

L.T. SUNOCO. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The State Department in Washington has just heard from the American Consul at Shanghai -- concerning the Japanese insult to the American flag. Out there in the Far East, the U. S. Consul put in a protest today -- denouncing the indignity to the Stars and Stripes. There's plenty of reason for protest -- for insult and indignity it was. (The Japanese seized an American vessel, tore down the American flag, and tossed it into the Whangpoo River) -- the Stars and Stripes flung into the Whangpoo! Now if it were the Thames or the Volga or the Amazon, it would be bad enough. But the Whangpoo -- you can't pooh-poo that.

On the river, the Japanese were hunting for Chinese craft, and in the course of the search they grabbed the American ship. They also seized two Italian tugs. It isn't related whether they tossed the Italian flags into the Whangpoo, but if they did -- I'd like to see Mussolini's face.

The British and French have held their meeting in London, and the Frenchmen have gone home. What happened? What did they decide? ~~All we know is what the official bulletin tells us, and it has some interesting points.~~

The statesmen of Paris and London discussed Hitler's demand for colonies. They agreed, - yes, Germany has a right to a place in the colonial sun. But what colonies will be given to Hitler? And who is to give them? That brings us to some choice diplomatic verbiage. The French and the British decided that the question was too great and impressive for their mere two governments to ~~decide~~ ^{determine.} Prime Minister Chautemps of France said that the problem was not an isolated one but a matter of general concern. The bulletin phrases it this way: "The conferees reaffirm the desires of their governments to cooperate with all countries in ~~common task~~ the common task of promoting international appeasement by methods of free and peaceful negotiation." In other words, they want to call other nations into the business of giving Germany some colonies.

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One report declares that they'll try to get up an

international pool, out of which Germany will get a colonial chunk. But who would contribute to that international pool?

Great Britain and France would be glad to hear some suggestions. *Naturally.*

Holland, for example, with her vast Asiatic empire, and not much

of a navy or army either? Or then there's the United States,

dear old Uncle Sam. *International chestnut puller?* In our peace-loving idealism, we might

chip in with Hawaii? Or Alaska? Or, to carry the idea to a

brilliant conclusion *how about* -- Italy? They might ask Italy to turn

Ethiopia over to Germany. That would be the height of peace-

loving statesmanship! And that would make Mussolini's face even

redder than flinging the Italian flag into the Whangpoo.

LUDENDORF

Tonight in the City of Munich, six nuns are keeping a bedside watch on General Ludendorf, German master of battle in the World War. ^{TP} His fame since ^{these days} ~~then~~ has largely been as an anti-Christian, enemy of churches, protagonist of the German pagan ^{ism} of old. Now he lies in desperate illness in a Munich hospital - with six Catholic sisters attending him.

ROOSEVELT

The President ^{today was} angling for bone fish; ^a ~~and that's a~~
gamey fighter in southern waters. At last reports, the President
had succeeded in catching a ~~mackerel~~ big mackerel. But I'll
bet that Franklin Delano Roosevelt is drifting back into historic
memories, and aboard the yacht POTOMAC there is moody mention of
the ^{rather} ~~grotesque~~ grotesque name of Dr. Mud. Because the presidential
fishing party is casting its lines in the waters off the ^Dry
Tortugas, those isles famed in tragic story.

Today they may have been in sight of that grim ruined
fortress used for so long as a prison - a prison of horror.
There were kept condemned men implicated in the assassination of
Abraham Lincoln. One of those, the unfortunate Dr. Mud. His
bitter story, long forgotten, has been dramatized of late - how
he set the broken leg of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, but was
~~in no wise~~ in no wise connected with the crime at Ford's
Theatre. For years he was kept in a frightful dungeon - still
to be seen. Then the climax of terror came when the smallpox
ravaged the fortress prison in the ^Dry Tortugas. No doctor;
save Doctor Mud chained in his black cell. So they brought him

into the light of day to fight the epidemic of death with his medical art. With sacrifice and devotion, he made himself a hero of the Dry Tortugas - and finally was released.

~~Yes, the President today was trolling the sea for bone fish, and he caught a mackerel in those waters of the Dry Tortugas, which are haunted by memories of the presidential tragedy of Abraham Lincoln - and Dr. Maud.~~

The Roosevelt fishing party ^{right now} may be discussing another matter - if they're in touch with the news, which they can only be by radio. Aboard the POTOMAC they may ^{perchance} be listening in right now. If so, here's an item not only for the President, the father, but also for his son James [^] who is with ~~in~~ him on the fishing expedition. What office, if any, does ^{Jimmy} ~~the Junior~~ Roosevelt want to run for in Massachusetts? It's up to ^{And -} ~~him~~ [^]. The James Roosevelt Club of Boston wants to find out.

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Yesterday, that Club, which is booming the President's son and secretary for office, voted ^{to ask him} ~~to run~~ next November for State Treasurer. But later they decided to withdraw the motion.

Maybe Jimmy Roosevelt would prefer some other office. ^{So} They are holding off on the State Treasurer idea for ten days, to find out.

^{Well} Jimmy, what office would you rather run for? Boston

newspapers are mentioning you as a possibility for Governor or

Senator. *or would you rather be town constable at Framingham.* -----

It's a busybody thing telling a man what his wife is doing while he's away, but then among neighbors, as one Dutchess County farmer to another - I can inform the President that the First Lady of the Land went shopping today. Shopping - that's always a word to make a husband tremble. (The First Lady today made the rounds of a New York department store, doing some Christmas buying - and the shopping had international implications, if not a declaration of American policy.

"I purchased a number of things for my seven grandchildren," said the First Grandmother of ~~the~~ Land. ^{Whereupon} The international philosophy became evident when she told of the list of playthings:

"I have banned all toys of a militaristic quality," *said she.*

No tin soldiers, no toy cannon - nothing pertaining to

war. ^{she} I suppose ~~the First Grandmother of the Land~~ selected toys

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symbolizing - quarantine, the presidential Chicago idea of
economic barriers against aggressor nations. Or maybe - playthings
representing - the Nine Power Conference. Not tin soldiers, tin
statesmen. Those peace-loving toys ought to go well ~~with~~ with the
Christmas tree and the seven grandchildren. ~~Dance interna-~~

And then the First Lady went
on to the Dance International at
Rockefeller Center.

WASHINGTON

The Administration hammered away today at the idea of cutting down expenditures and balancing the budget.

The second presidential message in two days was read to Congress, and this one took up the proposal we've heard about before -- to cut down the Federal money that is turned over to the states for highway improvement. Congress has authorized two-hundred-and-fourteen million dollars in highway grants for 1939. The President wants that cancelled. He suggests ~~that~~

two-hundred-and-sixteen million ^{over} ~~to be handed out to the states over~~

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a period of three years. The highway cut stirred up some quick opposition by senators who don't want to see the money paid for to the states ^{slashed.} ~~cut down~~

Meanwhile, Senator Barkley, ~~is the~~ Democratic leader, declared the farm bill would be passed next week, and gave his opinion that it could be held down to the five hundred million dollar limit set by the President, who doesn't want ^{aid} ~~farmers~~ to cost any more.

The Senate Democratic Steering Committee ^{made} ~~was~~
moves today to put through the President's plan to get
private capital into the building business -- private money
to the amount of from twelve to sixteen billion dollars, to
create a building boom in the next five years. ^{TF} The theme
of ~~the~~ building was sounded ^{also by the} ~~by~~ railways, whose spokesman
today asked for ^{an} ~~the~~ increase of freight rates which they said
will enable the railroads to spend nine hundred million dollars
annually for new structures and equipment.

RICHMOND CONVENTION

Even during the recession some important building
has been going on. For instance in Richmond, Indiana, the
Shelvador
Crosley people have just opened a million dollar plant.

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Yesterday and today they have been staging their largest
and most ambitious *electric refrigerator* convention in order that their people
may see the factory; ~~it has been~~ built on a ninety acre
tract, and ~~is~~ about a quarter of a mile long -- the last
refrigerator
word in production efficiency and industrial design.

LABOR

The Labor peace conference came to an agreement today. They agreed on what they're disagreeing about. Resuming their sessions, the peacemakers of the A.F. of L. and C.I.O. decided on the five chief points of difference that they ~~are not to~~ ^{must} straighten out. These five points involve complicated angles of labor strategy centering around the big question -- what status will the C.I.O. have in the A.F. of L.?

The viewpoints are far apart. One A.F. of L. chief today demanded -- "abandon the C.I.O.!" To which ^{the} John Lewis' group countered with the declaration:-- "No peace that means death."

↳ The conference will ~~take~~ take up the discussion of the five points tomorrow.

FOOTBALL

Denials from Pittsburgh -- that's the football news this evening, a stream of denials all day long. No, the Pittsburgh Panther did not demand money for going to the Rose Bowl -- if invited. But rumors are still flying fast around the campus of the "Cathedral of Learning."

These rumors advance a painful explanation of yesterday's action by the undefeated team -- the team voted "no," they didn't want to go to the coast for the Rose Bowl game, wouldn't go if invited. It is whispered that it's all because the football players the half-backs and the tackles, wanted pocket money if they went -- sums ranging from one hundred dollars to two hundred for each of the fifty-two men on the team. Athletic authorities at the University declared today that previous teams which have gone to the California ballyhoo, have never had any pocket money.

Those wicked rumors also intimate that the football players in addition to the money, wanted a two weeks' vacation. This is likewise denied, with the statement that the Rose Bowl teams have never had any extra vacation. In fact they're always loaded up with back work!

The malicious voice of rumor mutters furthermore -- that the athletic chiefs have asked the team to reconsider their vote -- take another ballot, and maybe they'll decide to go. This meets with a further denial. Yet one of the athletic chiefs declared today: "If the players voluntarily meet and reconsider their vote, the University will listen to their decision." Now who would be so rude and coarse to suggest that the reconsideration might involve -- one hundred thousand dollars? What have things like that to do with higher education?

Now let's pass from the higher education to the higher mathematics of betting on the ponies. A sponging scandal broke today at the Bowie tract in Maryland. The racing stewards say that yesterday they found that two horses had been sponged. Today they discovered that two others were sponged -- four in all. The elegant art of sponging is to slip a piece of sponge up a race horse's nose, which keeps him from breathing properly and from running fast and winning the race. The Maryland stewards say the four horse job was schemed by gamblers who tampered with the race to win a lot of money in a big betting affair.

HENIE

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Out of my office window day after day I see a lively sight.-
the skating rink in the Plaza at Rockefeller Center . There they
have exhibitions by champion figure skaters, flashing and graceful
to behold. The other evening, I was watching a girl whirling a
waltz on the ice, a miracle of gliding spins and pirouettes. The
crowd around the rink was breathless, and so was I. Just when my
admiration was at the highest, she took - a gorgeous spill!
~~she~~ ^W went sprawling at full length and ^{full} beauty, skating along on
her ear. My heart sank. I felt for her - at the pinnacle of her
glory, such a downfall! She got up and went waltzing again, but
some of the magic was gone.

This pathetic memory was in my mind today when I made a
phone call and asked - "How is Sonja Henie?" And I was told -
"She's all right. " Twentieth Century Fox Films informed me that
the story from Hollywood indicated nothing serious - just a bump on
the ice.

Sonja on the flashing skates, was doing a turn in the
production of her next picture - "Happy Landing." And a dazzling
turn it was - one of those figure cutting whirls she puts on the

screen. As she dashed in the middle of an intricate skating step -- down went Sonja, with a bang! An unhappy landing! She had tripped on a piece of cotton, a mere bit of fluff on the ice. But that was not enough. When her skate slid on it she pitched headlong. Was knocked out. Her film work for the day was called off. A slight concussion. She'll go right on with "Happy Landing."

The Twentieth Century Fox people told me that even the slightest thing happening to a Hollywood star makes headline news. A little while ago, Simone Simon had to lay off for a day because of a cold, production suspended. And the scare-heads flashed - that she was dying of pneumonia. She was on the job the next day, working hard as ever. Here in N. Y. I heard of a similar case -- a report that Mrs. Wm. Brown Meloney famous editor of "This Week magazine" is seriously ill. Whereas she is recuperating and about ready to return to her desk.

Yes, I suppose when any small thing happens to a Hollywood star it's exaggerated. But I'll argue back this way -- When Sonja Henie falls on the ice, that's news.

NARCOTICS

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A world-wide drug ring smash -- that's today's report from agents of the Treasury Department. A large and formidable drug ring it was. Eighteen prisoners are under arrest tonight, five of them women. But that's not the startling part of it -- three of them are Customs agents, another is a former employee of the Customs Department. (When a band of dealers in narcotics is in cahoots with the members of the United States Service that ^{is} supposed to be on the watch for habit-forming drugs -- no wonder they were getting away with it. But, they're in prison cells tonight.)

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The Federal agents tell ^{how} ~~it~~ it all goes back to a fire in New York, the Bronx, several months ago. A building burning, firemen smashing in with their streams of water -- and ^{there} they found a hideaway for the manufacture of that insidious destroyer heroin.

? { (A drug-mob had a chemical plant there for making heroin out of a crude form of morphine.) That put the Ex. Treasury Agents on the trail, and they arrested the criminal chemist who had presided over the secret laboratory. But the big shots of the gang got away, ^{and} ~~and~~ continued to operate. (They decided it was too dangerous to go in for chemical ^{manufacture} ~~operations~~.) They changed their scheme

around and began importing fully finished drugs -- morphine and heroin. They did it by sending members of their families and other agents abroad and had them bring back quantities of secreted drugs. All of which was possible, because they were in league with a Customs Guard and two Customs Inspectors.

Today -- the arrest, together with the seizure of a large stock of those narcotics that madden and enslave. And
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.