

L.T. - SUNOCO. FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1937.

46
GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

All quiet on the strike front - that is, so far as the United States is concerned. Labor disputes just drifted along today. *- men going back to work in various places.* The focus of interest is in Canada, where they're faced with an extension of our own strike trouble, General Motors and the C.I.O. Premier Hepburn of Ontario declared today the company property would be protected; General Motors could go ahead and operate the plant, and the authorities would guarantee - no interference by the Union. The Premier said he'd put the mounties on the job if necessary. *The union counters by threatening to close every General Motors plant in the United States as well Canada.* ~~So, the American news is quiet, while from abroad~~ we have an assortment of serious events and curious oddities - oddities like this.

IDOL

47

In India one of the strangest of court cases has been settled - the final decision given. It's a law suit against Sri Sri Iswrai Bahudaneswai Thk ^uUrani. What's so strange about that - except the elaborate name? The defendant is a god, an idol. The suit was brought against a jewel-studded image that stands in a Hindu temple.

The testimony before the court told how years ago there were two pious brothers, who were greatly out of luck. They were desperately poor and couldn't seem to make a go of it. What did they do? They made an idol. With humble, patient

hands they fashioned an image of divinity. They set it up and worshipped it, [^] *— something like that "idol made of mud, that they call the great God Budd"* And at once prospects improved for the two

Hindu brothers. Their affairs flourished, and they became fabulously rich. For this they thanked the idol they had made,

the divinity their hands had fashioned. They ^{dowered} ~~decorated~~ it with jewels and built a glowing shrine for it, ^{and} Great throngs came to worship, ~~the image~~ ^{brothers} When they died, they [^] left their property to

the idol, great possessions of lands and villages. The shrine of Sri Sri Iswrai Bahudaneswai Thk ^uUrani became more and more a

center of religious enthusiasm.

8
But, The relatives of the two pious rich men went to court, ~~about it,~~ claiming that they were the rightful heirs - not the idol made of mud. ~~Sage in the temple.~~ That was twenty years ago, and the case has been dragging ^{along} ~~out~~ ever since. The high court of Bengal gave a compromise verdict, decreeing that the divinity was entitled to only a portion of the land and income. ^{Whereupon the} ~~The~~ idol appealed to the high court in London, ^{its} guardians did. And now the high court has closed the case, by upholding the verdict. And Sri Sri Iswrai Bahudaneswai ^{Thk} ~~Thk~~ Urani has lost the lawsuit.

SPAIN

Today - Madrid was a city in the tensest grip of war. The Spanish capital has been beset by battle for months now, but today brought a climax. (The Left Wing command launched a supreme attempt to break the siege, and shatter the lines that had ^{VE} Madrid two-thirds surrounded. This morning the Socialist battalions went over the top, and a day of savage fighting was on.

49

The attack was concentrated on those sections where the Rebel lines are closest to the city, are ^{in fact} within the city - the university section and the great public park.) There the storming Left Wingers battled all day, smashing against the Rebel trenches. The resistance ^{was} just as fierce as the attack - so tonight there's no decision. General Miaja, the Socialist commander, told the correspondents today that the fight was going favorably for him - but nothing decisive.

On this day of battle, the Madrid government revealed the casualties caused by the five months of bombardment, a metropolis under fire by cannon and from the sky, shells and air bombs. The loss of life from this has been fifteen hundred, thirty-five hundred wounded; four hundred missing. A hundred

buildings have been destroyed. Figures ^{hinting an answer} ~~of significant meaning~~
to the oft~~er~~ discussed question of what would happen if a great
city were assailed with the weapons of modern war. Fifteen
hundred killed and a hundred buildings destroyed. One might
have expected more after the ordeal of fire through which Madrid
has gone.

There was ~~a~~ battle too in the far north of Spain, at
Bilbao. There, General Mola's Fascist battalions are continuing
their steady push against the Left Wing port. They're closing
their grip on Bilbao. And the report^s from both sides indicate
that the capture of the city may not be far off.

50
Gibraltar gives us ~~a report~~^{word} of a Spaniard sailing for
Italy. Significant too, because the Spaniard in question is
Juan March, the multi-millionaire. As Spain's greatest capitalist,
Juan March has backed the Franco rebellion, helped to finance it.
Today he ~~has~~ boarded the Italian liner SAVOIA, and is
bound for Rome. The word is that he is going to see Mussolini.
The inevitable surmise - that he'll ask the Duce for more help -
more Italian help for Franco.

DRUNKARD

In the town of Treviso in Italy, ^{a chap named} ~~one Jacopo~~ Bastianetto, was drinking red wine in a tavern. At Treviso, in the Venetian province, the wines are excellent, and Bastianetto drank well and deeply, too well, too deeply. He became uproarious, shouting and brawling. He made such a rumpus, that the carabinieri came, arrested him and hailed him before the judge.

Bastianetto, sobering up, was a badly worried man. "Please judge," he begged, "please ~~amix~~ do not sentence me to pay a fine. Instead, I implore you, send me to jail."

"Why?" demanded the Fascist judge. "My wife," exclaimed

51
Bastianetto, with a tragic expression. His wife had a bad temper. She was always raising Cain with ~~the~~ him for drinking too deeply of the red wine. So he was afraid to go home. Instead of paying a fine and returning to his hot tempered spouse, he'd rather go to jail.

The compassionate judge granted his request, and sentenced him to a few days in the local lock-up. The police took Bastianetto to a cell, opened the door, and thrust him in. And what did he see? His wife!

There she was, in jail on a charge of - intoxication. She, at home, had been drinking too well and deeply of the red wine, had raised a rumpus all over the place, and had been put in the Treviso bastile. So there were Signor and Signora Bastianetto serving their terms together in the same cell.

CHINA

52

Road-building seems like an every day commonplace sort of thing, but not when you construct a ^{motor} highway from Changsha-Chung-King to Changsha-Kueryang. That's in the remote Chinese Province of Hunan, and the road had to pass through the rugged territory of the tribes that are called by the feline name of Miao. It sounds like a cat, but it signifies exceedingly primitive people, hardly touched by the old Chinese culture, not to mention the modern civilization of the west. The road-building engineers first of all had to buy the right-of-way from the chiefs of the Miao, and they had to make the purchase with Chinese paper money. The Miao had never seen banknotes before, (and it took quite an argument to convince them that you could really buy things with those curious slips of paper. — that they were worth something more than the cat's meow.)

3

Then the chiefs of the Miao asked - how is this strange money made? The engineers replied - it was made with a machine.

Thereupon the wise men of the Miao proposed a compromise, ~~they to sell~~ ^{yes they would sell} the right of way for the ~~ex~~ road. "But," said they, "instead of giving us this money, bring us the machine

that makes it."

And then it was the engineers' turn to meow. But finally they persuaded the tribal chiefs to be satisfied with the cash. The next thing that bothered the Miao people was:- what for that road? (Why go to the trouble of building a long flat smooth surface?) They had never heard of an automobile, and when the engineers tried to explain, they were terrified by the idea - the idea of a black box that roared like thunder and swept along like the wind. They insisted that they'd like to see one before they would allow the road to be built.

So the bedeviled engineers were finally compelled to have an auto ⁱcarried by coolies along the trails to the village of the Miao. (There, the country was so steep and rugged, that they couldn't possible drive the car. And they didn't have to!) The chiefs sat in the upholstered seats, and were delighted with the comfort. They honked the horn and switched the headlights on and off, and thought it was a miracle. All day long they played around with the motionless car, and had such a good time that they shouted in the Miao language: "Go on and build your road."

So now the highway construction has started in Hunan, from Changsha-Chung-King to Changsha-Kueryang, in the land of the Miao.

GOLD

54

Gold took a tumble today, a dizzy, glittering, yellow plunge. There was a gold panic in that metropolis of the precious metal, Johannesburg, South Africa. Wild scenes on the Exchange there as gold shares took a headlong dive. Some fell as much as forty-five points - as the panic word was screamed:- "Sell, sell, sell gold!"

What was the reason for the metallic collapse? There were two. The less important - the French Franc. The word from Paris is that France will let the value of the franc slide down, so as to make French money cheaper, and thereby attract tourists to the Paris Exposition, which is being staged simultaneously with the London coronation. There's also indication that the mechanization for stabilizing the value of the franc is not working right. So French currency broke in the international markets today. In New York the franc collapsed as trade opened this morning - fell nine points, and it's the same story of the falling franc in the Exchanges of London and Paris. ~~That~~ That helped to cause the gold panic in Johannesburg.

The more important reason was - a mere rumor, a rumor

about the United States, about money policy at Washington.

55
The word got around ^{the world} that President Roosevelt plans to cut the price the Treasury Department is paying for gold. That was the fear at Johannesburg today, the insidious terror of a rumor.

A man prominent in the Stock Market once told me how credulous people in the market were, not only customers but also brokers - ready to believe anything, the wildest report. They'll play the vaguest rumor, stack their money on the whispers that originate nobody knows where.

Today President Roosevelt spiked the South African rumor. He declared that he knew of no government plan to cut the present price we are paying for gold. It's still thirty-five dollars an ounce, and the Treasury Department has no intention of changing it. Apparently the rumor originated in Europe, for no particular reason. So there ^{was no cause - no American reason -} ~~no reason whatever~~ for gold to tumble in the South African capital of gold.

FOSHAY

56

In the business district of Minneapolis, they have a show place, a local skyscraper, a tall office building, an ^{ornate}~~erante~~ tower. Back in the boom times of Nineteen Twenty-Eight, Wilbur Foshay, the Minnesota utilities king, built that tower of business as a monument to his own giant empire of power. As a lord of utilities, he was second only to Samuel Insull of Chicago. His fortune was reckoned at fifty million. Wilbur Foshay spent a hundred and sixteen thousand dollars on the festivities and ceremonies that dedicated his tower of utilities. In his elaborate private office he had a motto placed - an optimistic slogan. "Why worry? It won't last long. Nothing does."

It won't last long? No, there was something that didn't last so long. Shortly after ~~the dedication spring the power~~ of the opening of the tower ^{to}~~that~~ commemorated the Foshay utilities empire - that empire collapsed - a business catastrophe that shook finances in seven states. The fifty million dollar fortune tumbled to ruins.

It won't last long! - that slogan rang out again today, as Wilbur Foshay was released from prison. He stepped out of the

federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, a free man once more.

He had been sentenced to a fifteen year term on a charge of mail frauds - in connection with the downfall of his kingdom of power. President Roosevelt cut the term to five years. No, it didn't last so long as it might have.

57
Today Wilbur Foshay, back in Minneapolis, declared that not a vestige of his fifty million dollar fortune is left to him. "I haven't a red cent," he said. "I'll have to begin all over again, from the bottom." Now he has nothing - ~~nothing~~ but maybe that won't last long.

TORNADO

Storm news from Florida today - but it was no giant hurricane blasting its mighty course across the spaces of the ocean. It was something much smaller than that. A tornado perhaps? No, it wasn't even that big. It was a pigmy tornado, a twister in mere miniature.

It hit the residential section of Miami, and cut a swath ~~of~~ only two blocks wide, ^{roared among} ~~the~~ streets and houses along that narrow belt and raced on for two miles.

A mere pigmy, but it was a ~~rampaging~~ rampageous dwarf, a violent miniature. The wild wind blew down communications, knocked over a house, ~~and~~ swept off ^{half} a dozen roofs, and injured several persons. Little - but ~~was~~ ^{hardly} a zephyr.

TORNADO

Storm news from Florida today - but it was no giant hurricane blasting its mighty course across the spaces of the ocean. It was something much smaller than that. A tornado perhaps? No, it wasn't even that big. It was a pigmy tornado, a twister in mere miniature.

It hit the residential section of Miami, and cut a swath ~~of~~ only two blocks wide, ^{roared among} ~~the~~ streets and houses along that narrow belt and raced on for two miles.

A mere pigmy, but it was a ~~rampageous dwarf~~ rampageous dwarf, a violent miniature. The wild wind blew down communications, knocked over a house, ~~and~~ swept off ^{half} a dozen roofs, and injured several persons. Little - but ~~was~~ ^{hardly} a zephyr.

58

In Saint Louis, ~~Mr~~ Al Wick~~le~~ is a born traveller -- wanderlust, the itching foot, the desire to see the world and all its strange places. Al works in an express office, where he can't travel much. The packages he handles do the travelling. For years Al has been sending parcels on their way to their various destinations -- far and near, Some -- very far, addressed to India or Siam, New Guinea or Tahiti. Imagine -- the constant incitement to a man ^{with} of the wanderlust, incessant irritation to make the itching foot itch all the harder. More and more Al Wick~~le~~ wanted to see the world. **B**ut, he had to stay on the job in the express office.

58 1/2

So in desperation -- what did he do? He couldn't be a world traveller, but his hat could. So, dreaming of the far-off places he wanted most to see at that moment, he sent his hat instead -- expressed his chapeau on the distant journey, with a return ticket to bring it back. And when the hat returned he sent it forth again to latitudes afar. It was a substitute, the next best thing, a sort of vicarious fulfillment of his own
— like a millionaire backing an explorer.
longing desire. ^{By} now -- Al Wick~~le~~'s hat has travelled seventy-

HAT - 2

five thousand miles. It has been around the globe, a circum-navigating headpiece. It has journeyed on the remotest oceans and to distant isles of romance -- through desert and jungle.

The news tonight is that the globe trotting hat is on its way to San Francisco; this time Al has addressed it to Asia - by air. His dream right now is -- trans-Pacific flight. And his hat's doing it for him. And where's hat - and

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.