France and India. That is the last anybody has heard from Miss Tufverson, if the cable was really from her.

The next scene: The missing woman's relatives report her disappearance to the Missing Persons Bureau of the New York Police Department. And now one of the big questions is: "What has become of those trunks?" The police hint at another trunk murder.

The Vienna police, at the request of New York headquarters, have detained the handsome Captain. Now mind you, there is nothing so far to prove that a crime has been committed. The Viennese police have really no excuse for holding ~~the handsome Captain until he has~~ ^{Capt. Ivanovich Poderjag} ~~admitted to an investigating magistrate~~ ^{save that he has admitted} ~~that he is a bigamist.~~ ^{telling} He subsequently retracts that confession, conflicting tales, several of them.

In the following scene we have a real sensation. The

Viennese police ~~were~~ trailing another of the handsome Captain's supposed wives. And in her apartment they find several articles belonging to Miss Tufverson.

That is the present status of this amazing tale. The police of New York and Vienna are convinced that Miss Tufverson is dead though they do not venture to say outright how her death came to pass. The handsome Captain declares that ~~Miss Tufverson~~^{she} is on a round the world cruise, ~~she might~~^{and may} turn up in Soerabaya, ~~in~~ Singapore, ~~in~~ Bangkok, ~~or in~~^{or} Colombo.

*It all leaves
us wondering*

(RAILROAD WHISTLE)

COMMUTER

Yes, we certainly need a loud locomotive whistle for this one. It's about a traveller who has done some travelling. He's the oldest commuter, and holds all records. Addison Day, a New York banker, lives at Chatham, New Jersey, forty miles from New York and has been commuting back and forth since 1865, since the Civil War, since Lincoln was President. He has just completed his twenty thousandth round-trip, or a grand total of about a million six hundred thousand miles chasing the 5:15! He was never in a wreck, and had just one thrilling experience -- in the blizzard of '88 -- when the train was snowbound for four days outside Newark and the passengers had to tunnel their way through the towering snow banks.

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And now for the life on the deep blue sea. Let's toot the old ship's siren, and talk to a steam-ship man -- old Father Neptune in person.

(Ship siren)

Morgan.

June 19,
1934.

MORGAN

Just to heighten the mood of travel in this round-the-world jaunt with the news, I've brought along a cosmopolitan personality than whom there is no more cosmopolite. He is Clay Morgan of the French Line. Clay recently turned out a book about the joys and jokes of travel, and called: "Fun En Route", -- written particularly for the sea sick. Clay Morgan is an authority on such subjects as fun on deck, fun on wheels, fun on wings, fun in bottles -- everything funny. He's the kind of man with whom I like to sit down and reminisce about our travels in distant lands.

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L.T.:- How about it, Clay? Have you ever seen a sunrise at Darjeeling, with the snowy peak of Kichijunga illuminated by the first rays of dawn, while thousands of feet below lie the vast plains of Bengal engulfed in dim shadows?

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CLAY MORGAN:- No, I missed that, but I've eaten patte de foi gras in Paris and frogs legs a la provencel at Marseilles. I've had the roast beef of Old England at Simpson's in London and fried octopus in Naples. I've had cavier in Moscow, port at Oporto and sausage at Bolonga.

L. T.:- That's seeing the world all right -- or rather tasting it. But were you ever in Old Japan in the shadow of Fujiyama? Did you ever see one of those mighty Japanese wrestlers pick up a three hundred pound opponent, ~~and~~ ^{and spin him around} hold him aloft with one hand?

CLAY MORGAN:-

No, but I've drunk beer in Munich out of a seidel so big that it almost sprained my wrist when I raised it. And I have seen a Munich barmaid go skipping along, carrying ten of those huge seidels in one hand.

L. T.: I never saw anything like that in Afghanistan, Arabia, or on the road to Mandalay. But I saw the flying fishes play -- also a Burma gal a-settin' and ~~she was~~ ^a smoking a ^{whackin'} ~~blooming~~ black cheroot.

CLAY MORGAN:-

^{Yes, and} I was in Copenhagen at a table with half a dozen Danish society girls, and they nearly asphyxiated me. They were all smoking big black cigars.

L. T.:-

Oh, yes! You don't go in for the wild places of the earth. You prefer the sophisticated places of the earth.

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CLAY MORGAN:-

That's right. You Explorer Club fellows go hiking off into those wild outlandish corners of the world where it is hard to get to, while I go to the places where everybody can go, with no trouble and every comfort, and plenty of fun en route. You can see things and learn things too, in London, Paris, Rome or Berlin.

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L. T.:-

All right, let's take a pleasant ship for some Fun en Route, over to London, Paris, Rome and Berlin -- by the French Line, of course, in honor of Monsieur Clay Morgan!

(Ship siren)

GERMANY

Let's get off the boat at Hamburg. We may be in time to see another revolution in Germany. This is no idle guess. It is hinted by no less an authority than General William Goering, Hitler's chief bouncer. General Goering admits the truth of the last few days' rumors that there is dissension in the government of the Fatherland. Then came the threat. Goering hinted that it might be necessary to bring about another revolution to put an end to grumbling and discontent.

That's about the sort of speech that we have been led to expect from the truculent Goering. Obviously it means that if the moderates, led by Vice-Chancellor Von Papen, become obstreperous, the Nazi Storm Troopers will squelch them.

Another ominous symptom is the resignation of Count Rudolf Nadolmy, the Ambassador to Moscow. Count Nadolmy is a close friend of President Von Hindenburg. He admits that he is resigning because he cannot see eye to eye with Chancellor Hitler. This is the first important resignation since that of Dr. Hugenberg, who used to be Hitler's Minister of Economics and was, during the years of his struggle, the principal financial backer of the Nazi chief.

CHINA

Now, all aboard for Shanghai. (Ship siren) In China we hear that Field Marshall Chiang Kai-Shek, the head of the Nationalist Government has just reviewed twelve thousand cadets who graduated from China's military Academy. The Chinese West Point, so to speak.

Marshall Chiang has just returned from a campaign against roving bands of communists. How you describe these Far Eastern reds depends on your politics. In their own minds they are patriots. Other people call them bandits. At any rate, Marshall Chiang says he has them licked; with only a few scattered groups still at large. Incidentally, we learned only the other day that Marshall Chiang's army had been reorganized and disciplined by the Prussian General Von Seeckt. He is the man who organized the German Reichswehr.

Yes, Marshall Chiang says he has the roving bands of Communists squelched. But today warships are steaming up the Yellow River chasing a band of Chinese pirates who captured a British vessel. They took away with them twenty-six hostages including six Englishmen. Of those six, two are officers in His Majesty's navy. So Uncle Sam's gobs and leathernecks and John Bull's tars are in hot pursuit.

This bit of Chinese piracy follows the well known pattern. The pirates took passage on that British vessel as ordinary passengers. When the ship was out at sea they threw off their ~~net~~ masks, and captured the ship, including the white passengers. Tonight they are hiding away with their prisoners in some isolated section, deep in the human jungle that is China.

Great Scott, our travels have taken us a long way. We are in the dim interior of ^{Cathay,} ~~China,~~ a long way from nowhere. How'll we get out? There are no railroads, automobiles, steamships or aeroplanes. What kind of transportation can we take. Oh, yes, the ~~net~~ old familiar

(Horses hoofs)

It seems those horses have taken us to

~~Here we are in~~ the islands of the South Sea, where the waves break on coral reefs and palm trees wave in the tropical trade-wind. ^{They must be good swimmers, these horses,} But we are not going to loll around in a cocoanut plantation and make eyes at the Polynesian-maids. We've got a real adventure before us. A perilous jaunt into the inner wilds of New Guinea. One of the few places of the earth where the dangers of exploration are still to be had.

We push on through the dank miasmal jungle, skirting the barbarous villages of ferocious black cannibals, ~~deep in primitive savages.~~

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And low and behold in the ~~deepest~~ fastness of this almost ^{Papuan} impenetrable wilderness -- we find a new race. It's a startling discovery, a new race of mankind which leaves us bewildered, speculating with wild theories. These strange people, isolated among the black savages of the tropical forest, are not black at all. In physical appearances they belong to a far different part of the world. They are of the Egyptian or Semitic type. They remind us of the Pharoahs that we see on the Egyptian monuments. And their civilization is quite different from that of the

surrounding black savages. They have customs and religious rituals entirely their own, which they enact to the accompaniment of bamboo flutes and noisy, thundering bullroarers. They use bow and arrow and stone axes, but in some respects are quite civilized -- with skillful agriculture, well-kept gardens and extensive irrigation, and, unlike the surrounding cannibal tribes, they are not ferocious, but quite friendly. There are two hundred thousand of them.

This new race has just been discovered by New Zealand explorers, who with aeroplane patrols have been mapping out the almost entirely unknown region.

And now back to New York via San Francisco -- by ship, train, plane and auto.

(SIREN, WHISTLE, ROAR OF MOTOR AND AUTO HORN)

And, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW!