

CELEBRATION

L. T. Sunoco May 30th 1933

Good Evening Everybody

August 14, 1862
F. J. Dawson
Dr. James Clark
Benham

An interesting meeting took place at the Memorial

Day exercises in Chicago. It was between General James Driver, formerly of the Confederate Army, and William Henry Harrison

Pierce of ^{the} G. A. R. These two fought on opposite sides at

Gettysburg, and met today for the first time. As they shook

hands they were wearing the original uniforms they had on at

~~that~~ ^{the} unforgettable battle of Gettysburg.

The ^a feature of the exercises at Arlington ~~Cemetery~~ today was that it was the first time ~~they took place~~ ^{without} ~~without~~

a speech by the President. Mr. Roosevelt was there ^{in the rain,} with bared

head, listening while Secretary of War Dern and Secretary of the Navy Swanson and General Pershing ^{delivered the orations,} ~~made the principal speeches.~~

At the parade in New York, though there was a miserable drizzling rain, thirty-eight of the last hundred New York survivors of the G.A.R. insisted on marching in the parade and refused to ride in cars.

Special exercises were held both at Arlington and ^{New Jersey,} at Barnegat, for Admiral Moffet and the seventy-three men who

Paul S. ...

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perished in the wreck of the Akron. The American Legion
in New York chartered a tug and went down to Barnegat
especially for the occasion.

NBC

Paul Seale

GENEVA

The German Eagle snapped at the League of Nations today. The occasion was the report of a sub-committee of the League's council concerning the treatment of Jews in Silesia.

Germany's delegate at Geneva informed the council that his government would not accept the committee's report. However, a wireless ^{dispatch that I have} ~~report~~ just received ~~xx~~ from Geneva informs us that the council went ahead anyway and announced its appointment of a committee of three judges to examine the question. The report of these three judges will be submitted next week.

We learn from Washington that this is interpreted as a polite but unmistakable defiance of the ^{League} ~~League~~ by Germany.

*In other words Germany says to the League:-
"please let us attend to our own domestic affairs."*

NBC

Paul Siple

COUZENS

Here's something new on that World Economic Conference in London. It was announced at the White House today that Senator Jim Couzens of Michigan will be one of the delegates. It is not known whether the Senator will sail with the main body of ^{the} delegation which leaves for London tomorrow. Mr. Couzens is a member of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency and is keenly interested in the investigation of that committee, especially its inquiry into methods of bankers. It will be recalled that he was the principal champion of the method of procedure used by Mr. Ferdinand Pecora, the Committee's counsel, and has had brisk verbal encounters with Senator Glass of Virginia on the subject. So probably Mr. Couzens will want to stick it out in Washington for a while and continue to take part in the application of the microscope to the doings of the bankers.

A significant feature of this news is that Mr. Couzens is the first Republican to accept an appointment to this delegation

to the London Conference. Several other luminaries of the G.O.P., including Senator Hiram Johnson of California, have been invited to be on the delegation but have declined.

Mr. Couzens, himself a multi-millionaire, has been conspicuous in the ~~Sen~~ Senate for his vigor and caustic mind, also the fact that he by no means takes the point of view you might expect from a multi-millionaire.

Incidentally we learn from London that the World Economic Conference will be opened by King George in person. According to the Manchester Guardian it will be the greatest international gathering ever held in London. More than sixty different nations will take part. That sounds indeed like a tremendously historic affair.

Paul Siple
BINGHAM

Mr. Robert Bingham of Kentucky, Uncle Sam's Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, made his first official speech in England today, or rather tonight. Ambassador Bingham spoke at a dinner ~~given to~~^{of} welcome ^{to} him by the English Pilgrims, the well-known hands-across-the-sea society. Mr. Bingham told the Pilgrims he was convinced another general war would absolutely destroy civilization and he said the only hope of preventing this was cooperation between John Bull and Uncle Sam. This, he added, could only be obtained through strong cooperation.

Somehow these lines have a familiar ring.

NBC

Paul Siple

WAR DEBTS

A statement was issued at the White House today which flatly contradicts some reports that have been current in the newspapers. These reports were to the effect that President Roosevelt was about to ask Congress for special treaty powers to adjust the war debts owed us by our former allies ^{and} ~~or~~ to permit partial payments of the principal.

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The White House declared that such reports were pure speculation ^{and not so pure at that, indicating} ~~and indicated further~~ that the purity of the speculation was doubtful. The President has no intention of asking Congress for special powers for any such purpose, does not contemplate such a course of action, and probably never will.

Just to make it emphatic, we learn from Washington that Mr. Roosevelt positively will not ask Congress to give him any special powers whatsoever to revise the debts. However, it is believed that he will inform the Congress of the status of the negotiations which he has been conducting on the subject of those debts. He will convey this information some time before the adjournment, which it is hoped will take place on the 10th of June.

Paul Sjöle.

Biologist, author,
traveler.

May 30, 1953.

Intro. to Paul Siple:

You probably remember Paul Siple, the Erie, Pennsylvania boy, the boy scout who went South to the Antarctic with Byrd? Well, Paul is grown up now, a biologist, an author and a traveller in his own right. Paul is just back from a seven months jaunt through Russia, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Egypt and the edge of the Arabian Desert. He's back, ready to go South with Admiral Byrd again, as the biologist of the expedition.

Paul came in to see me this evening, and to bring me the news from my old Bedouin friends in Arabia. Paul visited my favorite spot on Earth, the lost city of Petra, the rose red city of the desert. Tell us about it Paul.

Paul:- The way I happened to go there may strike you as a bit odd. I went with a seventy-seven year old woman. Or rather SHE TOOK ME. Her name is Mrs. Badman. She lives in New York. For many years she has spent a part of each year in remote regions. I met her in Jerusalem. She wanted to visit the Lost City of Petra and so did I. So she wired to Egypt for a private airplane. It flew up to Palestine, picked us up at Jericho, flew us South to the desert and that's how I

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happened to visit the lost city carved out of red rock, the one you wrote about, Lowell, in your book "With Lawrence in Arabia." This 77 year old woman flies whenever possible. In fact she has been flying since the early days of aviation and took her first trip in the air in one of those funny crates where she had to sit out in front of the engine on a sort of trapeze affair.

Whenever someone slaps me on the back and tells me that I'm quite a traveller I can't help thinking about 77-year-old Mrs. Badman who spends her life flying up and down the world, And then I know I JUST AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' AT ALL.

L.T.: - Well, congratulations Paul, I'm glad your good luck hasn't gone to your head. And I know boy scouts everywhere will be on the lookout for that new book of yours when it comes along.

CANADA

From the Canadian Government I learn that the fur industry in the Dominion is prospering. The final figures for the year 1931 are just in, and the total value of the fur output in Canada came to over fourteen million dollars.

Apparently the ladies now look upon fur as a necessity instead of a luxury.

George Sutherland of Muncie, Indiana, evidently heard me mention my fur farm the other night. Here's what he writes: "Out here 'where the goose honks high on the Wabash' we get eleven pelts a year from each fox. It is all quite simple. We take Mr. Silver Tipped Reynard, pour a few drops of Blue Sunoco on his bushy tail, and turn him loose in an enclosure. He travels so fast that he slips right out of his pelt. Then we spray him with hair tonic mixed with Blue Sunoco, and in thirty days he has grown a new coat of fur."

Well, that sounds like a grand way of licking the depression.

Here's one that will make the college and sporting world sit up and take notice. Incidentally it sounds as though a big western university were ~~putting its~~ thumbing its nose at the Carnegie Foundation. You may recall the Carnegie Foundation's caustic report on professionalism in college athletics.

Well, a monthly published at the University of California, comes out with the news that The Big C, which is an association of alumni of the University, announces that it will openly solicit promising athletes and make deliberate efforts to try to get them to go to Berkeley for their education. They are going to send out hired scouts, "ivory hunters" they are ^{rudely} called in the baseball world, to visit prep schools and high schools, ~~spot~~ spot youngsters who look ~~as~~ like if they'd make good athletic material, and enroll them for the dear old Alma Mater. They piously add that they will not pay these proteges any money; but they will help them to get jobs so that they can work their way through the University.

In other words they are going to leave no stones unturned to
build up the athletic prestige of the University of California.

How does that sound? *Rah! Rah!*

NBC

WHITE HOUSE FIRE

A photographer rushed into the NBC studios in Washington this afternoon.

"What's happening at the White House, there's are a lot of fire engines out there."

Someone telephoned the White House and discovered that the fire engines were there to pump water in the President's new swimming pool. This is the pool built by public subscriptions.

LION

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A young English girl caused quite a sensation in Paris the other day. She walked into a restaurant as nonchalantly as a cigarette advertisement, dragging after her a pet on a long leash. The customers looked first at the young Englishwoman and were struck by her pretty face. But as soon as they caught a glimpse of the pet she was bringing in, there was a wild rush for doors, ~~via~~ windows and every other exit. Tables were overturned and one of the guests even tried to get into the kitchen through the service door. The pet was a young lion.

You may think the young lady is a movie actress looking for publicity. On the contrary she is secretary to a business man.

The London Daily Mirror informs us that Paris has now grown quite accustomed to the young lady's pet and she no longer attracts attention when she walks down the Rue de la Paix followed by Mr. Lion.

There's one girl who's safe wherever she goes.
(London Daily Mirror)

RACE

I hear they had a monster crowd at the **speedway** in Indianapolis today for that **five hundred mile race**, the big classic of motor races in the U. S. A. The winner was **Louis Meyer of Huntington Park, California**. Louis made those **five hundred miles in four hours, forty-eight minutes and three-quarters of a second**.

That makes his average speed **104.142 miles an hour**, just a shade under the record. Second place went to **Wilbur Shaw of Los Angeles**, third to **Gardner Sampson**, fourth to **Moore Foreman**.

Carl Liddle.

Traveller, novelist;
Ecuador.

May 30, 1933.

INTRO. TO LIDDLE

An old time New York World police reporter came along to the studio with me this afternoon. Now he is a novelist. His first novel is just out. The name of it is "TUNCHI", a wild fantastic blazing novel of adventures in the equatorial jungle of tropical Equador, high up in the dizzy Andes among the head hunters. A novel of fighting indians in a remote region of treacherous half breeds and runaway white men, and the lovely headhunter Princess "Tunchi." The name of this new novelist is Carl Liddle.

Let's ask Carl Liddle how a New York Police reporter ever happened to wind up among the head hunters of Eastern Equador. How about it Carl?

Mr. Liddle: You see it was like this Lowell. I fell heir to some money. That's the only way a police reporter would ever get any jack. So I threw up my job and decided I'd go to South America, the Chile. But before I got to Chile they had sold me Equador. See Quitp and die, that was the idea. I saw Quito alright. Stayed there quite a while. Then I walked over the Andes for 28 days to the country of the Head Hunters.

Liddle:-2

But I didn't die. In fact I liked the Head Hunters. They were, in some ways the most civilized people I'd ever met. So I stayed about two years.

The government of Equador doesn't attempt to control them, to any great extent. No one has fooled with them much since they wiped out the Spaniards. The Spaniards, about 350 years ago, built three cities in Equador on the East Side of the Andes in the Head Hunter country. Cities in the gold country. But in 1599 the Indians rose up, massacred the Spaniards, wiped out all three cities, and ran off with the Spanish women.

They are little people, toasted brown in color, and ready to fight at the drop of a hat - also always ready to take a head.

L.T.:- What sort of language do they speak? How do they talk?

Mr.Liddle: Something like this: "Shura M'jamanshi.

Kungorpi! Kungoofi! Kungorfi!

TRUBEE DAVISON

Trubee Davison, the new president of The American Museum of Natural History is off for Africa to bring back specimens for the Great African Hall. I have just been to a farewell party in his honor, a party attended by some fifty Americans and one representative of Africa. The representative of Africa was a live chimpanzee. The fifty men, friends of Trubee Davison, included many whose names you often see in the headlines: Colonel Wild Bill Donovan and Gene Tunney; aviation celebrities such as Dr. James Kimball, Chamberlain, Pangborn and Al Williams; explorers such as Roy Chapman Andrews, Captain Bob Bartlett, and Carveth Wells; men of affairs including Colonel Patterson of the N.B.C., Bernard Gimbel, Sam Pryor, Cortland Smith of Pathe', the Mellons and the Morgans; famous journalists and publishers including Walter Trumbull, Ogden Reid of the New York Herald Tribune, Jackson Elliott of the A.P., Julian Mason of the N.Y. Evening Post, Gil Hodges of the N.Y. Sun, Bob Johnson of Time, -- and so on.

They sat at a great horseshoe in the ~~La~~ Peroquet

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Room at the Waldorf amid palms and African trophies from The American Museum. And there dining with us, right up at the table, napkin, silverware and all, sat the chimpanzee. As Harry Guggenheim, former Ambassador to Cuba, remarked:- "If Trubee Davison is as much at home in Africa as that chimpanzee is with a napkin under her chin at a banquet table at the Waldorf then President Davison of the American Museum is sure to have a most successful expedition."

In one way that chimpanzee was the most popular guest at the banquet. Because the chimp didn't try to make an after dinner speech.

As Ambassador Guggenheim put it, "Trubee Davison is the only member of the Hoover Administration who is being preserved by a Museum.

Dr. James L. Clark, scientist and African traveller, arranged a special menu of such African delicacies as Tunda M'zuri Sana, Nyama N'Gombe Na Mboga Kidogo, Viazi Ya Bibi, and Kahawa Kidogo Moto Sana.

After which the crowd shouted "Jambo, Bwana Trubee, Safari m'zuri," which in Swahili means Good luck, and solong until tomorrow.

L.T.