

L.T. SUNOCO - Monday, April 16, 1934

Good Evening, Everybody:-

Tonight, the war eagle -- I mean the war condor, is screaming louder than ever. It's in the land of the condor. Fighting has flared up to a pinnacle in that war between Paraguay and Bolivia.

For ^{a long time} ~~weeks~~, we've been following that struggle in the heart of South America -- following it ~~as~~ after ^a fashion -- because the war bulletins have come in fragmentary form from the Gran Chaco, that vast country in the inner fastness of the great southern continent. But even so, it has been clear that Paraguay is putting up a terrific fight, although that small republic is decidedly weaker in the human and material resources of war than ^{its high altitude} ~~its~~ antagonist, Bolivia -- although Bolivia itself is no giant among the nations.

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There are two reasons why Paraguay has been putting up such a battle. They are defending themselves in swampland, land in which they know every inch. And military experts will tell you that Paraguay has the best fighting men in South America. They are descendants of the hardy Guarani Indians. They'll fight with hardly anything to ~~eat~~ eat, and after a forced march they will go into battle as strong as if they had been resting for a week. Practically the entire population of Paraguay, is mobilizing^{ed}, with one out of every five ~~Paraguayians~~ in the fighting line. Fifteen thousand have been killed already though the little republic has a population of only one million and a man power of a hundred thousand.

slowly
News comes ^{slowly} from down there. We learn now that a desperate battle began last Friday and has been going on ever since. First reports were that the Bolivians had the best of it. Their particular war condor has been screaming victoriously. But the battle bird of the Paraguayians is shrieking right back. And it's the crash of guns and the yells of fighting men in the Gran Chaco.

AUSTRIA

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While the Paraguayans and Bolivians were hurling shells and bullets at each other, the Austrians were throwing missiles of a different nature at their Chancellor. Dr. Dollfuss, for once, had good reason to be glad that he offers such a small target. Neither the rotten eggs nor the noise bomb got anywhere near him. Just a ^{noisy} crowd of Socialists, Communists and Nazis expressing themselves.

What kind of a dictatorship is it when they throw rotten eggs at the dictator.

MUSSOLINI (Follow Austria)

Another and a still more redoubtable Fascist leader was also made a target by his adversatires, Premier Mussolini. But they weren't throwing eggs at the Duce - only verbal missiles - in French. The French newspapers spent the day of rest taking a crack at the Black Shirt Caesar. Mussolini's realities, they said, are not the realities for France. La Belle France does not care for the success with which the Fascist chieftain's game is meeting on the European checker-board. And, the London Express, the organ of Viscount Beaverbrook, also took a crack at the head of the Black Shirts. And in so doing threw a bouquet in the direction of President Roosevelt. Says the London Express: "Mussolini cuts food prices and rents. Mr. Roosevelt does the opposite. He seeks to increase purchasing power. And, he is "right," proclaims his Fleet Street lordship.

FRANCE (Follow Mussolini)

Premier Doumergue of France likewise ~~had to run~~^{is running} the gauntlet. As I mentioned the other day, any French ruler who tries to cut down the emoluments of the enormous French beaurocracy is looking for trouble. And Mr. Doumergue got his first taste of that when thousands of government employees went on a protest strike. To be sure, it was only a gesture. ~~It lasted for only one hour. But~~^{It was brief.} ~~it is safe to say that it was only~~^{Just} a foretaste of what is to come if the Cabinet insists on that particular form of government economy.

FARLEY (Follow France)

Maybe our own Poastmaster General ~~Tim~~ Farley was thinking of this when he made his welcome gesture to Uncle Sam's Post Office employees. ~~Not only~~ The members of that most admirable of all services, the United States Postal Department, ~~but the public at large,~~ have been exercised over the economies in the Department.

A five weeks' furlough, without pay, not only meant a serious loss to the not any too highly paid clerks in the postal service, ~~but to~~
And it may have meant the
~~all of us. It means~~ cutting down the efficiency of the service.

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So Post Master General ~~xx~~ *the mail man* ~~Tim~~ made ~~everybody~~ happy when he revoked his previous ruling. He explained it by saying that Uncle Sam's postal business is booming so that it won't be necessary, it won't even be practical, to try to economize in that way. ~~For us of the general public, that means more deliveries, better service in the post offices, more money for substitute workers.~~

The affair Stavisky even makes things difficult for Leon Trotsky. Yes, Trotsky, the once formidable Red Commissar of War, has reason to curse the name of the mysterious Russian swindler. It has made things hot for Trotsky--too hot. Where can he go now.

Ex-Comrade Trotsky had chosen a picturesque and romantic place for his refuge. He was hiding in a cottage at Barbizon, the onetime home of the famous Barbizon school of painters.

What happened to Trotsky shows that it is sometimes dangerous for a newcomer and a stranger not to receive any mail. All of Trotsky's correspondence was delivered by special courier. The neighbors got suspicious, especially as in their ears was dinning the noise of the affair Stavisky and the spy scare. Hence, the police raid that revealed the Trotsky whereabouts.

The sour part of it for him is that, as he says, he had taken refuge in Barbizon because he was afraid of being killed by White Russians, Czarists, who have every reason to hate the "Terrible Commissar" who's very name spelled terror and

massacre.

Now, of course, every Czarist exile in France knows the address of Mr. Lev Davidovitch Bronstein, which is Trotsky's real name.

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~~Another~~ curious thing that struck me about this Trotsky business is that he had received a police permit to live in ^{France,} Barbizon, on condition that he abstain from political activities. ^{Police}
~~The~~ raid brought out the information that he has been busy organizing the Fourth Internationale, the purpose of which is to upset all the governments of the world. Maybe Trotsky doesn't think that's political activity.

Still another celebrity is being affected, though somewhat indirectly, by the Stavisky case. I mean His Royal Highness, the Duke de Guise, pretender to the French throne.

8 If there was a throne in France today the Duke would be King John the Third. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The head of the Duke de Guise wears no crown, but its uneasy nevertheless.

During those ~~Stavisky~~ Stavisky riots in France, the Duke de Guise became a trifle indiscreet. He issued a manifesto, saying things the French government did not like. In fact, the rulers of Republique Francais declared that the Duke's statement had been responsible for some of the bloodshed during those riots. And the Duke was warned that if there were any more of the same statements, his lands in France would be confiscated.

Evidently this was interpreted by the Belgian government as a hint. And it looks as if the Belgians want the Duke to move on. And agents of the Duke are now house-hunting in England, the last refuge of kings without kingdoms.

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As a matter of fact, the Duke de Guise ~~might~~ might be King John the Third of France today but for^a fastidious objection on the part of one of his ancestors some sixty years ago. The then head of the House of Orleans was offered the throne provided he adopted the tri-color flag of the Republic. But that stipulation was too much for him. He wanted the old white flag of the Bourbons, the white flag with the gold lilies, or nothing.

And so it was nothing.

LOTTERIES

In times like these, when taxes are climbing skyward, it is not unnatural that some of the earth's rulers should be tempted by the idea of lotteries. Some nations have had them for years. Many people raised their eyebrows last year when the French government repealed its anti-lottery law. ^πA New York Alderman is suggesting that Father Knickerbocker should replenish his pocketbook by means of a city-operated game of chance. The government of Puerto Rico proposes to raise funds with government ownership of gambling. There has been a great deal of agitation on the subject in England. Lots of British tax-payers have been saying:- "Why should such famous lotteries as the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes and the Calcutta Sweep be operated in England with impunity whereas the English law forbids lotteries?" Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald has set his face rigidly against the idea. He says:- "Lotteries are not only bad morals, but bad economics." So lottery, lottery, who wants a lottery?

Incidentally, the famous Louisiana Lottery was going strong only forty years ago. When it was finally forbidden the promoters offered to pay a million and a quarter a year for the privilege of running it. But it disappeared in a blaze of scandal.

DR. WIRT

We seem to hear the dull thud of an anti-climax.

It is the latest aftermath of the famous Dr. Wirt investigation.

Of course I don't ~~xxx~~ suppose any of us thought there was much spectacular climax in Congressman Bulwinkle's charge that Dr. Wirt had been in jail during the World War on the charge of being a pro-German.

After all the fireworks that surrounded the investigation, with the Brain Trust represented as a gang of Communists and the President called a Kerensky, the pro-German crack against Dr. Wirt was rather a comedown. And it aroused a storm of protests.

Right now the comedown sinks into a feeble anti-climax -- as Congressman Bulwinkle apologizes. The Congressman has just found that he went off the deep end and so he takes the graceful way out. He has issued a statement saying, "I tender my apology to Dr. Wirt. The report of his ever being in jail was untrue and unfounded." The investigation will be resumed tomorrow. The other people at the famous Wirt party will testify.

AVIATION

During the past year commercial transport planes flew twenty-four million, eight hundred and forty-eight thousand passenger miles for each passenger fatality during the past year. And; there were only eight passenger casualties on the air transport lines of America in the year 1933. So the day has indeed come; the day the prophets of science foretold and the people laughed about -- the day when travel would be in the air. It's here -- mail contracts or no mail contracts.

BASEBALL

Washington baseball fans, including the President and most members of both Houses of Congress, were out of luck today. The weather man washed out the official opening of the season. It was the only game scheduled for today.

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Too bad the game in Washington had to be called off, because both the Senators and the Boston Red Sox, whom they were to have played, are teams to be watched.

Most of the experts this year seem to be agreed that the fight in the American League will be a two club affair, a duel between the Senators and the Yankees.

And everybody is wondering about the Red Sox, with the young millionaire Tommy Yorky as owner, Eddie Collins as Secretary and Bucky Harris as Playing Manager. How will they stack up?

The dopsters seem to be agreed that once again the race in the National League will be a sizzler. The New York Giants, the Chicago Cubs, the St. Louis Cardinals, the Pittsburgh Pirates, all have fighting teams for a hot race.

For the hero-worshippers the question is: "How will

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Babe Ruth last out the season?" Probably his throwing arm, the old soup bone is as good as ever. But the Babe's legs? They are as important as any in a Broadway chorus. One weak point of the national game has always been those curious slender ankles that support the Bambino's bulky frame.

Meanwhile in Boston they're talking not only about Babe Ruth, but also about Brother Gilbert.

When the orphan boy, George Herman Ruth was a pupil at the Baltimore Industrial School, the baseball coach was Brother Gilbert of the order of St. Francis Xavier. It was he who first saw the peculiar talent, in the stocky lad who was studying to become a shoemaker. The friar coached the kid, taught him baseball and made the Babe what he is today.

Brother Gilbert is now the principal of a new high school in Malden, Massachusetts. Naturally, he is also the amateur baseball coach. Last year, the first year of the school, he had only a freshman class. His team lost its first three games and then went out and won eighteen in a row. This year he has both freshman and sophomores. And Boston fans are betting that his team will win the high school championship of Massachusetts/

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So, the monastic friar who discovered the genius of Babe Ruth is proving it was no accident. Once again he is showing that he knows his baseball.

WIVES

In my notes here I see something about the Thousand Islands and a hundred wives. Sounds odd, but it was up there overlooking the Thousand Islands that I learned about the hundred wives.

You know those beautiful and almost innumerable islands in the St. Lawrence River. I landed at the attractive town of Brockville on my way to Ottawa and Montreal. There in Brockville, amid the charming scenery of the Thousand Isles in the Ottawa Journal I read the story.

No gay, frivolous philanderer, is the husband of a hundred wives. He is a Puritan, a stern, severe moralist, the leader of the Wahibi, the killjoys of the central Arabian desert. Ibn Saud and his Wahibis are opposed to almost every kind of fun and amusement -- except marriage.

Marry early and often, commanded Mohammed the Prophet. And the ~~fix~~ fierce warrior Ibn Saud obeys like a good Moslem. The Koran allows four wives. He has only three, because he likes to keep one place open all the time for a new wife. Divorces are easy. He has been married thus far one hundred times, and he is still only a middle-aged man.

And Ibn Saud, the dour Puritan, doesn't marry for mere entertainment. When he makes a treaty with another tribe, he takes a wife from that tribe as a kind of signature to the treaty. And he is a great diplomat and has made many treaties. In fact he likes to make treaties.

But marriage to Ibn Saud means even more than that. It is related that once he was wounded in battle, wounded so badly that his tribesmen believed he was as good as dead, on his last legs. They were about to desert him, and select a more able-bodied chief. But Ibn Saud shouted a loud command: "Get me another wife," he roared. "I feel like getting married again."

And there and then he celebrated another wedding. So his tribesmen figured the old boy was just about as good as new.

Yet, it is related that Ibn Saud of a hundred wives has really loved only one woman. She was the Princess Jauhara. He married her when he was a young man and made her his queen. But not long after she died. The fierce Ibn Saud was broken hearted and has been broken hearted ever since and has just been getting married over and over again, a hundred times, out of sorrow. AND SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.