

L.T. ✓
L.T. SUNOCO - FRIDAY, April 6, 1934

Mr. Wint - Curtis - Wint

Thanks Jimmie, and Good Evening, Everybody:-

I'm very grateful to my sponsors and all the Sun people. ~~and to many others who have written to me.~~ And to you too, Jimmie, Old Boy! It's my birthday all right. The silken-voiced Mr. Wallington here, said it was an important date. Yes, it is an imposing anniversary, but, not because it's my birthday. There is another reason, of world-wide importance. For today is the anniversary of the entrance of the United States into the World War.

Just fifteen years ago our government declared war and jumped into that battle of the nations, the greatest war since man first came on this planet. We are all interested in our birthdays, but mine seems of mighty little importance, even to me, -- falling as it does on the anniversary of ~~the~~ America's entry into a war that was as great -- or greater than all the other wars in history all rolled into one.

CHOCO

It's been a long time since I have heard a more thrilling tale than that one from the jungle of Colombia. If a writer of adventure fiction wracked his brain for a week, I doubt whether he could beat the tale of that forty-seven year old mining engineer from Milwaukee who was wrecked in an airplane accident almost a month ago.

At the Explorer's Club ^{some of my associates} ~~they~~ tell me that the jungle down there, the notorious Choco district, is one of the deadliest on earth. They say few white men have ever gone into it and come out alive.

^Q ~~It is~~ really a fascinating scenario! On March tenth, a plane of the Scada Company was flying ~~from Quibao to~~ ^{to} Cartago with three passengers and a large shipment of gold. Midway over the deadly Choco district, it came to grief. Now the Choco, besides being almost an impenetrable jungle, through which you have to chop your way with a ^{machete,} ~~hatchet,~~ is infested by hostile Indians whose principal pastime is potting their enemies with blow guns and poison darts.

Newton ~~is~~ Marshall, manager of a company which is one of the largest producers of platinum in the world, was one of the

passengers ^{aboard} ~~of~~ the ill-fated plane. The pilot died with a flashlight in one hand and an automatic pistol in the other.

For all these weeks, planes have been flying over the jungle territory in the forlorn hope of finding survivors. But ^{of Marshall, the platinum man,} the rescue [^] was finally achieved by a party of adventurers. They were hunting for treasure. Instead of that, they found the lone survivor of the plane that had crashed. He was in the last stage of exhaustion after days and days and days of wandering through the matted tangle of the tropical jungle.

SUICIDE

Here's a strange puzzle. What could have prompted Jiro Satoh, the ace of Japanese tennis player, to jump into the ocean from his ship near Singapore? Is this suicide a consequence of the tremendous pressure that is placed on star tennis players? Or is there some stranger story?

SARFATTI

I caught a glimpse at the Waldorf today of one of the most interesting living women, Signora Margherita Sarfatti. Among her other distinctions, she is the official biographer of the Duce, Premier Mussolini. She collaborated with Mussolini in Milan on his newspaper, Popolo D'Italia, before the rest of the world ever dreamed that he was destined to become the foremost statesman of Europe. She gave not only her work and enthusiasm but one of her sons to the cause of the Fascist revolution. He was killed defending one of his superior officers.

Signora Sarfatti, ^{Mrs. W^m Brown Melney of the N.Y. Her-Trib. tells me,} ~~they say,~~ is largely responsible

for the revival of art and letters, that has become such a signal feature of Italian life today.

Pete de Paolo;
Lou Moore.

April 6, 1934.

INTRODUCTION FOR SPEAKERS

I bumped into two whirlwind race drivers today --
Pete de Paolo and Lou Moore. On their way to board a steamer
for Tripoli, North Africa. They are going off to represent
America in the grand Italian Sweepstakes, May 6th, out where
the sands of the desert stay hot.

I've dragged them along to the studio, Pete de Paolo
and Lou Moore.

L.T.:- Pete, I've wanted to know for a long time why you always carry a pair of baby shoes tied to the front axle of your racer every time you cut loose in one of those wild whirlwinds?

PETE:- Well, I'll tell you Lowell, back in 1925, at Culver City, California -- I carried one of my baby boy's shoes. That time I got second money. So I thought if I drove second carrying one of them, maybe I'd win if I carried both. So in the next race, at Fresno, I carried baby's two shoes - - and won. Then I went straight to the Indianapolis classic and won it for the first time. Since then I've always given all the credit to baby's shoes.

L.T.:- Sounds like a scientific idea, Pete. Now how about you, Lou Moore? Do you carry any mascot?

Moore:- No, sir.

L.T.:- Haven't you any superstition? I notice that every one of the last six races you've driven you've been "in the money." Haven't you any superstitions?

Moore:- Well, Lowell, in every one of those races I drove with my mouth shut -- to keep the dust out. It's a safe practice in auto races, and, before microphones.

L.T.:- Well, ~~look~~ Lou, when you get to Tripoli, if you can open your mouth for that long, tell General Balbo, the Governor General that over here we haven't forgotten him. And good luck to you two speed artists!

RUGBY

One sporting event I wish I could see is the rugby match tomorrow between Cambridge, England and Cambridge, Massachusetts, - Harvard. The tour of the English Rugger Fifteen is bound to whoop up the rugby game in this country.

Folks who think that American football is too mechanized, too much circumscribed by rules, regulations and coaches, are drifting in considerable numbers to Rugby. There are several differences between the English and American pigskin games. I mean, apart from the fact that Rugby is played with fifteen on a ~~six~~ side. One difference that will interest American fans is that in Rugby there are no professional coaches; and no substitutes are allowed. They play two halves of fifty minutes each, and if a man gets winded or exhausted, it's just too bad. If one of the fifteen becomes injured his side plays on without him. I wonder what effect such a rule would have on our brand of football.

HOLLYWOOD (Follow football)

A tale I just heard from Hollywood gives me quite a kick. They were casting a big football picture. They wanted a real he-man, a real football player, for a football part. So a young blond fellow stepped forward and asked for the job. The casting director looked him over, glanced at his profile and said: "No, you won't do. You don't look the football part." But here's another bit in the film we can give you if you'd like it." And the blond young man said: "What kind of a part is it?" The firm man replied: "A peanut vendor." "Okay", said the blond young chap.

And who do you think he was, the young fellow who didn't look like a football player to the film magnificoes? His name is Cotton Warburton, All-American quarterback at the University of Southern California, who simply personifies football.

NAMES

A friend of mine over at Nassau, in the Bahamas, sends me an odd one. He travelled on a ship on which the Captain's name was Coffin. The doctor's name was Greaves, and the nurse was Miss Hearse. What a jolly voyage that must have been.

L. T.

BEEES

I never knew before that there was such a thing as a state Bee Inspector until I read the report of Mr. Elmer G. Carr of Trenton, New Jersey. Mr. Carr is New Jersey's Bee Inspector and he has a sad tale to tell. Apparently it is necessary for the state to provide relief for bees. The winter has been just as hard on the honey providers as upon the rest of us, in fact even harder. There was a shortage of nectar last fall and there was a shortage of early blossoms this spring, so it is up to New Jersey to provide an emergency ration of half sugar and half water to help the bees out until the flowers bloom.

But there is a silver lining to this, as to every cloud. The same cold weather which was so hard on the friendly bees killed a lot of enemy insects, including the Mexican bean beetle, the potato bug and the Japanese beetle.

DICKSTEIN

Here's
~~Take off your hat~~ to Representative Dickstein of New York,

~~as~~ a good sport. As Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, Mr. Dickstein dug up ~~a lot of~~ information which tended to show that ~~a lot of~~ Nazi propaganda is being spread ^{all} around among ~~the nephews~~ ^{in the U.S.A.} of Uncle Sam. ~~The information was convincing enough to induce the~~

The House ~~to~~ order ^{ed} a special investigation. Speaker Rainey naturally offered the Chairmanship of this investigating committee to Mr. Dickstein. But, ~~said~~ ^{replied:-} Dickstein, "Mr. Speak^{er}, I suggest you give it to ~~somebody~~ else. I am a Jew myself and naturally I have strong feelings about ~~it and~~ the Nazi treatment of Jews. Consequently, people might think an investigation under my chairmanship would not be fair. Indeed, I am inclined to think myself that I might not be fair."

Accordingly, the chairmanship of that Committee was given to Representative McCormick.

MENCKEN

Now for some of the wisdom of Henry L. Mencken. As a bad boy, Henry stands to America in somewhat the same position as George Bernard Shaw to England. He loves to kid what he calls the "boobocracy". He has just returned from Europe, and he regaled the ship's reporters with a few choice morsels. "My private opinion," he beamed, "is that there is going to be a big smash-up next year when the tax bills come in." Then he predicted that some sort of Fascism is inevitable in the United States within the next twenty years. "Personally", he said, "I am a Democrat, but I think the time is going to be ripe for the Man on Horseback." He didn't offer to give the name of ~~ix~~ either the man or the horse.

A reporter piped up: "If Fascism arrives, will Roosevelt join it?" To which Henry replied: "Roosevelt will join anything.

He is an Elk one day and a Rotarian the next."

Well, I understand Henry has joined a Rotary Club, or am I wrong.

Regarding the New Deal, he observed: "There are too

many ship's barbers running the ship of state at Washington."

Well, Henry they are the men of the hour in a close shave.

INCOME TAX (Follow Mencken)

Here's an excellent example of the accuracy of some of ^{Henry's purple} ~~Mr. Mencken's~~ prophecies. While he was wisecracking to the ship news men about the income tax, the Senate was voting against it. Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin was the would-be villain in the piece. He offered an amendment to the income tax law, which would have raised the normal rate from four per cent to six per cent. As for the surtaxes, they would have jumped accordingly. But the other senators didn't have the ^{same notion as} ~~courage of~~ Mr. LaFollette. They were afraid to go home and admit to the folks that ~~they would have to~~ ^{cash would have to be coughed up.} ~~cough up a~~ larger slice of ~~their earnings~~. So the LaFollette amendment was turned down, forty-seven to thirty-six. However, ^{the turn down was} ~~this~~ only ^{after some} ~~happened by the~~ deft persuasion - and a little strong-arm work - ^{on the} ~~part of~~ Senator Pat Harrison, Democrat leader.

THREE CHEERS FOR ROOSEVELT

Here's something that may sound cheerful to the President. It's a story entitled "Three Cheers for President Roosevelt," written by eleven-year-old Patsey Johnson. I ran across it in an advanced copy of that ^{veteran}~~famous~~ magazine for youth, *that old magazine for the young - children,* St. Nicholas. Here is the way Patsey summarizes the President:-

"When the depression came and we didn't know which way to turn we called upon Franklin D. Roosevelt. We elected him." So says eleven-year-old Patsey. And then she adds:-

"He has sent poor boys from the city up into the healthy mountains. The first day I saw them go, trucks loaded with men, all huddled together looking like white mice afraid that the cat was after them. Four or five days later they passed again, looking like different people, all singing happily, and looking like a bunch of red apples."

And that's why Patsey Johnson says "Three cheers for the President."

FISH

Elliott Roosevelt is still at large, and so is the whale. The President's son has not yet been cast into a dungeon for libel concerning the fish his father caught.

And as for the whale, I said last night that President Roosevelt had caught old Mobey Dick, himself, the giant and ferocious leviathan. I have a radiogram from Vincent Astor, the President's host on that famous fishing trip. The radiogram reads:- "Mobey Dick still at large."

In other words, the President didn't catch the whale. So Elliott Roosevelt libeled the President, and I libeled the whale.

WIRT

There will be lots of fun in Washington next week. I mean when Dr. William A. Wirt of Gary Indiana, appears before the Bullwinkle Committee of the House, which has been appointed to investigate his charges against the Brain Trust. For a while, it seemed likely that the show would be postponed, not because of rain, but because Dr. Wirt asked for ten days delay. But the Congressmen seem just as impatient for the fun as the rest of us. Mr. Bullwinkle of North Carolina, Chairman of the Committee, promptly subpoenaed the Doctor by telegraph to appear on Tuesday and no nonsense about it.

Mr. Bullwinkle's Committee had a preliminary session today. Mr. Bullwinkle said they were arguing about what procedure they should follow. Mr. Bullwinkle went on to say that there was a difference of opinion, but strictly on party lines. Mr. Bullwinkle added that the Republicans, who of course are whooping it up for Dr. Wirt, want the doctor to be allowed to make a statement first and then answer any questions that the Bullwinkle Committee might put to him. But Mr. Bullwinkle's Democratic colleagues want the investigation confined to the statement already made by Dr. Wirt,

the statement that the Brain Trusters are esoteric Communists who have picked the President as the Kerensky of the revolution, to pave the way for a future Stalin.

Of course the Republicans are licking their chops over the show promised by the Bullwinkle Committee. They want to make it a general investigation of all the officials of the Administration. They would like to have the New Dealers fried on toast to make a Republican holiday. Naturally, Mr. Bullwinkle, as a loyal Democrat, is not going to stage any show for the benefit of the enemy. But, even so, we can expect a good performance in Mr. Bullwinkle's bullring - next week. ^{TP} And talking about next week so long until Monday.