

L.T. SUNOCO, Tuesday, January 2, 1934

CONGRESS

Good Evening Everybody:

The big show opens in Washington tomorrow - the annual extravaganza of government. Yes, Congress begins its session. It will be more than usually spectacular this year - for President Roosevelt has decided to go back to the old custom revived by Woodrow Wilson and last followed by Calvin Coolidge. He will read his first annual message to Congress in person.

All day long carpenters in Washington have been busy building a wooden ramp at one of the entrances to the capital. The President will proceed along this specially constructed gallery to the halls of Congress. Secret Service men on duty at the White House have been conferring with the Sergeant of Arms of the House of Representatives concerning means of insuring the President's safety.

And so tomorrow Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States, will appear in all dignity and state before

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the lawmakers of the nation and deliver to them his annual message.

Now for the gossip along the sidelines, the backstage whispering. The personal appearance of the President is interpreted as meaning that Mr. Roosevelt is approaching the lawmakers with soft kid gloves on both hands, that his policy will be to deal with them in the friendliest spirit of brotherly love. In short, he is going to catch his flies with molasses - not vinegar. That sounds fair enough. Catching Congress with vinegar doesn't always work. Some of Mr. Roosevelt's predecessors have found that out. They failed to catch Congress, and had to drink the vinegar themselves.

There was a meeting today of Democratic leaders in the Senate with Mr. Robinson of Arkansas in the chair. It was the policy committee, which oils the wheels and steers the machinery in the upper house. They got together to dope out ways of backing up the President promptly and decisively - in other words to say yes, loud and often.

GOLD

Incidental But "yes" is not the only word that is heard. There are muttered echoes of "no".

According to some observers the stage is being set in Washington, not so much for a love feast, as for a battle. These prophets of strife predict a historic hard fought war on the subject of gold. Robert S. Allen telegraphs the New York Evening Post that this row will be comparable with the famous finish fight waged a hundred years ago between President Andrew Jackson and the United States Bank.

This battle, declares the Post, will be provoked by the proposal that the Government shall seize the immense hoard of gold in the vaults of the Federal Reserve banks, amounting to no less than three billion six hundred million dollars. The idea is that, with this gold as security, the government could then issue scads of new currency to pay the bills of the further relief measures. The issue of the battle, the Post declares with far flung rhetoric, is to determine whether Uncle Sam or the bankers shall control the value of the dollar.

ALASKA

(Drop Coins)

That cheery metallic clink of gold comes from the snowy expanses of a Northern Land -- Alaska. The whiskered sourdoughs of the North are all in favor of the Presidential gold policy. And they loudly say "aye." A message from Fairbanks, Alaska, declares that the raising of the price for newly mined domestic gold has brought cheer and comfort all over Alaska. It has given cheery kick to the frequently not so cheery business of prospecting both for Placer and Lode deposits. So says the United States Geological survey. Many gravel deposits which used to be considered too low grade are now under consideration for some more gold mining. So the Sourdoughs are shooing it up in Alaska to the merry music of gold.

Here in Lake Placid however, where it's also snowy and northern, they don't think about anything so mercenary as gold. Their souls are attuned to ski-jumps, skates, and bobsleds. I, myself, have been out taking a few classical nosedives into the Lake Placid snow-drifts today.

CODE

Well, someday these codes are going to give me a code in the head. General Johnson, Administrator of N. R. A., today states that by the end of January almost the entire field of industry in the U. S. A. will have been brought under his N. R. A. codes. At present, of twenty-four million workers who are directly affected by the act, eighteen to twenty million are already employed under the conditions of the various codes.

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Especially the part about it. This morning Ernest and George were in the automobile school of broken driving, crashing through lights, illegally contact, creating disturbance in a public place, running up the street and resisting police officers.

Story for General Johnson!

CODE

And page General Johnson for this one. It seems there are a couple of fellows named -- George and Ernest, and they live in San Francisco. They drew up a husband's code. It provided that they should quit squabbling with the little women over dress bills, shave before breakfast every morning, not read the paper during meal times, save money every week, smoke nickel cigars and ride high on the water wagon.

Said Ernest to George: "That's a swell code."

Said George: "Ernest, you're darn tootin that's a swell code. Especially the water-wagon part of it. This morning Ernest and George woke up in the calaboose accused of drunken driving, crashing through lights, disorderly conduct, creating disturbance in a public place, assault and battery and resisting police officers.

Hooray for General Johnson!

CHICAGO

Here's news that is news. Chicago is climbing out of the financial hole. Today the city comptroller and treasurer made reports to Mayor Kelly. The city fathers are proud. Here is the gist of it: -- During the old year Chicago not only reduced the number and amount of her bonds outstanding, but the tax warrants were also cut down. And what is more salaries for more than a full year were paid to city employees and school teachers. And into the bargain Chicago has a balance of a hundred and twelve million dollars.

And that's the cheery wind that blows from the windy city.

LYNCHING

The racket reared its ugly head again in New York City today. One ugly record was established in America during 1933. No fewer than twenty-eight lynchings took place. This is an increase of two hundred percent.

Postal Telegraph Company.

This letter was a demand for five thousand dollars and was followed up by a telephone message. Young O'Brien was warned that if he approached the police with this information he would be murdered. Whereupon he promptly notified Police Headquarters. Today the case rests with the police and agents of Uncle Sam.

O'BRIEN

The racket reared its ugly head again in New York City today. A threatening letter was received by Kenneth O'Brien, a young lawyer, the son of Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, and son-in-law of the famous Clarence Mackay, head of the Postal Telegraph Company.

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BALL

One feature of the annual Peacock Motor Show Ball which next Friday evening at the Waldorf will be a pageant called "The King". It will be based on the cartoons of the artist Soglow. Soglow himself will act the part of the merry little monarch who plays such curious pranks and that will add merriment to the merry, merry motor show.

used now has risen to thirty-one. But twenty-nine people are still missing. Among them is the film star, Victor McLaglen, of "What Price Glory" fame. No one knows where he is. The number of injured is anywhere from a hundred to two hundred. The property damage runs into the millions.

Most of it happened in the suburbs of Detroit and Monroe. Uncle Sam is to be asked for a substantial loan to enable rebuilding.

The rainfall that caused all this was a record breaker - eight and one half inches of rain. The residents have been warned to be ready to evacuate in case the water comes on again. But today the stars appeared to be clear. The

FLOOD

That devastating flood which hit Los Angeles County last night is now attributed to the firece brush fires which raged in La Crescenta foothills late in the autumn. The flames burned off all the undergrowth which normally serves as a check on the drainage of rainfall into the valley.

The flood havoc was dreadful. The list of known dead now has risen to thirty-one. But twnty-nine people are still missing. Among them is the film star, Victor McLaglen, of "What Price Glory" fame. No one knows where he is. The number of injured is anywhere from a hundred to two hundred. The property damage runs into the millions.

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atmosphere was clear with balmy skies.

Any number of bridges have been washed out, bridges which spanned gullies that were normally dry as the desert.

Some houses are completely buried in silt. Nobody knows how

many motor cars have been washed away. Mounted patrols are

still combing the entire area. Today both air and rail

transportation are running on normal schedule.

had been in retirement because he didn't approve of the Mexican

Government.

DOCTOR WU

A historic figure passed from the world's stage today, in the Far East. Doctor C. C. Wu, once Chinese minister at Washington.

Doctor Wu had made himself exceedingly popular in the U. S. A. He was a son of the great Wu Ting-Fang who spent so many years at Washington. He had spent his boyhood here. He was only forty-six years old. In recent years he had been in retirement because he didn't approve of the Nanking Government.

CHINA

A message received at the State Department in Washington today intimates that even fiercer fighting is expected in China. It is understood that the Chinese Minister of foreign affairs has asked the envoys of all foreign powers to order their nationals to move out of certain threatened sections, near Amoy, and Foochow. The American Vice Consul at Foochow reports that many of our countrymen have taken refuge in that city. The only Americans left in the up-country districts along the Min River are at Kutien and Mintsing. Even in Foochow the native city is considered unsafe for foreign devils. So all Americans have withdrawn to the island of Nantai.

GERMAN DEBT

Uncle Sam has decided to enter a loud kick at Berlin. I'm peeved says your Uncle. It's all because of that decision of the Fatherland's National Bank to restrict the amount of money that may be shipped out of the country as payments on German loans. Some Germans owe some Americans a few wagon loads of marks and now have forgotten to pay. That doesn't make your Uncle Sam hist a stein of Munchener and holler "Hoch." On the contrary our ambassador at Berlin has been instructed by the State Department to make a protest.

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BERLIN

Rumblings and Mutterings come from Germany which indicate tense situation. For one thing there was to have been a conference of the big shots of the Nazi Party at Obersalzburg in Bavaria. This meeting was cancelled because Chancellor Hitler who has been at Munich had to leave suddenly for Berlin.

A cabinet meeting has been summoned to discuss Germany's reply to the French note concerning armament. Another vexed subject to be decided is what is to be done with those three Bulgarian communists who were accused of having set fire to the Reichstag--the three who were acquitted by the court.

FORD

Two contrasting items from England. Employees at the Ford Motor Car factory in Essex have been given a raise of wages, a raise of one penny per hour; each one-penny over there being equivalent to about two cents over here. That should help them along with those three squares a day.

Following that comes a story about an English girl who hasn't even had one square a day. She has broken the world's record for fasting. She has gone forty seven days and nights without a bite of food. Can you beat that record? Who wants to?

ROME

A visit to Rome. John Bull's foreign secretary, Sir John Simon, arrived at the Imperial City of the Fascists from Capri today, to call on Mussolini. This promises to be one of the most important diplomatic meetings of the year. The purpose of Sir John's visit to the Seven Hills is to discuss the fate of the League of Nations with Il Duce. And they say the Duce would gladly erect a gallows for the League on each of those Seven Hills.

ROUMANIA

Another sinister note from the Balkans. The Roumanian Fascists evidently are not content with having assassinated the late Premier Duca. They are now threatening to murder the new Prime Minister, Dr. Angelescu. In fact, the doctor had hardly been nominated after the burial of Dr. Duca when he received a letter supposedly from the now famous iron guard of Roumania conveying the threat of death. And now a strong guard of military police escorts Premier Angelescu wherever he goes.

His goggles began to fog up. He had just started out in a two- and rear when the right eye of his goggles began to grow dim and cloudy. He thought it would clear in a second or two, but the disc of glass grew foggier and dimmer.

You know how it is when your windshield fogs and freezes as you drive through a cold mist. You can't see a thing. Neither could the others see a thing out of his right eye.

The rushing sled was on reaching a zig-zag series of S-turns. He knew he couldn't steer the bob safely with the

BOBBING

Now to go back to those skates, skees and bobsleds. The champion bob-sledder of the world has just dated me up to go down that famous, perilous, mad-cap mile-and-a half bob-sled run up here. And just to encourage me he has been cramming me with dizzy tales of bob-sled thrills. And one of them flashes the picture of a bob-sledder tearing at his goggles in the middle of a dizzy curve. Champion J. Hubert Stevens tells me that he doesn't quite know why his goggles went on the blink. He thinks it must have been because of a current of warm air. His goggles began to fog up. He had just started out in a two-man race when the right eye of his goggles began to grow dim and cloudy. He thought it would clear in a second or two. But the disc of glass grew foggier and dimmer. You know how it is when your windshield fogs and freezes as you drive through a cold mist. You can't see a thing. Neither could the Champ see a thing out of his right eye. The rushing sled was approaching a zig zag series of S-turns. He knew he couldn't steer the bob safely with the

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sight of only one eye. But he didn't dare take his hands off the steering wheel. It requires an iron power of hands and arms to keep a speeding sled on a safe course on a plunging mountain run like the one up here. Even your knees are used to grip the wheel and keep it from being torn out of your hands. The Champ was in a tough spot. One eye blind and a zig-zag curve ahead. Then the other eye of his goggles began to frost over. The icy mist gathered swiftly on the glass and froze in a thick cloudy layer. He was blind now, blind in both eyes, -- stone blind at the steering wheel of the sled taking those whirling turns at 70 miles an hour.

What would you do my dear Alphonse? Stevens didn't hesitate. He took one hand off the twisting wheel and tore the goggles from his face. As he did so the sled gave a mighty lurch. One hand off the wheel, and the other hand couldn't hold it. Off the course and up the ice bank. Right to the brink of it. He had completely lost control. And the sled went over the brink. Ah, but was his lucky day. The sled didn't go flying out into space. By the merest chance, it

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steadied and ran right along the top of the bank. Continuing the race on that narrow rough strip that crowns the upper edge of a bobsled run. The sled bounced and jerked and jumped. Then it hit a rock. The two men were flung headlong. They took a wild dive and landed on their noses in the snow not on a stone or against a tree. They weren't hurt. How did they feel? They just felt ridiculous.

And the Champ has asked me to go along with him tomorrow on the first run of the season. And how do I feel? Ridiculous! And SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.