

L. T. SUNOCO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1934.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:--

In Warsaw, Poland, a crack of a pistol shot. The target, His Excellency, the German Minister. His Excellency bears the historic name of Von Moltke, a kinsman of the great Field Marshall who won the Franco-Prussian War.

Baron Von Moltke was having his lunch in the German legation. He had just sat down at the table. Suddenly a crash, and then another. Several bullets came blazing through the wall from a room adjoining the dining hall. One spilled the ministerial soup. They all missed the Minister.

There was an immediate rush of secretaries and attaches to the adjacent room. There they found a young German with a smoking revolver in his hand, about to escape. He was seized and placed under arrest. It is understood his motive was -- revenge -- revenge for some of the Nazi activities from which his family has suffered.

NBC

DISARMAMENT

Here's an old friend we all thought was in a bad way but he's still alive and kicking; that Disarmament Conference in Geneva. The boys assembled again. John Bull's Foreign Minister, Sir John Simon and M. Paul Boncour of France were there as large as life and twice as natural. The optimists hoped their presence meant something doing. But when all was said and said and said, it was decided today that until France and Germany can get together, further talk will be useless. So they adjourned.

NBC

SHIPWRECK

The crew of a British steamer in the North Sea met with a different fate from that of the folks who were rescued by Captain Craven off Barnegat yesterday. This British ship went aground on the rocky shore of the island of Texel, off the Frisian Coast of Holland. They were there, stuck fast several hours. During that time two ships steamed up offering to take off the crew. But each time they refused, thinking they could free their vessel, unaided. They refused once too often. The surf blew worse ! The ship was pounded to pieces by the furious waves, and the crew was lost.

NBC

THAMES

For several weeks the English have been ~~quite~~ worried over a prolonged drought. In several parts of the country, it had been so severe that John Bull was threatened with a shortage of water.

But today there's a ~~very~~ different story. Since the beginning of the week, rainfall has been so heavy that old father Thames overflowed ~~his~~ banks ~~at~~ many points. Several ~~people~~ were drowned. A police patrol was sent all up and down the Thames valley, warning the dwellers on the banks to evacuate their houses. This is the first time in six years such a thing has happened.

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FLOOD

Floods in South America have left huge territories in a state of almost complete disorganization. The New York office of Pan-American Airways has just received a detailed description of watery devastation up and down the Cordilleras. Great masses of water roared from the heights of the Andes and completely wrecked the Trans-Andean Railroad, the line that runs from the Pacific coast of Chile to the Atlantic coast of Argentina. Entire communities are isolated. Eight towns along the banks of the Mendoza River were completely destroyed. The floods swooped over an area a hundred and fifty miles long, and the Pan-American observers from a plane got a picture of water, water everywhere in the land where the Condor he flies high.

NBC

CUBA

I see Cuba has broken the record hitherto held by La Belle France for the greatest number of governments in the shortest time. The full name of the man who is to be President of the Pearl of the Antilles for this weekend is Senor Coronel Carlos Mendieta y Montefur, El Senor Coronel Carlos Mendieta y

Montefur is one of the ex-heroes of the Cuban War of Independence, and a comrade of Garcia, the man to whom President McKinley sent ^{his famous} ~~the~~ message, ^{-- as the message that made Albert Hubbard famous.} El Senor Coronel Carlos Mendieta y Montefur

is the fifth President in five months. His predecessor pretty nearly set up a record by reigning for just two days. ~~What I would like to know is this: If all the ex-presidents of Cuba stand in line on January 1st, 1935, how long will the queue be?~~

My Havana friend tells me that ~~the selection of~~ El Senor Coronel Carlos Mendieta y Montefur is exceedingly popular with the populace. He is described as the first real nationalist president of the Pearl of the Antilles. By contrast with his predecessor, the Annapolis graduate, Carlos Hevia, who was thirty-three years old, El Senor Coronel Carlos Mendieta y Montefur is sixty-five. He is in every respect heavier than Hevia. He is ^{essentially the} ~~ostensibly a~~ soldier. During the reign of

Machado, he was one of the foremost of those agin the government. He became such a thorn in the flesh to that ex-president, that he had to take it on the lam as they say in New York.

I hear that Havanna is holding a high festival today. When I was talking over the telephone I could hear the sounds of guns ~~and~~ going off, but I learned that it was all in the spirit of good, clean fun. No one was wounded. That's just the way the ^{Cubanos}~~Havanners~~ were celebrating.

Immediately after taking the oath of office, El Senor Coronel Carlos Mendieta y Montefuⁿ took his first step as president. He ordered a swift and emphatic end to the strike in the Cuban electric plants. Evidently those measures were effective, because the juice was turned on again in one part of the city after another. *And tonight the lights are bright in gay Havana along the Prado.*

DEMOCRATS

Reverberations today, as a result of President Roosevelt putting his foot down on Democratic Party Leaders, particularly National Committeemen practicing law before Government Departments in Washington. Yesterday's announcement from the White House has had a prompt reaction. Several National Committeemen resigned. They didn't give up their law offices, they gave up their position in the Party.

Among those who stepped down were Robert Jackson, committeeman from New Hampshire, and Bruce Kreamer, committeeman from Montana. A former Governor of North Carolina, and a former Treasurer of the Democratic Committee have also stepped down. All these resignations were followed by a wide spread rumor concerning Postmaster Jim Farley. There has been considerable grumbling about the genial Jim. The complaint has been that he has been holding too many jobs. So they say he is about to resign as Chairman of the National Committee and also of the New York State Committee.

MILK

Another new deal - milk this time. A new deal in the control and marketing of milk. Mr. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, declares that all existing agreements in this field will come to an end by the first of next month. This will effect the milk markets in Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Baltimore, Knoxville, and other cities. New licenses are to be issued which will conform to the new milk policy of the A.A.A., the Agricultural Adjustment Administration.

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RUSSIA

Uncle Sam and Russia have taken the first step towards making commerce easier. First, ~~of all~~, the Soviet ^{has} abolished the extra heavy duties on vessels entering Russian ports under the stars and stripes. ^{And now} President Roosevelt ^{has issued} ~~made~~ a similar order, ~~today~~, cutting out all discriminatory ^{tory} imposts on Russian ships entering our ports.

NBC

HUEY

Our friend Huey Long, the Kingfish, ~~Senator from Louisiana,~~
-- an unfriendly invitation
has received an invitation, to receive another black eye. The
invitation doesn't come from Long Island this time but from his
own home town, New Orleans. The challenger is no less a magnifico
than His Honor, The Mayor of New Orleans, Mr. T. Semmes Walmsley.

It appears that the Kingfish, with his customary reticence,
made several remarks during the mayoralty campaign in New Orleans,
remarks to which his Honor, ^{T. Semmes Walmsley} took exception, -- to put it mildly. His
Honor not only bridled, but champed and stamped. Said he:

"I'll make Huey swallow every insult that he's hurled against
my good name ^{of Walmsley.} What's more, His Honor declares that the United
States isn't big enough to hide the Kingfish from him. ^{Then spoke} ~~and he~~
^{the Walmsley} ~~said~~ further: "I'll get him if I have to trail him all the way
to Washington and ~~ix~~ drag him out of his hotel room." He will
fight the Kingfish ~~at~~ any place, ~~at~~ any time, under any colors, --
winner take nothing. ^{loser take a black eye.}

KIDNAPPING

Another big kidnapping. The second spectacular affair of the sort to be recorded within a few months from St. Paul.

The ^{former} ~~last~~ victim was young William Hamm, the son of a rich brewer. ^{And now, it} This time, a friend of his, ~~was abducted,~~ a thirty-seven year old banker named Edward Bramer. He was snatched just as he was approaching his home, after taking his child to school.

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The kidnapers left a note at a neighbor's house, demanding a ransom of two hundred thousand dollars. The family asked the police to keep out of it. They say they want to ~~we~~ handle it themselves and are going to pay the crooks. Bramer is President of the Commercial State Bank and, like his friend Hamm, is also the son of a rich ~~Br~~ brewer.

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SAN JOSE

The Grand Jury ~~got together~~^{met} today in San Jose, California, where ~~those~~^{the} two kidnapers were lynched. The big thing they were asked to consider was the indictment of the leaders of that mob. And when all the evidence was in, the Grand Jury ~~as almost~~^{said, as} everybody expected; ~~said~~ "Nothing doing. No indictments."

But the District Attorney of the County ~~is~~ has ~~not~~ given up yet. He says he still has charges to prefer against the nineteen year old youth who boasted that he was the one who started the lynching party. And, ~~added~~ the District Attorney: "I shall continue to press those charges against him."

NBC

CAPTAIN

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Well, today I was rebuked, rebuked in the newspapers, rebuked by a sea captain. It seems that last night I caused the salt-incrusted soul of a wind bitten mariner to boil with indignation. It was all about that tanker, *the gallant Sulfland,* that went heroically to the rescue, and saved the passengers and crew of a sinking yacht.

The skipper of the tanker is Captain Harold Craven. He bellows: "Avast there," and takes exception to some of the things I said. In fact he lays a marlin spike over my offending head. He charges that I called his good ship "an old girl." Well, I didn't mean any harm. He adds that I called his tanker: "lumbering and ungraceful". What I said was: "The oil tanker hove in sight, lumbering and ungraceful, but she was a golden argosy to the imperiled people aboard the yacht."

Well, you can't hang a fellow for calling an oil tanker a "Golden Argosy," *can you?*

Anyway Captain Craven is proud of his ship and he's not lettting anybody make any remarks about the trimness of her bows, or the spic and span neatness of her

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scuppers. And that's the right nautical spirit. I wish the skipper would pay me a visit the next time he's in port. I'd like to tell him in person that his tanker is not "an old girl," she is a young tanker -- and she's every inch a golden argosy.

Prosper

The South Pole is breaking --- into the news, I mean. (Every day news comes of things happening on the Polar Ice Cap where for a million years nothing ever happened. Dick Byrd is back at his old base once more, the frosty camp he built and named "Little America." A Mackay radiogram from Little America to Big America reports that the Admiral, leading the vanguard of his second expedition, came into camp this afternoon shouting "Mush, mush!" That is, driving six dog teams.

The Jake Ruppert is just three months out of Boston. As she steamed slowly into the Bay of Whales, the crew had a chance to observe the after effects of last week's terrific upheaval of ice, that icy cataclysm which wrecked the plane of Lincoln Ellsworth and Bernt Balchen. So tremendous was the force of this disturbance that even Admiral Byrd and those who had been with him on his first expedition were unable to recognize the Bay of Whales. Its contours had been changed. Five miles of solid ice had broken up.

Admiral Byrd said: "Elsworth must have had a frightful experience."

But soon they recognized something familiar. Carl Peterson suddenly shouted: "There's a flag and by golly that's the flag that Quin Blackburn put up in 1929." And there it was, sure enough. Later on William Haines, weather expert, espied the beacon they had put up five years ago. The next thing was, Hump Creagh, the cook, shouted: "There are the radio towers, all three of them, and somebody pay me five bucks!" Somebody had bet the cook they wouldn't be there.

The sixty-five tons of supplies which the first Byrd Expedition had left there in 1930, had disappeared. Maybe Polar racketeers -- or penguin pirates.

One member of the expedition had a narrow escape. The first dog team was driven by Buckley who used to be on the Harvard boat crew. He drove his team across a narrow ridge of snow. The dogs got across, but as Buckley was following, his foot struck a crack in the snow ridge which gave way under-

neath him. Down went Buck -- disappeared from sight.

Fortunately, he kicked out as he fell and caught a ledge only ten feet down. Below was a sixty foot drop into the water. Cold, South Pole water. He missed it by an inch.

The luck of Buck.

Mackay Radio

POFF

Some folks seem to be born lucky, others have to have luck forced upon them. Clay Morgan of the French Line tells a story that illustrates this. On the passenger list of the Champlain arriving in New York today was an American a World War veteran from Salem, Virginia, named Roy Poff. When the war came to an end, Veteran Poff liked gay Paree where all life is a poff -- so he stayed there. In the course of time the owner of a cafe where he hung out had been annoying him to death to buy a ticket in the drawing of the French lottery.

Roy didn't want to buy the ticket, didn't believe in lotteries, didn't believe anybody ever won. Finally, to get rid of the persistent cafe owner, he said: "Okay Francois - I'll buy it." After he had the ticket, he tried to wish it off on several of his friends. Not one of them would have it - even for the price of an aperitif. So there was our World War Veteran stuck with a lottery ticket he didn't want.

Yes, you've guessed it. He won. A million francs ! That's not so much when you reduce it to dollars, but it's

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sixty thousand dollars ! Veteran Poff not only set them up for everybody in the house, but he showed his gratitude by installing and paying for an orchestra in the little cafe of the owner who had forced the ticket on old boy Poff. What is more, Poff donated twenty-five hundred dollars to the American Legion Post in Paris, kissed the old ladies on the Boulevard, shouted oo la la poof-poof, I'm off for Salem, Virginia. And I say poof-poof and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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