

L.T. - SUNOCO. THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The little town of London, Texas, is in the midst of a rich oil field. Yes, the oil is rich, but tragedy is black in London, Texas, tonight. A fine school there, built a couple of years ago. Its enrollment -- fifteen hundred children. Today the classrooms were filled, when tragedy descended. Or rather -- tragedy came up out of the earth.

The probable explanation seems to be -- a gas line, a gas line from the oil fields. It ran right under the school. It exploded with terrific violence. It could not have been worse if that school had been mined with high explosive. The blast from below blew the roof right off the building. You can imagine what happened to the classrooms in between -- classrooms packed with children. For the past few minutes the mournful figures of death have been mounting, as the news has come. The somber figure now has mounted to a probable total of between five hundred and a thousand children's lives lost!

Black disaster in that derrick country of black gold.

STRIKE

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This morning work was going on at Fisher Body Plant Number One, Flint, Michigan. That factory was in the thick of the General Motors sit-down trouble of weeks ago, but then that strike was settled by a formal agreement between the Company and the United Automobile Workers Union. So you'd hardly expect labor trouble in that particular plant today. Nevertheless, it happened.

Two hundred women in the sewing division stopped work this morning, because of a wage dispute. An hour later, four hundred other women joined in. Afterward, those latter four hundred went back to work. But in the middle of the afternoon sixty men joined the original two hundred women. And a sit-down strike was on. The plant had to close ~~down~~ - five thousand people out of work. So once more today the sit-down epidemic

hit Flint. *Then latter on it was all settled - they went back to work.*

In the Detroit Chrysler strike, things are in the legal stage. The Company ~~is~~ ^{is} asking the judge to declare ~~be~~ the strikers in contempt of court. His Honor ^{already has} ordered the sit-downers to vacate the Chrysler plants. They've not obeyed,

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and nothing has been done to make them. So the Chrysler lawyers argue the sit-downers are in contempt of court. If the judge decrees that way, it will be possible, under the law, for sheriffs and deputies to storm the plants.

EARHART

(Amelia Earhart began her equatorial flight around the world in high style - setting something of a speed record from the Pacific Coast to Honolulu.) She flew the twenty-four hundred and ten mile jaunt in fifteen hours and forty-seven minutes. That's an average speed of a hundred and fifty-seven miles an hour. She was doing a hundred and seventy the first half, then throttled down - to get to Honolulu, not at night, but at daybreak. ^R She wasn't the only one flying out that way. Two clipper ships were in the procession, one making the regular run to Manila, the other starting out on that pioneering trip down the South Pacific to New Zealand. Amelia passed them both, led the procession with that flashing speed of hers.

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At Honolulu two of the three men with her are stopping off, and she'll be accompanied only by Captain Manning, the navigator, for the remainder of the Pacific flight, all the way to Australia. Right now they're getting ready for the next hop- to Howland Island, eighteen hundred miles southward. Howland Island - the tiniest dot of land on the broad expanse of the Pacific.

GEHRIG

On April Twentieth, the number will be one thousand, eight hundred and nine for Lou Gehrig. On that day the New York Yanks will open their season, and belting ~~busting~~ Lou will keep his monumental string of games intact. He'll play his eighteenth-hundred-and-ninth game in a row, meaning - that Gehrig, the blustering hold-out ^{of yesterday} ~~today~~, became Gehrig the busting first baseman ^{of today,} ~~once again.~~

The salary agreement was made by long distance telephone between the Yankee management at St. Petersburg, Florida, and larruping Lou in New York. It's a compromise in wages, with lusty Lou doing most of the compromising. The original dispute represented a large difference in opinion. Lou thought he was worth fifty thousand ~~dollars~~ to the Yankees for next season. His boss, Colonel Jake Ruppert, offered him thirty-six ~~thousand.~~

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ A fourteen thousand dollar difference of opinion. Lou later scaled his demand down to forty, ~~thousand,~~ which left a four thousand ^{dollar} difference. Today came the final compromise. What's the figure? Thirty-six thousand ~~dollars.~~

~~But~~ That's what Jake Ruppert offered in the first place. The

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compromise lies in the fact that Lou gets a seven hundred and
fifty dollar bonus for signing a contract. ^{77 So we} ~~So you~~ can write
Gehrig down in history along with Henry Clay, as - the Great
Compromiser.

SIMPSON

Sometimes you'll find the most sensational sort of news packed in the briefest, dullest, prosiest set of words. Take the headline ~~of a~~ story today. It's based on a couple of lines printed in one of the dreariest of publications, a list of cases to come up before a ^{British} law court, the case to be considered tomorrow. And here's the commonplace way the passage reads:

"Undefended divorces. Simpson, W. vs. Simpson, E.A. Application by King's Proctor for direction."

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That's all. The banner headline and page one story are to be found in the inferences. That case of Simpson vs. Simpson is of course the divorce that figured in the royal romance, the trial at Ipswich that preceded the constitutional crisis and the abdication - "for the woman I love." The decree is due to become final on April Twenty-Seventh - unless something happens. Then, six weeks from now, the Duke of Windsor will be free to marry Mrs. Wally Simpson - unless something happens.

The crux of today's story lies in the final phrase of

that dry as dust legal announcement, the phrase that reads, "application by the King's Proctor for direction." The King's Proctor - that's the point. What's he doing in the case? That stately dignitary of British law has one important duty. He has the supervision over divorce cases. He can intervene, and stop a decree from becoming final - if he finds any reason.

What kind of reason? The King's Proctor may intervene if he discovers that a divorce was fixed up by collusion, both parties framing it. Or - if the behavior of the complaining party has not been altogether proper. ^{Then} There are London law authorities who claim that another reason ^{may be - if} ~~is that~~ the two parties agreed to marry before the court trial of the divorce. And that suggests the question - did Edward and Mrs. Simpson decide upon marriage before she sued Mr. Simpson?

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The appearance of the King's Proctor in a case is ^{always} of lively significance. But in today's notice, there's more than ^{his} mere appearance. The King's Proctor makes an application for direction. He'll appear before the court and ask for guidance. British lawyers tell us ~~of~~ what that means. He

wants guidance because somebody has demanded that the divorce decree shall not be made final. Under British law, anybody can do this - anybody personally interested in the case, or just anybody. A citizen, who may think the divorce is wrong, on patriotic or religious grounds, may complain to the King's Proctor, who must consider the merits of the protest - then apply to the court for guidance. If the complaint is discovered to be well founded - then the divorce is stopped, not allowed to become final.

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All London is talking tonight and a good deal of the rest of the world also - about the meanings and portents for the royal romance. The London report does not give the identity of the person who has made the complaint. That's a secret. But it is said to be - no prominent individual, just an obscure citizen. One account says it's a printer, a mere type setter. However that may be, the protest to the King's Proctor has set the British law in ^{movement.} ~~in moments~~ Tomorrow that ~~King's Proctor~~ ^{majestic official} will appear before the Court ^{to get} for the guidance he wants. The proceedings will be secret - proceedings that

may or may not stop the marriage of the Duke and Wally, the marriage that ^{otherwise} will be possible after April the Twenty-Seventh.

All this from London while from the French Riviera we have another slant - a report that Mrs. Simpson has been trying to hasten the divorce, seeking to get it made final as quickly as possible. That's the rumor.

~~The stories have been that the couple have planned to delay their wedding, until after the coronation on May Twelfth - for the news might ~~im~~ embarrass the crowning of His Majesty, George the Sixth.~~

POPE

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A familiar phrase of ~~the~~ Scriptures was quoted in Rome today, and the speaker was Pope Pius the Eleventh. In calling for ~~economic~~ justice, for the working masses of mankind, the Pontiff repeated the words of the Saviour - "for the laborer is worthy of his hire." The Pope argued, not for charity, but for economic right. "The wage earner," said he, "should not receive ~~any~~ in alms what is his due in justice."

He summoned the Christian employer to fight Communism, which he denounced as a world menace. Fight Communism - how? By recognizing the inalienable right of the working man, said the Pope, the right to a living wage for himself and his family.

FRANCE

Paris had its general strike today. This -- the walk-out staged by the radicals to protest the action of the police in suppressing the Communist riot over the week-end, -- ^{When the} ~~the~~ Mobile Guard opening fire on the mob and killing five.

^{Two million} ~~The~~ workers made a telling demonstration of strength in ~~opening~~ shutting things down completely -- for several morning hours until eleven o'clock. All transportation was at a standstill, subway, street cars, busses, taxis. Restaurants were closed, work shops idle. The power of labor was ~~just~~ just as significantly shown when work was resumed. Normal activity started in again right on the tick -- precisely according to orders given by the unions.

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There were no serious disorders, a lot of clashes here and there, but only minor ones. Red flags appeared in the streets and placards were paraded -- demanding the suppression of the Fascist groups. "Arrest the Fascists" ^{the} was ~~shouted~~ ^{shouted} slogan of the radical groups.

~~The general~~ ^{This} protest strike leaves the French political

crisis about where it was before. Socialist Premier Blum is in a ticklish quandry. It was the police of his own government that fired on the mob of his own radical supporters.

It is the gravest sort of crisis -- yet Parisiens are finding something else to talk about, the kind of affair to tickle the fancy along the boulevards -- including Michigan Blvd. Broad Street, or Broadway.

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CHAMBRUN

~~For~~ Tonight it is necessary to exclaim - Vive la France!

Leave it to the French to provide always - the exquisite touch.

Last night, amid ominous news of rioting, bloodshed and possible political upheaval in Paris - we heard of the shooting of a high dignitary, ~~Count de Chambrun~~, a nobleman of lofty lineage - shot by a woman. "A grave political crime," ^{so} the wires flashed. Social turmoil climaxed by attempted assassination. That was the dramatic touch.

But what do we find today? There was nothing political about it at all. It was what the French so aptly call - a crime of ~~passion~~ - passion, ^{love}, l' amour. In the crisis of rioting and national peril, the sensation is - heart throbs and bullets. That's the exquisite touch. So Vive la France!

Last night the notables mentioned were lofty indeed, the victim of the shooting, Count de Chambrun, a descendant of Lafayette, ^{and the count} a statesman of France. His wife, with him at the time, the Princess Murat, descendant of Napoleon's famous Marshal. The Count's sister-in-law is a sister of the late Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of our own House of Representatives and husband of

Princess Alice of the Roosevelt clan, daughter of the mighty
Teddy. ^{And} Tonight we find mentioned one other personage of great
renown. Who is he? Do we dare to say?

The lady with the pistol is ^{Fontaj} Madame de Fontanges, a
French journalist, daughter of a famous woman artist. She is a
beautiful flashing brunette, this Madame de Fontanges. She was
an actress, star in several Parisian plays, then turned to
newspaper writing.

Today they told her that her victim, the Count de
Chambrun, was only slightly wounded. The hospital report is that
the Count was not badly hurt by the bullet. Madame used a small
pistol. Anything so bulky as a forty-five would no doubt have been
too crude and ungraceful for her elegant hands. So she ^{fired with a} ~~used a~~
dainty pistol, ^{let,} which moreover jammed, ~~it~~ after the first shot.

"I am sorry," cried Madame today, "sorry that I
did not kill him. I regret that ^{the} ~~my~~ pistol jammed. For he ruined
the great love of my life." [#] With whom was she in love? Ah, that
is ^{so} ~~the~~ delicate question.

"He is such a high personage," exclaims Madame, "that

I cannot mention his name. But he is my ^{grand passion} ~~great love~~ "love."

She explains that he ^{great love} ~~great love~~ was ^{thwarted} ~~was~~ thwarted by

Count de Chambrun, when he was ambassador to Rome. She says she

confided to him the secret of her heart, which he basely told

to many people and made it public gossip. ^{ah-} One can picture the

Count relating the story over a bottle of chambertin with light

laughter and flashes of French wit. Anyway, it blighted the

romance of Madame. She had to leave Italy, and returned to France,

far from the man whom she adores. ^{it} But again - who is he? There

has been a lot of fuss over remarks made about the German

Reichsfuehrer, Hitler. I'm no Mayor LaGuardia. I don't want to

cause any diplomatic incidents. Yet, the mere facts of the news

compel me to relate that the Paris police investigated ~~the~~

Madame's apartment and there they found the walls literally

covered with photographs, portraits of one man - Mussolini.

On the north wall were a dozen or so pictures of the

Duce - scowling. On the south wall were a dozen more of the same -

scowling. And similarly on the east and west walls - Madame's

living room filled with the scowls of Mussolini. The French police

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reasoned shrewdly. Could it be that this was her great love -

Mussolini? *S. that's why the descendant of Lafayette got shot.*

It was recalled that while in Rome Madame, as a journalist, had ~~got~~ several long interviews with the Duce. These had appeared in the French newspapers. An inquiry flashed to Rome today brought back the statement that while in Italy, Madame had pestered certain high officials - who ~~were~~^{are} left unnamed.

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Today Paris reporters quizzed Madame's lawyer, saying they had information that she was a friend of Premier Mussolini. Whereupon the lawyer threw up his hands and cried? "Don't quote me ~~as~~ mentioning his name!"

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So I guess I'd better not mention his name either.

and s-l-u-t-m.