

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

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Twenty-eight years ago, in nineteen eight, there occurred an event which is called to mind because a similar thing happened today. In that year William Howard Taft was running for the presidency against William Jennings Bryan. Taft and Bryan met in amicable conference. That was the last time two major candidates shook hands in greeting - until today. In Nineteen Eight, the campaign wasn't quite as hot as it is this year, not so charged with tense feeling. It was Bryan's third try for the presidency, and the enmity and angry excitement once stirred up by the great commoner had cooled down. So this year, (with the bitter New Deal controversy ~~xxx~~ raging, it's rather a more striking thing for the two candidates to meet, President Roosevelt and Governor Landon.)

The high temper of politics this year was indicated

today by the absence of politics at Des Moines. (Both the President and Governor Landon, attending the drought conference, declared for a non-political atmosphere as the dry calamity of the West is under discussion. No public speeches, no statements to the press -- the two ~~xxx~~ candidates photographed by newspaper and news reel cameramen in friendly greeting, that's all.)

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Governor Herring of Iowa, host to the conference, passed out the word that nothing in Des Moines should give a hint that a Presidential Campaign is in action -- no pictures of the candidates displayed. Governor Herring went so far as to remove from his own office a bust of the President, which has been standing there. The only political hint today was the color of yellow and the flowery shape of petals. A number of Landon enthusiasts couldn't refrain from wearing their symbolical sunflower.

Governor Landon was ^{a bit} late for the luncheon, ^{caught in} ~~He was~~ ^{Des Moines}
^a ~~help up by~~ traffic, ^{jam as} ~~and he~~ drove to Des Moines. But ~~anyway they~~
^{met and} ~~met,~~ the two candidates. There was a smiling cordiality as they shook hands. The President introduced his son John to the

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presidential rival. Then ^{he} remarked, Governor Landon must have had a hard motor trip to Des Moines. The Republican candidate smilingly admitted that was true.

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Then they went in to luncheon, with the other members of the drought conference. After luncheon the serious business began and continued all afternoon -- planning how to help the stricken farmers. The proceedings of the conference were secret. The one flashing thing of public interest was the personal slant - the meeting of Roosevelt and Landon in the midst of their struggle for the presidency.

ADD LEAD

Here's an intimate, personal description that has
direct from Des Moines
just come to me over the wire, from Arthur DeTitta of Fox
DeTitta *historic*
Movietone. Arthur is always on hand for events like the one
Iowa
in ~~Des Moines~~ today. He wires me as follows:

President Roosevelt arrived at the fifty-two-year-old ~~xx~~ State Capitol at twelve-forty-five Central time followed fifteen minutes later by Landon. A crowd of more than two hundred thousand greeted both candidates. There ^{were} ~~are~~ more than two hundred news and newsreel men here to report the conference. Governor Landon arrived with a new light-weight felt hat, given him by Mayor Mitchell of Independence, Kansas.

Luncheon was held in Governor Herring's reception ^{Gov.} room. Alf Landon sat three seats to the right of ^{Pres.} ~~MR.~~ Roosevelt.

They ate fried chicken, lettuce salad and ice cream. Both smiled and chatted across the table. ^{The} President ~~Roosevelt~~ and ^{the} Presidential Candidate ~~Landon~~ ^{along} posed for the newsreels, with the other governors. Mr. Roosevelt seated and Mr. Landon standing right behind him.

Asked if they would shake hands for pictures they declined smiling. Then the conference got under way.

The corridors of the Iowa State Capitol remind me of this Summer's big political conventions, jammed with newspapermen, telegraph services rushing stories, rows of tables lined with typewriters, photographers dashing here and there.

Then Arthur De Titta concludes:

^ A question came up during the drought conference.

Pres:

~~Mr.~~ Roosevelt turned to Mr. Landon and said: Governor, you'll

have trouble like this when you get to the White House.

RICHMAN

- Today, the twenty-ninth non-stop Trans-Atlantic flight was completed. That's how often the North Atlantic has been conquered by the wings of man. Of course, to Harry Richman and Dick Merrill that twenty-ninth time is merely one-half of a red letter first time. For their ambition is to make theirs a first-- the first round trip Trans-Atlantic flight.

And so far they haven't needed those 41,000 ping pong balls. They were forced down all right - but it was on land. On the European side they ran into storm and fog, so familiar in the British Isles. Their radio stopped working and they ran out of gas, which clipped their wings then and there. They were forced down in Wales, at the town - Llandilo. That begins with a double "L". A hundred and seventy-five miles from London.

They set a record for Trans-Atlantic speed. After

their New York take-off, fifteen hours and forty minutes elapsed before they flew over Dingle Bay, in Ireland, the first point of European land they sighted. ~~That's~~ much faster than Lindbergh's time, over the same stretch -- when he flew to Paris.

The British government came to a decision today on a thorny point connected with the flight - those ping pong balls. Britain has a tariff, of course, which includes a twenty-five percent duty on what they call "sports requisites." Now a ping pong ball is obviously a sports requisite. So, should the flying singer be made to pay a twenty-five percent duty on the forty-one thousand? This question was all the more pointed, because Harry might do some smart and profitable business. He might autograph and sell a lot of ping pong balls. They'd make neat souvenirs.

Today's decision is that he won't have to pay duty, so long as the ping ponging is merely for airplane buoyancy and not for profit. No tariff to be levied unless Harry does decide to autograph and sell ping pong souvenirs.

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Today's exploit is a high spot in a gaudy career.

Harry Richman was a dress salesman once, a drummer on the road calling on the dry-goods trade with his sample cases. When he went into a store to make a sale, they commonly had him sing a song. He had a husky baritone, belcanto for a drummer. Singing songs helped him to sell dresses, and then he decided to sell the singing. In the gaudy New York days of prohibition and speakeasies, Harry Richman rose to fame and fortune as entertainer in his own night club. He had his voice insured for a million dollars, although he was a rather hoarse and bronchial sort of Caruso. Money rolled in so fast that he built himself a flamboyant showplace on Long Island, full of art, floodlights illuminating the swimming pool. But the troubadour of Broadway was hankering for headier thrills and a larger fame. He met

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up with Dick Merrill, veteran master of long distance flying.

There was one thing Dick has never done, and that was fly the Atlantic. He didn't want to do it - just for the twenty-ninth

time. So he and the ^{song and dance ace} ~~master singer~~ of the night clubs decided

to try a trans-Atlantic stunt that would be a ^{real} first time - a

first round-trip. They've done half, now all they have to do ^{is} ~~is fly back~~ ^{the hardest part - the east to west crossing} from London to New York - back to Mitchell Field

from which they took off yesterday afternoon.

Right now Mitchell Field is a busy place, planes tuning up, ready for the Bendix Trophy Race. That Coast-to-Coast classical will be flown tomorrow. This time from East to West -- New York to Los Angeles.

OLYMPICS

In any newspaper, ~~it's this way~~ - after the news section comes the sports section. ~~The pages devoted to sports are always~~ in the back of the paper. Tonight ^{let's} ~~we can~~ apply that familiar journalistic pattern to the radio. I have ~~a string of items here about play and games.~~ So let's end with a radio sports page.

One headline of course will be - Olympics, the return of the athletes from the German Games. Some of them got here a few days ago, but the bulk of them arrived today on the liner MANHATTAN. There was the usual greeting by the Mayor and the customary procession through the streets. But, today there was one unusual feature. It was the route the athletic cavalcade took from the Battery to the final ceremony at Randall's Island.

New York has a well known section called Harlem - - a dusky region full of color. Solemn civic events commonly leave Harlem's dark-town out of the program. Wall Street, Broadway and Fifth Avenue sound better. In fact, never before had one of those stately welcoming processions wended its way

through the concentrated color of Harlem. But the Olympic cavalcade did today. The automobile parade of the athletes went right through the heart of Harlem, amid the rousing plaudits of dark-town. For the first time in history, New York's "Little Africa" was so honored.

All of which is neither a surprise nor a paradox - when you consider the color of the American triumphs at Berlin. Those triumphs were distinctly brunette. And it would have been a false note if in today's celebration the procession that featured Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalfe, had made a detour around Harlem. But it didn't, and Harlem had a big day.

The returning Olympians were beaming with smiles, happy to be home, delighted to see God's Country once more. There's only one lugubrious note sounded in the Olympic "Home Sweet Home". The triumphant athletes admit the sad fact - they're broke, most of them. It is the same impecunious complaint that we heard before - not enough expense money, Olympic runners, jumpers and swimmers down to their last dime. So they sing "Home Sweet Home" with sentimental fervor and then groan - "But we're broke."

TYPEWRITING

Here's an item that tells us how the athletes went into training, kept a strict schedule of diet, exercise and ^{regular} hours of sleep. That ~~certainly~~ sounds like ^{the usual thing in} a ~~sporting~~ connection with athletics, with a sport theme. But do ~~them. It is, as if~~ you consider working the typewriter to be a playful sport. Ask any stenog about that. Anyway, a legion of perfectly trained typists took part in the World's Championship event at the Canadian National Exposition, Toronto. The Champ? He's George Hossfield, who has been crowned as the world's fastest on the rattling keys on eight previous occasions - now the ninth. He ~~smacked~~ his trusty Underwood around at a rate of a hundred and thirty-one words a minute.

BOATS

Just to keep our sporting page complete, let's moisten it with the rippling waters. The boatmen of South Jersey are staging three big regattas of racing, a week-end of racing at Stone Harbor. This year they are putting on the biggest combination of events that has ever been staged along the Atlantic coast. One will be for the National In-Board Championship of the United States -- with Blue Sunoco roaring in the motors, while the water churns white in the wake of the speedsters.

TENNIS FOLLOW-OLYMPICS

Sports headline Number ^{three}~~Two~~ is -- Tennis. At Forest Hills this afternoon, the rhythmic ping of racquets hitting balls. The National Singles Championship. Fred Perry has two legs. Of course he has -- you ^{seldom}~~never~~ hear^a of one-legged tennis player, ^{— except some world War veteran like Dan Edwards.} But Fred wants three legs -- to give him permanent possession of the United States Lawn Tennis Trophy. He has won the championship twice over here, but he's got to win it three times to have the trophy ~~for good~~ for keeps. The last time he tried for that third leg he was foiled by Wilmer Allison, the lanky Texan, who beat him. But this year Wilmer is not playing at Forest Hills, which makes Fred's chances all the better.

His principal obstacle is Donald Budge, the modest freckle faced lad. They say that modesty has handicapped Donald's game, lack of confidence. And he's so freckle-faced that somebody once remarked to his mother ** that if Donald wasn't the best tennis player in the world, he certainly was the homeliest. He started playing in the public parks in his native city of

Oakland, California. His tennis costume was a pair of blue overalls, a khaki cowboy hat and a lot of freckles. His father was a laundry wagon driver. This year he has his chance ~~in~~ of climbing to the heights of tennis glory. He's the chief obstacle for British Fred Perry. But at the same time Fred Perry is Donald's chief obstacle. We'll see who will out-obstacle the other.

The leaders all came thru at Forest Hills today. Among the days winners Fred Perry of England; Don Budge of the U.S.A., and Helen Jacobs.

And Uncle Sam won an overwhelming victory in the Walker Cup golf tournament.

But what about Sports in other parts of the world?

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

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The daring sport of mountain climbing gets a place on our sports page -- because it is getting so much space on the sports pages of Japan. Right now it's mountain climbing season in old Nippon. The Japanese scale summits in mass formation -- Fujiyama in particular. The top most pinnacle of Fuji twelve thousand five hundred feet above sea level is about as secluded as the corner of Broadway and Forty-Second Street. The news brings word of a record day for Fuji climbing this season. Eleven thousand three hundred men, women and children toiled their way to the tip-top of the sacred mountain, a difficult climb.

The traffic up other favorite mountains in old Nippon is almost as heavy.

We hear of a six months-old babe carried up the steep slope of Mount Hakuba. Here's an astonishing thing -- eleven blind men, eleven sightless mountaineers climbing to the

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summit of Mount Tate, and they were led by a blind guide. *The blind leading the blind.*

TP So you don't have to see to climb mountains in Japan.

TP
It's whiskers that are the handicap. In Tokyo there is a Whisker Club, which goes in for the longest of beards, full, bushy, voluminous spinach. The Whisker Club planned to sally forth for a mass assault on Fuji. They would carry their trailing beards to the utmost height of the sacred mountain.

But that's out -- vetoed by officials. ~~It has been~~ condemned as too dangerous. The whisker cohorts might trip over their beard ^{and go over a precipice.} ~~or get their spinach tangled.~~ So the Whisker Club

must be content to stay at low altitudes and just keep on straining soup.

And that reminds me of what I ought to be doing now — and s-l-u-t-m.

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