

L.T. SUNOCO - Tuesday, *July 10, 1934.*

Good Evening, Everybody:-

I suppose you've all been listening to the radio reports of the President's reception in Colombia. It was a big show for the folks down there in the Republic <sup>at the</sup> ~~of~~ northern tip of the South American continent. There was a grand reception as a squadron of warships on the sea, thirty airplanes in the sky, and the booming of <sup>a</sup> twenty-one ~~guns~~ gun salute, gave Colombia's welcome to the United States.

The two presidents had lunch aboard the cruiser Houston. President Herrera of ~~Colombia~~ Colombia was the guest but he's now playing <sup>the</sup> the host to our own Chief Executive.

I don't know of any visit of an American president more interesting than the one that is on just now, with President Roosevelt being entertained by <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ South American Republic with whom we've had some sharp disagreements.

The latest money flare-up makes us sharply aware of something we've only to remember the events that ~~led~~ led to the building of the Panama Canal, the revolution in Panama, the interference of the American authorities, and the battle of charges and counter-charges that took place afterward. So the reception down there this afternoon looks like ~~a fine~~ a fine affair of peace and goodwill, where peace and goodwill are needed most.

Senator Thomas of Oklahoma, who has a knack of getting things in the headlines. He sent a stinging cable to the New York Federal Reserve Chief, warning him not to fool around with stabilization, threatening a Congressional inquiry if he does.

Senator Thomas is America's Number One expert on inflation. You can agree that from the text of the cable he sent.

"I protest!" he shouted across the Atlantic submarine wire. "I protest your casual authority to handle in this way. Your policy in the past has caused inflation and has brought needless tragic suffering."

## MONEY

The latest money flare-up makes us sharply aware of something that few of us had noticed -- that the governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York is in Switzerland. He's conferring with a gathering of international bankers. It's about the subject of stabilization of money. Sounds complicated. It is complicated -- and not so interesting as the mathematics of the baseball averages, or the romantic convolutions of the latest screen drama. But it's on the front page -- thanks to Senator Thomas of Oklahoma, who has a knack of getting things in the headlines. He sent a stinging cable to the New York Federal Reserve Chief, warning him not to fool around with stabilization, threatening a Congressional inquiry if he does. Senator Thomas is America's Number One exponent of inflation. You can sense that from the text of the cable he sent.

"I protest!" he shouted across the Atlantic submarine wire. "I protest your assumed authority to meddle in this way. Your policy in the past has created deflation and has brought needless tragic destruction."



It's a graphic picture of an inflationist lawmaker who wants to inflate, crying out against a conservative banker who is working for world stabilization of currencies.

As a reflex action to the Senator's blast the Treasury Department now announces that the New York Federal Reserve head is not attending the international bankers conference as a representative of the Treasury, but is acting in the name of the Federal Reserve Board and American bankers.

Well, to many conservative business men, Senator Thomas, the Number One inflationist, is something of a wild eyed, touseled headed radical. His first entrance into ~~public~~ politics was back in the old flaming days of Bryan's Cross of Gold Race for the Presidency. Elmer Thomas, then nineteen, made more than thirty blazing speeches, defending the silver banner of the peerless leader.

Elmer Thomas lived in a small town in the old Indian territory and that was wild country, then. The sort of country that promotes a stern Jacksonian brand of Democracy. Across the street from the office of young lawyer Thomas was the office of another young lawyer who was blind. The two attorneys

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were fast friends. They used to have their shoes shined by a news boy named Fletcher Riley. And that made three friends. Today Elmer Thomas is the United States Senator, the blind lawyer is Senator Gore of Oklahoma and the news boy who shined their shoes is Chief Justice Riley of the Oklahoma Supreme Court. That sort of thing does makes for Democracy - Jacksonian, Jeffersonian or most any old onian.

The news from Washington today is chiefly concerned with aviation. The Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia has overruled the Senate Committee which handed a ten day jail sentence to William P. MacCracken, Assistant Secretary of Commerce under President Hoover.

The story goes something like this:- Bill MacCracken, a specialist on aviation-law, had charge of ~~the~~ aeronautical <sup>affairs</sup> ~~department~~ in the Department of Commerce. In 1929 he resigned and went to work for the big air transport companies. There was a general meeting of air line operators at which Bill MacCracken ~~xx~~ presided. What went on at this meeting the Senate Committee tried to make him tell. It was all connected with cancellation of ~~the~~ air-mail contracts and the actions of Walter Brown, Postmaster General ~~on~~ the Hoover Administration.

Bill MacCracken refused to tell. He declared that as a lawyer, he was bound to protect the confidential affairs of his clients. And now, the <sup>of Columbia</sup> District court has sustained ~~him~~.

Senator Black, Chairman of the Senate Committee,



says he's going to appeal. So, it will now be up to the Supreme Court to decide.

Meanwhile, today saw the first meeting of the new Aviation Committee appointed by President Roosevelt the day before he left on his southern cruise. And the boys who do the flying are tickled with the air-minded look of that committee. The members are all ~~right~~ either practical flyers or aviations enthusiasts, such as Clarke Howell, publisher of the Atlanta Constitution, who has been a leader in aviation development in the South. Then there's Edward P. Warner, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, <sup>under Mr. Coolidge,</sup> editor of Aviation magazine, who started the first technical aeronautical school in the United States -- the ~~first~~ Aeronautical Branch of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. And Jerome Hunsaker, ~~who is~~ now in charge of aeronautical instruction at M. I. T., ~~who, since~~ <sup>and</sup> formerly <sup>a</sup> commander in the Navy. During the World War he worked in the construction and repair bureau under the direction of Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

And there's Franklin K. Lane Jr., a prominent attorney of Los Angeles, who is one of the best known private fliers on the West Coast. He is the son of the Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson. During the World War he served, first in the Army Air Corps, then in the Navy Air Corps.

And, finally, there's Albert Berres, one of the former labor coordinators, who recently ironed out the strike troubles in the motion picture industry. He's there to look into the labor problems of aviation.



## BASEBALL

I thought the National League Ball busters would win, in the annual all-star game today, but they didn't. The dope was that the National League all-star team had the best bunch of pitchers, and had the edge on hitting. But it turns out the other way around. It looked as though it would be a pitchers' battle, with one star hurler after another ready to go in for several innings each. But, the big hitters were slamming the ball today. A score of nine to seven doesn't look like a pitchers' battle does it? Anyhow the Babe didn't hit that seven hundredth home run this afternoon. He didn't do any hitting at all. They walked him twice and the other time he struck out. The big Babe's bat didn't do any busting. It was just a bust, but even so, the American Leaguers won.

## ROAD

Here's an odd one. What does a bobsled champion do in the summertime? Why, he's a road commissioner. In the winter he's the champ of the dizzy bobsled whiz down the steep, spiraling slope of snow. Wouldn't it be ironical to see him supervising the building of a perfectly flat, level road, perfectly straight too -- the kind you see out in the Middle West? It doesn't turn out that crazily.

I have a letter from Hubert Stevens, bobsled champ of Lake Placid and the world. He writes to give me the substantial piece of information, that in the big road building job of which he is a commissioner, they use Blue Sunoco exclusively, nine hundred to a thousand gallons of it every day. And that <sup>t</sup> represents plenty of streamline power. Yes, Blue Sunoco first gives the power that builds the road, and then it takes your car zipping along that same road.

This new highway is one of the most extraordinary in the East. A magnificent scenic avenue to the top of Mount Whiteface, third highest peak in the Adirondacks. From the

summit you get a superb view of a hundred peaks of the Adirondacks, Lake Placid, Saranac Lake, Lake Champlain and the immense forests of the rugged northern country.

Champ Hubert Stevens isn't so much out of his element after all. That road would make a bobsled run packed with thrills, from the top of Mt. Whiteface down into the valley, with old boy gravitation whipping the sled along. Gravitation is to the bobsled what Blue Sunoco is to your car.

He wears slacks of well pressed London-duck-skin or flannel. He wears the bright red bandanna around his neck, but a mauve Ascot tie instead. And he doesn't smell like a mustang anymore. He is scented with lavender lotions and B. O. soothers. Yes, he's still a cowboy, but he's a drug-store cowboy. And the same goes for the cowgirls. They sell themselves up like Chopin girls, and they think a Mexican aper is part of some new gaudied manicure set.

So, the sheriff of Maricopa County, Texas is in New York trying to revive the old cow-country traditions along the canyons of Broadway and Park Avenue gulch. I hope he has



## COWBOY

It's the last round-up, alright. They've buried the last cowboy on the lone prairie -- so says Colonel Fred Cardway, veteran rancher, Texas ranger and deputy sheriff of Maricopa County, Texas. The Colonel is in New York bemoaning the passing of the wild west. He declares the Texas cowboy no longer rides a bucking bronc. He prefers a stream-lined coupe. Instead of a ten gallon hat, he favors a pearl gray Borsalino, or a natty Panama. Instead of Sheep-skin chaps, he wears slacks of well pressed London doe skin or flannel. No more the bright red bandana around his neck, but a mauve Ascot tie instead. And he doesn't smell like a mustang anymore. He is scented with lavender lotions and B. O. sweetners. Yes, he's still a cowboy, but he's a drug-store cowboy. And the same goes for the cowgirls. They doll themselves up like Chorus girls, and they think a Mexican spur is part of some new gangled manicure set.

So, the sheriff of Maricopa County, Texas is in New York trying to revive the old cow-country traditions along the canyons of Broadway and Park Avenue gulch. I hope he has

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luck. People often get roped-in there too. So the Sheriff may be able to teach the night club stickers how to rope a steer. And, of course, there are plenty of coyotes along Broadway, and wolves on Wall Street. So mebbe New York will be the new Wild West.

## GERMANY

It isn't expected that the reassembling of the German Parliament will mean anything much. Its members are nearly all Nazis and they will undoubtedly vote ~~Hitler~~ the way Hitler wants them to. Just why Hitler is calling the Reichstag together again is an interesting point. The dope is that he wants the elected representatives of the German people to ratify the killings in the suppression of the Storm Troop revolt. There would seem to be some indication of weakness, if Hitler feels he needs Parliamentary ratification.

That appeal of friendship toward France has evoked some sarcastic comment in Paris. French editors are making satirical remarks about the Nazi appeal to the French war veterans.

But Hitler does seem in earnest in trying to pacify Germany's neighbors. He has ordered the two and one half million Storm Troopers ~~was~~ cut down to eighty thousand and that is a mighty radical reduction, ~~is~~ a vivid indication of what a danger those millions of arrogant Storm Troopers had become. And it should help a lot to ease Germany's relations with France, <sup>reducing the numbers like that.</sup> The French have



always contended that the Storm Troops were really an army and therefore ~~was~~ in violation of the Treaty of Versailles, which severely limits Germany's military strength.

But, the German people themselves <sup>Just now</sup> are mostly interested in the potato famine. It has been noticed all along that German food supplies were short and there has been talk of going on war rations. <sup>- ersatz again.</sup> Now it turned out that there's a real famine of potatoes, the favorite German "kartofal." <sup>And</sup> That's creating a real feeling of unrest. <sup>However -</sup> Import quotas have been lifted so that more food stuffs can be brought in from Belgium, Holland and Italy.

That story of Zaro that aged Turk turned into a tale of broken hearts. Zaro Agah, one hundred and sixty years old and supposed to be the oldest man in the world, fell in love, was turned down, and ~~and~~ died of a broken heart - so they say. And now word comes of the sad story of Amfe Amet Mutafa, who was one hundred and twenty years old. When she heard of Zaro's death, it was such a shock, that she too has passed along to the Gardens of Paradise. They were not exactly childhood sweethearts. Zaro proposed to her one hundred years ago, when he was sixty and she was twenty. But her father said "No"! Romance was sundered. But, she never forgot him. For many a year she cherished the memory of that blissful time - yes indeed for many a year, for a whole century.

The story of that aged Turk had a large juicy element of improbability about it all along, and it certainly does rise to a high climax of improbability with this finale of broken hearts.

fixe that guy!

So, Angelo made a two hundred mile trip from Baltimore to the radio station in Jersey City. He clattered into the studio,



Now, I want to say that Angelo is a fine name. It means angel, and brings reminiscences of Venice and the Bay of Naples. So you can't ~~believe~~ blame Angelo the Baltimore barber for being annoyed.

It seems that Angelo heard a song on the radio. Like most barbers, he is a music lover and enjoys beautiful melodies with beautiful words, like, "O Sole Mio", or "Funiculi Funicula", or "Chiribiribi". The song on the radio was about the name of Angelo, his own name. Of course, you can have a beautiful song about the name of Angelo -- Angelo and moonlight and Bella Signorina, and all that. But, this particular song didn't go that way at all. It was a funny song, and it poked fun at the name of Angelo.

And that made the Baltimore barber indignant. Made him furious. "Per Dio"! he shouted, "thesa maka me mad. I fixa that guy!"

So, Angelo made a two hundred mile trip from Baltimore to the radio station in Jersey City. He stormed into the studio,



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and that's when the fun began.

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"You maka fun of Angelo," he shouted. "I maka one  
bigga fun outa you." And the next thing you know that radio  
studio was one swarming confusion of announcers, commentators,  
crooners. Yes, it appears that Angelo was no angel. He was a  
raging demon. Angelo stabbed a crooner with a penknife. It's  
lucky that barber didn't have any ~~zx~~ of his razors along with  
him.

So, the matter ended with the crooner patched up a bit,  
and Angelo in jail. Moral -- don't make fun of people's names.

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A little like an experience of my own, with somebody  
making fun of my name. I brought it on myself, when one night  
on the air I made a light remark or two about ladies who may  
have perhaps a slight tendency to plumpness, youknow, that  
pleasant buxom type of beauty. And, one lady who admitted she  
was buxom and plump, wrote and kidded the ears off of me. She  
called me, "Lowly Tom." She said, "Now 'Lowly Tom', you  
needn't be so high and mighty." And she added:- "Now listen,

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'Lowly Tom', what beauty contest did you ever win?"

That's the way the lady kidded my name. So I,

Lowly Tom can feel a kindred sympathy with Angelo, the

Baltimore barber. Good luck, Angelo, old pal, Buona Sera,

and, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.