

ROOSEVELT

L. I. Sunoco. Wednesday, Dec. 12/34. 11

Washington and the White House jump into the news tonight in a big way. ~~Of course it was~~ ~~It was obviously~~ to be supposed that President Roosevelt was keeping a close and interested watch on the munitions trade investigation. And he certainly was, as is indicated by his drastic declaration today. He calls for action to take the profit out of war, ~~stop getting~~ profits out of battles, profits when men are shot down.

There are plenty of arguments to show that the armament business is in a special class. The more armament the nations buy, the bigger the profit to the gun-makers. War and the fear of war persuade nations to buy bigger stocks of weapons. So warlike situations are obviously to the interest and profit of the armament makers. Hence the inevitable charge that they ~~had~~ do their best to discourage disarmament on the one side and ~~stir~~ stir up war scares on the other.

The difficulty is to find an alternative. If the international arms trade were to be abolished, why it would simply force dozens of small nations to build their own battle equipment, turn all those small countries into so many munitions plants. And this might easily bring about as dangerous a situation as the

present system of private gun sales.

President Roosevelt is concentrating on the national aspect of the matter. He's thinking of our own next war, if we have one, when he speaks of taking the profit out of war. In his statement he harks back to the armament situation this country faced in Nineteen seventeen and Nineteen eighteen, - problems, difficulties and maladjustments that had <sup>to be</sup> ~~been~~ faced in the tremendous job of wartime building of weapons and making of munitions. And the President is intimately acquainted with that period. He was war time Assistant Secretary of the Navy. <sup>P</sup> He points sharply to the fact that the soldiers in the trenches were getting a dollar a day while workers in munitions factories were getting eight and ten dollars a day; And then of course <sup>were the big</sup> ~~to the great~~ profits that accrued to the manufacturing companies.

The President's intention is to present to Congress a plan whereby armament building in any war that we may have hereafter will be <sup>on</sup> ~~of~~ a non-profit basis - presumably done by the government, not by private concerns. And he is calling a conference of big time experts to help him <sup>help</sup> ~~to~~ formulating ~~the~~ plan. Among these are

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Bernard Baruch, head of the War Industries Board under President Wilson, General Johnson, who was an aide to Baruch and since has been head of the N.R.A., and General Douglass MacArthur, Chief of Staff of the Army.

MacARTHUR - FOLLOW ROOSEVELT

The mention of General MacArthur brings another bit of news to the front. His time as Chief of Staff <sup>is up,</sup> ~~will soon be~~ <sup>up</sup> But he'll go right on in the same job. The President re-appointed him today. And that's breaking a precedent, because it has been the custom heretofore to make a change every time the ~~term~~ <sup>staff</sup> ~~expired.~~ There are many generals who outrank MacArthur and would be in line for the job, on the basis of seniority, but their age prevents them from serving a full four-year term. So the snappy, cocky soldier stays on the job - although it is a temporary appointment, not for the full four years.

This reappointment is all the more interesting, because General MacArthur has been something of a storm center now and then. He had <sup>s</sup> ~~been~~ been attacked vigorously and bitinglly, but he has always come back with a brisk retort. One of those retorts took the exceedingly brisk form of a huge libel suit against a couple of newspaper men who wrote about the General in a way that ~~would~~ hardly flatter <sup>ed</sup> him.

MacArthur is a young Chief of Staff, but then he has been young in most everything. He was the youngest man of his class

in Nineteen <sup>Three</sup>~~twenty-three~~ at West Point, and graduated Number One. He became the youngest Brigadier-General of the army. He was the youngest Superintendent West Point ever had. He is the youngest General since Ulyssus S. Grant. He's fifty-four now, and has ten years in the army still ahead of him, before he retires.

CONGRESS

President Roosevelt is planning some large diplomatic labors, not that he intends to make any big jump into the field of foreign affairs. The diplomacy is of strictly a domestic kind, limited to the White House and Congress. When Congress meets in January, some eighty-eight new faces will make their appearance on Capitol Hill. They are new members who came to the top in the recent election.

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The President wants a friendly Congress. It is plenty Democratic, but he wants it personally friendly. So before the eighty-eight legislative freshmen take their seats, he wants to have them drop in at the White House for a chat. This will give him a chance to greet them and turn on the <sup>spigot of</sup> Roosevelt charm, also to get their viewpoints on one thing or another, and to give the boys a gentle hint of how much the President loves cooperation. It isn't certain whether all those new Congressmen will drop in one at a time or in various groups. I don't suppose they will be invited all ~~on~~ the same <sup>day,</sup> ~~time,~~ because eighty-eight newly elected Congressmen would certainly make a large <sup>oratorical</sup> party!

## TOWNSEND

That new plan for saving the country is ready to be placed before the President, by its creator, Dr. F. E. Townsend, the California dentist. He is confident that when he talks to the Chief Executive and points out various truths, why, presto!, the Townsend Plan will become a fixed part of the New Deal!

They say the Dr. Townsend Plan is the most popular Utopian formula in the country at the present moment, a bigger and better successor to Technocracy, Upton Sinclair's Californian Epic, and the Utopian Society, which is also a California product.

The molar money specialists scheme is exceedingly simple. When people reach the age of sixty, they should be retired, given nothing to do and two hundred dollars a month to do it on. Everybody over sixty would get the two hundred a month, except people with a bad record, criminals. There would be one condition. All the old folks would have to spend their entire monthly pension within the following thirty days, and spend it in the United States. No hoarding, no saving, just spending and prosperity. Where would the money come from? From a sales tax - a two per cent sales tax on everything.

Out in California a throng of gray-haired neighbors gave the doctor loud and lusty cheers when he set off for Washington some time ago. Now at his dental - Utopian headquarters in the national capital, he declared that the Townsend Plan has the consent of eighty per cent of the voters in every community of the country - including all who are over sixty. He is sure the President will take the Plan to his bosom, and the only formality that remains is to have Congress add its okay.

The Doctor doesn't want his Plan confused with those other brands of salvation that blossom in the life-giving California sunshine. He says the Utopian Society is the bunk and Upton Sinclair's Epic is crack pot. Only the Townsend brand of Utopia is the real thing, not just a shot of laughing gas.

BUSINESS

The news about business today is along two contrasting lines. On one hand, a series of experts, both governmental and private, come forward with statements and figures of the most optimistic tone. Statisticians have been investigating and counting up the figures in an effort to find out how this country is coming out of the economic slump. And the conclusions they <sup>come</sup> ~~give~~ <sup>to sound like a</sup> ~~Christmas present, in itself.~~ <sup>They</sup> ~~It is~~ show that all in all, Nineteen thirty-four has been the best business year since Nineteen Thirty. In most industries, production and sales are the highest in four years.

The element of contrast comes in a series of blasts against the economic improvisations of the New Deal. Colonel Leonard P. Ayers, a Cleveland economist of large reputation, sounds a call demanding that the N.R.A. be abandoned when it expires next spring. In its place he advises legislation that will allow greater freedom in profit and price competition. He also hits the Securities Act, which governs speculation in Wall Street, and calls it a hindrance to recovery.

Another clarion note of similar tenor comes from Alfred P.

Sloane, President of General Motors. Speaking before the Illinois Manufacturers Association, he declares that the restrictions on business simply restrict recovery but now the restrictions are off. The spell of regimentation is broken. He takes specially unfavorable notice of higher wages with reduced hours, price-fixing and higher taxes. And he sums it up with a sweeping statement in praise of the old rugged individualism, which needs to be rugged because it has been getting battered around so much. "Men are becoming increasingly aware", declares the head of General Motors, "that the strongest instrumentality in the revival of reconstruction is the existing system of free enterprise." On top of that he paints the rosiest picture of all - prosperity returning fast.

Some of the mystery is beginning to clear, some of the general lines of the story are beginning to <sup>unravel</sup> ~~unravel~~ in that almost incredible crime affair in Tulsa, Oklahoma. It has the weirdest and most fantastic aspects -- a college crime syndicate, a criminal organization of society youths. The pampered sons of wealthy parents, they had, not a social club, dancing club or bridge club, but a crime club.

Two members are dead already. One was John F. Gorrell, a member of Tulsa's smart younger set. It was his killing that led to the break of fantastic scandal. The second killing may have been suicide on the part of <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ nineteen-year-old youth, who was afraid to be dragged into the murder investigation. Or, as some suspect -- he may have died as gangsters die, shot by members of his own crime club. Young Phil Kennamer, son of a Federal District Judge, is in prison charged with murder. He admits that he killed Gorrell. Two other members of Tulsa's younger set have fled from the city. Another has withdrawn from college and gone into hiding. They are said to fear for their lives, to fear the vengence of the crime syndicate of society youngsters. Two youths have been arrested for shooting out the street

lights at the corner where, and at the time when, young Gorrell was shot. They face fines for malicious mischief. And on the campus of the University of Oklahoma, a beautiful and prominent co-ed goes to classes under a heavy guard, under the protection of men who have volunteered to shield her from threatened danger. She is the fiancee of young Kennamer, who killed Gorrell.

There is talk of drugs, the hint that the crime syndicate was also a narcotic ring.

It appears now that the trouble in this precious young ~~young~~ social circle began with a plot to kidnap one of Tulsa's wealthy debutantes, and get extortion money. The story is being developed -- that young Kennamer was opposed to this, and that his opposition lead him to shoot <sup>Gorrell</sup> ~~Kennamer~~. His attorneys are outlining the defense of "unsound mind", holding that he had exaggerated ideas of chivalry.

Meanwhile, the Tulsa younger set, gilded youths and giddy girls have been parading to the witness stand to tell what they know. And Tulsa society is split wide open, taking sides for and against in the amazing story of the <sup>Oklahoma</sup> society crime syndicate.

POLICE

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The New York police say their prisoner has confessed -  
in that moody dramatic tale of a cop's revenge. They claim that  
Joseph Somsky has admitted that he shot Patrolman John Monahan  
two and a half weeks ago. So he's being held for the Grand Jury.

It was a case of two coppers, an Irishman and a Jew, who  
were fast friends, Patrolman Monahan and Detective Harry  
Abramowitz. When Monahan was killed, Abramowitz stood over his  
coffin and spoke fervent, solemn words in Yiddish. At the time  
his brother officers didn't know what he was saying, but now it  
has been revealed. Abramowitz was ~~talk~~ taking a Yiddish oath,  
saying over his dead comrade - "I swear by Moses that I will not  
rest until I have found your murderer."

And he didn't rest. Day after day, week after week, he  
hunted for the killer, and at last found him. And this <sup>finally</sup> ~~at last~~  
led to the arrest of the prisoner <sup>held on</sup> ~~for~~ a charge of murder in the  
Tombs.

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The British troops that are to be sent to police the Saar election will number fifteen hundred. And there will be thirteen hundred Italian Carabinieri, two hundred Dutch Marines and two hundred and fifty Swedish Royal Guardsmen. Who will command them? Why, an Englishman. Major-General John Edward Spencer Brind has been picked as boss of the combined force of British, Italian, Hollanders and Swedes, who will have the ticklish job of keeping order, while the Saar Valley votes whether to return to Germany or not.

Now about a big movie magnate -- Mussolini. Not content with being a dictator, the Duce is going to make himself czar of an Italian Hollywood.

The Italian Hollywood is still to be built, but the plans are underway for a new movie metropolis, an entire town surrounded by studios. The site has already been picked out, at Tirenia. Everything will be under government control. Mussolini has created a new cabinet officer, an Under Secretary for Films.

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The Italian Hollywood will make ambitious attempts to out-rival its <sup>California</sup> ~~Hollywood~~ counterpart, developing its own native stars and directors. It will turn out a full list of screen attractions, all the way from Comedies and shorts to super-features. Twelve of the super-features are scheduled for the coming year. And the plan has an international scope, with talkies in various languages, including English -- several English stars have been signed up for feature roles. As for news reels, Italy won't have to import any outside talent, not so long as Mussolini keeps on making his <sup>\*</sup> big speeches and reviewing the troops. He is <sup>the</sup> ~~a~~ glittering news-reel star already.

## LONDON

The big cities here in American will sympathize with the predicament of London. London is outgrowing itself. The traffic problem has got so bad that no known kind of regulation seems to relieve the congestion in the streets - too many automobiles, too many buses streaming into Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square.

So London has got growing pain and has to do something. A group of industrialists was called to suggest a remedy. They thrashed the matter out and now they are all for a plan of building a new London, under the old one. Not a mere subway such as London, Paris and New York already have, but a real underground city. Subterranean highways, garages, service stations, and hundred of huge elevators to carry the people from the lower city to the metropolis on the surface. And they've doped out the world's largest ventilating system for this new world below the ground. The whole project would cost two billion dollars and would take ten years to complete, with the employment of hundreds of thousands of workers.

London thinks it may be necessary. When a city outgrows its clothes, what can be done about it? A girl can go on a diet, but a city can't.

## VAUDEVILLE

It seems that the Russian importation of American entertainment is limited to dumb acts. Not fast, wisecracking vaudeville teams, but acts that are really dumb. The Soviets have signed up with the R.K.O. Artists Bureau for thirty American performers, who will sail within a month for the land of the Reds. The next thing to be signed up for Communist entertainment will probably be a circus. They'd like to have Tom Mix and his horse. They say that movie rider of the West is the most popular entertainment feature in Russia, just now.

The contracts are subject to some special qualifications. Dancers have been warned to bring plenty of costumes along. The Soviets like their twinkle-toe steppers fully clothed. They're modest in the land of the Bolsheviks.

And the acts must be dumb. They must be action, pantomime or music. The Communists like an eyeful of rhumba and an earful of saxophone, but if the entertainers talk lines in English, why naturally their messages will be lost.

Well, it's time for me to adopt that Russian idea and make this broadcast entirely, silently dumb. And, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.