

L.T. SUNOCO, Wednesday, January 3, 1934

Good Evening Everybody:-

You all know what happened in Washington today. Let's try to make a picture of it -- catch the human side of it. A tall, graying man, powerful shoulders, slightly stooped. He stands and declares in a ringing voice, that thrillingly ringing voice: "We are definitely in the process of recovery. It is our task to condolidate what we are doing to go forward."

Dressed in a formal morning coat, he was standing before the assembled Congress of the United States, before a packed visitors gallery, before his wife, his daughter and his two grandchildren, the two most publicized children in the world -- Sistie and Buzzie. Yes, and he stood before the whole nation - I mean before a battery of microphones.

The President's first annual message to the joint session of the seventy-third Congress was a characteristically vivid Rooseveltian address. It was barely two thousand words long. Fred Essery, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, decalres that it was the most remarkable Presidential message

in his experience of twenty years as a Washington correspondent.
Mr. Roosevelt again broke precedent.

The custom has been for a President to give Congress some idea of what he wants in the way of special laws or appropriations. Instead of this Mr. Roosevelt gave the Senate and House an account of his stewardship. The message was in effect a report on the state of the Nation.

Ignoring the people who have been criticizing his policies he declared that the main engines of his program , the N. R. A., the A.A.A. and the commodity dollar were running smoothly and effectively. In fact he suggested that the N. R. A. and A. A. A. should be made permanent; instead of emergency institutions. He took a slam at greedy business men and bankers who have grown rich at the expense of stockholders and the public.

Let's look at some of the more flashing phrases:

"In the past few months we have demanded of many citizens that they surrender certain licenses to do as they please in their business relationships."

"We have been shocked", he exclaimed, "shocked by

notorious examples done our citizens by persons or groups who have been living off their neighbors either by methods unethical or criminal." And he heaped scorn on "Those reckless speculators using their own or other peoples money."

All through his brief and stirring address the President showed that he feels deeply that his program has been, and is being, a success.

Mrs. Greenway

And now for that human touch. After the President's address there came the swearing in of a new Congressman-at-large from Arizona,--Congresswoman, I should say--Mrs. Isabelle Greenway. Mrs. Roosevelt was still there, and the First Lady of the Land watched with peculiar interest. What was she thinking about? Well, just guess. In 1905 this same Mrs. Greenway was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Eleanor Roosevelt. That was nearly thirty years ago. Young bride, stalwart, sturdy-limbed young groom--and young bridesmaid.

Huey Long

Now from a beautiful note to a sour note -- a fight -- and the familiar name of Huey Long.

No opening of Congress is complete without a row. This one concerns our unquenchable friend, Senator Huey. The sixth Louisiana district sent in rival claimants for a Congressional seat in this seventy-third Congress. One was handpicked by the Kingfish and his enemies say it's a fishy choice. The other claimant was elected by ^{the} Anti-Long faction. Neither was allowed to take a seat in the house. The squabble was referred to the committee on privileges and elections where it will get a thorough airing. And when it does, that will make a first-rate item in a news broadcast.

Congress

Nothing much is ever expected of the Congress on the first day. So today's proceedings were more or less perfunctory. The Senate policies committee introduced a bill to govern liquor control in the District of Columbia. But this will not be considered until the liquor tax measure for the country-at-large has been passed. The tax bill has been drawn up. It provides for a tax of two dollars a gallon on spirits, five dollars a barrel on beer, while wines will pay Uncle Sam anywhere from ten to forty cents a gallon.

Representative Knutsen of Minnesota wants to get back at the European countries who haven't paid their debts. He introduced a bill which would triple the tariff duties on all imports from nations who are in default more than ten per cent.

Senator Robinson of Arkansas wants to extend a helping hand to all of Uncle Sam's employees who had their wages cut. He is getting ready to introduce a measure which will restore their full pay --- to all excepting members of congress.

Lehman

Proceedings in the various state legislatures that convened today were rather obscured by Washington. But Governor Lehman of New York made to the New York Assembly at Albany the most sweeping suggestions for new laws to govern public utilities. One thing he wants is municipal operation of all utilities throughout the state.

Another sensational thing which will come up at Albany is the proposal to make the ~~new~~ mayor LaGuardia of New York City a financial dictator, to enable him to get Father Knickerbocker out of the hole if possible. The New York City Board of Estimate by a vote of 12 to 4 adopted a resolution to ask the state legislature for this measure. LaGuardia seems to be rarin' to go -- all set to trim expenses right and left.

Sun Meeting

Today may be the big day in Washington but tomorrow will be the big day for me here in Lake Placid. And that brings me to the reason why I'm up here in the winter sports capital of America. I'm attending a big meeting of Sunoco dealers from all around in this part of the east. And the gathering of the clan takes place tomorrow. Dealers in Blue Sunoco will be arriving by train and car -- and maybe by airplane and dog sled. Coming to hold a grand Blue Sunoco conclave.

For the last couple of days, while waiting for this, I've had a chance to see what these winter sports are like. Tomorrow I'll be meeting those Blue Sunoco dealers. So today I made the best of what leaisure time I had left and took a fling at the prime winter sport of bob-sledding.

Bob Sled Ride

It's a good thing television isn't here. If it was you would notice that my hair is standing on end, and has been for several hours - ever since I came down Mt. Van Hoevenberg this morning, down the Olympic bob sled run.

I was met at the foot of the mountain by the four Stevens brothers, champion bob sledders of the world, and Dr. Godfrey Dewey, scientist, who is the wildest bob sled enthusiast I ever saw. He is the man who brought the Third Olympic Winter Games to America, ~~up here to the Adirondacks.~~

~~They loaded us in trucks along with the big four hundred and fifty pound bob sleds and drove us up the mountain.~~ On the way ^{the mountain,} up just to make us more cheerful, they pointed out the exact spots where the most famous accidents have occurred. So when we reached the top we were wishing we had gone to Florida instead of up here. But, we couldn't back out. They gave us football helmets to put on our heads, explaining that these were to keep our skulls from being ^{cracked} ~~crushed~~ if we shot off the run into a tree or a rock. ^H The men in the look-out booths at various points along the course

Bob Sled Ride - 2

telephoned that all was clear. Hubert Stevens took the wheel, two of us sat behind him, and a fourth man, Curtis Stevens, another Olympic champ, sat behind us to control the brakes.

Down the course we shot. The man on the brakes shouted into my ear: "There's the place where the German Olympic team smashed up and were nearly killed!" We were going like lightning, up the icy bank, -- we were at right angles to the wall. Then down with a swoop, a flying turn, and up another bank of ice. The man on the brakes shouted to me that it was here that Hubert Stevens had gone over the side in that misadventure I told about last night. A moment later we were going so fast he couldn't talk. Around another icy bend, under a bridge, and out into the clear -- in about forty seconds we had covered the one half mile course down the mountain.

It's more exciting than doing barrel rolls and tail spins in an airplane.

And before the morning was over these Olympic champs had me steering the big bob myself. Oh Boy!

Penn R.R.

The electrification of the Pennsylvania Railroad, all the way to Washington, D.C., is now guaranteed. It's going through. The public works administration today allotted seventy-seven million dollars to the Pennsy for this purpose. It will give jobs to a whole army of men.

Mayor

While new mayors were being enthroned in many other parts of America the city of Issaquah, Washington, was busy kicking one out. An ungallant thing to do to a lady.

For a year and a half Issaquah has had a woman mayor, Mrs. Stella Alexander. She was the only lady mayor in the west, and how! She took her job so seriously that before long every male in Issaquah was up on his ear. She let the mere men know who was boss of Issaquah. I suppose she told them all to stay at home and wipe the dishes.

The men said: "This used to be a man's country. Let's make it one again". So yesterday a recall election was held and the lady-mayor was sent back to her kitchen. And that's the news from Issaquah.

Beebe

My deep sea friend Doctor William Beebe, Bathysphere Bill, if off again--is going down again, down to the bottom of the ocean. Bathysphere Bill Beebe left New York today for his laboratory on Non-Such Island, in the Bermuda group to tell us more about the wonders of Neptune and his daughters.

Tall Story

Right now I'm broadcasting from the President's office in the Lake Placid Club and around me are gathered a group of local citizens. And an impressive lot of ^{Adirondack} philosophers they are. Some have whiskers down to their knees. Others have short whiskers that reach only down to the belt-line. They all have an honest look, like men who tell the truth, and wouldn't tell a lie. They wouldn't tell a fish story or even exaggerate about the cold weather up here in the ^{mountain} ~~Adirondacks~~. They are the local Tall Story Club of Lake Placid. Among them I see the honest, open faces of Hubert Stevens and his brother Curtis Stevens who took me on that bob-sled ride this morning. I am told that the Stevens' brothers are not only bob-sled champions but also the champion liars of these parts. Am I right fellows?

(Roar from crowd)

I wonder which one tells them tallest--Hubert or Curtis?

Oh -
Hubert Stevens: "~~I guess~~ ^{oh -} Curtis can tell ^{'em a lot bigger} ~~bigger whoppers~~
than I can"

For Curtis Stevens: " I never told a lie in my life".

(Roar from crowd)

L. T.: Well how about that yarn about the trained woodpecker you told me about this morning?

For Curtis Stevens: "It's the God's honest truth".

L. T.: Well we'll leave that to the assembled brothers of the Tall Story Club. The tale concerns the editor of the Adirondack Arrow which is printed at Old Forge, north of Lake Placid. The editor is a great fisherman and he has a trained woodpecker, the life of which he has insured for \$5000. And no wonder! At night the editor goes out ~~for~~ ^{-- after smelt--} ice fishing and sets his lines. At dawn the next morning the trained woodpecker flies out to the hole in the ice, and with his trained bill pulls ^{at} ~~out~~ each line to see how many fish there are on the hooks. Then he flies back home and taps on the editor's window. You know how a woodpecker can tap. That bird taps out in ^{Morse} ~~Morris~~ code the number of fish that have been caught during the night.

~~For~~ Curtis Stevens: Yes, that's a fact. I saw it myself".

(Roar from crowd).

L. T.: The story goes on to relate that thanks to that trained woodpecker the editor caught a giant pickerel, a beaver-eating pickerel. In the stomach of the fish he found several beaver pelts in such good condition that he had a fur coat made for his wife. Last fall the editor's wife, while wearing that coat of beaver pelts fell into the lake and she was instantly swallowed by one of those huge pickerels which mistook her for a beaver.

And now brother Curtis Stevens, do you still claim that's the truth?

Curtis Stevens: "I sure do".

(Roar and loud bang).

What was that bang?

L. T.: Well, they crowned him with an ash can. That seems to bring to an end the meeting of the Lake Placid Tall Story Club-- so let's get on with the news.

For Curtis Stevens: Yes, that's a fact. I saw it myself".

(Roar from crowd).

L. T.: The story goes on to relate that thanks to that trained woodpecker the editor caught a giant pickerel, a beaver-eating pickerel. In the stomach of the fish he found several beaver pelts in such good condition that he had a fur coat made for his wife. Last fall the editor's wife, while wearing that coat of beaver pelts fell into the lake and she was instantly swallowed by one of those huge pickerels which mistook her for a beaver.

And now brother Curtis Stevens, do you still claim that's the truth?

Curtis Stevens: "I sure do".

(Roar and loud bang).

What was that bang?

L. T.: Well, they crowned him with an ash can. That seems to bring to an end the meeting of the Lake Placid Tall Story Club-- so let's get on with the news.

Rome

In Rome today two men did a lot of serious confabulating-- Premier Mussolini, and Sir John Simon, John Bull's Secretary for foreign affairs. And something important must have come up in that conversation, for a hurry call was sent for Dino Grandi former foreign minister of Italy, now Mussolini's Ambassador at London. Grandi left the British capitol by airplane to join the conference between the Duce and Sir John.

Hitler

Chancellor Hitler today appointed a new chief of staff for the German army. He's a former Prussian cavalry leader. He succeeds the general who resigned because he was out of sympathy with the Nazis.

13

France

Here's an aftermath to that railroad tragedy in France in which there were more than two hundred people casualties. The investigation by the French authorities was completed today. As a result six officials of the railroad are under arrest, charged with negligence, unskillfulness, and failure to attend to safety regulations.

Roumania

The political pot is still boiling in the Balkans. The entire Roumanian cabinet resigned today. There are the colleagues of the assassinated Doctor Duca. The new liberal Premier, Doctor Angeles'cu is busy getting together a new cabinet of his own.

Mine

A mine disaster in Northern Bohemia, in Czecho Slovakia.

A wireless from Prague, by way of London, informs me that a hundred and twenty miners are trapped in a coal mine. Three are known to be dead. Frantic efforts are being made to rescue the men imprisoned down there. The old story of the "black mines."

— Here's more about it. The final word is that 100 men are dead.

Cuba

Symptoms of peace come from Cuba. Where the symptoms of late usually suggest a violent political stomach ache. President Grau San Martin has announced a general election for April twenty-second. One month later he will resign and turn the government over to the Constituent-Assembly-thus-elected. And then the prospects are that symptoms will be a headache in the land of rum and rhumba.

Chile

It's cool tonight in Chile. I mean the political atmosphere. Everything is quiet after the squelching of an abortive revolutionary plot. General J. Leslie Kincaid, President of some two score American hotels, including the Gotham in New York, arrived at Santiago, Chile, just in time to be on the spot for the revolutionary excitement. General Kincaid cables me that the timely discovery of this latest Chilean conspiracy and its rapid squelching has had the effect of increasing the prestige of President Alesandri. The Chilean government is firmly in the saddle, stronger than ever.

Well, now congratulate me. I didn't make any pun about it being Chilly in Chile. But it's shilly up here - just right for those Sunoco ski-jumps. And SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.