

L.T. - SUN. FRIDAY MAR. 16 - '34

Good Evening Everybody --

Tonight's version of the Insull story paints a picture of the former utilities magnate discovered aboard a Greek Steamer. Escaped from Athens, they say, disguised as a woman. The Greek Government has radioed the captain to bring the ship back to port. So there's nothing in that elopement story. The Turkish Beauty who was rumored to have escaped with Insull has been found. Madame Kouryou^{md}oglou is at home, ill. She is described as the wife of a Baghdad Grape Merchant/

Mrs. Insull, the former Chicago opera star, has been ordered deported from Greece; and there is the usual story of political complications which always seems to happen when something goes sour in a European Country. The Athenians are clamoring against the Government. The Greek Minister of the Interior, Mr. Moundjourides, takes on himself the blame for Insull's escape. And Moundjourides has resigned. Also the Chief Of Police of Athens, Mr. Gazero, has been bounced from his job.

RETAKE

COLONEL - 3

Now you can just watch me falling over my
Kentucky sword in my hurry to pay that tax. And, SO LONG
UNTIL TOMORROW.

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So now the story stands with the fugitive from
Chicago discovered on a ship, in Mid-Mediterranean bound
for the ancient Land of Cleopatra and the Pharoahs.

What will be the next bit of action? The logic seems to
narrow down more and more to the probability that Insull
will have to return to the United States - to Chicago to face
trial. *H* They are talking about him much out here in Chicago
today -- the city that was once his kingdom. And they still
speak with a certain reverence of the now penniless Englishman
who became a monarch of finance, president of sixty companies
and chairman of the board of a hundred and twenty more.
A lavish giver to charity, builder of one of the finest opera
houses in the world.

If the depression hadn't come he no doubt would
still be the mighty Samuel Insull, King Samuel the first, as
his associates call him. That Opera House here in Chicago, just
a stone's throw from where I am sitting, was his dream. He

had a magnificent pent house on the forty-fifth floor of
the Opera Building. He had scarcely begun to use it when
ruin came upon him.

They tell me here in Chicago of his personal peculiari-
ties, his punctuality, at work every day at seven AM. If an
executive was not at his desk by nine he got a call down from
King Samuel. His way with his employes was fatherly.
He established old age pensions and retirement funds long
before the new deal ever thought about such things.

He wore yellow gloves and drove around Chicago
in a bullet proof limousine a-la Al Capone. His idol was
Steinmetz, the Hunch Back Wizard of Electricity. Once
Steinmetz visited him and King Samuel received the Hunch Back
Wizard with the utmost pomp and courtesy. He ordered a valet
to unpack Steinmetz's bag with punctilious care. When the
valet opened the bag he found three books and a tooth brush.
Insull-the-Magnificent liked to tell that with laughter and
admiration.

And, now he's a haunted, hounded, fugitive.

And, perhaps he hasn't any more than three books and a
tooth brush.

POPE

A slight mishap at Rome - the seven hilled city of the old and the new. Under the Dome of St. Peter's a vast crowd waited for the Pontiff to begin a solemn ceremony. Minutes passed and Pope Pius did not appear. He was stalled in an elevator in the Vatican - even as you and I - caught between floors and had to wait until mechanics hurried to fix the elevator. So the age-old pomp and circumstance of churchly ritual was delayed by the failure of a modern gadget.

Meanwhile The Venerable Pontiff of Rome figures in a new page added to the British Naval book of etiquette. John Bull's sea lords have decided on a point of etiquette that sounds decidedly new and rather startling. A regulation just adopted provides that the Pope shall receive a twenty-one gun salute upon his arrival or departure from any place in Great Britain. Twenty one guns is a ~~small~~ salute for a ruler of a nation. The British Admiralty sees fit to have this matter straightened out in case the Pope should decide

to travel on British soil.

Does it mean that there is a likelihood of

His Holiness leaving the Vatican for a journey abroad?

Of course there is no reason now why he should not, since

after his peace treaty with Mussolini he does not any longer

consider himself the prisoner of The Vatican. I wonder.

Has London any hint or secret inkling from those mysterious

thousand rooms above the Sistine Chapel?

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For a moment let's consider some of the points in the Lindbergh testimony today. The Flying Colonel kept things focused on the central point of his ~~aim~~ contention - that the air mail companies had been condemned without trial. The senators asked him whether he would defend corruption and collusion. He replied that he was defending only the right to trial. He was asked whether he knew about some funny business charged against the airplane company with which he is connected. His comeback to that was that he didn't know anything about it - save that the charges should have been tried in court before a verdict of guilty was pronounced.

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Lindbergh's insistent demand for the right of trial has an exceedingly reasonable sound. The theory of the Senate Committee is indicated by some of the questions they asked him -- for instance, whether he understood the difference between civil and criminal actions. He responded that he did not know much about legal matters. The attitude

aviator is influenced by his financial interests. But I think

of the ~~xxxix~~ Government is that if there is a commercial contract which you have the right to cancel you don't have to hold a trial before you do the cancelling. It's one thing to prosecute somebody criminally, which does demand a trial, and another thing to cancel a contract, which the Government has a right to do if it thinks it ~~is~~ has sufficient reason.

Another set of questions the senators asked concerned Colonel Lindbergh's financial connection with the aviation interests he is defending. He is in the employ of companies whose contracts were cancelled. And he testified that he got sixteen thousand dollars a year in salaries, six thousand from Transcontinental and Western and ten thousand from Pan American Airways. They inquired about his stock holdings in commercial aviation companies. He responded that he wasn't sure about the figures. Anyway he had already turned in a full report about his aviation stock holdings.

Of course the innuendo is that America's star aviator is influenced by his financial interests. But I think

there are few of us who won't believe that Lindbergh's stand is dictated entirely by his view of what is best for American aviation. The only point ~~is~~ in his financial connections is that it leaves him open to the age-old skeptical philosophy that man is governed by self interest.

Lindbergh was most impressive I think when he talked of the technical side of aviation, at which he is a past master. He made one point that should be marked down in big letters. He declared, as it had ⁵ been ~~xxx~~ said often enough of late, that the Army Air Force equipment was not up to snuff for carrying the mails, to which some people had been saying "Why isn't the army air equipment up to any kind of snuff?"

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Lindbergh added that the army pilots had not had enough time to study the commercial air routes. It's Slim Lindbergh, the veteran ~~an~~ mail pilot, who tells us that even the best pilots in the best planes would have to become thoroughly acquainted with the cross country sky routes, with

Today was a busy day for some of my friends in
the layout of land and water, cities and mountains,
before they could do an efficient job of flying the mails.
Incidentally, our old friend Bill Mitchell, former Brigadier
General, is in another kettle of hot water. The Curtis-Wright
Corporation has brought a \$200,000.00 suit against him for
libel on account of some of the statements ^{Flying Billy} ~~Mr.~~ Mitchell made
concerning the company.

OIL

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Today was a busy day for some of my friends in Pittsburgh. A freight train a mile long pulled in, loaded with automobiles. And all those motor cars were then and there serviced with Sun Oil and Blue Sunoco. The way the Pittsburgh Chevrolet Dealers have been gathering in orders has been a sight to behold. The Chevrolet people found they had to rush through a solid trainload of shining new automobiles - fifty one automobile box cars - a mile of them - two miles of automobiles - and then a hurry up call for Sunoco to get them going. All of which is a visible symbol that this is peak year in the automobile industry, the best so far since nineteen twenty nine.

AUTO STRIKE

The labor situation in the automobile industry may be approaching a crisis. The threatened strike may turn out to be a huge affair. Big shots of the industry tell me that things look critical but that labor leaders are trying to hold off the walkout until General Johnson has a chance to patch things up.

The General is attempting to put through a plan to hold special elections among the men in the automobile shops, elections that would bring about organization for collective bargaining. All of this follows a positive declaration by General Motors that it will not recognize any American Federation of Labor Union. It will consent to deal only with agents who can show that they really represent the men in General Motors Plants and not a general body of organized labor.

This strike situation harmonizes and makes coherent sense with that mile long trainload of automobiles that poured into Pittsburgh. It is a common observation, a point of

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industrial philosophy, that when a nation's industries pull out of a heavy depression there are sure to be quantities of labor trouble. The climb upward to prosperity seems to be inevitably accompanied by an epidemic of strikes.

BUSINESS

How are things everywhere you've been? I am asked that about once an hour, on this trip. Well, ~~there~~ here are a few samples:- In New Castle, one of the big manufacturing cities of Western Pennsylvania, I found the giant tin-plate mill going full blast, working three shifts, right around the clock. So that has helped to make the people in New Castle feel better. In Cincinnati the two Crosley Brothers told me that they were making more radios than ever, and far more of those interesting Shelvador refrigerators. In fact they are working overtime. They have about all they can do to keep up with orders.

In Hamilton, Ohio, one of the better-looking small cities of this continent, with a main street as wide as the ~~gr~~ great boulevards of Paris, the vast paper factories are busy. Of yes, ^{and} ~~at~~ Hamilton, Ohio, claims to be the best-governed town in America. They have had a city manager for eight years. They say it works perfectly, and that every other town in America must sooner or later come around to the same system. City Manager Price and Mayor Burke looked like men who could run ~~an~~

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~~any city.~~

The farmers are feeling a little better too.

This money they are getting from the Government in return for curtailing their crops at least helps a little bit.

L.T.

The other night I said a few things about the House of Tomorrow. Now we have the House of the Future. What's the difference between tomorrow and the future? Well the Arabs fold their tents -- and the Americans will be folding their houses, ^{houses} of the future.

At the industrial arts exhibition in Rockefeller Center, New York, this latest marvel is shown - a house that can be put up and knocked down in jig time. You can store it away in your automobile ~~and~~ and when you go traveling take your house along with you. In New York today they staged a dizzy demonstration of how fast that house could be erected. So the ancient Arabs in folding their tents will have nothing on the ultra modern American folding his house.

EVEREST

They flew in airplanes over Mount Everest not so long ago but they won't do it again. Neither an Everest flight nor an Everest climb, for eighteen years to come.

Why? Well, the Dalai Lama died and they had an earthquake in Nepal!

The death of the living Buddha in the strange capital of Lhasa occurred soon after the successful Everest flight. The recent earthquake in Nepal, the secluded land at the foot of the Himalayas, played some strange pranks. It knocked down houses on all sides, but not a temple was destroyed or even cracked. The Ghurka's, the Nepalese of Katmandu, believe the Gods intervened and spared the temples. They also believe that as a result of the earthquake, Everest is ~~now~~ a thousand feet higher than it was. The earth shook and the mountain raised its head higher. And they blame it all on those airplanes flown by the Marquis of Clydesdale ^{and his pals} that soared above the highest mountain in the world. They say it made Chomolungmu, Goddess Mother-of-the-World angry. There is an immemorial legend that the Divinities of the Roof of the

World grow angry when any mortal approaches their forbidden abode. So Chomolungmu was filled with wrath when the planes came buzzing around her frosty ears and by their decree the Dalai Lama, the Living Buddha, died; the earth was shaken and the mountain raised itself.

So the people of the Himalayas -- or Himahlyas if you prefer -- are afraid and they say they won't allow such evil things to happen again, at least not in a ~~generaion~~ generation. They reckon a generation at eighteen years. So for eighteen years none of those venturesome Englishmen will be allowed to approach the snowy sanctuary of Everest. So say the Tibetians and the Nepalese, as they twirl their prayer wheels and intone their "Om Mani Padme Hum" to Buddha. It remains to be seen whether the British can persuade them to change their minds. There is an English Explorer right now in the capital of Nepal, trying to arrange for another attempt to climb Mount Everest, and Clarence Chamberlain, our own transatlantic flier, has been working on planes for the same thing.

ST. PATRICK

The National Safety Council has picked out St. Patrick's Day as the occasion for a warning - not that they consider St. Patrick's Day any more unsafe than an old fashioned Fourth of July or the Battle of The Marne. The idea is merely musical, and concerns that rousing old song "St. Patrick's Day in the Mornin'." They've written some new words to the tune - safety words. The idea is that tomorrow, St. Patrick's Day, we will all sing the rousing chorus, sing the old tune with the new safety words.

The first verse tells about Traffic Officer Grogan who has the following to say. You are supposed to sing it to the melody of "St. Patrick's Day in the Mornin'."

"Tis the most disthressful mornin'

That ivir oi have seen

For they sthruck a poor jay walker

Who crossed against the green."

That's for the benefit of those who have been clamoring for me to sing again. And before you start throwing St. Patrick's Day confetti, I'll say "So Long until tomorrow."