

L.T. - SUNOCO, Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1934.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

There had been some ill-natured gossip that Bruno Hauptmann's trial was being rushed in New Jersey as a prelude to Election Day. The idea being that the spectacular legal proceedings would provide limelight publicity for politicians seeking office in the November election.

But that won't happen, nothing to it. The trial has been set for January.

Hauptmann was arraigned today in a packed courtroom at Flemington, New Jersey, amid batteries of telegraph instruments, telephones, and newspaper motion picture cameras -- platoons of reporters and photographers.

The defendant pleaded "not guilty", and the judge set the date for the trial - January second - the day after New Years.

SINCLAIR

The bitter political fight in California ~~is~~ is involving national complications. The President has been drawn in, as was inevitable ~~an~~ after Upton Sinclair won the Democratic primaries on his radical Epic platform. And then he paid a visit to the President to talk things over, although that visit was exceedingly non-committal.

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Anyway, ~~President~~ <sup>Mr.</sup> Roosevelt today issued a statement from the White House, definitely denying that he would speak in behalf of Candidate Sinclair. Mr. Roosevelt ~~denies~~ <sup>refuses</sup> his support to the Epic program. He will remain silent on the California election.

Previous to that, Upton Sinclair had ~~an~~ sent out a denial. He had been quoted as predicting that the President would come out openly in his favor. That was what he denied. He ~~said~~ <sup>declared</sup> he had been misquoted. <sup>F</sup> Meanwhile, some striking advance figures have been given out by the Literary Digest, which has been conducting a poll of the coming California election. The Digest releases the results from half a dozen representative California towns, and these results are rather startling - the straw vote majority against Upton Sinclair is so heavy. The first returns of the Digest poll show more than a two to one majority against him.



Here's a story from behind the scenes at the Washington meeting of the A. B. A. -- ~~the~~ American Bankers Association.

It has been an unwritten law with the A. B. A. that the vice-presidents move <sup>each</sup> up/year, and the first vice-president becomes president. ~~But~~ One angle ~~of the controversy~~ is the fact that

First Vice-President Rudolph S. Hecht, President of the Hibernia

Bank and Trust Company of New Orleans, used to be pretty close

to Huey Long. The story is that <sup>the</sup> Hecht <sup>Hibernia</sup> Bank was pretty low at

one time. And things got worse when Representative Hamilton Fish

in Congress attack Banker Hecht for ~~one~~ of <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ actions as local head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in New Orleans.

He denounced Banker Hecht for lending some R. F. C. money to an insurance group that failed. That Congressional attack started a run on the Hibernia bank. The story continues that an appeal was made to Huey Long, then Governor. And Huey stopped the bank run by declaring a legal holiday.

The critical day for the bank happened to coincide with the sixteenth anniversary of <sup>German</sup> Ambassador Bernstorff's departure from this country at <sup>our entrance into</sup> ~~the outbreak of~~ the World War.

And Huey, who certainly is smart, decided that Louisiana ought

to celebrate the event with a ~~legal~~ holiday. Banks close on a legal holiday and that gave the Hibernia bank a day of grace in which to meet the run. It was a curious kind of remedy prescribed by Doctor Kingfish, but it worked, and the bank got well.

So naturally Banker Hecht was pretty close to Huey, but they've grown apart since then. The Hibernia bank <sup>now has</sup> ~~has since~~ <sup>^</sup> got a national charter and is no longer under the jurisdiction of the Kingfish-controlled-government of Louisiana.

This bit of <sup>Bayou</sup> ~~Louisiana~~ <sup>^</sup> financial history caused some wrangling in the proceedings of the nominating committee, <sup>in Washington.</sup> But, in the end the committee put its okay on Banker Hecht in accordance with the old tradition that the first vice-president of the American Bankers Association becomes president.

The mild Kingfish discussion, however, was nothing beside the turbulent <sup>argument</sup> of whether or not to support the New Deal. The bankers are split wide open over the question -- to support or not to support. That's what gives the huge importance to President Roosevelt's address to the bankers tonight. What he will tell the big financial men is still a secret. Mr. Roosevelt spent the afternoon preparing the speech, and the



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Presidential message to the bankers will not be known until

the words are spoken by <sup>F. D. R.</sup>~~the President's~~ own tuneful voice.

Tausig.

Oct. 24,  
1934.



## INTRODUCTION TO ADMIRAL

The Panama Canal presented a strange picture today - ~~after shipping~~ all shipping at a standstill, all commercial vessels standing at anchor; cruising liners, freighters and tankers lazily riding the swell of the sea. That part of the picture is loafing idleness - the other part is intense activity: ship after ship pushing through the Canal, gray ships, monsters of steel and trim speedsters. Eighty-eight fighting craft of our first line of naval defense were moved ~~in~~ today and are being moved tonight through the Panama Canal in a set of surprise manoeuvres.

That's the word that comes from the Isthmus - the fleet, ~~sailing~~ <sup>steaming</sup> suddenly and unexpectedly through the Canal. I can't tell you the reason why, but somebody else can - the man best qualified to tell. In Washington Read Admiral Joseph K. Tausig, Acting Chief of Naval Operations, has gone to the N.B.C. studios to give us some first-hand information about that newest move of the United States fleet.

Admiral Tausig is the man who commanded the first squadron of American destroyers to enter foreign waters in the

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World War. The squadron made a rough , hazardous voyage through U-boat infested ~~waters~~ <sup>Zone</sup> and xx steamed into Queenstown, where Admiral Tausig immediately received a wireless message. It was from Vice-Admiral Lewis of the British Navy: ~~It read:~~ "When will you be ready to join the grand fleet" asked the British Admiral.

"We are ready now, sir", flashed back the Commander of the American destroyer, whose squadron had just steamed into port after a hard voyage. And that phrase, so expressive of instant readiness, is something of a legend at Annapolis along with - "Don't give up the ship" and "Damn the torpedoes".

But I'd better not delay the Admiral. He might have me put in the brig. So let's switch over to Washington. Are you there, Admiral Tausig, ~~and~~ <sup>are you ready, sir?</sup> will you please tell us your viewpoint on the passage of the fleet through the Canal?

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ITALY

Thank you Admiral. Our Fleet's the topic here tonight. Over in Italy it's the sky fleet.

There's a new item in the Italian budget, and it's more important than mere governmental bookkeeping. It calls for a hundred and three million dollars to be spent for sky equipment. Mussolini, who is Minister of Aviation as well as the head of the government, is working out a program of what he calls "the complete renewal of airplanes and aviation equipment." This is a move of major importance in the Black Shirt ambition to make Italy dominant in the blue expanse of the heavens. It also points to a flying school which Mussolini himself planned and created. ~~It's specific~~ Q school for speed. It concentrates intensively on the swiftness of the wings that zoom through the air, and it has a determined and precise goal.

That Black Shirt speed school is pushing with one predominant aim - six hundred miles an hour. They're experimenting and practicing to drive mankind's rapidity of movement to the almost incredible pace of ten miles a minute - a thousand feet ~~in~~ a second.

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The Commander of that speed school is a little fellow, a shorty lieutenant who has risen from the ranks. He was a mere sergeant in nineteen twenty-nine, at the Schneider Cup Race of that

year, when he was thrown into the speed tests as a reserve pilot. He flew the smallest plane in that Schneider Cup event, one that had been especially built to suit his diminutive dimensions - a thousand horse power speed plane especially tailored for Shorty. He flew it with such ~~a~~ reckless abandon of speed that he got ~~the~~ a nickname - they called him "Crazy Boy."

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With this, we ~~px~~ perceive the peculiar significance of that newest airplane speed record that has just been set - though the final official certification probably won't come along until tomorrow. It was "Crazy Boy", more formally known as Lieutenant Agello', who thundered over the placid waters of Lake Garda at the breakneck pace of four hundred and forty miles an hour. As Director of the speed school, he himself was out there turning on the speed. The record he broke was his own record. A year and a half ago he set a world record mark at four hundred and twenty-three miles an hour. You see how the numbers are supposed to climb, four hundred and twenty-three last year, four hundred and forty right now, and ~~they've~~ they're determined to push the figure on up until they've come to six hundred, ~~xxxx~~ the speed school goal -



six hundred miles an hour, ten miles a minute, a thousand feet a second. And then they'll be on the way to turn human beings into projectiles.

RACE

There are a few more details to clear up about the great air derby. Captain Jim and Amy Mollison, transatlantic fliers, are on their way again -- not to Melbourne, but back to England. They were in fourth place when they dropped hopelessly out of ~~the race~~<sup>it</sup> in India -- so what was the use of going on, and it's back to London for Captain Jim and his wife Amy.

In Rome Italian officialdom is paying solemn honor to the two British fliers who cracked up and were killed in the southern part of the ~~peninsula~~ <sup>Appenine</sup> peninsula.

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The American team of Turner and Pangborn came through splendidly, but the other American pair, Wright and Polando, are not accounted for. Their flying ~~xxx~~ footsteps were dogged with trouble, engine trouble mostly. They finally got to Baghdad, took off again, but where they are now is uncertain. The region of the Persian Gulf is the wild territory where fliers might make a forced landing and remain lost for weeks.

With ~~xxx~~ the big race over, interest is focussing on another long flight. Captain ~~xxx~~ <sup>Kingsford</sup> Smith, who years ago made



<sup>a</sup>  
~~the~~ famous prize-winning England-to-Australia flight, is  
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ready to take off from the Fiji Islands for <sup>his</sup> ~~a~~ sky voyage, via  
Hawaii -- to California.

## CITROEN

There is one way in which the Henry Ford of France does not resemble the Henry Ford of America. Our own Henry of Detroit and Dearborn doesn't seem about to go bankrupt so often.

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Andre Citroen, the French flivver magnate is in financial difficulties. For many months his ledgers have been written in red. Citroen stock has tobaggoned on the Bourse. The government of France is badly worried, ~~because~~ because a smash-up of the great Citroen enterprises would be a terrific blow to the French financial and industrial structure.

When the depression came on , the Henry Ford of France decided to buy absolute control of his factory. He went into the market and bought up great quantities of his own company's stock. Then he expected to ride out the economic storm. But old man depression rode him. He got himself all tangled up in financial complexities. Last March his affairs came to a crisis. At the zero hour, the Bank of France called his creditors together and a plan was worked out. Citroen had to agree to concern himself only with automobile production, and not meddle in the tricky pitfall business of finance. The financial part of the concern was to be in



the hands of other men.

But now it appears that these other men weren't such financial geniuses either, because once more the affairs of Citroen have come to the blow-up stage. And again creditors have stepped in, creditors to whom he owes two million dollars, which he can't pay.

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I hope the Henry Ford of France comes out all right, because he has done worthwhile things in addition to manufacturing <sup>excellent</sup> small cars. He distributes thousands of toy automobiles among the children of France and has footed the bills of important expeditions of exploration in Asia and Africa.

BARTHOU

From France comes the word that the doings of the government ministers these days are rather dull and drab. The conclaves of the Doumergue Cabinet are not as sprightly as they used to be. And that's because the assassin at Marseilles killed not only King Alexander but also the prime wit and genial humorist of the French government, Foreign Minister Barthou. He was always giving his more sedate colleagues a laugh. He used to appear in the most stately circles dressed in the perfect formality of morning clothes - all except the necktie. He delighted in the most solemn propriety of pin stripe trousers, frock coat and top hat, accompanied by flaming, screaming neckties of vermilion, green and violet.

They tell how once, at a most distinguished dinner party at his house, when the weather was scorchingly hot and steamingly humid, the Foreign Minister of France arose and smilingly announced: "Gentlemen, you may take off your coats - ladies, you may take off anything you like."

As I understand it, the gentlemen took off their coats.

And I'm going to put on mine, and say  
e-l-u-t-m.