

L.T. SUNOCO - Mar. 19, 1933

Good Afternoon, Everybody:-

We seem to be getting used to that speedy pace
— *so used to it that even though*
in Washington. [^] Events moved rapidly during the past week.

~~But~~ they haven't left us quite so breathless.

The latest word on the Beer Bill is that it is scheduled to go to the President for his signature probably tomorrow. It was the first of those rapid-fire Roosevelt Emergency measures to run into any kind of snag. The President cracked the presidential whip, and the House of Representatives responded with a snappy okay. It was the Senators, however, who tangled things up a bit by kicking in with a few ideas of their own. The week ended with the big stein of beer in the middle of a lively argument between the two Houses. They say the President has intervened to iron the matter out, *and that everything will be hunky-dory tomorrow or the next day.*

The Senate, they say, will not be stubborn about that 3.05 wine. That's out. Connoisseurs declare that wine with such a small amount of alcohol in it is the tallest story of the week. But we're not going to give it the tall story prize.

And expert opinion is that it's thumbs down on that provision prohibiting the selling or giving of beer to children under sixteen -- the idea to make it a criminal offense for ~~xx~~ German papa Heinz to give little Fritz a sip from his stein. The New York Times predicts that the compromise is to favor three and 5-hundredths per cent beer.

FARM

About the Bill for Farm Relief, there is something mighty refreshing in the President's approach to the matter. It is a common enough fault with most of us to be a bit cocksure. But *(*Mr. Roosevelt says outright that the plan ~~is~~ *with* proposes to help the farmer is an experiment. It is stepping out in new paths, and all he asks is a chance to see how his ideas will work. *)*

such he

The loud ~~s~~ buzzing sound we heard during the last few days of the week was a confused echo of ^{all} the arguing ~~that's~~ ~~been~~ going on in Washington on ~~this~~ subject of the President's agricultural plan. ~~The new Farm Relief Bill is sure to be the subject of a lively argument in both Houses of Congress.~~ Predictions are freely being made that the lawmakers will demand ~~some~~ changes *in the White House proposal.*

The New York Herald Tribune predicts that ~~the~~ ^{Farm} Bill will be passed by a coalition of both parties, with groups of Democrats and Republicans uniting to support the President.

~~The New York Times tells us that some of the Senators have ideas which they will try to incorporate in the bill.~~

ECONOMY

One rather breathless note which sounded all week was that of amazement -- amazement at the swift passage of the Economy Bill. Arthur Krock, distinguished Washington correspondent of the New York Times, referred to it as a miracle. He declares that it causes people living in Washington to feel as though suddenly transported to another country.

Then Mr. Krock propounds an idea which certainly sounds reasonable. He attributes the miracle in large part to the banking panic. Without it, the Economy measure could not have been passed. It was the mood of dark crisis that forced the bill through. And so it may turn out that ~~that~~ the banking crisis was a good thing after all, maybe one of the best things we have had in a long time. Many people, everywhere, have been saying the same thing this week.

The New York Herald Tribune states that the President's Economy plan as framed during the past week contemplates a cut of 750 million dollars. A cut of three-quarters of a billion in government expenses -- hoop-la! The expectation is that with this

vast reduction, together with the income from the sale of beer, Uncle Sam will at last be able to balance his budget without putting any new taxes onto the long-suffering back of old John Public. And here's hoping! It is known that there will be a considerable drop in income tax returns this year. But even so, with the slash of expenses and the money from the foaming ~~beer~~ brew, Uncle Sam expects to make ends meet.

WOODIN

While on the subject of Washington, here's a telegram from William P. Smith of Cynwyd (KINWID) Pennsylvania.

It reads:—"Won't you please pronounce the name of the Secretary of

the Treasury properly?" ~~wires Mr. Smith.~~ "If you do, you

need have no fear that you will be implying that he has a

wooden head or issues wooden money." *So wires Mr. Smith of "Kinwid."*

~~That's a fact all right, but I had been informed~~

~~that the pronunciation was Woodin. Just to make sure, I~~

telephoned today, to the Secretary's home in New York, and

was told that the correct pronunciation of the name is Woodin, *even if he did tell the press boys in Washington to call him Woodin.*

And just to give myself a bit of practice in that

correct pronunciation I'll go on with a couple of odd facts

Sidney Skolsky's "Tintype" column that I picked up [^] in the New York Daily News, ~~about~~ Secretary

of the Treasury Woodin. ~~He~~ has had a long experience with money.

When he was sixteen years old his father gave him ten ~~xx~~

"Bill: - thousand dollars and said: [^] "Do what you like with it, but

don't get into debt." Six months later Willie Woodin was

Whereupon he broke. [^] ~~He~~ [^] went to work in his father's factory at ninety cents

a day. That taught him the value of money.

He is fond of jokes and puns. What kind of jokes?

Well, here's one the Secretary of the Treasury played on a prominent citizen who came to visit him at his country home.

Mr. Woodin got a lifesize, lifelike dummy of a woman, undressed it, and placed it in the bathroom of his guest's room. When the prominent citizen retired it wasn't long before he came running out protesting: "What kind of a place is this?"

Mr. Woodin's addiction to music is well known. He plays the zither, the violin, the guitar, and the piano -- if you'd call it playing the piano. He plays the piano twice as well as Irving Berlin. Secretary Woodin uses ~~text~~ two fingers; Irving Berlin uses only one.

GOLD

The newspapers are featuring the story of a girl from Brooklyn who has sent, ^{direct} to the President her store of hoarded gold -- five dollars worth of hoarded gold. There is a deep note of feeling in this, ~~an~~ a hint of a sadness that must have been felt by thousands of people in this country.

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The girl is an Italian. In her letter she writes in neat, correct English. Here is part of her letter:-

"Often I have laughed at myself, finding it most absurd to fancy that I, in my abysmal insignificance, could help. Then I realized that, although unaware of it, I had been harming the country right along. Yes, Mr. Roosevelt, I found out that I was a hoarder.

"The five-dollar gold piece which I was keeping for the last two years for the sake of its sentimental value represented part of the gold that is needed to keep the currency sound. I am offering it to you together with a little gold chain, the only jewelry I possess. It isn't much but it is all I have. I haven't even got a job.

"I shall not tell you my name because I would not like to give the impression that I am doing this as a publicity stunt. The only thing I want you to know is that I am an Italian girl. I hope that, notwithstanding what has happened, you will believe me when I tell you that we all love you."

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That ^{last} ~~last~~ sentence is an indication of how deeply thousands of Italians in this country must have felt about that attempted assassination in Florida.

ITALY

European politics during the week developed with a sharp focus on the historic city of the Caesars, *Fasitio* in Rome, ~~where~~ conferences are now going on between Prime Minister MacDonald of Great Britain, and Mussolini, the Black Shirt Dictator of Italy. Today's report concerning the first conversation of the two statesmen declares that Mussolini accepts the British Disarmament Plan, *-- accepts it* in principal and with reservations. And that's an old diplomatic formula. Mussolini's principal reservation concerns the Italian Colonial army.

The plan presented by Prime Minister MacDonald proposes to allow Germany to double the size of her military establishment and to restrict the magnitude of the French and Italian armies. It would allow the French to keep a large force of armed men in her huge African colonies. What Mussolini now asks ~~for~~ is an increase in the number of soldiers the British scheme would allow Italy to maintain in her colonies of *Lybia* and *Somaliland*.. ~~There is some dispute about the real purpose of the British Prime Minister's visit to Rome. The Italians claim that it is to solidify the~~

Of course there is the slant which is apparent to everybody, that the British may be trying to get Mussolini to bring some influence to bear on Hitler and Germany -- with the Duce putting a ~~curb~~^{curb} on the wild ways of the Hitlerites.

Certain it is that European opinion has become exceedingly pessimistic about the ^{Geneva} Disarmament Conference.

The opinion is frequently stated that Europe is drifting into a general war. The most hopeful sign is found in the traditional friendship between Great Britain and Italy.

It is ^{almost} ~~xxxxx~~^{an} axiom of statecraft that Italy, and Mussolini in particular, will march by the side of England.

The great N.Y. Italian paper the *Progresso* states that when Mr. Mc Donald & Mussolini came from the conference today they gave out the word that they hope to do something real toward ^{insuring} world peace -- along the lines of the Kellogg Peace Pact. Ramsay Mc Donald said he was delighted that he had decided to spend the week-end in Rome.

GERMANY

(6) The week in Germany was just a continuation of the pressure that the Hitler government is applying to its opponents. The anti-Semitic wave in Germany is still running strongly. Prominent Jews are leaving the country. The latest command is for all Germany to celebrate the opening of the new Reichstag next Tuesday. It goes into power with ~~the~~^A Hitlerite majority, and in consequence the Fascist will cohorts ~~will~~ celebrate in a spectacular way.

Here's a curious contrast. On the continent of Europe we find all sorts of warlike sentiment, especially among the young. In Italy and Germany the Nationalist movements are largely movements of youth. In England it seems to be something else again. (The past week was ^{made} rudly disturbing for many a staid Englishman by a Resolution passed by the student body at Oxford. Oxford Union, one of England's most haloed scholastic institutions, met in solemn conclave and passed the ^{following almost incredible} resolution -- "That this house will in no circumstances fight for King and country."

And other British educational institutions are following suit. At Glasgow University more than six hundred students met and voted that they too would not fight for King and country.) The same thing happened at Leister and at University College in Wales. Manchester University too is backing the extreme Pacifist position.

Well, you can imagine what many an old English Colonel thinks of this up-to-date version of the old British spirit. Prominent Oxford ^{alumnæ} graduates stormed down to the University

and demanded that the Pacifist motion be stricken from
the records. A turbulent meeting was held. ^{Young} Randolph
Churchill, the son of Winston Churchill, led the protest
of the old graduates. He was received with catcalls.
Somebody threw a stink bomb. He had to be escorted away
by a couple of policemen. And ^{then that Oxford} ~~the~~ Pacifist motion was
reaffirmed by a huge majority.

It is now explained that the refusal of the boys
to fight for King and country ^{was not intended as a} ~~is no~~ reflection on the King ^{personally.}
~~I suppose they just mean the country.~~

BULGARIA

(4) The week brought vivid attention to a curious situation in Bulgaria. Pope Pius^{the} Eleventh at Rome issued a formal protest against the baptism of the^{baby} daughter of the King of Bulgaria according to the rites of the Greek Orthodox Church.

The New York Times gives an interesting story of the progress of events in that Bulgarian dilemma. The Vatican^{had} at first refused to sanction the~~at~~ marriage of the Italian Princess, to the Bulgarian King, who is a member of the Orthodox Church. Finally the Pope consented after receiving a pledge from the young couple that their children would be baptized as Roman Catholics. It is said that King Boris made this pledge although he knew that according to Bulgarian law, members of the royal family must belong to the Orthodox Church. He believed, however, that this could be altered.

When the young couple returned to Bulgaria the Bulgarian Ecclesiastics refused to sanction any change. Then the King planned to send the Queen to Italy for a visit

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ABOUT the time the child would be born. The idea was to have the child baptized immediately after its birth, in Italy. But the Bulgarian Ecclesiastics heard about the project and vetoed it. The little Princess was born in Bulgaria, and the story runs that immediately after her birth, she was taken for a few minutes from the Queen and secretly baptized according to Greek Orthodox rites.

And so the Pope in his protest ~~last week~~ ^{last week} against the broken promise ~~last week~~ especially declared that Queen Johanna was in no wise to blame.

TALL

The week's events in the Tall Story Club brought to light ~~two Sunoco~~^a whoppers ~~which~~^{that} certainly deserve an autographed copy of the Tall Story book for a prize.

~~It~~^{It} is from A. T. Shorey, ~~from~~^{of} a town named Speculator in New York. Well, a town named Speculator is a good place for big lies to thrive. Brother Shorey tells about an old hunter named Hiram, who, instead of using powder, loaded ~~the~~^{his shotgun} shells with Blue Sunoco.

He was at the edge of a cliff when he saw a big brown bear coming at him. The bear was so close that Hiram, panic ~~xxx~~ stricken, jumped off the cliff. And the bear jumped right on after him.

(1)
~~Like the story,~~ That cliff was mighty tall, and ~~still in mid air,~~ on his way down, Hiram thought hard. Realizing the power that was in ~~that~~^{shells} shotgun loaded with Blue Sunoco, he pointed the barrel downward and pulled both triggers. The recoil of the Blue Sunoco hurled him right back to the top of the cliff, where he caught hold of the projecting limb of a tree and crawled to safety.

The bear, having no shotgun loaded with Blue
Sunocá, fell to the bottom of the cliff and was killed.

CHEESE

Now come 157 varieties of cheese. I didn't know there were that many in the world. The New York Times tells of a restaurant in Paris that specializes in cheese. How those Frenchmen love their fromage !

It has a cellar -- what a cellar! Stacked against the walls are cheeses, and nothing but cheeses -- all of the 157 varieties. ^{The}~~The~~ Camembert, ^{the}~~the~~ Gorgonzola, and the Limburger speak loudly to the nose. But I'll speak softly to the ears -- with a subdued ^{and rather cheesy} So Long Until Tomorrow.