

L. T. SUNOCO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1934.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:-

There was a real first class scene on the floor of the French ~~EXX~~ Chamber of Deputies today. Like old times, the times of the Dreyfuss case.

The rumpus was between a West Indian deputy from Martinique and another deputy who is the editor of a paper called "La Liberté". The deputy from Martinique is a full blooded negro, Joseph Samuel Lagrosilliere. Lagrosilliere charged that the Editor of "La Liberté" had slandered him, had coupled his name with perjury charges in connection with the collapse of that municipal pawn shop bank at Bayonne.

Deputy Joseph Samuel Lagrosilliere from Martinique backed up his resentment as you would have expected Jack Johnson or Battling Siki to do. He smacked the Deputy Editor in the kisser. He slapped him once, he slapped him twice. And then the aroused Deputy - and it doesn't take much to arouse a ~~man~~ deputy -- said:

"Voilà!" And hung a haymaker on the dark deputy's jaw.

There was a challenge to a duel, ~~the~~ and seconds selected. But the seconds couldn't agree on which was the offended party. This is an important point. If you are the offended party, you can choose your own weapons -- and, if you're wise, you select sabres at fifteen paces.

But when the colored gentleman from Martinique said he didn't care what the weapons were, the editor gentleman had a change of heart. He decided that he didn't care to meet his rival on the field of honor. He's going to have him pinched instead. So the duel seems to be a flop.

But while all this was going on, two other French statesmen were agreeing, like Tweedle dum and Tweedle dee, to have a duel. One of these is the Minister of Education, who has found himself insulted by another deputy. So maybe somebody will be scratched up on the Field of Honor after all.

GOLD

Another ^{possible} monkey wrench was thrown into the President's Gold Program today. The ^{tasser} ~~wielder~~ of the wrench was the popular but peppery Senator Carter Glass of Virginia.

This happened at a rather awkward time. Mr. Roosevelt has told the Democratic leaders in Congress that ~~it~~ it was exceedingly urgent for ^{him} ~~them~~ to have the powers for which he asks, by next Tuesday. ~~He points out that the Treasury is in sore need of this measure in order to raise the wind.~~ The next move to raise more money for Uncle Sam depends considerably on the terms of this gold bill.

Everything seemed to be running smoothly until the gentleman from Virginia got up on the floor of the Senate today. He made some ironic remarks about the opinion given by the Attorney-General, the opinion that the proposal to turn ~~it~~ over all the Federal Reserve Gold to Uncle Sam was constitutional. Mr. Glass said the Attorney-General had left out one important point. This

point was a Supreme Court decision which held that ~~the~~
Congress could take property, but that it was up to the
courts to decide the question of compensation, *how much*
should be paid for it.

This bombshell from Senator Glass left considerable
dismay in the ranks of the President's supporters.

CWA

Some news came from Washington today which doesn't sound so good. There's a chance that the Civil Works Administration may come to the end of its tether on May first. This will throw four million men, who now have C.W.A. jobs, back on the street again.

This came out through a statement made today by Harry Hopkins, Director of the C.W.A. and of Federal Relief. Mr. Hopkins says that as his cash register stands now, he will have to drop workers from his payrolls at the rate of one million every two weeks ~~and~~ after February first. That is, unless Congress gives him three hundred and fifty million dollars more. But even this three hundred and fifty million would only keep the C.W.A. going until May. However, there are hopes that some of these men will be absorbed by jobs under the P.W.A., the Public Works Administration.

NBC

FOLLOW C.W.A.

Incidentally, there's a new C.W.A. Director in San Francisco. The former one was politely but firmly invited to get out. It was discovered that many of the slips assigning men to work were signed by the manager of an employment agency, a friend of the ex-C.W.A. Director. It was further discovered that several men had got their jobs through employment agencies and had had to pay^a commission for getting these government jobs. The new director in San Francisco is a retired naval officer, a former commander of Uncle Sam's navy yard at Philadelphia.

NBC

Harry Sutphen.

President,
National Association
of Engine and Boat
Manufacturers.

Jan. 19, 1934.

INTRO TO SUTPHEN

L.T.:- It's seafaring night here in the studio at Radio City. The broadcasting deck is jammed with veterans of the North Atlantic sea-going fishermen. The Interstate Fishermen's Conference is being held in New York this week. From all over, skippers who go out for haddock and cod have gathered to discuss their sea-going problems, and they've piled in on me tonight. Maybe they want to hear a fish story from a land-lubber.

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VOICE:- Sure do me lad, and make it tall!

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L.T.:- We'll see about that. And by the way there's another seafaring man here too, Henry Sutphen, President of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers. He's in charge of the 29th National Motor Boat Show that opens at Grand Central Palace tonight. When Mr. Sutphen came in a minute ago he found himself in the middle of all these sea-dogs. And does he feel at home? You ought to see him. He's beaming and smiling, right at home -- like a

fish in the water -- not out of the water.

Well, shipmates, if you want a fish story,
how about a whopper from the head of the Motor Boat
Show?

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(ROAR OF APPLAUSE)

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You are elected, Mr. Sutphen. The coast is
clear. Go to it!

FOR MR. SUTPHEN

Mr. Sutphen:- Well, you're to blame for this Lowell. It's about a fisherman who was out in his motor boat with Sunoco in his tank and moonshine on his hip. He was using live minnows for bait. He made one cast after another, but didn't get a bite. So he thought he'd better try something new. He dipped the minnow in the moonshine.

Then he made another cast; and in a couple of seconds he got a terrific bite. It took all his strength to haul in the line. A big sea bass was fighting desperately. The minnow had the bass -- yes sir, he had him by the throat and was choking him. That's what some of this repeal stuff will do to minnows.

- (ROAR OF LAUGHTER) -

L.T.:- Well, how do you fishermen like that one?

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VOICE:* I saw that same minnow a few minutes later and he had a whale by the tail!

L.T.:- And now, Mr. Sutphen, tell us a thing or two about the big Motor Boat Show.

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Mr. Sutphen:- We have been hearing about the wonders of the Automobile Show, all the way from knee action to streamlining. I must admit that at the Motor Boat Show we haven't any knee action. How could have a boat have knees?

As for streamlining, well, we had plenty of that before autos were born. Any hull going through water is streamlined. The Roman Galleys were streamlined.

But at this year's Motor Boat Show we have rubber suspension of engines, crankless engines, a new use for Diesels, improved radio, and a hundred new things. And then there is on exhibition a new type of sailboat. Kind of catamaran construction; double hull and two sails, a kind of Siamese-twin sailboat. And she'll sail faster than any other sailing craft afloat! These veterans who have sailed ~~in~~ before the mast ought to see that trim little girl!

I'll bet they'll all be there.

And now a sea story hot out of the news. It's from the Bay of Whales. Admiral Dick Byrd was looking at some huge ice cliffs for a space to moor the Jake Ruppert. The Jake was steaming along slowly about fifty feet from the ice wall. Byrd turned to Haines, the weather expert, and said: "What do you think of that place? Does it look safe?"

"Sure," said Haines, "Let's moor here." Just as he finished speaking, the face of ^{the} ice cliff started to move. At one moment it seemed to be as solid as the Hudson Palisades. But the next moment thousands of tons of ice were sliding. With a roar that could be heard for miles, a roar as tremendous as though a skyscraper were collapsing, fully a quarter of a mile of the Great Ice Barrier went tumbling down into the sea. Just a few feet closer and the old Jake Ruppert would have been a goner.

That isn't the only narrow escape to report from Little America tonight. Three of the expedition took off for an inspection flight in Byrd's big Curtis Condor seaplane. They had

hardly taken off when the men on the ship noticed the landing gear, the skis, had broken loose. Bolen, the assistant pilot, opened the cabin door and crawled out on the wing in the polar cold. His cap was blown off and he lost a glove, and he saw it was impossible to repair the skis in mid-air. The chances seemed to be fifty-to-one for a crash. But neat work at the controls and they made it.

NBC

KIN

You remember the pathetic Britisher who was arrested for writing letters to King George. It wasn't so much his writing them that His ~~Royal Highness~~ ^{Majesty} resented. The gentleman kept asking ~~him~~ ^{the King} for money. Even that might not have been so bad, but he backed up his demand on the ground that he was the King's nephew. He claimed that he was a son of the King's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence, by a morganatic marriage.

The trial finished today. The hungry gentleman was found guilty and sentenced to three years. But sentence was suspended, and he was let go on condition that he keep to himself any ideas he has concerning his kinship with the royal family.

BERLIN

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The Hitler Government got kind of saucy with Uncle Sam today. There's an American Lawyer in Berlin named Gallagher. He offered his legal services to Georgi Dimitroff, the Bulgarian who was one of the defendants in the Reichstag fire trial. Dimitroff and three other defendants were acquitted, but have not been set free by the Nazis.

For his rashness in offering his legal services to the defendant, this American Lawyer was arrested by the secret police of the Fatherland. Later in the day he was released and given three days to leave the country.

NAZI

It was inevitable that sooner or later the Nazis and their winning little ways should ~~get~~ figure in some American court of law. This has happened out in Los Angeles. The case involved ^S the German-American Alliance, quite a numerous and influential ~~body~~ ^{organization} in southern California. One group of members brought suit to have the officers thrown out on the grounds that they had been illegally elected. They claimed those officers were chosen not by proper methods but by Nazi influences and by intimidation.

The case came up before a judge named Guy Buchs. The judge observed that six of the witnesses when taking the oath raised their right hand in a Nazi salute. This happened yesterday. This morning Judge Buchs received anonymous communications threatening him with assassination. So ~~this morning~~ ^{today} he ordered not only all the plaintiffs and defendants but also the witnesses and spectators in his court to be photographed. The principal defendants are members of a new organization called "The Friends of New Germany."

WYNEKOOP

It looks as though the sensational Wynekoop murder trial in Chicago may never be completed. ~~XXXX~~ The proceedings were adjourned today until Monday. The presiding judge stopped the trial because of the serious condition of Dr. Alice Wynekoop's health. Even the state's physicians declared that if she were obliged to go through another session today, she probably would not live through it.

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KIDNAP

That ^{latest}~~brass~~ kidnapping affair out in St. Paul threatens to become something even more serious. ~~In fact~~ It begins to resemble the terrible affair out in San ~~Mx~~ Jose, California. Blood stains were found on the car of Edward Bremer, the St. Paul banker who was abducted. The news threw all St. Paul into a state of fury ^{today}. Members of the American Legion throughout the state of Minnesota have offered to "hold themselves ready for any action" that may be necessary. Agents of the Department of Justice are hot-footing it for St. Paul to take part in running down the kidnappers. Among them is Frank Blake, the sleuth who helped ~~ix~~ send machine-gun Kelly to prison.

~~The blood stains in that car cause everybody to fear the worse.~~ Meanwhile the family continues to beg for no interference by the authorities.

NBC

JAIL-BREAK

The state penitentiary at Lansing, Kansas, must be in need of a plumber or something. It certainly seems to be full of holes. For the second time in nine months a bunch of convicts made their escape. Two of them were the same men who got away in the spectacular jail-break from the same prison last Memorial Day.

These latest escapes were not seen by the guards until they were scaling the east wall of the prison. They got over and broke loose in a hail of bullets. And now a force of sixty-five guards and deputies are scouring the countryside, looking for the runaways. One or two of them are believed to have been wounded.

The leaders of the gang, were men who escaped last year. Also several years ago they broke out of the state penitentiary in Oklahoma - expert escapers.

PIGS

Here's a story of three little pigs, thirty-three little pigs -- lots of little pigs -- or maybe they were big pigs.

They were on their way to the stockyards in Chicago. In one of the busiest parts of the city, the truck carrying them crashed into a taxi. The doors of the truck were jarred loose and the pigs ran squealing and snorting in fifty different directions.

By the time the stampede was complete, eighteen Chicago policemen arrived on the scene, equipped with tear gas bombs, riot guns and machine guns. While traffic was tied up for an entire hour and while thousands cheered, those hapless coppers were rushing through the street shouting: "Here piggy, piggy," and other things that didn't sound like piggy, piggy.

EAGLE

While the pigs were balling up the traffic in Chicago it took an eagle to ball it up in New York.

There was lots of excitement in the doggy section of New York's Fifth Avenue this afternoon. The famous Captain Knight just arrived from England and lodged at the Hotel Gotham, bringing with him his inseparable companion, the bald eagle known far and wide as Rameses. Captain Knight, as I may mention on the air a year or so ago, is the greatest living expert on the ancient pastime of falconry, which used to be the sport of kings. And what he doesn't know about eagles just ain't.

As Rameses needed some exercise after the voyage, the Captain let him loose. He always makes a point of assuring you that Rameses is just as harmless as a dove, though the doves don't believe it. The captain had not observed that the window of his suite was open. But Rameses observed it. And in a flash he was out flying over Fifth Avenue. Finally, he perched on the cornice of the Gotham. People on Fifth Avenue are accustomed to lots of strange sights. But it isn't every

day they see a magnificent bald eagle taking his exercise over the roof tops. Traffic stopped in both directions and finally it took all the captain's authority and British accent, to coax Ramesses back. And now in my best American accent I'll say:- "SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY."