

L.T. SUNOCO. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Here's one that just came in from London. Viscount Halifax, Lord President of the Council, has returned from his visit to Fuehrer Hitler of Germany. Lord Halifax went to Berlin to ask Hitler a long list of questions. Instead of returning with the answers, he returned with a still longer list of questions that Hitler had asked him. The Fuehrer wants to know what John Bull means by this, by that, and by the other, and what's he going to do about it.

Earlier in the day we heard that Downing Street was getting ready to ask Uncle Sam and other powers to club together and protect their rights in the International Settlement of Shanghai, rights that appear to be threatened by the Japanese. Late this afternoon, it was announced that His Majesty's government is prepared to act alone to protect its rights in Shanghai if they are infringed upon by Japan.

Six men, supposed to be Germans, were arrested in Alsace,

accused of being spies. They were pinched in the neighborhood of that famous Maginot Line, the four hundred million dollar system of subterranean fortresses built as a defense against Germany. They were arrested while Edourd Daladier, Minister of War, was watching a military review nearby.

PRINCESS

"Princess Marries Catch-as-catch-can Wrestler!" - there's a headline good for page one on any man's paper. Particularly so when the Princess comes from one of the most curious dynasties in the world. The Princess Babe of Sarawak; lineal descendant of the famous Rajah Brooke who, just about a hundred years ago went to Borneo and carved out an independent principality.

There's an interesting article in this month's Commentator about Sarawak and the Brooke dynasty that has ruled it for ninety six years. Linton Wells, who wrote the piece, says that the present white Rajah, father of the Princess Babe, is a man of reckless courage, an iron will, and unquenchable independence. "The third white Rajah," according to Linton, "is a handsome man with silver hair and distinguished bearing. The Ranees," as his consort is called, long ago ceased to worry her head over so many women falling in love with him. He's the best two-fisted drinker in a section of the world where men frequently drink between drinks.

Apparently the Princess Babe has a will, as strong as her father's. She married her Catch-as-catch-can wrestler after being told emphatically that she would be disinherited if she did. At

that, it took her quite a while to make up her mind, because she postponed the wedding several times. From all reports, she's not merely a pretty but a real beauty. The bridegroom is not like any of the groaning, grunting, ponderous pachyderms we see in the wrestling business over here. He's an Adonis and a varsity man. Also champion catch as catch can wrestler of Europe. In the marriage license he is described as a "physical culturist." Professor of Physical Ed."

SHAKESPEARE

A gentleman appeared in a Longon police court today with a damaged scalp. Evidently he had been practicing the manly art of self defense and had done not only his leading but his blocking with his head. He was charged with being drunk. He had been on the receiving end of a too hilarious brawl. Said the magistrate - "Two shillings and six pence for being drunk and disorderly," -- sixty cents. "And ten shillings and six pence to the doctor for patching up your head -- Two dollars and sixty cents. "And, by the way," said His Worship - English for His Honor, What's your name?" Replied the defendant: "William Shakespeare."

"Tut, tut," said His Worship, "too bad you haven't as hard a head as your famous namesake."

"Who's that?" replied William Shakespeare.

As Shakespeare himself asked:- "What's in a name?"

A new speed mark in aviation, a record flight from France to South America. Paul Codos, the famous French pilot, with a crew of three, flew from Istres in France to Buenos Aires, in forty-eight hours and fifty-three minutes. He took on fuel at the Argentine capital and then took off for the hop across the Andes to Santiago, Chile. There's purpose in this flight -- Codos and his comrades are mapping new high altitude across the Andes.

Meanwhile, trans-oceanic aviation history was being made right here at home; in Baltimore; the launching of Glenn Martin's new transport, a flying boat like a huge silver sea gull, the biggest ever built here. She has four Wright Cyclone engines of a thousand horsepower each, and is even larger than the CHINA CLIPPERS. This new ocean transport can carry forty-six passengers by day, twenty-six by night in sleeping berths.

Martin's new transport will set forth on a flight to Bermuda. It's claimed she is capable of making a non-stop flight across the Atlantic with a pay load.

NIJINSKY

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Here's one to bring joy to the hearts of all balletomanes,
which is a five dollar word for people who are passionately fond
of ballet dancing - and dancers. The great Nijinsky, who has been
in an asylum in Switzerland for twenty years, is recovering his
sanity. We hardly need to be balletomanes to know that Nijinsky
was probably the greatest dancer of all time. His professional
career ended twenty years ago with dramatic suddenness when he
succumbed to the mental disease known as *Skies-o-free-nia*. He thinks
he's a horse.

It has been related that only a few years ago he showed
signs of having recovered. So they let him out of his Swiss
sanitarium, and one evening took him to a ballet performance.
In the midst of the show the proceedings were disturbed by a loud
neighing from the box where the once great dancer sat. He was
giving his colleagues on the stage the horse laugh with a vengeance.

It was ^{the} *skies-o-free-nia* of a balletoman.
Now they say he's recovering - giving
the horse-laugh to the asylum.

L.T.:- With college football primping itself for one last big splurge of the year, Ed Thorgersen lines up the old rivals who will go into action on Thanksgiving Day -- by the way Thorgy, you certainly picked right on Friday!

ED:- Well after calling six out of seven of the headliners last Saturday Lowell, the average took a little boost. The only one we missed was the Princeton-Navy game which gives us a total of sixty-three selections of which we've predicted forty-two victories and missed out on twenty-one, -- including six ties -- which I count as losses. So the batting average stands at .668 -- what's a little better than calling two out of three average over the whole season. So let's see if we can hit seven hundred before the end.

We'll start out on the forty-fourth renewal of the classic Cornell-Pennsylvania rivalry at Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day. Where so much tradition is involved, paper statistics usually don't mean a thing. But Cornell's great power surge this year under the aegis of Carl Snavely simply can't be denied. So I look for a blazing triumph by the best Cornell team in more than a decade.

Down at Nashville, Tennessee, Alabama's perfect record

undergoes a final test when the Commodores of Vanderbilt will try to stay the Crimson Tide in its surge toward the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day -- Alabama the one and only team of national consequence to survive the season without the blemish of a defeat or a tie, has a lot at stake. Should Alabama be defeated, its chances of getting the coveted bid would diminish sharply -- so you may rest assured that Alabama will spare nothing to win this vital game. Going into action Thursday with a perfect eight game record -- I favor the great Crimson Tide of Alabama to clinch the invitation -- thus realizing one of our pet predictions made way back last September. California, the western nominee made good our prediction of the same date, when it received the formal invitation today. There, there, pride Thorgeresen, goeth before a fall.

Let's look deeper into the Crystal. On Saturday Old King Football bows out for the year with all the pomp and fanfare that only an Army-Navy game can provide. Both have lost this year to Notre Dame -- the Army by the margin of a single touchdown -- the Navy, by the slimmer margin of a two point safety. So they're quite evenly matched -- when we consider that Al Bergner, Navy's crack

defensive lineman will be on the sidelines with a fractured ankle. On the basis of Army's light workout last Saturday against St. John's as compared with Navy's bruising encounter wherein Princeton scored a savage twenty-six to six upset -- I like Army's chances of coming out on top next Saturday after sixty minutes of bang-up football.

While the Army-Navy battle rages in the Quaker City, little Old New York has its twin attraction. Last year on a day of miracles -- Columbia ran back the opening kickoff against Stanford for the one and only score of the game while New York University nosed out Fordham seven-six ----- turning the Ram's Rose Bowl aspirations into shattered dreams.

This Saturday, not a day of miracles I think will find Columbia's badly battered Lions defeated by the Stanford Indians, thirsting for revenge -- while Fordham will be on guard against any prize plays that might spoil its undefeated record.

Notre Dame's thirteen to thirteen tie against Southern California last year just about represents a comparison in power this year -- considering the fact that the Fighting Irish will be

fighting in their own backyard, -- where they're mighty tough
to beat. I'll not be at all surprised to see Notre Dame slap the
Trojan down while on the other hand I would not be at all surprised
if the final scores slapped your Crystal gazer donw.

ROOSEVELT

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For the first time in many years, President Roosevelt will not eat his Thanksgiving turkey in his summer home at Warm Springs, Georgia. It's a great disappointment to him, but his physician and his dentist say "No." He has got to stay home and recuperate after having that infected molar extracted. But that doesn't mean he is still indisposed. His secretary, Steve Early, informs the country that "the President's general health is all right. Temperature normal, everything okay, but he has got to rest." So the presidential turkey will be carved and consumed at the White House. Toward the end of the week Mr. Roosevelt is going fishing and sun bathing in Florida waters. Then, he'll return to Washington, later on, by way of Warm Springs.

Today he received the news that the new Farm Bill is ready to be talked about in Congress. The ~~Senate~~ Committee reported it out favorably and the Senators will take it up tomorrow. The first thing we hear about it is that it's going to cost something like seventeen hundred million dollars to make it work --- if it works.

GARNER FOLLOW ROOSEVELT

Incidentally and by the way, this was the Sixty-Ninth Birthday of our Vice-President. Mr. Garner himself treated it as just another day. But his colleagues in the Senate seized on the excuse to drench him with a steady stream of adjectives. Favorable ones, of course. Republicans joined ~~the~~ Democrats in praising ^{Texas Jack} ~~him~~ for being clear-headed, ruggedly honest, sensible, practical, intelligent, and so forth.

All this was too much for Mr. Garner himself. He ~~it~~ slipped out of ^{Senate} his seat in the middle of the ^{verbal} barrage, ~~of verbal~~ bouquets and ~~let his colleagues praise him behind his back.~~

STRIKE

Promising news from Pontiac, Michigan -- the sit-down strike in the Fisher Body Plant is over. Homer Martin, President of the Automobile Workers, used his eloquence on the sit-downers -- pleaded with them to go back to work -- "for the good of the Union." The strikers had previously announced that Martin would have a deuce of a time getting them out of there, and that they would turn the fire hose on him if he tried to walk in and talk ~~in~~ 'em out of it. Nevertheless, he walked in and after an hour they gave in.

Their grievance will be settled by arbitration, and the arbitrator will be William E. Hodgkiss, President of Armour & Company, Chicago.

The strike of the twelve thousand rubber workers at Akron, Ohio, is also settled and they're going back to work. The National Labor Relations Board settled that one.

CROMWELL

Young Mr. James R. Cromwell, who married Doris Duke, will not be a United States senator from New Jersey. At least not now. We have that on the authority of Senator Harry Moore, who again becomes Governor of New Jersey on New Year's Day and he's the only man who could appoint Jimmy Cromwell to the Senate seat he himself gives us on that day.

Cromwell was in what is known as a receptive mood to an offer of an appointment for Senator and had expected after serving one term then to run for election. Moore did not express any reason when he ruled Cromwell out of the running. But, Cromwell recently wrote a book entitled, "In Defense of Capitalism," and I understand that Harry Moore, who knows his political onions, has just read the book, and he ~~is~~ considers the opinions expressed by author Cromwell to be what is politically known as unsuitable.

Cromwell, by the way, was a visitor to the White House and had what he described as an interesting discussion on economics with President Roosevelt. When they asked him about his chances for being United States Senator, he replied: "It's in the air and might strike anybody." Evidently he was blissfully unconscious that Governor

Elect- Moore had already given him the air.

However, there's some consolation in the Cromwell menage.

Mrs. Doris Duke Cromwell, who became twenty-five years old today, received a little birthday present estimated at somewhere between ten and eighteen million dollars. I like that little phrase, "somewhere between". I know a good many people who would settle for the difference.

AND ----- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.