

AND BLUE

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SUN OIL COMPANY

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FRIDAY

EVENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Are you following the advice of wise motorists who say "to save gas and save power you should get in high gear quicker, stay in high gear longer." That's their advice. Ours is, try high geared Blue Sunoco. There's quick power in high geared Blue Sunoco for lightning like pickup - and there's plenty of reserve power for the long pull, too. Go high gearing this weekend on Blue Sunoco and see if you can't feel the difference. Now, here comes...Lowell Thomas:- - -

Good evening, everybody!

Here's one of the most internationally significant reports we have had in a long time, if it's true. (The word from London is that Soviet Russia is pulling out of Left Wing Spain. Moscow is said to have told the Left-Wingers they'll get no more soviet aid, no more planes, aviators, or war equipment. No more of that Red Russian military help which has enabled the Left-Wingers to resist France.)

All this is said to tie-up with the recent action of the Soviets in connection with the Non-Intervention Committee. After a long fight against the idea of granting belligerent rights to Franco, the Moscow delegates suddenly withdrew their opposition and they

said - All right, go ahead, give France belligerent rights.

And if the Soviets do abandon Spanish Left-Wingers, then the inevitable question is - Why? And that's answered in today's report.

Russia needs every bit of war equipment for her own use, and is withdrawing from Spain because of growing preoccupation in the Far East. That's the phrase used. Growing preoccupation.

Yes, it's perfectly understandable why the Red Army should be most acutely preoccupied as Japan storms to victory in China.

Also, the report is that Moscow now thinks the Left-Wingers can't possibly win because of the present attitude of Great Britain.

Today's news about Ambassador Bullitt stirred instant repercussions in Congress. The report is that our Ambassador to Paris has just gone to Warsaw to advise the Polish Government not to join the Anti-Communist line-up, formed by Germany, Japan and Italy. It's said that Ambassador Bullitt is thus counseling Warsaw upon instructions direct from President Roosevelt.

In Congress today, Senator Vandenburg of Michigan demanded an explanation from our State Department, and Senator Lewis said, "It's inconceivable that the Ambassador should have blundered into

any such action."

The congressional suspicion is that we are entangling ourselves in European affairs, if that report be true that Ambassador Bullitt has gone to warn Poland not to join up against the Communists.

A bill of rights for motorists! That was the demand today by President Thomas Henry of the America Automobile Association. He declared that those of us who drive autos are getting the rawest deal in history. It's the old story - gasoline taxation, the tax bill on gasoline will come to a total this year of a billion, six hundred million dollars, said the President of the Auto Association. And he added that a large part of that staggering sum will be used for non-highway purposes. Politics and inefficiency will get the cash, said he.

The waggy students of Swarthmore College don't mind telling the world what their social position is. They've just formed the United Sons of Aristocracy. Their launching is a sort of reversed socialist movement - radicalism upside down, calling for the economic protection of the under-privileged aristocrats. A sort of unionism - a kind of blueblood CIO, which calls for the organization of the scattered crumbs of the upper crust. The program demands pensions

for indigent debutantes whose coming out parties will impoverish their aristocratic families. And there's a call for pensions to be paid to well-bred worthies who can prove that they have never soiled their hands with labor.

Just a college prank with an ironic point, if you can figure out the point. Labor troubles hitting the headlines once again! In Detroit, the Auto Workers Union called a vote to be held tomorrow concerning the Sit-Down Strike in the Fischer Body Plant. Five hundred Sit-Downers are now holding the fort. Their Union chiefs ordered them to stop the strike. They refused. They said that they're backed up by the rank and file of the Union membership. So now, a general strike vote is to be taken.

Late today, President Knudsen of General Motors declared that the Sit-Down is the doing of a minority of the employees who refused to recognize the agreement between the Company and the Union. The strikers immediately countered that with the announcement that the Company had broken the contract. Well, Detroit seems to face something of a renewal of the labor troubles that had the City in a turmoil those months ago.

I'm not a playwright, but if I were I think I'd say exactly the same as Sidney Kingsley says. That contemporary dramatist, in the face of Court proceedings, declares stoutly just because he wrote a play isn't any reason why he should be responsible for the conduct and good behavior of all the actors and actresses who play in it. I should say not. It all comes about because of romantic complications in the cast of Kingsley's play DEAD END. A youthful actor is in court, charged with annoying one of the girls in the show. Courtship too persistent. The judge is a lady jurist and therefore looks deeply into the human side of things. She points out that the lad who is in trouble was picked off the streets, given apart in the show at \$50. a week. The sudden rise from the sidewalks of New York to the Broadway stage may have turned his head. And maybe it was the munificent \$50. a week that affected him. Anyway, Judge Anna Cross thinks that the playwright is somehow responsible in this affair. But Sidney Kingsley responds by saying that a playwright is not responsible for the conduct of everybody in the show.

Today, out on the Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah, the question

was luck. Captain George Eyeston had been having more than his share of bad breaks. Twice he had driven his roaring speedster THE THUNDERBOLT, driven it faster than anyone had driven a car before, and twice he failed to break the record officially because the rules called for a two-way run. THE THUNDERBOLT broke down with clutch trouble on the way back.

Today was Eyeston's time for a third try, and Fortune was wavering in the balance. Snowstorms were raging across the mountain ranges out there in Utah. The white tempest was sweeping over the land far and wide, but somehow it missed those Salt Flats. That weather freak was the break of luck. Eyeston knew it was his last chance because black clouds were lowering in the West and North. The snowstorn was closing in fast, and the Salt Flats would be ruined for racing right on through this Winter.

So the British speed king climbed into THE THUNDERBOLT. The motor roared. Away he went at blinding speed. He made the first run of that two-way course in record-breaking time, but he had done that twice before. And then he had failed on the return trip.

Would the same bad luck continue?

THE THUNDERBOLT was on its way back, ripping along with dazzling speed. "I knew I was going faster than usual," Eyeston said afterward, "because my goggles were fluttering and I had to put up my hand to keep them from flying off my face."

Yes, he was going faster than usual. He was doing 319 miles an hour. And this time, no clutch trouble. THE THUNDERBOLT completed that return trip. Everything according to regulations. So the news tonight is a new automobile speed record - a new speed king. Eyeston averaged 311.42 miles per hour. And that smashes Sir Malcomb Campbell's mark of 301 miles per hour.

Immediately after today's record was made, those black clouds drifted over Bonneville and a blizzard of snow fell, typing up those Salt Flats for the rest of this Winter.

Berkeley, California is recovering tonight from one of the liveliest college disturbances on record. The University of California students staged a Rally. Whooping it up for a victory over Standord at Pale Alto tomorrow. They howled for the team to do or die, and they did it in such fashion that it turned into a

riot. Several thousand students stormed through the streets, and lit huge bonfires. Store windows were shattered, automobiles were smashed up. A woman was injured in a car, but her husband swerved to avoid the student rush, and the auto hit a trolley car.

The football enthusiasts ripped out the fire alarms, and they wrestled the firehoses away from the firemen, and they turned the hose on the firemen, and they battled the cops, and Chief of Police Ruell was hit in the mouth with a hunk of concrete. Four policemen injured; \$5,000 worth of damage; and thirty-one football shouters under arrest now. Just playful college students. Dear old college days.

And now, let's end the broadcast tonight with an all-important college sports special. That was my all-America Riot, and now comes Ed Thorgeson to give us his All-America Team.

ED THORGESON

Selecting an All-America Football Team has always impressed me as being about as sensible as climbing into a fruit-laden apple tree, picking eleven rosey specimens, and calling them the eleven choicest, biggest, sweetest and prettiest apples in the whole

doggone tree.

And when that great old sportsman, Walter Camp, started the whacky fad back in 1889, I imagine he blushed once or twice himself as he meditated and chuckled on the merits of his great circulation boosting idea. And mind you, during the cradle days of All-America picking, he didn't even bother to look them over if they didn't play for Harvard, Yale or Princeton.

So I say again, picking an All-America is a whacky idea at the very outset. If for no other reason than it is bound to alight many of the year's greatest stars whose glorious performances on any one of three hundred or more college gridirons have gone unheralded, unsung by that egotistical clan of drivel-pusses known as football experts, of which your roving Quarterback here is a paid-up member. So, now that we understand each other, let's line them up as seen by the Movietone Cameras, whose sharp-shooters behind the lenses have turned in more than 30,000 feet of film this year from which we of the sports stamp have selected the eleven men who, in our analysis of every foot of this film measure up to our All-America standards of courage, brains, speed, power and versatility.

Only lack of time right now prevents telling why the following men have been selected above all others. But Movietone Newsreel presents them on the screen, and qualifies their All-America rating. So we give you now only the line-up; for further details, see your local Movietone News.

Beginning in the line, from end to end: At one end John Wysocki, W*Y*S*O*C*K*I, Wysocki - Villanova; at tackle, Frank Kinard, K*I*N*A*R*D, Kinard - Mississippi; at guard, Edmund Franco, F*R*A*N*C*O, Franco - Fordham; at center, Bob Herwig, H*E*R*W*I*G, Herwig, California; at guard, Joe Routt, R*O*U*T*T, Routt - Texas A & M; at tackle, Tony Matisi, M*A*T*I*S*I, Matisi - Pittsburgh; at end, Brudd Holland, H*O*L*L*A*N*D, Holland - Cornell; in the backfield, at quarterback, Clinton Frank, F*R*A*N*K, Frank, - Yale; he rates the pst as a field general and captain of our team; at half-back, Dave O'Brien, O*B*R*I*E*N, O'Brien - Texas Christian University; at the other half-back post, Marshall Goldberg, G*O*L*D*B*E*R*G, Goldberg - Pittsburgh; at fullback, Joe Kilgrow, K*I*L*G*R*O*W, Kilgrow of Alabama.

Remember, the reason why they've been chosen above all others

may be found in the Sports Section of Fox Movietone News. So much for All-America.

Beginning tomorrow, and extending through Thanksgiving and next week-end, the season attains its stellar climax with traditional battles that always bring the annual football drama to a feverous close. In the East, football's greatest rivalry entwined in the ivy of the Big Three finds the strongest Harvard Team in years clashing with a Yale eleven, that arrives at its season's crest undefeated for the first time in thirteen years. Yale, as usual, has everything with which to stop a valiant Crimson charge, but because Harvard's coach, Dick Harlow, will be fighting for his first Yale victory in four years, because Harvard will go into battle with the finest eleven at its season's peak, both physically and psychologically, because Yale will go into the game as every undefeated team goes into its final and crucial game - I mean a bit jittery - I like Harvard's chances of handing the Bulldog a whipping for the first time since 1933.

At Princeton, the Navy will go into maneuvers in solving its season's problem number eight. Princeton will say goodbye and good

riddance to its worst football year since 1931. So the Navy Goat will be toying with a Tiger, thinking only of a Mule, Get it?

At New York, with a weather forecast of rain and snow, Columbia's Lions engage the all-powerful Indians of Dartmouth. Of this game, in my humble opinion, there is this to be said. Dartmouth will win, thus breaking a ten-year jinx during which time Dartmouth has not won a season's final game. While Columbia's Lion, fighting in the face of overwhelming odds, will, you may be sure, display the courage, the valiance, of a suicide battalion.

Fordham battles St Mary's, also in New York. Fordham, undefeated with its face turned toward the Rose Bowl, will reaffirm its claim to national recognition. While far away at Oakland, California, the bells of St Mary's will toll a dirge of defeat. Mid-western activities centers on the Notre-Dame-Northwestern clash at Evanston, Illinois. On a toss-up, it's Notre-Dame to win, and if what the fighting Irish displayed against the Army last week is any criterion, well you ought to be able to hear the Northwestern Wild Cats meow from coast to coast.

Califonnia's surge toward the Rose Bowl will in no way be im-

peded tomorrow at Palo Alto, California, as the Golden Bears take on the Stanford Indians who, although greatly improved, could not possibly muster enough power to quell the greatest California team in years. And with chin thus protruding, Thorgeson signs off with love and kisses, while from Lowell Thomas, a fond

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY

SING ANNOUNCEMENT:

There are any number of reasons why you should do some real high geared motoring this weekend on high geared Blue Sunoco. First, there's tomorrow's football game you've been talking about attending. Second, there's the full moon - if the weather is clear - that will make night time driving so much easier. Third, there are the friends or relatives you've been wanting to visit before winter sets in. Every one of these trips calls for a snappy, quick acting, long distance motor fuel like, high geared Blue Sunoco. Think it over, Hugh James is saying goodnight.

AE
11/14/37