

L.T. - SUNOCO - WEDNESDAY, May 30, 1934.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY

There were eight column screaming headlines in the London papers today. And there is excitement in Britain. A spectacular manhunt is on, with police, scotland Yard detectives, firemen, blackshirted fascists, automobiles, motorcycles, bloodhounds and airplanes, on the trail of a criminal who has shocked Englishmen as Englishmen are seldom shocked.

A London policeman was shot, and slightly wounded. He was questioning a man suspected of burglary and the criminal drew a pistol and shot a policeman -- without injuring him seriously. Sounds like a minor incident. But not in England. The mere fact that a criminal used firearms against a policeman is a sensation over there.

One another angle that has the British all excited is that the policemen themselves, as they investigated a series of burglaries, were armed. It is only in the gravest cases that a London Bobby or a Scotland Yard man carries weapons.

Anyway the newspapers in London today flashed the astonishing headline -- Crook shoots cop, or however, they say it in a London headline.

DILLINGER. Follow England.

This English crime sensation calls our own Dillinger case to mind. Rumors keep persisting that Dillinger is dead. In fact, the chief Federal investigator of Chicago declares that he is convinced that Dillinger is dead. He adds that his agents are searching for the grave of the desperado in southern Indiana. The chief investigator reveals the story of an Indiana doctor who treated Dillinger for gunshot wounds a week after that desperate affray in Wisconsin. Dillinger was suffering from three wounds, according to the doctor, who adds that anyone of these three wounds might have turned out to be fatal.

The case of public enemy number one looks as though it might turn into one of those baffling mysteries. If the present lack of news about Dillinger continues, the impression will keep on growing that he has vanished from the face of the earth.

ARMS.

You may recall that yesterday I commented on the spectacle of Uncle Sam and Soviet Russia standing shoulder to shoulder in the arms conference. The Soviet representative, Maxim Litvinoff, appears to be the most zealous advocate of disarmament at the present. Whereas so many people are saying: "oh, the disarmament conference is a flop, lets call it off", ^{the} Russian representative says: "On the contrary. Let us make it a permanent body."

He's hinting particularly that his government would welcome an invitation to join the League of Nations.

Standley.

May 307

1934.

INTRODUCTION TO ADMIRAL STANDLEY:

Memorial Day of course is an appropriate time to think of armies and navies and matters connected with the defense of our country. And it happens that this Memorial Day is the eve of that spectacular parade of the battle and scouting forces of the United States Navy at New York tomorrow. The President, as Commander-in-Chief of the armed might of the United States, will review the fleet as it passes. Beside him will be Admiral H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations of the United States Navy. At this moment while I am down here in the heart of Virginia, Admiral Standley is in an N.B.C. studio in New York ready to tell us on this Memorial Day, something about the meaning of that grandiose parade of warships. But before I turn the microphone over ~~to~~ to the Admiral in New York let me tell you. There's a real human side to the man who directs the ~~boom~~ booming of guns, the rushing of great ships, the diving of submarines and the soaring flight of naval airplanes for Uncle Sam.

Just ask the men who serve under him, especially the gobs. They know him as a most human and hearty admiral; simple, affable and kindly. The Admiral, incidentally, is one

of the proudest fathers in this broad country. And ~~he~~ wouldn't
be, if he were the father of three such bewitching daughters?

But now let's get around to those thundering battle-
ships, torped^xing submarines and bomb dropping seaplanes, and
have Admiral Sandley tell us about the big doings at New York.

FOR ADMIRAL STANDLEY.

Tomorrow the United States Fleet will pass in review before the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy--Franklin D. Roosevelt--President of the United States. Our President has courageously declared a policy of determination that the United States shall possess a navy capable of defending America's far flung interests; and powerful enough to repel any enemy attack.

Tomorrow's review will come as a close and climax to a spectacular series of Manoeuvres. They began ~~maneuver~~ off the California coast where the American Armada split into two fleets and fought a sham battle off the coast of Mexico. Then came the passage through the canal, a great peaceful naval exploit. The naval might of the United States passed through the canal in forty - eight hours. Upon emergeing in the Carribeann the warships embarked upon still more complicated manoeuvres. This time the operations consisted of the entire united fleet fighting a mythical battle with an entirely imaginary enemy. After that terrific, imaginary naval engage^oment the American aramada steamed North for the presidential

review tomorrow.

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Memorial Day is a time, as Mr. Thomas has said, to think of the defenses of our country. The navy must always be maintained in top notch condition. Each officer and man must be perfect in performance of his particular duty. Every mechanism must function without fail. And obsolete ships must be replaced by new and modern construction.

Tomorrow, the President and the Nation will find the fleet in a high state of efficiency. The morale and spirit of the officers and men were never better.

While the ships are in New York I trust that all citizens, who can, will visit the fleet, and inspect, for themselves, the ships of our Navy. You are most cordially invited to do so.

FOLLOW ADMIRAL

That, Admiral Standley, is an invitation which everybody will accept, everybody who can possible get to New York. I wish I had a plane handy to jump up north tomorrow and see the ships, then come right back here to the beauties of the Shenandoah Valley, and to the mine in West Virginia from which I'm going to broadcast tomorrow night. But I guess that can't be done. It's certainly going to be a big time in the metropolis for all the sightseers -- and for the debutants. Because the big United States fleet ball for the officers will be held at the Waldorf in New York on Friday. And this sets a precedent. It'll be the first time they've held that navy ball away from Annapolis, where the cadets at the naval academy right now are holding their graduation exercises.

CANAL

A bit of information from the Panama canal gives food for considerable speculation. The military guard on all the locks has been doubled.

You may recall that when the fleet passed through from the Pacific to the Atlantic in record time, extraordinary precautions were taken. Precautions such as usually are employed only in war time. But this latest story gives rise to considerable mystery. A high officer of the army was asked about the report and admitted that it was true. Then he said in explanation: "Perhaps those who are guarding the canal are sensitive about something"

That's just it. It would be exceedingly interesting to learn what that something is. *If I were in New York tonight, instead of down here at Natural Bridge I'd ask.*

LEVIATHAN:

Memorial Day is always a time for reminiscences of old war days, and many a doughboy who sailed for France will feel like reminiscing when he hears the name Leviathan again.

That giant ship, after being laid up for more than a year, will now sail the seas again. The decision has come from Washington that the United States Lines must, according to contract, operate the Leviathan for three years more. The company doesn't want to put the giant ship back into service. They say it means nothing else than a loss of half a million dollars a year. She's not only a Leviathan of the seas, she's also a white elephant.

It is explained that the Germans who built her, never really expected to make money out of her. She was a gesture of German pride. The last time she sailed the seas under the American flag she lost eighty thousand dollars around trip.

Well, the good old Leviathan may not ~~x~~ be a money maker but she certainly was a wonder at carrying soldiers. They ripped out the beautiful ballrooms, swimming pools, and other gadgets of luxury. Instead of those glittering fineries bunks were installed,

bunks, bunks, and more bunks. I came back on her with a mob of nineteen thousand on board - including crew.

Altogether the Leviathan carried one hundred and eleven thousand doughboys across. No wonder she is the subject of many a reminiscence on Memorial day.

On these hills of Gettysburg, he declaimed, "two brave armies of Americans came not in combat. Not far from here, in a valley likewise consecrated to American valor, a ragged Continental army survived a bitter winter to keep alive the expiring hope of a new nation".

Then the President, in his practical way, took a clinic at the political opposition of his administration. I wonder whether he was referring to that Weirton steel affair when he denounced those who declined "to follow the rules of the game and seek an unfair advantage over those who live by the rules".

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ROOSEVELT

One of the traditional ceremonies on Memorial Day was enacted this afternoon -- a speech by the President of the United States at the battlefield of Gettysburg. President Roosevelt spoke ringing phrases in the old familiar manner of Memorial Day oratory.

On these hills of Gettysburg., he declaimed, "two brave armies of Americans once met in combat. "Not far from here, in a valley likewise consecrated to American valor, a ragged Continental army survived a bitter winter to keep alive the expiring hope of a new nation".

Then the President, in his practical way, took a fling at the political opposition of his administration. I wonder whether he was referring to that Weirton steel affair when he denounced those who declined "to follow the rules of the game and seek an unfair advantage over those who live by the rules".

Of course we know that the United States district court has refused to grant the government an injunction against the Weirton Steel Company, which has been fighting the N.R.A. all along. This is a setback for the government which wanted the court to grant a

injunction to prevent the Weirton management from interfering with union selections among its employees. And the court said no.

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Pilgrims came to the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia today, to spend Decoration Day in an interesting way. They came to explore the ~~REM~~ caves where they're discovered that part of one of the Union Armies spent considerable time. The walls are covered with the names of lads in Blue from Ohio and Indiana. They cut them with their bayonets, in the limestone -- hundreds of them. And one giant stalagmite is packed with countless nicks where the lads of Fremont's army had target practice underground. What a reverberation that must have caused. These are called the Virginia Caves, in the Upper Shenandoah Valley. Luray, Endless, some of the most spectacular caves in the world.

When the Union Boys came out of those caves they were given a sound defeat by Stonewall Jackson when he was winning battles right and left.

AUTO RACE:

That certainly was a whirl of speed at Indianapolis this afternoon. As I listened to the description on the radio it seemed as if I could see the racing cars as they flashed by.

Wild Bill Cummings won and flashed into victory eighteen seconds ahead of number two man, Murray Rose. A new record was set, both for speed and gasoline. Each driver was restricted to forty five gallons. The winning time was one hundred and five miles an hour.

*It seems like a mad race. But much
Every year these Indianapolis auto races keep showing us how
useful knowledge comes from it so the engineers say.
better automobile are getting all the time.*

Good Night

RETAKE

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DEVILS ISLAND:

Here's the story of a mother's sacrifice--
An old phrase, and old story, a sentimental story. But it's
true and it's a startling case of the sacrifice that a mother
will make for her son.

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Over in Paris, Madame Germanine Davin is
wealthy refined and accustomed to the ways of Parisian
luxury. Her son got into a desperate scrape. He killed a
man, an American living in Paris. He was sentenced for life
to Devils Island. He was sent shackled and despairing to that
tropical inferno which the historic Dreyfus case made famous
for all the world. Just another convict on Devils Island.

His mother did all she could to save him, but
it was no use. Then Blaise Paris received a shock to its
jaded nerves--when the news leaked out that the mother,
socially prominent as she was, had asked to be sent to
Devil's Island herself-- to spend the rest of her life there
beside her convict son, in that hellhole of the tropics.
The astonished authorities refused. How could Madame think

of a woman of culture like herself condemning herself to
exile in such a place?

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But she insisted. Time after time she had
her attorneys renew her plea, and at last the authorities
have agreed. They are permitting the mother to share with her
son that exile which is called worse than death.

"If my boy has to serve out his sentence there
until the end of his life, why then I will share his sentence
and live out the rest of my life with him".

she is buying a small farm on Devil's Island.

There is one touch of brightness, perhaps the
deepest pathos of all. The convict son, in his convict
uniform has been assigned to act as butler to his mother.
and thus they will be for the rest of their lives, mistress
and butler, mother and son.

END

(NO CAPTION)

I think we ought to pay a tribute to some skillful flying that was done in the rain and fog that suddenly blanketed the northeastern coast last night. Two big air liners, caught in the blinding mist, had to make forced landings. One came down safely on a landing field near Poughkeepsie without damage either to the plane, pilot or passengers. The other crashed near Danbury, Connecticut. There were minor injuries to the passengers, but nobody was killed.

The odd feature of that incident was - - a landing field without lights. The pilot, caught in the fog, made for the hearest landing field. It was pitch dark. He flashed his searchlight around, trying to get somebody up to turn on the lights. He circled around and around, signalling with the searchlight -- until his gas ran out. Then he had to make a blind landing in the fog and ~~in~~ darkness. It was a tricky skillful job and ends with the cheery news -- no casualties. Let's round off the aviation thrills with a swift little story from Austria. A plane from a flying school crashed into some high tension electric wires, and went plunging on into a lake. The pilot swam safely ashore. He then noticed that the high

(NO CAPTION) - 2

tension wires he had knocked down, lay sprawling across a railroad track. Then he heard the noise of a distant railroad train. The Vienna express was roaring down the line. Everything was set for the locomotive to run over the supercharged wires. So the pilot flagged the train. And there, combined in one swift episode were the perils of an airplane crash, drowning, electrocution and a railroad wreck.

ORBIT

While we today are paying homage to our soldiers who died for their country, Japan is mourning the death of its great naval hero, Admiral Togo. One of the most stately funerals ever seen in Japan will be given to the little sea fighter who sank the Russian fleet in the Russo-Japanese war.

Perhaps Memorial Day is an appropriate day to remember the aboriginal redskins who once occupied this land. Well, Jackson Barnett is dead. He was one of the most publicized indians in the country. The richest Indian, he was called. He didn't know how old he was. He used to say "about ninety". He didn't know how rich he was. But they say at one time his wealth -- from oil on the Indian lands -- came to five million dollars. He couldn't read or write. He signed documents in his complicated financial affairs by dipping his ~~thumb~~ thumb in an ink bottle and making a thumb print. He lived in a fifty thousand dollar home in Los Angeles, and his favorite amusement was to stand in the street, out in front of it and direct the traffic -- playing traffic cop. And the aerial traffic cop here beside me tells me that it's time for me to be saying SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.