

P. J. - Sunoco. Thursday, Dec. 27, 1934.

Answer
Frank
1934.

Congress-1

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With the opening of Congress just one week away, the political dopsters are ^{lining up} ~~lining up~~ advance prophesies of what the new legeslative session will be like. The prescription they give reads something like this: Take equal parts of the power issue, relief, cash bonus and the N. R. A., pour them together and add a dash of inflation, unemployment insurance, and the World Court. Mix thoroughly and dilute with gallons of oratory and wrangling. And, there you'll have the seventy-fourth Congress of the United States.

The President himself, ~~as~~ a master political pharmicist will begin the compounding of the legislative prescription. In his presidential message it is believed that he will pour the power issue hot into the crucible, with recommendations that he has worked out for legislation to put into effect a program of national power development.

Along with this electrical ~~alkali~~ ^{alkemy} element, the most sizzling ~~chemical alkali~~ ^{alkemy} is expected to sputter and explode around various projects for relief, agitations for immediate

CONGRESS

payment of the bonus and the inevitable big debate about the future of the N. R. A.

They say among the lesser elements in the concoction will be inflation, although I don't know about the lesser part of it. Some exceedingly belligerent support is lining up in favor of diluted money.

Unemployment insurance has the president's sponsorship and doesn't seem to be arousing any great opposition.

It seems like a bit of ancient history to find our old friend, the World Court, off-spring of the League of Nations, once more in the cauldron of Congress. But there's Congressman Tinkhim of Massachusetts rushing to the foreground with a sudden wild alarm shouting that poor old Uncle Sam has already been dragged into the League of Nations although he doesn't know it.

The general consensus of opinion is that the President in his message to Congress will take a middle course. But you'll be able to judge of that for yourself by tuning in on your radio next Thursday when the President's message is read before Congress and at the same time on the air.

It's hardly natural to think of relief workers as laboring so very hard and strenuously. That would hardly be like human nature. But here's a report for the first year and a half of the Civilian Conservation Corps, ^{from its chief,} and it lists an impressive quantity of work done by the C. C. C. boys -- two hundred and ninety million dollars worth of work. They have improved more than a million acres of forest-lands, built more than seven hundred thousand small dams, planted two hundred million trees, laid out thousands of miles of trails through forests, ^{and} fought insects and tree diseases. Robert Fechner, Director of the Corps, declares that the C. C. C., has been an economic success, as well as a human success in relieving the distress of the jobless. *That of course is the Washington story, and it would be some task to check up on it.*

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AVIATION

Aviation is in the news in several ways tonight -- from Uncle Sam's new Centralized Air Force to a flaming sky streak in the Middle West.

Secretary Dern declares that he regards the new war bird setup as the most important forward step in military aviation in this country since the World War. It contemplates a sky fighting force of nine hundred planes, divided into three wings -- one based Langley Field, Virginia, the second at Fort Crockett, Texas; the Third at Hamilton Field, in California.

This has been coming for sometime, now its actuality is formally announced by Secretary Dern in a statement that the Centralized Air Force is in process of being organized right now. We've also known that the aviation shake-up would virtually supplant Major General Foullois, head of the Air Service, leaving him a sky chief with lots of air but no planes. The new Centralized Force will be commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Frank M. Andrews.

There may be a bit of confusion about all those airplane speed records that ~~are~~^{are} being flashed here and there. We were told some weeks ago^{of} a dizzy record of four hundred and thirty odd miles an hour hung up in Italy. Then just the other day came word of still another speed record established in France at three hundred and fourteen miles an hour. And now we~~x~~ hear of our own Colonel Roscoe Turner, who announces that he is building a new speed-demon-plane with ~~it~~^{it} which he expects to break the records and hit it up at ~~a speed of~~ four hundred ~~miles an hour~~^{per.}

The explanation is that there are two kinds of speed records, one for sea-planes and one for land-planes. The Italian record of ~~mi~~ more than four hundred and thirty miles an hour was done with a sea-plane. The French figure of three hundred and fourteen miles ~~an hour~~ is the record for land-planes. And it's this land-plane mark that Roscoe Turner is planning to exceed. Why does a sea plane go faster than a land speedster? Because landing at terrific velocity they need so much space for slowing down, coming to a stop. But you just don't find that much level ground on terra firma. But on the water, in fair weather it's all a landing field.

Ellsworth-1

There is a peculiar puzzle in the Antarctic flight story of last night. Probably it didn't happen at all, but even that's not certain. The New York Times, which sponsored the expedition of Ellsworth, ^{Balchen,} ~~Bernat Balchen,~~ and Sir Hubert Wilkins, printed a dispatch from Ellsworth, which made ~~no~~ ^{no} mention of the supposed stupendous flight across the Southern Polar Continent. Radio messages from the Bryd camp ~~at Little America~~ say nothing about any arrival of the Ellsworth plane ^{at Little America,} ~~which was supposed to have taken place.~~ Yet the dispatch did come from New Zealand with the terse positive statement that the sky voyage in question had been made.

It was lightning that hit the great Netherlands air-liner in the Arabian desert last week. That had been surmised at the time. Now the word comes from Baghdad that an examination of the wreckage confirms the theory that a bolt of lightning, a streak of electric flame from the sky crashed into that historic cloudland transport and sent it ~~plunge and shatter on~~ ^{ing into} the sands of ^{Iraq} the desert.

SKY

Our sky story from the Middlewest turns out definitely to be a meteor - not a plane. A streak of fire flashed through the blue sky of day, followed by a trail of smoke, and the next thought was of a hunt for the charred wreckage of a plane.

But then, it was noticed that the same reports came from Arkansas, Oklahoma and Kansas. The same sky streak seen from points hundreds of miles apart. They were looking a heavenly body and didn't know it. It wasn't Bill Hawkins flying the Arkansas mail. It was the Arch-Angel Gabriel riding a meteor.

RAILROAD

The old statement that "Things come in threes" seemed to have melancholy confirmation today. Last night we heard of two disastrous railroad accidents, and right on top of the two came the third -- thirteen men killed and 31 injured when a locomotive exploded at Powelton, West Virginia. The engine was being coupled to a coach filled with miners on their way to work. Then came the blast of the exploding boiler, and the tragic list of casualties.

Yes, it did seem as if railroad accidents had insisted on coming in a group of three. But shortly after the third, news came of a fourth -- this afternoon, when a passenger train was wrecked as it came steamed into the station at Columbus, Ohio, two trainmen killed and a dozen passengers injured -- bad enough but not so calamitous as the others.

GERMANY

There are mutterings of a storm in Germany, of harsh moves by the Hitler government. And the mutterings even make panicky mention of the possibility of another "blood purge" like the wholesome shooting of the seditious Storm-Troopers. This time they say it's the Monarchists who will feel the heavy hand of the Nazi regime. There have been raids on German cafes and private dwellings, fashionable homes mostly, and many unpleasant arrests. This is connected with the government-inspired campaign of propaganda against the Monarchists with savage fun poked at those who advocate the return of a Kaiser.

Street corner speakers haranging the people are blaming Germany's economic plight on those who are working for a monarchy.

There is so much coordination in these various activities of police and propanganda that the Germans assume they are the result of orders from way up at the top, the Hitler top. And they believe it is just a preliminary to a decisive suppression of the Monarchist movement. The Monarchists themselves are said to be uneasy.

But nobody expects anything to happen for the next couple of weeks. They are sure everything will be quiet until January 13th at least. That is the date of the election in the Saar Valley. Hitler is not likely to try anything drastic or unsettling until the people of the Saar have definitely voted to return to the German fold.

RUSSIA

On the surface of things it might look as if France had a red dilemma on her hands -- the name of the dilemma of course being Leon Trotsky. The attitude of the French is that they will not extradite to Russia Stalin's bitterest and most dangerous enemy -- Bronstein, sur-named Trotsky, the inveterate revolutionist, one time creator and commander of the victorious Red Army. And indeed, it would be against all Western European traditions for a nation to send a political exile back to his own country, which would amount to handing him over to his executioners.

Yet, France sets great value on her new political and military understanding with Soviet Russia. A request from the Kremlin carries great weight in Paris. So if Stalin should make a strong demand for the extradition of Trotsky, it might be awkward for Paris to refuse. Because there is no doubt that the one-time partner of Lenin is the most dangerous revolutionary threat to the Red Regime in Moscow.

But will Stalin demand that Paris hand over Trotsky? The reports give indication of "yes". I wonder. What would they do with him? Shoot him? Would they dare? The communist autocrats of the Kremlin are ruthless. The sanctity of human life just makes them laugh. They order scores of people to the firing squad, as if

~~discarding~~
~~it were junking~~ a few worn-out railroad ties. But, would they dare to shoot Trotsky, who for so long was the second greatest saint on the Bolshevik calendar? Might that not be too harsh a shock for the nerves of the rank and file of the Communists?

The emotional implications of the question are dramatized by a letter which a Warsaw dispatch claims was sent to Stalin by Gregory Zinovieff; yes, Zinovieff whom the Kremlin is accusing of being one of the arch conspirators in the assassination of Stalin's Leiningrad lieutenant, Kiroff. More than a hundred men and women have been executed as a kind of modern human sacrifice to the ghost of the murdered Kiroff. It isn't pretended that the holocaust of victims were connected with the assassination. They were merely enemies, class enemies -- as the Communists say.

The actual conspiracy, claims the Kremlin, was the work of the old Trotsky opposition within the Communist Party. The opposition leaders in Russia were Zinovieff and Kámenév, both of whom were Red heroes and saints in the days of Lenin and Trotsky.

A whole group accused of being plotters of the Kiroff assassination are reported to have confessed plans of revolution and

terrorism against Stalin's power -- with the aid and encouragement of ~~the foreign government, it is reported,~~ a foreign government which is not named. ~~These~~ These men, all of them Communists, are slated for swift trial and swifter execution. But what of Zinōvieff and Kamenév?

This brings us to that letter which Zinōvieff is said to have just sent to Stalin. It reads in part:- "Dear Comrade Stalin:- I ask you in the name of the revolution, for which we fought, to remember those days when we sat at one table with Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin. It is unthinkable that you could shoot an old comrade like myself, and my comrade Kamenév, ^{we} who are the living spirit of the Russian proletariat."

What will be the answer to this curiously broken and pitiful appeal for mercy by the old veterans of the Red terror, who so seldom showed mercy? They say that opinion among the high Communists in the Kremlin is divided. Stalin wants to shoot them and his supporters by one group. But another faction wants to send them merely to Siberian exile, and this opinion is strongly urged by the wily Maxim Litvinoff, Commissar of Foreign Affairs. He maintains that the execution of those two old paladins of Bolshevism would

have a bad effect on foreign opinion.

And all of the logic focuses the more intently on the scrawny, bewhiskered, ailing, revolutionary in France, Trotsky, the former co-saint with Lenin. My guess would be that Stalin won't try to get him, and the French will keep him. No other nation wants him. And Paris will ease out of the situation by keeping Trotsky hidden away and under the closest police watch, to prevent him from launching plots and propaganda against his old comrade, Stalin.

You wouldn't consider it news if I told you that Japan has denounced the Naval Treaty. But I can't even tell you that. All I can say is that Japan has just named the precise day on which she will denounce the treaty -- next Saturday, when Ambassador Saito in Washington and other Japanese diplomatic representatives in various capitals will present to the governments to which they are accredited the formal document of treaty denunciation, together with a letter explaining why Japan is doing it.

PARROT

I suppose that we who talk on the radio should have a high regard for that decorative bird, the parrot. We ought to adopt Polly as our mascot. So it's with a sense of professional pride that I relate the story of Ciccilo. Now, Ciccilo is a handsome parrot, with a big beak, long tail feathers, and a voice that reminds you of the loud-speaker on an off day. And Ciccilo has just figured as the principal character in a legal case before the courts.

The story tells of Mrs. Gallo, a New York Italian housewife. Her household consisted of three police dogs, six cats, and two parrots, until one day the two parrots had a row and one flew out of the window. That was Ciccilo Mrs. Gallo says; her beautiful and eloquent Ciccilo.

Sometime later she went into a pet shop and immediately she heard a familiar voice call in loud tones: "Rosa, hey Rosa."
(That's Mrs. Gallo's first name.)

It was Ciccilo and he stuck out his claw and shook hands with her. The pet dealer claimed he got the parrot from somebody else. So the case went into court and an amazing sight was witnessed. The judge put Ciccilo on the witness-stand and let

the bird decide. By the order of the court the parrot was released and the pet shop owner was instructed to try and put it back in the cage. But the bird let out a series of discordant squawks and flew into a rage. Then, Mrs. Gallo approached the witness-stand. Ciccilo looked at her with affectionate, goggly eyes and murmured: "Rose, mia Rosa." Then he stuck out his big hooked beak and exclaimed in Italian: "Rose, give Mamma a kiss."

So Mrs. Gallo went home with Ciccilo. And now I'll go home and give Mamma a kiss, and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.