

L.T. SUNOCO - THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1933

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:-

All New York is chuckling tonight over two young visitors from the West. Two lads aged nine and seven, from a little burg in Idaho, land of the big potato. While visiting in Salt Lake City some time ago, they saw a wonderful thing, a modern electric refrigerator, so different from the old family ice box. So they wrote a letter to the President of General Electric, explaining that their mama was sick and ailing and that walking up-and-down-stairs to the cold cellar didn't do her any good. So they offered the president of General Electric a bargain; they offered to swap mama -- I mean a mama sheep and its baby; also forty-five different kinds of birds' eggs and some Indian arrow-heads, for one icebox.

This offer was so novel that it was passed up the line to the very top, to Gerard Swope and Owen D. Young. These two bigwigs of G.E. immediately said: "Deal closed. Wire acceptance at once." What's more, they invited Holling and Richard Lowe,

with their mama -- the boys' mama -- to come to New York to be the guests of Owen D. Young.

They arrived today and were met on behalf of the Company by my hard-boiled friend Charles Francis Coe, popularly known as Soccer Coe, whose underworld stories you read in the Saturday Evening Post. This time Soccer is doing a little sob-stuff. He put the boys up at one of the finest hotels in New York, fed them to their hearts' content, as well as their stomachs, and then invited them on a sightseeing tour.

The face of the nine-year-old got as long as a fiddle. Soccer said: "What's the matter?" The lad replied: "That ain't it. You're okay pard, but why can't Dick and me get a couple of bicycles and see this burg ourselves?"

Soccer was obliged to explain that small boys on bikes are not commonly seen on Broadway. The folks are the same as in Idaho but the town is too overgrown for bicycles.

Tomorrow night the boys will talk through this mike and tell the folks back in Idaho all about it.

LINDBERGH

The flying Lindberghs are hurrying home to little Jon. Pan-American Airways informs me that the Colonel and his lady left Port of Spain, Trinidad, this morning and went winging over the isles of the Caribbean arriving at San Juan, Puerto Rico shortly before two o'clock this afternoon. Eight hundred miles in five and a half hours. Home to little Jon for Christmas.

NBC

HESSION

In the New York World Telegram tonight is a story written by Joseph Mitchell, the brevity and simplicity of which should make it a candidate for the Pulitzer prize. It concerns Joseph Hession, a fifty-six year old plasterer, and his wife Rose, thirty-three. On the fifteenth of December last year, the Hessions were dispossessed from their flat. They went to a charity bureau and the woman in charge said: "There are too many ahead of you, and anyway, we're about to run out of money." Other relief organizations wanted to separate this man and wife, but Mrs. Hession said: "We'll starve together." They went up to Central Park that night and sheltered themselves under an overhanging cliff, half like a cave. The husband built a fire and they warmed themselves. Today Mrs. Hession said:- "We've been doing that every night for about a year now; but we have never got used to it."

Every day the wife went to one of the public baths, where she bathed and washed her own clothes and her husband's. Then they would meet at church and sit inside for a while to keep

warm. Then they parted and looked for work.

The husband found but few odd jobs, and the wife did a ~~lx~~ little laundering.

"One day," she tells:- "I was washing blankets for a woman. They were playing bridge in her apartment. A man brought some liquor and she paid him with a ten dollar bill. I saw her tip him one dollar. I worked there all day and she paid me fifty cents."

It was that same night that she bought a dime's worth of corned beef, some greens and a couple of Irish potatoes. She put the meat and vegetables in a little pot and was cooking a stew. A Park policeman came up. Says Mrs. Hession: "He said:- 'Get to hell out of here.' And he kicked the supper off the fire, and the supper was in the ashes. Then he made us leave. Late that night we came back to our cave," relates the woman, "but we didn't have nothing to eat that night."

9
Last Tuesday morning the man and wife were slowly freezing to death in that half grotto in Central Park when a social worker found them, too cold to talk. She got them a place to live and something to eat. For the first time in a year they slept in a bed.

World-Telegram
Special permission
of Mr. Lee Wood.

GLENDON

There has been a sensational tragedy in the sporting world. It concerns young Dick Glendon, coach of the Columbia University rowing crew, one of the most famous in the country.

The first news today was that Dick Glendon had been missing for twenty-four hours. His father grew anxious and notified the police exclaiming: "He's done it." So a search was organized by ~~not only~~ the ~~NINE~~ police, ~~but~~ state troopers ^{and} ~~as well as~~ forty boy scouts. It was one of these scouts who saw the corner of a coat sticking out ^{of} ~~from~~ a snow bank. ^{And so} ~~when the troopers reached the spot, there~~ ~~they~~ found the dead body of Dick Glendon, shot.

The coroner declared he had met his death by accident.

NBC

STABILIZATION

There have been persistent reports that Uncle Sam has been pow-wowing with John Bull on the subject of stabilizing^{tion of} the currency. ^{Today these} ~~These remarks~~ ^{are} ~~have been~~ once more denied by Mr. Morgenthau, the Acting Secretary of the Treasury.

^{More} ~~Another piece of~~ information from the Treasury is that Mr. Morgenthau is going to appear before the Ways and Means Committee of the House tomorrow ^{to present} ~~He will give the Committee~~ the Treasury's opinion on revising^{ing} the income tax. Ouch! ~~can't you hear the taxpayers squealing already!~~

NBC

WEIRTON

It has come to a showdown between the National Labor Board and the Weirton Steel Company, ~~which has defied the Government.~~ A message from Washington says the Board has called upon the Department of Justice to take legal proceedings, ~~against the Weirton Steel Company,~~ asking for an injunction. The Labor Board is not satisfied with the election held among the employees of the Company the other day. It is claimed that such an election should be held under the rules of the Board and supervised by its officials.

Senator Wagner, ~~head of the Labor Board,~~ says that this ~~matter is of first importance.~~ He ~~even~~ ^{intimated} that the Government might try to have the Company's officials indicted for violation of the N.R. A.

~~Senator Wagner said further: "Elections by employees are no affair of the employer. Schemes such as company unions under the thumb of company officials are a clear violation of Section 7 of the law.~~

DEBTS

Every six months comes the day when those European War Debt payments are due. The State Department is getting ready to publish a list of the countries that are will meet their obligations on December 15th and those that will not. It'll be about the same as the list on June 15th. In other words, John Bull will make a token payment and so will Italy. France will pay what she paid before -- nothing. The only country to pay in full will be dear old Finland.

In Washington last week I was walking with that acute publisher, Max Schuster. We passed the White House while the great official reception to the Diplomatic Corps was being held. Lining the streets was one magnificent automobile after another, sumptuous limousines, every one of them, belonging to ambassadors, ministers and other plenipotentiaries. Then we saw in the line one small, shabby battered car.

Ah, said Max "I bet that car belongs to Finland -- she paid her debts."

Professor James
Arthur Tufts .
of Phillips
Exeter Academy.
Dec. 14, 1933.

INTRO TO PROFESSOR TUFTS

Some weeks ago I had as a guest speaker a distinguished educator, Dr. Gamage of the Pawling Boys' School. The Doctor told/a Tall Story. It seems that a number of the alumni of the Phillips Exeter Academy heard him. And they rose up and declared that a famous master of their own school, Professor James Arthur Tufts, "Tuffie" to his pupils -- is even more of a seasoned veteran than Dr. Gamage, and tells taller stories. So I asked Professor Tufts, the venerable seventy-eight year old Professor Emeritus of Phillips Exeter, to prove his point and let the radio audience judge whether he can tell 'em any taller than his scholastic colleague, Dr. Gamage, the Headmaster Emeritus. So here's Professor Tufts -- fifty years a professor -- all primed to tell us a tall one. So speak up, Professor, and spin us a whopper.

FOR PROFESSOR TUFTS

I have no doubt that my learned colleague, Dr. Gamage of the Pawling Boys' School, can spin a mighty whopper, but up at Phillips Exeter we ~~xx~~ too have a gift that way. I have a communication here which I intended to read at our Alumni Association banquet tonight. It is from Ora L. Jones of the Florida Keys Sun, a weekly newspaper.

"The other day," writes Miss Jones, "I filled the tank of my car with Blue Sunoco. I took a drive through the Everglades. I saw an alligator and also a pickaninny. I saw that alligator slip out of a lagoon and swallow the pickaninny. Naturally, I was somewhat surprised," comments Miss Jones.

"I drove on," Miss Jones continues, "and came to a cabin and saw a black mammy sitting on the doorstep surrounded by pickaninnies. I stopped and told her what I'd seen. She turned her head and looked inside of the cabin.

"'Rastus,' she called, 'I done tole you somep'n' has been ketchin' our chillun. And now I reckon you'll believe me. No tellin' how many of our chillun dat 'gator done et up.'"

That! for you, Dr. Gamage!

CHILD

There's a couple in New London, Wisconsin, who don't seem to believe in what Theodore Roosevelt used to call "Race suicide". They yesterday became parents of their twenty-ninth offspring, a girl, ~~only nine of the twenty-nine, however, are living now,~~ the oldest being twenty-one. Five of those children were born in one year -- one set of triplets and another set of twins.

NBC

FOREIGN

Now, let's see what's happening abroad. Ah!

Geneva, the home of the League of Nations, the city Dedicated to Peace! What's the peaceful news tonight? The Swiss Parliament has today made an extra urgent appropriation of eighty-two million francs for the peaceful Swiss Army.

And here's Saxony, home of the German Supreme Court.

4
They are winding up the trial of the men accused of having set fire to the Reichstag. The Public Prosecutor spent the day ~~in~~ demanding the death sentence for the flabby Dutch youth Vanderlubbe, and communist leader Torgler.

And ⁱⁿ London, home of the Court of St. James's, Uncle Sam's Ambassador Mr. Bingham is getting ready to come home for a holiday. The news of this gave rise to rumors that President Roosevelt had recalled him, but our Ambassador denies it.

NBC

FINGERPRINTS

The cops the world over won't like this one: A French skin surgeon has taken a whack at finger prints. Though once a reputable practicing surgeon, he committed a crime and was sent to prison. While in jail he conceived the idea of altering the fingerprints of criminals in such a fashion as to make identification impossible.

Dactyloscopy or the science of fingerprints, has been considered by police as their unflinching standby for identifying criminals. But the say this French Surgeon changed fingerprints so they were something else again.

Schoonmaker

STORM

Now for something of a different kind, one of those real, wintry, North Atlantic storms. The Conte di Savoia, the crack Italian liner, for the first time in its history came into port a day late. Her captain said it was the worst storm he had encountered in years, with waves ninety feet high.

One of the passengers was our old friend the World's Champion Heavyweight, the bigga da Preem Carnera. He said he was willing to fight anybody - even the reporters. So saying, he playfully tapped one of the lads on his chin and the reporter's head is still aching.

From Sunny Venice we get the news of forty inches of snow. Spain is inundated by floods and Central Europe is in the grip of a terrific blizzard.

N.B.C. and Schoonmaker

SAN FRANCISCO GALE

A wild storm is lashing the Pacific coast. For the third time the huge trestle that is being built for the bridge across the Golden Gate was today torn to match wood. Thirteen hundred feet of this tressel had been completed and the wind and waves tore away nearly a thousand feet of it. Steel supports were bent like hairpins. Electrical lines and cement foundations were ripped away. The damage is estimated at a hundred thousand dollars.

NBC

ATLANTIC CITY

While ten thousand men have been at work cleaning snow off the streets in New York, other ^{eastern} cities have had their problems. Stationmaster Curle at North Philadelphia, told me this morning they had had the most troublesome ice storm last night since 1932. The streets of Washington, Philadelphia, Atlantic City and elsewhere were a sheet of ice for ~~a few~~ hours. I spent ~~several hours~~ ^{part of} today in Atlantic City. Foaming rollers were coming in from the Atlantic. There was a glorious bite in the air, and the sun soon caused most of the ice to vanish. The boardwalk was as alluring as ever ^{- but in a different way.} There are few ^{things} ~~places~~ more exhilarating than ^{that frosty} ~~Atlantic~~ beach, pale sunlight and grey ocean -- Atlantic City in the winter time.

Oh yes, and in Philadelphia, tomorrow, there will be a rather important ceremony. They are going to ^{open} officially ~~open~~ that superb new 30th Street ^{Pennsylvania} station, one of the finest railway terminals in the world.

L.T.

EARTHQUAKE

①

While the Atlantic was ~~gxtngxm~~ kicking up, the earth was doing the same. Father Lynch, the earthquake expert of Fordham University, informs us that his Seismograph recorded two severe shocks this morning. The latest of these occurred evidently some eighty miles out at sea, off the Mexican coast, about two thousand, four hundred and fifty miles from New York.

NBC

SHOWER

One of the laughs of the day comes from, Washington and concerns Mr. Morgenthau, acting Secretary of the Treasury. While he was Governor of the Farm Credit Administration he decided to make his office more comfortable for those broiling Washington summers. So he installed a shower bath and an air conditioning system, the total cost being some fourteen hundred dollars, for which Uncle Sam's to pay:

But Mr. McCarl, the Comptroller General of the United States, didn't see it that way. Said the Comptroller-General: "That's not farm relief, that's Morgenthau relief."

So now the question of the hour in Washington is: "Who pays for Henry Morgenthau's bath?" I don't know, and
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

NBC