

L.T. - SUNOCO, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1934.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The Presidential <sup>says:- We've got one-horse laws</sup> ~~slogan today is "New laws for old."~~  
<sup>in a Twelve Cylinder era.</sup>  
That is the most important point in Mr. Roosevelt's special message  
to the American Law Institute.

The President pointed out to the lawyers one ironic fact. Though they are working hard, reforming the civil laws about contracts, torts and actions for damages, they are neglecting <sup>our</sup> criminal law. And criminal law is the important thing of the day - with the crime situation what it is.

For years there has been a crying need for the reform ~~of the criminal law, criminal procedure, and such things as the rules of evidence.~~  
<sup>That is,</sup>  
In criminal law we're driving a one-hoss-shay in an era of high powered cars and Blue Sunoco.

Or, as the President puts it: "One of our major problems is to adapt our criminal law and its administration to meet the needs of a modern complex civilization."

That gave the assembled lawyers something to think about, <sup>And</sup> ~~with~~ Chief Justice Hughes strongly backing <sup>ed</sup> up the President's contention.

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Several months ago, the Attorney General of the United States attacked the problem from a somewhat different slant. He pointed out that the thing urgently needed was a reform of the lawyers themselves, as individuals. One of the worst evils he said was the existence of so many dishonest lawyers, shysters, who knowingly help criminals to evade justice and who even connive in the commission of crime. Bar associations in many states took the hint. Grievance committees got busy and in at least sixteen states ~~numerous fellows~~ <sup>many lawyers</sup> found guilty of being dishonest or unethical have been kicked out of the profession.

## DRAGNET FOLLOW CRIME

The crime situation is growing worse all the time:-

~~Look at~~ the kidnapping of <sup>millionaire</sup> ~~broker William~~ Gettles and little June Robles in Arizona, also ~~the several~~ cases of wanton murder of policemen. Federal as well as local law officers are working day and night on <sup>those</sup> ~~the~~ kidnap <sup>crimes</sup> ~~cases~~ in the southwest. And as an answer to the shooting of four policemen in ten days, Police Commissioner O'Ryan of New York has <sup>hauled in</sup> ~~got out~~ the dragnet and pulled in a swarm of known criminals.

I wonder how this latest dragnet business will work out. When Grover Whalen was Police Commissioner, he tried it. The result seemed to be nothing more than keeping crooks locked up for a few hours and providing work and profit for lawyers and bondsmen.

JURY FOLLOW DRAGNET

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A former government official in the Hoover regime has an idea of his own on the kidnap situation, George Aubrey Hastings, who was administrative assistant to President Hoover. He believes that if we had juries composed entirely of women for every kidnapping case, that would put an end to this most vicious of crimes. He offered the solution to a meeting of ladies, the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs. <sup>But,</sup> Mr. Hastings did not suggest how the authorities would catch the kidnapers in order to bring them before his <sup>feminine</sup> ~~women~~ juries. *There's the rub.*

Automobile Race.

Memorandum.

~~Put this one after airmail and before Long.~~

Out in the Middle West fast racing cars are tearing around the track, ~~They are~~ tuning up for the great classic at Indianapolis on May 30th. The twenty second Annual Five Hundred Mile Race.

Some weeks ago we heard Roy Chapin, President of the Hudson Motor Car Company and former Secretary of Commerce, tell us as a guest speaker how he drove a car in the first automobile race ever held, back in 1901. He ~~also attended the first Vanderbilt Cup Race on Long Island.~~ <sup>So</sup> ~~That makes~~ <sup>it</sup> interesting to observe that Mr. <sup>RCB</sup> Chapin has been named ~~the~~ referee for this year's Indianapolis speed orgy, ~~That's~~ the highest official position in automobile racing.

It looks bad for our breakfast slice of toast.

If the price of bread goes up, you can blame it on the drought and the terrific dust storm. The weather has been dry, and a vast cloud of dust is drifting across the wheat states.

In large sections, the wheat crop has been wrecked. The destruction throughout April is estimated at one million ~~xxxxxxi~~ bushels for every day of the month. We are shy some hundred and seventy million bushels of our normal supply of wheat. Naturally, the price has shot up in the Chicago Wheat Pit. We've been calling for crop reduction. ~~That's a job which~~ <sup>And now</sup> Nature ~~is doing it -- doing it more thoroughly~~ <sup>is doing it -- doing it more thoroughly</sup> ~~can do better~~ than all the Agricultural Bureaus in the world.

## SOCIAL SCIENCE

A goose wearing a high collar and looking more foolish even than a goose usually does. And along with that foolishness we have a bit of political wisdom.

The goose part of it came in an investigation into the physiology of digestion. They used a goose because food goes such a long way down its neck, and the xray eye could watch it at leisure. To keep the long neck straight, they had to put a high collar on Mrs. Goose - a long, stiff, straight cylinder of cardboard. And that proved to be just about the most dignified thing ever known to science, - ~~the~~ old Mother Goose all dressed up in a tall choker collar - a foot high. This scientific tale was related by Dr. Walter Cannon of the Harvard Medical School upon receiving an important medal at the Annual Dinner of the National Institute of Social Sciences at the Waldorf-Astoria.

After the goose foolishness came the owlish words of political wisdom, uttered by Samuel Seabury, New York's Nemesis of political corruption, who also received a social science medal. Mr. Seabury spoke words of warning against the present trend toward excessive power of the government. He summed it

in a pithy sentence. "The power of the state" he declared, "may become so great that it will be repressive of the personalities within it and aggressive and threatening toward neighboring states." And that does sound like the owl of wisdom speaking. Equally warm place for the Post Office Department, of which he is the boss. If you write a letter to Mother, you not only please the dear old lady but you'll also have to buy a postage stamp from Jim. That will help to pull his Department out of the red, which he is bent on doing.

Greeting card outfits and the telegraph companies have long been cooking in on these sentimental occasions. They too have a big place in their heart for Mother. And the Florists? They keep years of tenderness at the mention of Mother. And now Uncle Sam is doing the same with Post Master Jim holding the hammer.

All of which leads us to that special maternal postage stamp which displays Whistler's famous picture of his Mother, the one which wanted a run with the artists. They couldn't get the whole picture on the stamp so they left out Mother's feet. But at least her head is there. And we will



## VOTING

Here's Postmaster Jim Farley asking everybody to celebrate Mother's Day next Sunday, by writing a letter to Mother. Postmaster Jim has a warm place in his big heart for the Mothers of the land, but Jim's heart is even bigger than that. He has an equally warm place for the Post Office Department, of which he is the boss. If you write a letter to Mother, you not only please the dear old lady but you'll also have to buy ~~x~~ postage stamps from Jim. That will help to pull his Department out of the red, which he is bent on doing.

Greeting card outfits and the telegraph companies have long been cashing in on these sentimental occasions. They too have a big place in their heart for Mother. And the Florists? They weep tears of tenderness at the mention of Mother. And now Uncle Sam is doing the same with Post Master Jim holding the handkerchief.

All of which leads us to that special maternal postage stamp which displays Whistler's famous picture of his Mother, the one which caused a row with the artists. They couldn't get the whole picture on the stamp so they left out mother's feet. But at least her head is there. And we will

DEBTS

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There's plenty of agitation in the capitals of Europe over the announcement of President Roosevelt's decision that a token payment means a default. Americans will have trouble in figuring how the President could have decided anything else -- in the light of that <sup>Hiram</sup> Johnson bill which forbids American credit to nations that don't pay up.

On the other hand, there's the European viewpoint as it comes from England -- to this effect:-- ~~xxxx~~ "Of what use is it to make a token payment if it puts us in default?" From the logic as it ~~xxx~~ looks today, these new debt developments, the Johnson bill and the President's decision, may result in our not getting any payments at all, ~~either~~ token or otherwise.

Of course those token payments amount to only a few million dollars. But even a few millions can jingle <sup>like</sup> a bit of loose change, in Uncle Sam's pocket.

It looks from where we are standing as if it all hinges around the President's statement that the door is wide open for new debt discussions between now and July 15th, the day of payment. ~~That~~ <sup>That</sup> would seem to carry the hint that the

whole debt situation ~~would~~<sup>may</sup> be thrown into the kettle for a  
~~thru~~ thorough cooking over. Maybe it will be along the lines  
of collecting the money we lent but letting the interest go,  
those accumulated charges for interest that constitute so large  
a part of the billions that Europe owes us.

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GERMANY

Let's see what Hitler's right-hand man had to say in London - von Ribbentrop, ~~who is~~ the Nazi expert negotiator <sup>on</sup> ~~about~~ armament. They say he is trying to talk John Bull into the idea of letting Germany buy airplane engines in England for a grand Teutonic airplane -building spree.

They say the Nazis are converting automobile factories into airplane plants, ~~and they're buying engines from England, France and the United States.~~ The French newspapers, always ready to flare up with alarm, are saying that within a year Germany will have twenty thousand fighting planes. Well, that's no doubt an exaggeration. However, things are stirring aeronatically <sup>u</sup> in the land of Hitler, as is instanced by the fact that in some airplane plants the working men have orders to keep everything they are doing a secret, under threat of dismissal.

<sup>After all</sup>  
It doesn't sound strange that Hitler should be going in for ~~air~~planes in a big way. Germany always was air-minded, and sky-fighting armament has the advantage of spectacular possibilities - also cheapness. Hitler hasn't too many millions to invest in armament even if he had full international permission. And aviation is <sup>his</sup> ~~the more~~ economical way.

NAZI

Old time melodrama -- from Germany. At an important church in Berlin there was a head-gard<sup>e</sup><sub>n</sub>er and an assistant-gard<sup>e</sup><sub>n</sub>er. The assistant wanted the boss' <sup>la</sup> job. So what did he do? When the Nazis came into power, he planted Communist literature in the boss' <sup>de</sup> home, then reported him to the Storm Troopers. The head-gard<sup>e</sup><sub>n</sub>er was arrested, thrown into a concentration camp. The villain got ~~the~~ job!

But the ~~sax~~ story ends up in true melodramatic style because the villain gets his punishment, and the hero is restored to the arms of his loving family. All this came out at the trial of the mean rascal who incidentally was a Nazi Storm Trooper. Everything was ~~proved against him~~ <sup>proven against him --</sup> and he got six years <sup>up the river,</sup> imprisonment at hard labor.

Old time melodrama <sup>ya!</sup> ~~ya!~~ But, it doesn't sound like such a good system when rogues are given that sort of opportunity for political ~~man~~ denunciation.

ESCAPE

Page the Count of Monte Cristo. Remember his marvelous escape from the dungeon? Here's a story after his own heart.

It comes from "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece, where burning Sapho loved and sung!"

One of those beautiful islands of Greece is used as a prison, a prison for political ~~prisoners~~ <sup>offenders</sup>.

Like many other prisons, it was considered escape-proof. But eight <sup>incarcerated</sup> ~~of~~ Communist ~~prisoners~~ refused to believe it. Working day and night with the utmost secrecy, they cut a tunnel through the rock and soil of that Aegan Island. They drilled and they shoveled and they tunneled until they emerged into the open air. They made their way to the waters' edge and creeping softly at dead of night seized a fishing ~~■~~ smack. In this, without compass or sextant, they sailed to the mainland. And, there, luck was with them. For, with anchors all ready to weigh, and with steam up, <sup>and red flag at the mast head</sup> they found a Russian <sup>Soviet</sup> ship bound for Port Said, and today those eight prisoners are on their way to freedom once more.

"Clever work," says the shade of the Count of  
~~Pretty good~~ <sup>says</sup> Monte Cristo.

## EXPLORERS

We all know the old story of adventurers lost in the wilds and then the anxious search. In this case there was a party of Danes, headed by the Secretary of the Danish Royal Geographical Society, who went exploring in the glacial wilderness of the northern extremity of Iceland. They've been having a series of blizzards up there.

Nothing was heard from the party. So a rescue expedition was sent out. Did they find the explorers ice-bound and freezing on the Arctic coast of Iceland? Not at all. The lost explorers were as warm as toast -- snuggling in the hot crater of a live volcano. The crater was erupting steam to a height of three hundred and fifty feet. A giant stove up there in the frigid Arctic, with the lost scientists warming their hands at the fires of Vulcan.

MONSTER

I wonder what the English will say when they hear how the Director of the New York Zoo has offered a young American twenty-five thousand dollars for the Loch Ness monster. This ambitious young American has ideas of going over to Scotland and catching the famous caledonian sea serpent. So the zoo director/said, "Okay, we will give you twenty-five thousand dollars for the critter, provided he's as long as forty feet and ~~weight~~ weighs as much as two tons."

In these transactions nothing was said about the fact that the monster is the property of the British and they might have something to say about it. And our cousins across the Atlantic might be inclined to exclaim, "Oh I say, here's one American trying to buy from another American something that belongs to ~~us~~ a Scotchman. Oh I say, Deuced cheeky, ~~eh~~ what?"



## GOLF

It looks as if our American golfers will bring the Walker Cup home again. A moment ago I listened to a short wave broadcast from St. Andrews, in Scotland.

Uncle Sam's lads took three of the four matches on the card.

Johnny Goodman, America's open champ, and partner Little had no trouble in beating Wethered and Tolley, the British golfers. Egan and Marston defeated Scott and McKinlay, and Moreland and Westland won from Bentley and Fiddian.

The only lads to lose were Francis Ouimet, American captain, and George Dunlap.

There'll be more scores tomorrow, and in your Sunday newspaper.

BATTLE

Now is the time for a few reflections on the joys of life in a big city apartment. Over in the Brownsville section of New York <sup>-- over Brooklyn way --</sup> is one of those large apartments occupied by many families -- including the Seidmans and the Kaufmans, who keep things lively, exciting and ~~noisy~~ noisy for the other tenants. It began with the noise the children made, and then ~~the~~ accounts begin to differ.

<sup>story</sup> One is that Mr. Seidman climbed in the Kaufman's window <sup>began to beat the Kaufmans</sup> and ~~went at them~~ with a hammer. And, one of the Kaufmans beat him up with a kitchen chair.

Or, maybe it was the Kaufmans who started it by pulling Mr. Seidman out into the hall and beating him up with milk bottles. <sup>Anyhow it's</sup> ~~it is~~ admitted that Mrs. Seidman threw the family dishes at the Kaufmans, getting an accurate range at them with cups, plates, beer glasses and soup tureens -- but that was only after Mr. Kaufman had hit Mrs. Seidman with ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> broom. When the Kaufmans served the Seidmans with a summons for disorderly conduct Mrs. Seidman crowned Mr. Kaufman with a cut-glass punch bowl.

"I've got more nerve than my husband," says Mrs. Seidman. "He never wants to fight. But, if anybody lays hands on me I'll break a stick over their heads."

Thus speaks the gentler sex.

The quarrel has grown so bitter that both the Kaufmans and the Seidmans are threatening to move. A rumor which appeals greatly to the other tenants.

## FRECKLES

There was a famous Indian named "Rain-in-the-Face," and here's a boy who should be called "Freckles-in-the-Face."

Nelson Miner, age 13, of Robinson, Illinois, has won the Freckle Championship. The judges in the contest counted two thousand, six hundred and sixty freckles in the face of our little Nels:- three hundred and fifty on his ears; three hundred and five on his nose; one hundred and seventy-one on his chin; five hundred and fifty on his right cheek; six hundred and twenty on his left cheek; and six hundred and seventy on his forehead. And summer isn't here yet!

Nelson says that when he gets a bit of real sunshine he will have five thousand freckles. He's a freckled speckled beauty all right, with enough of them for Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn and Peck's Bad Boy combined.

And here's wishing you all lots of freckles over the weekend and, SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.