

Francis  
L.T.SUNOCO - Sunday Dec. 18, 1932

## INTRODUCTION

Good afternoon Everybody:-

Everything seems friendly and homelike on Sunday afternoon. People sit around taking it easy, chatting about things in general. Somehow or other Sunday afternoon seems to be the time when we like to go over the week just past, and size things up.

That's why I gave three cheers when this Sunday afternoon broadcast was arranged. It seemed the ideal, the natural time to chat about the news of the week just past.

Each day our newspapers give us swift flashes from all over the world, the last-minute happenings. They come so fast, all crowded together, some of us don't have time to form a clear, well-rounded picture -- that is, until Sunday afternoon comes around. And so here we are, with that Sunday afternoon feeling, quiet, restful, thinking things over.

During the week the biggest thing in the news, of course, was that war debt situation. Every day there was a new, flashing development. The play of finance and diplomacy shifted and zig-zagged with the vivid changes of a kaleidoscope. It was a real bit of international drama played before our eyes, a fast-moving thriller.

The dead line, to pay, was December 15th, last Thursday; and as the week moved on with the inevitability of time, the suspense hourly grew tighter. Who would pay, and who would refuse to pay? And what would be the meaning of it all in the affairs of the world?

Well, as it happened, <sup>of</sup> the three great powers involved, Great Britain and Italy put the money on the line. And France did not. Of the smaller countries, some paid up and some failed to pay.

But now what seems to be the weekend aftermath of the great drama of the debts.

DEBTS

Over in Paris they are still trying to form a cabinet. M. Paul-Boncour is tackling the job, lining up support for a ministry. He declares that any government will have to support the action of the Chamber of Deputies in refusing to make the payment to the United States. It was the attempt to force the payment that caused the resignation of Herruit.

Everybody is talking about the possibility of the United States and France still coming to an agreement. The Philadelphia Enquirer declares that President Hoover is willing to discuss the debt. He is now opposed however to an international conference. Mr. Hoover at first was in favor of some sort of gathering to thresh out the problem of the debts. But President-elect Roosevelt supports the idea of separate negotiation with individual countries, and Congress takes the same stand.

There has been a good deal of talk in Congress about ways of getting back at France. Threats were made against the American tourist trade in France. One proposal was to put a tax of five hundred dollars on every visa stamped on the passport of an American going to France. Another proposal was to extract five thousand dollars from every American tourist planning to visit France. Well, ouch, that certainly would hit me in the solar plexus, because right now a collaborator and I are just completing a tourist's Guide book to France.

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BEER

Next to the drama of debts, the big beer battle was the news feature of the week. It looks as if there would be a decisive vote on the beer bill next Wednesday. The idea now is to legalize 3.2 beer with a tax of five dollars to be levied on each barrel of thirty-one gallons. It is estimated this will raise Federal revenue to the tune of two-hundred million dollars a year.

The first step of the battle was before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. The wet forces mustered their experts to try and prove that 3.2 beer is non-intoxicating. The leading lights of the dries declared it was intoxicating. It is easy to think of a lot of logic in connection with the argument. The wets might ask: "How do dnt dries know whether it is intoxicating or not? When did they ever hoist a schooner?" And the dries might come back:- "Why are the wets so enthusiastic about it if it hasn't got a kick?"

I myself have heard drinking enthusiasts de-

clare 3.2 beer is just about the same as sassaparilla.

But then again they are the kind of hardy souls that might toss off a pony of sulphuric acid and just say:

"Well, it ain't as good as it was before prohibition.

Why don't you let it age a bit?" To which the Kentucky

moonshiner replies:"I aged some stuff once for three days

and I couldn't see any difference."

### Phillipine

( The Phillipine question has been in the limelight all week. Yesterday the Senate voted that the Islands shall get their independence after twelve years. Now it goes back to the House - and then to the President. And what will he do? )

ROOSEVELT

Another splendid subject for Sunday afternoon argument and debate is the cabinet that President-elect Roosevelt will pick. The N.Y. Times says he's picking it right now, right this afternoon, in his home in Hyde Park.

But (let's go along to the President-elect's "Kitchen Cabinet." That seems to be a standing American institution -- the good old "Kitchen Cabinet."

Of course we will know now that one of Mr. Roosevelt's closest advisors is Professor Raymond Moley of Columbia University. So he, of course, is slated for a "Kitchen" portfolio. )

The Macon, Georgia, Telegraph, in analyzing the personality of Professor Moley, tells us that the students of Columbia are enthusiastic about the Prof. They call him a "good egg." He speaks the English language with a vernacular freedom that seems like a cross between academic correctness and the rich and varied vocabulary of Al Smith. For example, the Professor in characterizing Police Commissioner Mulrooney

of New York, said: "He's a swell chap." So there you have the combination, the academic chap and the Alsmithian adjective "swell".

The second member of the Kitchen Cabinet inspires newspaper editors with profound reflections. He is Colonel Louis McHenry Howe. A Kentucky Colonel. Described as a silent, unobtrusive man, who prefers to work behind the scenes.

The Omaha World-Herald explains that the Kitchen Cabinet is a place where the President and his advisors sit around in their shirt sleeves, smoking cheroots, eating peanuts, laughing and talking, and getting down to brass tacks. A president likes shirt sleeves, cheroots and peanuts and sometimes brass tacks. That's why he has a Kitchen Cabinet.



CRIME

The week ended with an ugly outbreak of gangster killings in New York - repetitions of the old story: A gangster taken for a ride.

One case has the New York cops seeing red. They feel they were insulted, and I guess they were. It's about that murdered gangster found in a parked car, and the car was parked right in front of Police Headquarters. Like a grim joke at the expense of the police - as if the killers were saying: "Here he is, what are you going to do about it?"

Inspector Francis Kear, head of the Manhattan Detectives, stuck his chin out and told the reporters: "I am going to clean up this case, if I never clean up another."

It's all like a piece of sinister melodrama. Wesley Price in the New York World-Telegram, says the case may be even more melodramatic than it seems. He tells of an under-world rumor that there is a connection with a desperate sort of hold-up that occurred a couple of weeks ago - a daring bit of banditry that never found its way into the newspapers.

The story goes that a band of gangsters held up the headquarters of an exceedingly prominent New York politician; a man so powerful that he might be supposed to be immune from the attentions of the mob. It was the sort of crime that is not supposed to be good form in racketeering. It's alive with danger and tension.

The dead gangster who was deposited on the front door step of the New York Police Department is rumored to have known - and talked - about the robbery of the politician's headquarters, and whispered to somebody the identity of the gangsters who did the robbing.

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And now comes a disillusioning note about last week's most romantic story - the tale of the Fugitive from the Chain Gang, who wrote a book about it - and they want to put back in the Chain Gang once again. The N.Y. police now claim they want him for having skipped bail on a forgery charge. The former Chain Gang convict admits there was a forgery charge but insists it was quashed, wiped off the slate.

OIL

Way down on the Rio Grande in Texas, they are not pouring oil on troubled waters. In fact they have stopped the oil from pouring on anything. I suppose troubled waters is not the right phrase. Troubled oil would be better.

The East ~~xxxx~~ Texas oil fields have been closed down.

WASHINGTON - PA.

I'm in Pittsburgh tonight. I've been renewing old acquaintances and making some new ones. Last night I was in Washington, Pa., where I learned something about ~~the~~ oil in Persia. Although Washington, Pa., is not a large city, next to me sat a newspaper publisher who had been around the world a couple of times; an ex-member of the Pennsylvania Legislature who was a teacher in Egypt for years; and a college president who had been the dean of the American College in Teheran, Persia.

Dr. Ralph Hutchinson, President of Washington and Jefferson, W. and J. to you football fans, said yes indeed, ~~indeed~~, the British are in quite a dilemma <sup>in</sup> out in Persia. The ~~Shah~~ <sup>Shah</sup> of Persia has revoked their oil concession. And the British must have that oil for their Asiatic Fleet. The doctor says the ~~present~~ present Shah is smart enough to know he has John Bull by the nose. So ~~John~~ John will have to pay. He'll have to hand over plenty of money to keep his hold on those oil fields. It's a game of high intrigue with many nations involved. But the ~~Shah~~ <sup>Shah</sup> will

have to do business with the British. And the British need that oil so badly that they'll pay about any price the Shah asks.

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AIRPLANES

It seems that the Italians are doing a lot of careful preparation for their big adventure early next summer -- I mean that mass formation flight of airplanes from Rome to Chicago.

Premier Mussolini has now ordered the great sky voyage to take place in June.

New York's great Italian newspaper, Il Progresso, has a cable from Rome which tells us of the preparations already begun. Forty picked pilots of the Italian army are in strict training. And they will stay in strict training until next June. They are getting into perfect physical ~~train~~ trim. And they are practicing incessantly, learning to handle the big Savoia-Marchetti bombers that will make the flight, schooling themselves to meet the almost innumerable difficulties and hazards that may be expected.

It seems as if Mussolini were familiar with our old saying about a stitch in times saves nine, or, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, or however you express those homely sentiments in melodious Italian. Maybe Il Duce

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would say: "Un ouco di prevenzione, una libra di cura."

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SOUTH AMERICA

The old familiar word of trouble in South America kept coming all week long:- Revolutionary disturbances here and there, and what seems to be a real war between Bolivia and Paraguay, in that vast disputed inland region called the Gran Chaco.

Of course it's not a war. Oh, no! It's peace! It's the kind of peace that's been raging between China and Japan. We all remember the affectionate friendship at Shanghai, the love-feast in Manchuria. Anyway, whether there's been any declaration of war or not, armies of the two South American Republics have been battling, over the grasslands and through the jungles of the Gran Chaco. The word today is that Paraguay has just refused an offer of mediation.

The scene of the newest South American embroglio is Argentina, that country which in many respects is so progressive and up to date.

The New York Sun reports that the Argentine government is taking strict measures to suppress another revolt. A number of prominent political leaders opposed to the government have been



arrested and stowed away in jail. Among them are two ex-presidents.

Official advice from ~~Buenos~~ Buenos Aires states that the revolutionary plot was of formidable proportions, but has been nipped in the bud.

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FOOTBALL

Out here in Pittsburg you'd think the football season was just beginning. Frank Andrews, manager of the William Penn Hotel, tells me with a loud rah rah that the Pittsburg Panthers are a sure thing to win that Rose Bowl game against Southern California.

I wonder if the football season is getting longer? Here are three big intersectional games yesterday:- Out at Berkeley, California, those golden bears hugged and clawed Georgia Tech. Outwieghing their opponents fifteen pounds to the man, Oregon squashed and biffed Biff-Jones's championship Louisiana State Eleven at Baton Rouge. The Florida Alligators smacked their tails against the chin of University of California Southern.

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FISH

A group of learned and humane gentlemen have spent a considerable part of the week trying to figure out a profound question:- Is a fish an animal? Or ~~not~~<sup>rather</sup>, they are convinced that a fish is an animal, but are having a hard time proving it.

It seems that all the trouble has been kicked up by a mighty troublesome ~~xxx~~ critter - the Siamese fighting fish. This Asiatic denizen of the deep is renowned for its pugnacious thirst for battle. Out in Siam fish fights -- ~~not~~<sup>no</sup>, not fist fights -- fish fights, are a popular form of sport. They say that everybody, from the King of Siam to the Siamese twins, just loves to gaze into a glass of water while a couple of fighting fish go to it. They are about the size of a minnow that smoked cigarettes and didn't grow up. He's little, but oh my!

A. J. Liebling writing in the New York World-Telegram, tells us that recently the Siamese fighting fish was imported by fish fanciers into the United States. At first they were too rare and expensive to be allowed to annihilate themselves in battle. However, the poor fish is also exceedingly prolific. The number

of the Siamese battlers has increased tremendously. Just the other day a couple of Philadelphians promoted a series of fish fights. The exhibition of fish ferocity is said to have made a hit with the spectators, but it made no hit with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The S.P.C.A. had the promoters arrested. But the judge said "discharged." He maintained that a fish is not an animal. So now the officials of the Society are racking their brains to prove that it is. As the law reads, it forbids cruelty to either birds or animals. So if a bird is not an animal, what is a fish? And if a fish is an animal, what is a bird?

And that's today's ichthyological lesson regarding ferocious fish -- fighting in friendly Ph - ph - ph - iladelphia.

PRINCE

Here's news that's bright and cheering:-

The Prince of Wales is not going to grow a mustache.

Wouldn't it be funny to see His Royal Highness with a pair of big flowing handlebars on his face, or twirling a couple of nifty spike points, or even sporting one of those short-clipped toothbrush affairs?

Well, it appeared as if the heir-apparent to the British Crown were in danger of growing hair on his lip. It seemed as though it might be a case of -- the King commands, or in other words, Daddy says so. Because the royal mandate went forth, grow mustachios, my man, grow mustachios. It was not that the King was putting ornaments on all the masculine upper lips in England. The command was reserved for the officers of the Life Guards. And a mighty aristocratic and snooty regiment are the Life Guards.

His Majesty George V, Rex-Imperator, may not be an absolute ~~monarch~~ monarch politically, but he's every inch a king when it comes to telling the officers of his household troops what they shall wear, and how much of their faces they shall shave.

Now that's a tongue twister, "they shall shave." So over in dear old London the officers of the Life Guards are busy growing mustaches.

The pang of anxiety came when it was recalled that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is an officer of the Guards. Naturally it was supposed that his royal upper lip might be affected by the ~~xx~~ royal decree. However, the Philadelphia Public Ledger has a special dispatch from London by Raymond Swing, who cables the reassuring word that, while the Prince of Wales is an officer of the Guards, he is not an officer of the Life Guards. The Life Guards are one thing. The Guards are something else again, and the officers of the ~~xxxx~~ latter are not included in the royal mustache mandate.

And so he shall shave. And I shall ~~xxx~~ shay, I mean I shall say -- So Long Until the next time.