

L.T. SUNOCO, Friday, January 12, 1934

Good Evening Everybody:-

Gay Paree is not so gay tonight. A better name would be Inturiated Paree. Not since the days of the affair of Dreyfus, has ^{Paris} ~~the mirthful capital~~ been so indignant as right now -- over that bank scandal. A cable brings the startling story that a mob of no fewer than twenty thousand angry Parisians tried to storm the Chamber of Deputies today. Thirty police and scores of rioters are in the hospital tonight.

The mob was beaten off and this afternoon the Palais Bourbon, where the deputies do their squabbling, was turned into a military fortress, guarded by rank upon rank of gendarmes and the famous Republican Guard.

The scene inside the Chamber of Deputies was tumultuous. No heads were cracked, but sorry dents were made in reputations and characters. The Government, of course, was the target for hard words, in the hardest French known to Ze Boulevards.

Prime Minister Camille Chautemps, came back at his hecklers with the resonant cry:- "This is a plot to overthrow La Republique Francaise."

Thereby the French Premier showed that he was on the job in traditional fashion. Because it's always a safe rule in French politics, when you get into a jam to blame the Royalist Party with trying to overthrow the Republique Francaise.

NBC

NELSON

On the rocks -- H.M.S. Nelson, the pride of the King's navy, went on the rocks. This magnificent British man-o-war, price thirty-eight million dollars, ran aground right outside Portsmouth harbor. In an effort to get the sea-giant clear, the entire crew of eleven hundred was ordered to jump up and down on the decks, which they did for all the world like a Russian ballet, though not so gracefully. The idea was that by rocking the boat they might ~~get~~^{rock} her loose. It was one of the greatest ^{sailors'} hornpipes ^{without music} in the history of the British navy.

But it didn't do any good. H.M.S. Nelson would be still on the rocks, but for good old mother nature. She didn't dance any hornpipe. It was a case of high tide. The rising water set the pride of John Bull's navy free.

NBC

LONDON

And now political rocks -- for the British
government, ~~or~~ maybe. **Prime** Minister Ramsay MacDonald is at
Sandringham this evening for a weekend with His Majesty.

The Prime Minister is not dancing any hornpipe for the King.

Wiseacres are guessing that some kind of political trouble is

brewing. *Maybe we'll hear more about this
in a day or two.*

NBC

PRINCE

Now step up, girls, and let's see if you are dressed like the Prince of Wales. It appears that His Royal Highness is blossoming forth as a dictator of women's fashions. We learn this from a sartorial expert, Alfred Dunhill, who has just returned from England with a report that the ladies are copying the woollens of the royal plus fours for their skirts. They are going in for the kind of suede shoes the Prince wears. They are imitating the royal neckties, the royal mufflers, and the royal checks and plaids. In fact, they are taking the royal shirt off the royal back.

Another H. R. H. item comes from the Monte Carlo Russian ballet which is now in New York. They tell how in London the charming ballerina Alexandra Danilova met His Royal Highness at a night club and danced with him. And she stepped on the royal toes. She was so nervous and flabbergasted about being in the arms of royalty that she stepped on his toes three times and nearly ruined the royal shoes.

La Belle Danil'ova

Embarrassed and chagrined, ~~she~~[^] apologized.

And then it was that the Prince proved himself a worthy
successor ^{to} ~~of~~ his grandfather, Edward VII, ~~as~~^{-- proved himself} the first
gentleman of Europe.

"~~But~~ It was my fault," he said smilingly. "It must
have been my fault -- because ^{am I not} ~~was~~[^] dancing with the best
dancer in the world?"

And that was royal gallantry.

Prosper - N. B. C.

FLIGHT

I trust I won't be accused of joking about serious subjects, but sometimes the international news is almost too comic for words. Here, for instance, is the latest. The successful flight of those six U.S. Navy planes to Honolulu has given a dose of the jitters to the War Office of his Imperial Majesty, the Mikado of Japan. Because those six giant American planes were safely delivered in Hawaii, the heads of the Japanese Air Corps are asking the Japanese parliament for more money to build new fighting planes.

Here's the story that came to me by wireless from Tokyo. The big guns of the Japanese Navy consider this flight of Commander McGinnis and his men as step number two in an international plot, a plot to corral and strangle Japan. Step number one, say the Japanese war lords, was Uncle Sam's recognition of Soviet Russia. In short, Uncle Sam and the Russian Bear are supposed to be hand in hand ready to swoop down on poor peaceful Japan. So the boys in the Land of Cherry Blossoms are not shouting banzai tonight over that Yankee flight.

CUBA

A message from Cuba - an ironic and satirical message from Carleton Beals, the man who wrote a book on Cuba recently that has created quite an uproar. Mr. Beals is on his way from Cuba to Panama and Peru. Here's what he says:-

"I am leaving Havana with all my hands, feet, eyes, and the only head I have, quite intact, undispersed by any Cuban bombs.

"The Havana sun is as caressing as ever, the Cuban girls as charming and beautiful - and most of the people on the island starving or half starving."

He continues:- "The high personages of the Cuban government tell me they won't accept recognition by Uncle Sam until they send their Cuban gunboat 'Patria' to New York Harbor so they can assure the people of Cuba that the farmers of Iowa are behaving properly. They'll not accept recognition from the United States until their Cuban man-o-war has found out whether there has been any slackening up of kidnapping, gangsterism and lynching in the United States."

Then his final shaft of sarcasm is:- "If President

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Roosevelt is ready to form a coalition cabinet made up of representatives of all factions such as Hoover, Stimson, Mellon, John Dewey, LaFollette and Jimmy Walker, then they will consider that our Washington government represents the will of the American people, and then they will consider accepting our recognition.

I rather suspect Carleton Beals is kidding Uncle Sam's ~~own~~ Cuban policy.

L.T. Personal

LEAD

Rumblings of rebellion were heard in Washington today, rebellion against the President. Yesterday the test votes in the House of Representatives looked as though Mr. Roosevelt had Congress eating out of his hand. But today a group of his own party took a nip at the seat of the presidential pants.

Some of the boys are weeping tears in their beards because they haven't been getting their share of the gravy, I mean patronage. They say the White House hasn't done right by our little Nell -- those whom the late William Jennings Bryan described as "deserving Democrats". They say that in many congressional districts there are Republicans who have not yet been thrown out on their ear. "What did we win the election for?" sigh the "deserving Democrats." Sadder still Republicans have been appointed to jobs just because they were capable. And finally, the boys complain pathetically: "Has the party of Andrew Jackson,

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Old Hickory,

^ forgotten the good old Jacksonian motto: "To the victors

^ belong the spoils?" So today twenty-five of these disgruntled and deserving Democrats in the House got together. They are

sore not only because the patronage hasn't been handed out to

them. ^{But} They're ^{also} ~~still feeling~~ aggrieved over the way in which the

Administration steam roller flattened them out last night and

put over that most drastic of all gag rules. ^{And} They're going to

hold a caucus Monday night and try to throw a monkey wrench

into that Administration steam roller.

The Democratic moguls in the House were given another fit of the jitters today. This was caused by an attack on the presidential front, threatened by a neighbor of mine, Representative Hamilton Fish of Dutchess County, New York.

~~My~~ Neighbor Fish ~~and I would have you remember he is~~ not

the Kingfish ~~of Louisiana~~ - says he's going to introduce an

amendment, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ gag rule or no gag rule. This amendment

will restore compensation to war veterans who were disabled

as a result of their service in Uncle Sam's cause. The purpose

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of this move, says ^{the Honorable Mr.}~~neighbor~~ Fish, is to get another test vote
and discover just how strong ^a~~the~~ presidential forces are.

Well, go to it my lads, I'm for the side that wins.

NBC

GOLD

From where we sit now, it looks as though the suggestion that President Roosevelt should commandeer all the gold held by the Federal Reserve would be translated into action. It

was announced in Washington today that the Attorney General *has told* *all about it -- the legal* ~~submitted an opinion to~~ the President ~~on the lawfulness of such~~ *aspects of it.* ~~a step.~~ *his* ~~that~~ opinion was not made public. At the

same time the unofficial dope from the White House is that the President is *sure* ~~convinced~~ ~~he~~ has ~~in his hand now~~ all the *treasure hoard of* authority necessary to seize that *gold.*

NBC

FORD

In one part of Washington today Mr. Edsel Ford, son of the great Henry, continued to tell the Senators what he knew about the bank holiday in Detroit last February. Young Mr. Ford testified that the biggest shots in the Republican Party had urged his father and himself, in fact the Ford Company, to come to the rescue of the Detroit banks and fend off the danger which ultimately brought about the national bank holiday. Mr. Edsel Ford then told the senators that the Ford organization had helped its own banks so much that it could not go any further, so the request of the G.O.P. big wigs was refused.

While this was going at one end of Washington, another piece of information broke elsewhere. The chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation gave out the information that he had just authorized a loan of three million dollars to the Guardian Union National Bank of Detroit. This loan will be distributed to the depositors to the tune of eight per cent of what they had in that bank.

GAMBLER

Maybe your father or grandfather told you something of the sensation Wm. Travers Jerome created when he busted in the doors of the gaming establishment run by that notorious and picturesque art connoisseur, Richard Ganfield. Your grandfather may have told you how that prodigy of District Attorney William Travers Jerome even made an effort to get a member of the mighty Vanderbilt family into court to testify against the art loving gambler.

I bring this up because little Old Gotham today heard echoes of William Travers Jerome. New York's new mayor, LaGuardia, appointed a new Police Commissioner, Major General John F. O'Ryan. And the new Police Commissioner put a tough, sea green incorruptible copper named Dave McAuliffe in charge of the district where most of the gambling is done in New York. So last night there was a raid in the old Jerome tradition. Inspector McAuliffe led the cops in person. Ax in hand, he bashed down the door of a loft, swooped in at the head of his bluecoats, and gathered

GAMBLER

in forty-nine men accused of gambling. When they appeared before a magistrate, their lawyer asked the police witnesses whether they had seen any dice on the table. The coppers replied they had not. The Gotham gendarnes were then asked whether they had seen any money changing hands. Again the Guardians of the law blushed, bit their nails and answered "No, your Honor". So the end of that dramatic raid was that all the prisoners were discharged.

NBC

WALL STREET SHARP-SHOOTERS

Here is an item that may come under the heading of finance. The boys on Wall Street are practicing with their guns. They are getting ready for a contest that the general public knows nothing about. It is the annual marksmanship contest between the armed guards of the banking houses of Wall Street. Just about every bank on Wall Street has its own shooting range, in the basement. ~~And~~ There the bank guards spend hours and hours in target practice. The sporting edition of Collier's Weekly tells me that there are five thousand of these guards in the New York financial district. Among them are some of the best marksmen in the ~~finax~~ country. ~~They~~ They are getting ready for their annual championship matches.

L.T. - Ed Anthony

WYNEKOOP

3 { The trial of Dr. Alice Wynekoop in Chicago proceeded today in far more decent fashion than yesterday. The business of selecting the jury was completed. Dr. Wynekoop's lawyer announced that his client, the aged lady doctor, would take the witness stand in her own defense.

NBC

SKI

First in the world -- and biggest in the world!--

Yes, it's the first professional ski jump ever held, and they say it's the longest ski jump on this old globe of ours.

Sunday will be a big day at Winsted, Connecticut. Those professional ski jumping events will be staged with a blair and a bang. The world's professional record at present is 261 feet and the odds are it will be broken and shattered to bits at Winsted, which ^{by the way} is the ~~place~~ home of the nature-faking Tall Story.

Pers. Corres.

RUTH

Get out your handkerchiefs folks, here's something that would draw bigger and better tears from the crocodile. Poor old Babe Ruth, Sultan of Swat, has had to take another cut. Not a cut at the ball, a cut in wages. The Big Bam, who once drew down eighty thousand amackers for one season's apple knockings, will have to struggle along this coming summer on a mere pittance, only thirty-five thousand dollars. That's what they say, although the figure is not official. The Babe and Colonel Jake, the owner of the Yanks, had their annual salary argument today. And the Grand Vizier of the Sultan of Swat has not yet given out the imperial pronouncemento.

Poor Jake, he's supporting two such expensive luxuries as Babe Ruth and Admiral Byrd's expedition to the South Pole.

ENDING

Well, my secret is revealed, guessed by a little girl. Mr. or Mrs. O. E. Stewart of Quincy, Indiana, write to me as follows: "Something was said the other day in our house as to the reason you do not broadcast on Saturdays. Our little eight year old daughter Jo-Ann spoke up: 'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'I know why Lowell Thomas does ^{not} broadcast on Saturdays. That's the day he takes his bath!'"

~~Whisses~~ ^{So-} By golly, I'm found out! ~~By two~~
~~towels and a cake of soap,~~ ^{My dirty} my secret is revealed. So
I might as well be on my way to the country for that
weekly ordeal, James! Me Bawthe!

AND SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

L.T.