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The explanations have been made. The two explainers spoke their pieces before the House of Commons today. And from this side of the water it looks as if the man who lost out cut the better figure. Sir Samuel Hoare, ascetic and ailing, who was forced out yesterday as Foreign Secretary, tossed as a sacrifice to angry public opinion. He was received with cheers. There was sympathy for him among the M.Ps., a feeling that he had ~~made~~ been made the goat for the Prime Minister and the Cabinet.

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Sir Samuel spoke with calm feeling, saying that on his conscience he had believed the ill-fated Franco-British peace plan to have been the best way possible to avert the menacing danger of a European war. He emphasized that he and Premier Laval had gone the limit to settle the Ethiopian affair, because they saw that East African turmoil turning into deadly peril of a world war. He admitted that he himself was not altogether pleased with the peace plan, but he considered it of overwhelming importance that England should keep in close collaboration with France, and that there should be no world war.

He said sharply that Britain was not afraid of being

attacked by desperate Italy. But he believed that if the oil sanctions and economic strangling drove Mussolini to madness, the attack on England would swiftly spread into a world war.

So spoke Sir Samuel Hoare, the one who lost out.

Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin seemed worried, and shaky, as he spoke his piece, as he explained why he and his Cabinet had supported the arrangement that Sir Samuel had worked out in Paris. He said he and his colleagues definitely didn't like the peace plan to give two-thirds of Ethiopia to Italy. He did a good deal of explaining with the word - liaison. He told that in London the government had been out of touch with its Foreign Minister in Paris. They didn't know what Sir Samuel was doing, point by point. The liaison hadn't been complete. To which - the innocent bystander across the water might remark that there's a perfectly good telephone service between London and Paris - just as good as between offices where you and I live.

Stanley Baldwin went on to say that when he and his colleagues received the terms that the Foreign Minister had agreed upon, they were displeased with them. But, they felt that

since the agreement had been made with Paris, they'd have to stand by it. And stand by it they did, until public opinion overwhelmed them. So, said Stanley Baldwin to the Commons, the peace plan is dead! Then Baldwin got his vote of confidence - regular conservative majority. And the Lords voted likewise.

That was also said in a more formal way at Geneva today - although the more accurate word there is "shelved". The League Council, without debate, passed a polite resolution not to consider the Franco-British agreement right now. They put it on the shelf. No, it was not an outright rejection, but there were no illusions about that, not among the Italians, anyway. The Italian delegation spoke up and said that the League Council had killed the proposal, and the responsibility was theirs.

Then the League took up the perilous question that had caused the Franco-British agreement to be formed in the first place - oil sanctions, those oil sanctions which looked so dangerous that the British Foreign Minister thought it well to put a stop to the whole Ethiopian affair with drastic determination.

The Geneva oil decision today may be summed up in that same expression - on the shelf. They decided to postpone the question indefinitely, put it off for future reference. The committee voted to keep the present commercial sanctions going, and that's all.

GOMEZ

Yesterday's story of the death of Gomez, the iron Dictator of Venezuela, has brought into public print many a tale of the strength of that strong man and the endless revolutionary attempts that were made to overthrow him. At a New York hotel today, the GOTHAM, there's a general who commanded in the last large conspiracy to strike down Gomez. The Venezuelan General Cedeno - who tells me how elaborately they plotted a revolution, and undertook the rather novel expedient of recruiting a crops of mercenary soldiers in Germany, a whole shipload full of German soldiers of fortune. These were to provide professional military skill for the revolt.

General Cedeno relates how the expedition steamed in great style to the coast of Venezuela. There, everything was set for the revolution - the German mercenaries to land and attack, the revolutionary army to advance in great style against Gomez.

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The only trouble was the terror that Gomez inspired. The more the Germans heard about the iron man and the ruthless way ~~he~~ he put down revolutions with the smashing of ^{his} ~~an~~ iron fist - the less enthusiastic they became. The insurrection collapsed, just about the time it was supposed to get going in a big way. The

Germans got cold feet, and ~~xxxx~~ steered out for open sea in the ship that had brought them over. They beat it back to Germany.

That was the end of the revolt. *And* now the big thing that's stirring excitement in the circles of Latin-American revolutionists is the fact that ~~now~~ the terror of Gomez is gone. So anything is possible, think the exiles. *But the governing group in Venezuela laughs at that.*

LANGER

At Bismarck, North Dakota, today, a jury handed in its verdict. And this, they say, means a lot for Nineteen Thirty-six. The jury said, "Not guilty". And that is interpreted as having loud and lusty meanings for the presidential campaign. (Well, everything nowadays seems to point to Nineteen Thirty-six, including the calendar. If the cranberry crop is on the bum in bogs of New Jersey it is supposed to have some bearing on the coming battle of the New Deal. However, in today's instance the defendant who was acquitted in North Dakota was - Langer. And that does mean something.)

From time to time, for months, we have had bits of news about that noisy North Dakota affair - beginning with the big, booming bang, when Governor William Langer got into some scalding hot water, based on government charges that he was using federal unemployment relief for political purposes, making relief an instrument to boost politics. The Governor was also State N.R.A. Administrator, and he and his associates were charged with forcing relief workers on the government pay-roll to kick in with

contributions for the Langer political funds.

That touched off a storm which blew the Governor right out of the gubernatorial chair. Amid great hullabaloo he was forced out of office. That was catastrophe Number One on the Langer political calamity. Catastrophe Number Two? - indictment in the federal courts. Bill Langer and several of his associates were held for trial. There has been legal battling up and down the line, court proceedings and what-not, all of which now culminates in today's verdict in the federal court - "Not Guilty", legal exoneration. Now they say he's going to run for Governor again. That will chuck all sorts of firecrackers into the North Dakota scrap over the New Deal.

Bill Langer can be depended upon to make those political firecrackers loud and numerous. As a campaigner, he is a buzz-saw of obstreperous energy. He first appeared on the political scene by being elected County Prosecutor. The first day in office he issued a hundred and sixty-seven warrants of arrest. He started suit against huge railroad interests. He campaigned for Al Smith

in Nineteen Twenty-eight; but - when he ran for Governor in Nineteen Thirty-two, he was on the Republican ticket. He was elected, although Franklin D. Roosevelt swept the state - the only Republican governor in the list of forty-two states that the Democrats carried. Now he's on record as one of the bitterest enemies of the New Deal.

So you can see why today's jury verdict in North Dakota has a little meaning all its own for Nineteen thirty-six.

TODD

Today thousands in Hollywood passed before the bier of Thelma Todd; and the case continues to develop stranger and more puzzling angles. By tonight, the weird death of the blond Hollywood beauty turns into the complete aspect of a fantastic detective mystery. The affair had a suspicious look from the time they found Thelma Todd dead of carbon monoxide poisoning in her car and in her garage. Monoxide is a commonplace tragedy in these automobile days, but there was something sinister in the first place, the fact of a trickle of blood from the mouth of the Hollywood beauty. Then strange things began to develop, culminating in today's revelation.

The detective problem lies in that element so familiar in mystery stories - the time element. The motion picture beauty attended a Saturday night party and left about three A.M. on Sunday. She was found dead in her car on the following morning, early on Monday. The coroner supposed she had been dead of monoxide poisoning for many hours. So the theory was formed that she had driven home from the party, and there had sat in the car in the garage - the motor running. But why should she have sat there? Brief investigation provided material for the hypothesis that she

couldn't get into the place where she ^{lived} ~~left~~ because she hadn't the key. So she had ~~gone~~ gone back to the car in the garage and sat in it. And to keep warm she had started the motor. All of this right after she had driven home from the party at three o'clock on Sunday morning.

The time element jumped into prominence when some new ~~xxxx~~ evidence was given by a woman friend of Thelma Todd's, Mrs. Wallace Ford, wife of the movie actor and director. She declared that she had had a telephone call from Thelma ~~Todd~~ on Sunday afternoon, shortly after four P.M. At that time, according to the official theory, the Hollywood star must have been dead for eight or nine hours. Yet Mrs. Wallace Ford is positive that it was ^{her friend's} ~~Thelma Todd's~~ voice she had heard over the telephone - asking whether she could bring an extra guest along to a party at Mrs. Ford's ~~house~~, ^{house,} to which she had been invited.

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That was sufficiently perplexing, but now today we have ~~Mrs.~~ ^{estranged} Jewel Carmen, ^{cafe,} wife of Thelma Todd's ~~partner~~, ~~in running~~ ~~a cafe.~~ Mrs. Carmen swears before the inquest that she saw Thelma Todd alive at eleven o'clock on Sunday night. That would be about eighteen hours after the blond beauty was supposed to have

died in her car. Mrs. Carmen declares that she saw the blonde star driving in that same car with a dark, well dressed, handsome foreign looking man. Was this perhaps the guest the actress had said she'd bring to the party? So the time element is huge and startling - leaving the party three o'clock Sunday morning, telephoning a friend at four o'clock Sunday afternoon, seen with a dark, unknown man at eleven Sunday night. She must have died between that time and when she was found early on Monday morning. What had Thelma Todd been doing in all that time? It certainly destroys the simplicity of the theory that the young woman had driven straight home from the party, sat in her car and started the motor. It's all a blank.

The authorities recall there had been blackmail threats against the movie star's life. So - who was the handsome foreign looking man?

And the detectives at Hollywood are thinking along the lines of another theory. Was it possible that Thelma Todd had been drugged, and placed in her car and the engine turned on - so that a cunning murder might seem to be a commonplace accident of carbon monoxide? A detective problem as ingenious and as weird as any you'll find in the books.

MILNE

Prof That other mystery, ~~is cleared up~~, the disappearance of Caleb Milne, Jr. The latest is a statement that no ransom was paid for the young man of wealthy family. Having disappeared last Saturday, he was found ^{early} today, tied hand and foot, with a gag in his mouth; ~~and he was~~ also drugged - found in a ditch, ~~near~~ Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Yes, the story is - no ransom. The kidnapers, it is supposed, must have turned him loose when they found the G men were hot on their trail, closing in on them.

FIRE

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Tonight off the eastern shore of Long Island a blackened hulk, smoldering and charred has sunk to the bottom of the ocean. And that ends an episode of maritime mishap that certainly was, in the most peculiar way, a mystery of the sea. ~~R~~ Hour after hour today the spectacle was one of startling drama. On the sea -- a volcano of flames shooting in the midst of a monstrous black cloud of smoke. Something was afire. But what was it? Obviously, a vessel of some sort. But what sort? For several hours that could not be answered, it was a blank mystery; ~~R~~ although the waters for miles around were dotted with boats that had been attracted by the towering pillar of smoke and had come to investigate, and rescue lives if need be. ~~R~~ The smoke was so black and dense and opaque and so much of it -- ~~that~~ they couldn't see what was burning. And not knowing what was afire other vessels were afraid to nose their way through the smoke and take a closer look. The thing ablaze might explode. The best guess was that it was an oil tanker, and they kept guessing at it for quite a while.

At length, five hours after the fire had been sighted, the secret was revealed. A ship in the clearing smoke, ventured close enough to have a look. What was it that was burning? A coal barge, a converted schooner, a hulk crammed with three thousand tons of coal, bound from Boston to Wilmington. She was being towed by a tug when the coal caught fire. No hope of saving the inflammable cargo, so the men of the tug and the barge, after fighting fire as long as they could, got away to safety.

And so ended today's smoky mystery. It was apparent that the barge was so fireguttled that it was certain to sink in a few hours. So the other vessels went their way, and left the burning hulk to go its way -- to the bottom of the sea, to Davy Jones.

SHIP

That's the sea story in the Atlantic. In the Pacific --it's a picture of five ships driving through a storm, & trying to reach another ship. Six hundred and seventy miles south-east of Yokohama a huge vessel is in trouble -- the Ethand^lllen. She's a monster of a freighter, bulging with cargo. A crew of forty-five. Her distress calls indicate that she ^{has} lost her rudder, can't steer, is drifting helplessly. And a violent storm is raging. You can imagine the plight of a rudderless vessel in a near typhoon. But those other five ships are on their way, driving through towering seas -- to the rescue.

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And Ted, how about you coming to the rescue. And s-l-u-t-m-