

LONDON

L.T. Sunoco Tuesday July 24. 1934

Here's the predicament of a man financially embarrassed, ^{his} his pockets bulging with gold. He is hard up for a dollar, and, he hasn't anything but ~~all that~~ gold. It isn't a man in this case, but a city -- London. The vaults of the London banks are crammed with the yellow metal. The phrase:-- "English gold", used to be a byword in the affairs and intrigues of Europe. But this time it's French gold, German gold, American gold. It's anything but English, which has many a Englishman muttering:-- "I say there *old chap, what ho?*"

Eight hundred million dollars worth of foreign gold stored away in London, and more than a hundred million of it belong to Americans. It's against the law to hoard gold at home, so they are hoarding it abroad.

And now, the suggestion is being made in the British press -- why not do as Uncle Sam did? Last year British firms had a hundred million dollars in gold in New York as security for the purchase of goods in America. By Presidential order that gold was seized. So the British are asking why shouldn't they play tit for tat. Why shouldn't John Bull now commandeer the hundred million ~~dollars worth~~ ⁱⁿ _^ American gold?

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~~located in London~~

And the city of London has a perfect right to do it.

Under the English Currency Act of 1928, she can seize every dollars worth, and pay for it not at the market price but at the statutory price fixed by law. A recent market price was one hundred and thirty shillings an ounce. The statutory price is eighty-five shillings an ounce. That would ^{also} yield a neat profit. It would also ^{yield} ~~bring~~ a loud howl from the

Frenchmen, Germans and Americans who have sent their gold to London, believing it would be perfectly safe there. Maybe it is.

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AEROPLANE

The cock-pit of an airplane sometimes is exceedingly small and cramped. The fellow with long legs may find his knees dangerously in the way.

Over in England a plane crashed. The pilot was injured, his observer was killed. The observer was Squadron Leader Stanley Collett, son of the Lord Mayor of London.

The Air Ministry announces that the accident was caused when the pilot's knees got tangled with the fuel supply. The cutting off of the power caused the crash.

The report tells of another similar accident which like-wise was caused by the inconvenient knees of a long-legged pilot getting jammed in the controls. The answer is either larger cock-pits or smaller pilots.

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AUSTRIA

~~Yes,~~ I certainly does look as if the quarrel in Nazi Germany might turn into something of a religious war with Chancellor Dollfus fighting such a grim battle against the Nazi terrorists in Austria. And with the German Nazis threatening to make such sinister reprisals.

Dolfuss is a devout Catholic, and the church in Austria is backing him in his struggle with the Nazis. So now the German Nazi spokesman makes this declaration: "The priests led Chancellor Dolfuss in his campaign against the Nazis, and so the priests must pay the price for his betrayal of Germanic Austria." And then follows the threat:- That for every Nazi terrorist Dolfuss puts in prison, the German Nazis will put a Catholic priest in prison. And for every one that Dolfuss hangs they will kill a priest.

It all indicates ~~that~~ the more clearly that there is no dying out of the trouble between Nazi Germany and Austria with its

~~the~~ Italian brand of Facism. It had appeared that Hitler and Mussolini ^{had} come to an agreement about Austria in that meeting ~~of~~ ~~their~~ near Venice, also that the squelching of the Storm Troop Wild-men would slow down the Nazi attacks on Austria. But these things are still going on with a campaign of bombing, and ^{now} the Italian newspapers are caustically denouncing the behavior of Hitler's men.

Things can't keep going on like that forever. There will be a show-down, and when it comes we may see some drastic moves.

It may pop like a pistol shot, maybe with Italian troops in Vienna. Things would seem to be tending toward an Italian protectorate over Austria -- although, against that, is the mutual need of Germany and Italy for each other's support.

There's one story in the news today that simply
In South America Argentina has at last become a
unified nation. By a decision of the Attorney General of the
republic the fourteen provinces are now tied closer together
than they have ever been. In some ways they were almost like
independent nations, those provinces of the Argentine, with
all sorts of local rights and powers. They were always looking
after their own local interests, ~~were~~ jealous of each other,
jealous also of the national government at Buenos Aires. And
that always helped to create dissensions and the South American
brand of civil war.

So this new drastic tightening of national unity
promises to harmonize and strengthen the great grain and cattle
growing republic, and may have an important effect on the history
of the Southern Hemisphere.

It all begins with a large estate. One of the heirs
was the young Brahman, Sanyendra Prada. The other heir was his
step-brother. Sanyendra Prada wanted the whole estate for
himself, and moreover, he insured his step-brother for fifty
thousand rupees.

India has its old methods of murder; the strangling

INDIA

There's one story in the news today that simply creeps with the dark and eerie terror of the Orient. Yes, India is the land of strangest saintliness, and also of the blackest devilish evil. Take this trial at Calcutta, with a charge of murder against five oddly assorted men. One a young Brahman, step-brother of the victim. Another a mysterious black man with an oval face. The other three, prominent Hindu physicians of India's largest city, Calcutta, which by the way is the second largest city of the British Empire, second to London. One of the accused physicians was connected with the All Indian Institute of Health, the founding of which was financed by Rockefeller money. And the public prosecutor calls their crime, "An unparalleled act of diabolic ingenuity."

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neck cloth of the thuggee, mysterious serpent poisons distilled from the fangs of the Cobra, and such diviltries, legendary and fantastic as chopped up tiger whiskers, and five splinters of diamond. But, India is becoming modern and the young Brahman sought the ways of modern science to remove his step-brother.

He got the three doctors into the plot. And they provided the scientific weapon -- germs.

They started with tetanus -- lock-jaw, administered with Oriental ingenuity. Benoyendra smeared the germs on the bridge of his step-brother's spectacles. The doomed man promptly fell ill with a virulent attack of lock-jaw. But he pulled through.

They resorted to the plague, the age-old curse of India, cholera, which the British health authorities for years have been fighting so successfully. The plotting physicians ransacked half of India and

finally procured the cholera bacilli at the Municipal Hospital in Bombay. Just to be sure, they did some laboratory experimenting. They tried the germs out on white rats, and found them sufficiently deadly.

The step-brother, the victim, was standing at a railroad station in Calcutta when he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his arm. He noticed a mysterious squat black man with an oval face brushing past him. His arm was cut with a slight stab wound. The Benoyendra appeared and seeing his step-brother injured he sympathetically rubbed the step-brother's arm. And that was the murder in it. His fingers were smeared with the germs of the plague, which he rubbed into the open cut.

The victim fell ill with a violent sickness and died. It created a sensation. The first case of plague Calcutta had had in five years. The public attention it attracted led to an investigation before the man died. There was clever detective work, followed by quick arrests; -- and now the trial.

DILLINGER - 2

And now ^{more} about Public Enemy Number One. The king is dead, long live the king. The Public Enemy Number One is dead, but I don't know whether his successor will live long or not.

The Department of Justice, having disposed of Dillinger is hot after the remainder of his gang. They ^{have} ~~Department of Justice has~~ drawn up a list of names of the Dillinger mobsmen still at large, and the hunt for them is on.

At the head of the list with the rank of ~~the~~ new Public Enemy Number One, is Lester N. Gillis, better known to the underworld as Baby-Faced Nelson.

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We know how the government agents tracked Dillinger, dogged his trail, ^{hounded,} ~~hunted~~ dug him out, on that relentless manhunt. They had a personal feud against him -- for the murder of one of their comrades, Carter Baum. It's an old story, how the police love to avenge the murder of a policeman. Well, Dillinger was not alone in the killing of Carter Baum. His partner in the shooting ~~x~~ of the government agent was Baby-Faced Nelson. That's what has earned Baby-Face the dangerous honor of ranking as Number One man on the new public enemy list. He's rather short

and small and has innocent looking eyes and a pink-and-white complexion -- hence "Baby-Face." But, he's a crazy killer of the moron type. That's his rating with Uncle Sam's sleuths.

Meanwhile, there's that buzz of talk about the woman in red, supposed to have sold Dillinger to the government avengers. There are several angles of criminology to be noted here. It's an old adage of the underworld that a crook that hangs around with women is sure to get in trouble. And, Dillinger's history is tangled up with a whole bevy of cuties. Then there's another law of criminology, which a detective will tell you, that a crook's moll is commonly one of those loyal-unto-death affairs -- unless she gets jealousy. Then there's ground guessing that it might have been a man of the underworld persuading the Dillinger girl-friend to earn and share with him the ten thousand dollar reward. This also might have the color of romance.

It all fits in with the grim and cynical theory

of hard-boiled police reporters -- that Dillinger's money was gone, he was broke, and the underworld sold him to the police.

two hundred and fifty million dollars of liquor taxes in six months. And then there's been a lot of money saved -- the cost of prohibition enforcement and the decrease in the expense of the Coast Guard and border patrols, which expense has been cut in half.

On the other side of the ledger is a new rum run which the officials admit is springing up in the Atlantic. At least four-teen ships are patrolled outside of the twelve mile limit around New York, and mail boats, loaded with contraband, are slipping to shore -- just as in the early days of the dry law. The way to stop the new bootlegging trade, is to enlarge the Coast Guard patrols, or amend the federal tax of five dollars a gallon on hard liquor. That would reduce the price of whisky and help to make bootlegging unprofitable. In other words, the old story that high duties encourage smuggling was repeated.

MELLON

The Mellon fortune is one of the greatest in the world -- eight billion dollars or so. Andrew Mellon when he became the Secretary of the Treasury was rated at about five hundred million. ~~and~~ Now here's another Mellon, a cousin of the former Secretary, who is worth about fifteen cents. But he says he's ~~about~~ a billion dollars happy.

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He was discovered living on the Unemployment Relief Dole, amid the tin can alleys of the Pittsburgh tenement district. He didn't want his fabulously wealthy cousin to know about it, but the name of William Andrew Mellon on the Relief rolls let the story out. So now the billion dollar Mellon, ^{came hurrying} ~~to~~ to the aid of the fifteen cent Mellon, ^{and} the fifteen cent Mellon is accepting just enough aid to buy himself home-cooked dinners from the lady who lives next door. ^π He won't move out of Tin Can Alley. ^{He} He says he doesn't care if the rest of the Mellon family float on an ocean of banknotes with regiments of assorted chefs, chauffeurs and butlers. He's content with his fifteen cents and his happiness. He still cooks his own breakfast and wouldn't trade

his dingy hall-room for the Presidential suite at the William Penn.

"It may be just a dump here where I live," he philosophizes, "but I need this place, because I can read, study, think and dream here." He used to have money, a lot of it, but lost it in the far West. And having lost, he gained. He gained squalor, destitution, and a dollar and a half a week out of the public dole -- and, happiness.

BYRD

The loneliest man in the world is destined to be alone for many more days. Weather reports from Antarctica indicate a grim crisis for Admiral Byrd, alone in that solitary ice hut, where he has been living in hermit-like seclusion. He has a bad arm. He hurt it. That's why the men of Little America are trying so hard to push through and reach him.

The reports give a vivid picture of the futile attempt of the relief party to drive through the polar blizzard. For four days they pushed ahead on ~~skis~~^{skis}, while the tempest whipped the snow in blinding sheets and the temperature fell to seventy-one below. ~~zero~~ The flags which had been set up to mark the trail were almost covered, almost buried out of sight, by the deep snows. Finally ~~they were almost lost.~~^{the relief party} They had to rely on navigation instruments to guide them. And they had to give it up, ^{that is,} after they had pushed only half way to the Bolling Advance Base, where Admiral Byrd is marooned.

Now they're waiting for the blizzard to let up to try again. But from the looks of the weather right now, it will be

days before they can hope to start out again.

This is a good time to wonder a bit about the hermit life that Dick Byrd selected for himself down there near the frozen Pole. He's a young fellow, debonair, famous, dowered with honors and good fortune. So why has he turned himself into an anchorite of the ice, there to pass the long polar winter, in the indescribable solitude of a hut on the remote ice of the Anarctic Continent?

That's something for us lovers of comfort, nice apartments, jolly vacations company and conversation, to think about.

But there always was an odd streak in Dick Byrd, something deep inside that often made him not such a good mixer, not so popular in the jovial conviviality of his fellows. Maybe it was all some deep longing for solitude, some intense concentration of the desire to get away from things that we all have felt. Maybe, for once in his life he wanted to get his fill of solitude, in complete measure. Well, he's got it now,

BYRD - 3

alone for the duration of the polar winter in his remote
monastic cell in the ice. And his companions can't get to
him through the polar blizzard. Tonight the loneliest man
in the world may have more loneliness than he likes. Not a
soul around to whom he might even say: "SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW".