

L.T., SUNOCO - THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1934

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Just as we thought the Dove of Peace had gone into a long, long moult, that sadly bedraggled bird is fluttering her wings and giving voice to a real coo. It may be the war eagle which has been screaming so loudly the last few weeks will have to tone down that screeching. It looked hopeful for the pacifist bird when Uncle Sam and the Land of the Rising Sun began to make friendly gestures at each other, especially when the Mikado's men invited our own Secretary Hull to pay them a friendly visit. And if Soviet Russia really joins the League of Nations, that distressful body undoubtedly will take on new vigor. Such a step cannot help but have a powerful effect on those war clouds that have been hovering over the far East.

For some time the Militarist subjects of the Sun of Heaven and the Soviet Government have been snarling at each other. Moscow says: "Those Japs are trying to freeze us out of the Pacific." To which the cagey Hiponese reply: "How can you so cruelly suspect such peace-loving folk as we are?"

The possibility of Russia's coming into the League of Nations fold seemed remote. But since even Uncle Sam shook hands with Russia and agreed to let by-gones be by-gones, France decided that nothing was impossible. So her statesmen have been doing a lot of missionary work in Moscow.

If they succeed, this is what it will mean:- With Russia a member of the League, Japan will think twice, and then twice more, before starting anything. So long as both Russia and Japan were on the outside, the other nations could do nothing toward preventing or even discouraging hostilities. But if Russia becomes one of them, the other nations would have a formidable weapon at their disposal in the shape of a trade boycott. For the sake of everybody's welfare, it is to be hoped the story is true that the French have practically sold Moscow on the idea.

NBC

CURRY

(Start with sound effect - roar of tiger).

Listen to that tiger roaring! It is the Tammany Tiger. He's hungry and he's sore. He complains that he's not getting proper nourishment and he wants to take it out on his trainer, the harassed Tammany leader, John F. Curry.

Nothing like this has happened in years. The Tammany braves, even the district leaders, are on the warpath for Mr. Curry's scalp. The losing of the city campaign last fall, the election of the dynamic LaGuardia, was just the last blow. So the braves have actually got to the unprecedented point of asking Mr. Curry to take a walk-out powder. They say he's done nothing but backed the wrong horse. For instance, two years ago in Chicago he backed Al Smith against Franklin D. Roosevelt. And everybody knows the results of that. He opposed Governor Lehman of New York State. Mr. Lehman was nominated and won hand over fist. And finally Mr. Curry backed the now almost forgotten gentleman named O'Brien against LaGuardia, and again everybody knows what has happened to that.

So now the faithful are saying to their one time respected chief: "John, you're a good, square guy and there's only one trouble with you. You don't win. And, John, the baby needs shoes." And that's going to be an interesting little scrap to watch.

People don't resign such jobs as leader of Tammany Hall without a fight.

NBC

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year ago that he editor of a magazine whose politics he  
doesn't like. Wisconsin is the magazine field and their  
fingers crossed the moment they learned that such a deal-  
the book Tammany was Al Smith had undertaken to run a magazine  
owned by an equally dyed-in-the-wool Republican Frank Tichenor.  
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SMITH

When a man has been a successful and powerful Governor of a great state, the leader of a great party, it's pretty difficult for him to change his spots and say "Yes, Sir". That is the interpretation that is being placed on the resignation of Al Smith from his job as editor of the NEW OUTLOOK. People in magazine circles say that for some time they've been expecting the man in the Brown Derby to lay down his blue pencil and confine his energies to running the Empire State Building.

Alfred Emanuel is giving up Forty thousand dollars a year sooner than he editor of a magazine whose policies he doesn't like. Wiseacres in the magazine field had their fingers crossed the moment they learned that such a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat as Al Smith had undertaken to run a magazine owned by an equally dyed-in-the-wool Republican Frank Tichenor. They prophecied it could not last long. Of course the real nature of the differences between Mr. Smith and Mr. Tichenor is probably known only to them. But the explanation offered by those who profess to know is that Mr. Smith was hurt by

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the number of articles published in the magazine which took a fall out of the Roosevelt Administration. This may sound astonishing to those who remember the savage blast that Al himself wrote against the President's monetary policy, the time when he coined the phrase about "baloney dollars" and the wisecrack about the "brain trust professors playing anagrams with the animal crackers."

However, they say, the explanation of that is simple. Mr. Smith attacked the President on that occasion because he thought he was wrong. On that point both he and Mr. Tichenor were in complete agreement. When it came to the cancellation of the airmail contracts, it was a different story. Al Smith approved of the Roosevelt airmail policy. And there he ran afoul with Mr. Tichenor, who owns three aviation magazines and sympathizes with the transport companies.

They simply came to the parting of the ways over an article scheduled for the April issue of the magazine. The man in the Brown Derby didn't like it - publisher Frank Tichenor did. And that was that.

## SPIES

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim has a good answer to some of the critics who run down his books. If they say his novels about spies are far-fetched, all he has to do is to point to the news, to such events as the sentence of four years in jail of a woman who is known by the picturesque name of LaBelle Sophie. The lady was caught doing the very thing that Mr. Oppenheim describes as the principal occupation of his female characters: getting plans of French fortifications and a photostate of the new pneumatic rifle.

However, I am sorry to have to spoil it a bit for Mr. Oppenheim. All his lady spies are beautiful, and the nickname of this one would indicate that he lived up to specifications. Alas, she really is anything but belle. She is fair, fat and forty. And instead of being an accomplished, scintillating Oppenheim countess, she was a barmaid in a bistro of a French frontier town, a tavern much frequented by soldiers. Nevertheless, at that, Mr. Oppenheim is betting three hundred, which is not a bad average.

## FASCISTS

Whenever Irishmen get together they still occasionally sing a song which tells how John Bull once tried to suppress "the wearing of the green". John didn't have much luck at it. And President deValera is having no better luck in trying to prevent the wearing of blue shirts in the Emerald Isle. Twice he has tried to break up the blue shirt Irish Fascisti of General O'Duffy. But so far he has not even got to first base. He took his second defeat when the Irish Senate by vote of thirty to eighteen refused to pass a bill forbidding the wearing of blue shirts.

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However, I'll make a little bet that Mr. deValera will have some more to say on this subject. If he follows the course customary in Europe when a government is defeated, he will dissolve the parliament and go to the country, as they call it. It will then be up to the Irish people to say yes or no to the blue shirts.

NBC

FIRE

The Japs are certainly having more than their share of disasters. The fire at Hokodate, the great seaport north of Tokyo, which burned down twenty-five thousand houses and killed fifteen hundred people, comes right on top of the sinking of that battleship with a hundred and thirteen men aboard. While it is not as bad as that terrific earthquake of a couple of years ago, nevertheless these so frequent calamities are enough to shake the composure of even the most stoical nation.

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WRECK

Compared with the Hokdate fire, the train wreck in Russia might seem insignificant. But the accident which killed thirty-three people and injured more than seventy is the fourth within a month. And it happened the very day after the Soviet government had announced that three railroad workers had been executed for their responsibility in a previous train crash.

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Mr. Ralph Dalton, the President of the N.A.A. A.P.C. was the guest which I'd sure will be received at the White House with interest. He thinks his organization should be represented on the President's brain storm. Mr. Stender contacted him and said: "You need brain frank, don't you?" To which Mr. Dalton replied: "So, Sir, I need brain frank."

HOBO

General Johnson, I'm sure a great worry has been taken from your shoulders. To be sure, you got that crisis in the automobile world on your hands and plenty of other troubles. But you must be greatly relieved to know that the hoboes' union has signed up under the Blue Eagle. Yes, Sir, they've adopted a code. A four hour day, a five day week, a six months' vacation. Presumably the vacation begins immediately.

Mr. Ralph Dalton, the President of the hoboes, made one demand which I'm sure will be received at the White House with interest. He thinks his organization should be represented on the President's brain storm. A bystander corrected him and said: "You mean brain trust, don't you?" To which Mr. Dalton replied: "No, Sir, I mean brain storm."

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R C A

I saw some pictures today, interesting drawings of interesting faces. They're putting on a novel stunt at the big municipal art exhibition at Rockefeller Center. Each night this week a famous artist wanders through the crowd and picks out the most interesting face. Then he calls upon the person to sit for a portrait. The pictures are being hung one each night to form a collection of the seven most interesting faces in New York. Well what kind of faces do the artists consider the most interesting? Thus far there are two women and three men: a delicate faced girl, a dreamy madonna, a hair goods manufacturer with striking features, a burly fellow with a powerful Teutonic kind of face -- and Ely Culbertson. Yes, the great bridge maestro was picked last night as having the most interesting face. When the drawing was completed he congratulated the artist in enthusiastic terms. "A splendid likeness," he smiled. "You have even caught the insanity in my left eye."

Well, Ely, a bit of madness in a left eye ought to make almost any face interesting.

## WOMAN

And now some news about the best dressed woman in the world. What does that suggest? Why, fashion note no doubt some novel ultra-tailored frock or the newest thing in snake skin slippers, boa-constrictor slippers or king cobra. She is Madam Paul Dubonnet, formerly Jean Nash -- American. In France where she has been living she is acclaimed as the model and perfection of all that is chic. Now she is on a visit home, to these American shores. You would suppose the grand lady of Parisienne smartness was here to dazzle and show us what the best dressed woman in the world really does wear, the latest shade of azure blue that excels the azure blue of heaven or the most recent glittering splendor of jeweled corsage pins. Nothing of the sort, it's no fashion note at all. The best dressed woman in the world has returned home to defend her son, her son who stands charged with the crime of having killed a man.

There was a mysterious affair aboard an ocean liner. A passenger was stabbed to death and now in a prison, accused of the deed is the son of the best dressed woman in the world.

So she has returned home, not to show her Parisienne

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but a mother crying out as many a mother has done before:

"My son is innocent. I don't believe he did it. It is not possible."

She told the story of how her son had left her in France not so long ago to return home to the United States. "He wanted to go into the real estate business founded by his grandfather," she explains. "But the imbroglio aboard ship accured, a man was killed and the young fellow returning home stands accused and he goes to trial tomorrow." And now the best dressed women in the world is here to defend her son.

BYRD

Flowers from the South Pole. Posies from the frozen continent of eternal ice. They came by wireless from Admiral Byrd to Mrs. Floyd Bennett, widow of the famous flyer who gave his life trying to rescue a party of fellow aviators. Down there on the Anarctic continent it's always winter, so far as ice and blizzards are concerned, but Dick Byrd remembered that back home in the temperate northern balmy spring was at hand, and the flower show was on in New York. He also remembered his old friend Floyd Bennett, so he wirelessly an order through the flower show for the delivery of a great bouquet of choice blossoms to the widow of the brave aviator. It's the first time that flowers have been wirelessly from the South Pole.

## FOOTBALL

I did a bit of hero worshipping this afternoon - also laughing. There was a gathering of mighty men at football in the grill room at Hotel Gotham, New York. There were Ted Coy, celebrated in song and story at Yale, Eddie Mahan, traditional hero of the pigskin wars at Harvard, Eddie Hart, the mighty Princetonian who played for seasons with a broken back, and Elmer Oliphant, pulverizing plunger of the great Army team of 1916. It was Oliphant who doubled us with the story how a hopeless jerk water State Normal team scored a touchdown against those invincible Army giants of 1916.

An early practice game. Every time the State Normal kicked off, the Army bone crashes charged through for a touchdown. The score was a hundred and twenty-five to nothing in favor of the Army, when the great play came.

The State Normal kicked - a punt. The star kicker for State Normal took the ball. And he gave a mighty kick. In the mixup he missed the ball and kicked his own full-back in the seat of the pants. And knocked him flat on his face.

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The Army players howled with laughter, rolled on the ground with mirth. The State Normal quarterback grabbed the loose ball and ran through the laughter paralyzed Army team for a touchdown.

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