

*Chamber  
7/15/36*

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

After a week in the woods, I feel something like a lumberjack come to town, -- like an amateur here at the mike. Fields and woods are invigorating for a vacation -- but as for snow I had no luck. I'm one of those ski addicts. I had wanted to get a last fling, a last slide. So a week ago, on Saturday, I started looking for snow. But it turned out that for my vacation I picked one of the hottest spring weeks on record.

Anyhow it was grand to wander in the woods and keep my mouth shut while my friends, those two famous gentlemen, Dale Carnegie and Dr. Will Durant, were here in my place. I want to thank them, and also I want to thank the Sun Oil Company for the chance to fill up with Blue Sunoco and get away for a week, my first in almost six years.

## TORNADOES

The wind blew wildly in the South today, twisting and twirling winds out of a black cloud. Small tempests, almost miniatures of a storm, but packed with concentrated fury. The old Tornado-Devil of the South and the Southwest which sweeps only a narrow path a few hundred yards wide and lasts for only a short distance -- maybe no more than a mile. But what dreadful destruction it can accomplish in its short and narrow theatre of havoc.

The earlier tornado that made today's first headlines was at Tupelo, Mississippi. That town was utterly demolished by the twister. Late today the mournful total came:-- more than one-hundred-and-forty bodies removed from the twisted debris of business buildings and homes. The twister killed one family of thirteen people in the twinkling of an eye.

The local hospital and emergency first aid stations were not enough. Scores of injured were taken to Memphis, Tennessee, on a special train.

The twister that follows in the later news was at Gainesville, Georgia; a town of ten thousand people. The revolving storm blew down the business district. The City Hall was wrecked. People trapped in offices.

Homes levelled by the score. As if that were not enough, Nature added another terror, fire. <sup>flashed</sup> Blazes ~~flashed~~ amid ruins, swept far and wide. The local Fire Department was overwhelmed by the job on its hands. Scores of volunteer firemen jumped in to help. But still the emergency was too big. Special trains rushed firemen and equipment from Atlanta to Gainesville. Even so, the flames still raged. The watermains were disrupted when the tornado started wrecking everything. Water pipes damaged and broken. And you know what <sup>that</sup> ~~it~~ means, <sup>when</sup> the fire rages and there's no water to put it out.

The casualty list at Gainesville is numbered at thirty-five right now. And no doubt will mount higher. ~~One of the buildings wrecked there was the City Hall.~~

The tornado in its wild twisting swept across not only Mississippi and Georgia, but Alabama, South Carolina and Arkansas. It tore to pieces not only entire residential districts, but blocks in the business centers.

All over the area of destruction, courthouses, municipal buildings, churches, had to be used for hospitals.



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In more than half a dozen towns live electric wires dangling from their poles added to the menace.

Some idea of the mortality can be hastily gleamed from dispatches from various places. For instance, four people are known to be dead at Booneville, Mississippi, six at Columbia, Tennessee; five at Grenada, Mississippi. The storm killed at least four at Elkwood, and four at Red Bay, Alabama. In LaCrosse, Arkansas, and Anderson, South Carolina, rescue parties are still digging in the wreckage for bodies. The toll everywhere, more than 200.

## SUPREME COURT

Opponents of the New Deal are claiming another victory. The gist of it is that the Securities Exchange Commission may continue to function, though stripped of some of its more rigorous powers.

The case was a fight between J. Edward Jones, a New York promoter, and the Securities and Exchange Commission. Mr.

Jones had floated an issue of stock. He had registered as required by the rules. The Commission said: "You haven't given us enough information; please come to us and tell us more."

Mr. Jones declined and withdrew his registration. The Commission replied: "You can't do that". Mr. Jones retorted: "Who says I can't?"

The quarrel was fought out all along the line. The Circuit Court of Appeals decided against Mr. Jones. But now the Supreme bench reverses the Circuit Court, and says in effect: "Mr. Jones, or anybody else can withdraw his registration if he

sees fit. What's more, he cannot be forced to ~~XXXXXX~~ give out any further information about his stock after he has withdrawn."

That's the business in a nutshell. The fair inference is that it's a victory for Mr. Jones but not a final defeat for the Securities and Exchange Commission. It may continue to act. On the other hand, it does seem that the Supreme Court has pulled one of <sup>the Commission</sup> ~~the~~ sharpest teeth.

The Court's decision was a six to three vote. The liberal justices, as they are called, Brandeis, Stone and Cardozo, dissented emphatically. But the opinion of the majority was severe and caustic. It was written by Justice Sutherland of Utah. He described the conduct of the S.E.C. as "wholly unreasonable and arbitrary." And he further declared: "It violates the cardinal precept upon which the Constitutional safeguards of personal liberty ultimately rest - the precept that this shall be a government of laws." And he further compared the actions of the Commission to the proceedings of the Star Chamber in old England.



## CRIME

Fourteen billion dollars a year for ~~it~~ crime! That's a staggering sum. It costs Uncle Sam and his nephews that much to foot the bill for all malefactions committed within his ~~it~~ boundaries. For these figures we have the word of the Osborne Association, the association founded by the late Thomas Mott Osborne, one time warden of Sing Sing, and one of the pioneer advocates of scientific penology. Its purpose is to establish more scientific methods of dealing with the crime problem. It also aims at more effective methods of making good boys out of criminals.

But that <sup>teen</sup>four billion dollar figure isn't the only shocking item in the Association's report. The prison population of the United States had doubled within the last two years. In the penitentiaries and reformatories throughout the country there are no fewer than a hundred and sixty thousand persons. To maintain them, it costs us a hundred and twenty-five million ~~dollar~~ dollars a year. And what's more, says the Osborne report, that money is largely wasted. Our system keeps the prisoners in jail, but accomplishes virtually nothing in the way of reforming them.

CUBA

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This was a red letter day in the <sup>fair</sup> City of Havana, ~~or if you~~  
~~prefer its full name, San Cristobal de la Habana.~~ First of all,  
the Cuban Congress convened, its first session since the bloody  
overthrow of General Machado in Nineteen Thirty-Three. That alone  
means something. It means that for the first time in three years  
the atmosphere in the Pearl of the Antilles has quieted sufficiently  
for them to resume parliamentary government. And there's another  
interesting quality in the reassembling of Cuba's Congress, ~~xx~~  
Seven senoras and señoritas were sworn in and took their seats  
as members of the <sup>Cuban</sup> House of Representatives.

Altogether, the affair augurs well for a new regime not  
only strong but peaceful. Both in the Senate and in the House,  
there's a decisive majority for Dr. Miguel Mariano Gomez, former  
Mayor of Havana, now President-elect of the Republic. Of the  
thirty-six senators, all of them men, twenty-four are ardent  
partisans of the former Mayor who helped overthrow Machado.  
In the House, his majority is effective but less overwhelming.

Dr. Gomez<sup>z</sup> is the second member of his family to become  
President of the island of sugar. His father held the job in  
the early days of the Republic.

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## CHAMBERLAIN

There's plenty of food for speculation in the report of that upheaval in the British Cabinet. The one thing that <sup>from now on for a while</sup> seems definite is that <sup>^</sup>when John Bull speaks to the European countries, it will not be with the voice of Captain Anthony Eden. And that's important. Foreign correspondents have been saying freely that the <sup>tense</sup> ~~strangeness~~ <sup>^</sup> between England and Italy in the last few months has been largely due to the hearty and mutual dislike between the dapper Captain Eden and Duce <sup>a</sup> Mussolini. However, the shuffling of cards implies <sup>fatal</sup> no <sup>^</sup> loss of face for Captain Eden. He gets the India office, and that has always been held one of the choicest plums in any English Cabinet. As Secretary of State for India, he will have no direct contact with any foreign rulers. Still, ~~as a Secretary of State,~~ his opinions will naturally carry weight in all Cabinet discussions.

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which he sat. But for all his influence, and his extreme popularity with English imperialists, the father never got to the point of running the whole show - never became Prime Minister. Neither did his elder son, Sir Austin Chamberlain. The family has been in the front ranks of British politics for sixty years. But this is the first time that any one of them rises to the title and power and perquisites of the premier post in His Majesty's Government. Joseph Chamberlain, "Brummagun Joe", as his opponents, the little Englishers, called him - was for two whole decades the most talked about English statesman. On the continent of Europe he was hated. But his own countrymen, especially those who liked to see the Union Jack planted over still more colonial territory, looked upon him as a great man. He was famous for his acid, biting repartee in the House of Commons, for the officious way in which he ran the Colonial Office, for his advocacy of empire free trade; and his passion for orchids.

Neville Chamberlain, who they say is now to become Prime Minister, is a horse of another color. England is the only

democratic country where a man who shuns popularity can get away with it in public office. <sup>T</sup> Neville Chamberlain is silent, aloof, dry of speech but lacking his father's virulent sarcasm.

He looks rather like his father, ~~being~~ tall, dark, thin, with a prominent beak and the inevitable Chamberlain monocle in his eye.

<sup>And</sup> That monocle used to be <sup>quite a</sup> ~~a great~~ weapon in heated debates in the House of Commons. <sup>In those days he was</sup> ~~He used to be~~ stiff and unbending in manner.

Lately, however, there have been rumors that he <sup>has been</sup> ~~was~~ seen to smile.

<sup>T</sup> ~~occasionally~~ His favorite pastime is fishing, and, they say he's what the English call "a first rate rod." Outside of that, he likes to walk, read Shakespeare or biography and tales of blood and thunder. He has been in public life twenty-five years.

First as a city councilman and Lord Mayor Birmingham. Since that time, he has seldom been without some national public office or other.

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His promotion to the Prime Minister's official residence at Ten Downing Street <sup>(if it happens)</sup> may be ascribed to two causes: One, ~~is~~ the increasing deafness of Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, who is sixty-eight years old. That vote which went against <sup>Baldwin</sup> ~~him~~ in the



House of Commons last wekk was a minor issue and hardly sufficient reason for a Prime Minister's resignation. However there has been much discontent, with the Baldwin Governemtn over the Rhineland incident. Now Mr. Baldwin takes the more or less sinecure-job of Lord President of the Privy Council: to give advice to his fellow cabinet members -- and that's about all.

One other significant feature in the refashioning of the coalition Cabinet is the return of Sir Samuel Hoare. The world has not forgotten the vociferous hubbub produced by the proposed Hoare-Laval settlement of the Ethiopian mess; followed last December by Sir Samuel's resignation. Now he steps back into office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, succeeding Neville Chamberlain. As for the new Foreign Secretary, the rumors divide the chances between the veteran cabinet minister Sir Robert Horne, and Viscount Halifax, now Privy Seal. If the office goes to Lord Halifax, J. Ramsay MacDonald will take his place as Lord Privy Seal. That pretty much completes the line-up of John Bull's new government, as the prophets have doped it out. Quite a shake-up -- with Captain Anthony Eden side-tracked.



## MCCORMACK

The "Sunshine of Your Smile" will shine less brightly on the concert platforms of the world. John McCormack, "Mother Machree" John, the John who has made more songs famous than any living singer, is going to quit. That's the story from Dublin. Of course he isn't going to give up singing. You cannot imagine John McCormack ceasing to warble and carol in his lilting Irish tenor. He's just going to quit getting those huge fees for his songs.

The rumour is that he's going to give up his American citizenship; return to Ireland for good. There he will become a part of the Government of the Irish Free State. He will become Minister of Fine Arts in the cabinet of President Eamonn de Valera.

The idea, as one can understand it from the reports, is that Mother Machree's big boy John will devote himself particularly to the cultivation of Music and song throughout the land of Erin, revive the high standards of minstrelsy that prevailed in the days of Brian Boru and Angus Og.

There is plausibility in this whole story. McCormack owns much property in Ireland. Among his possessions are several race horses. Clem McCarthy tells me he is one of the most enthusiastic fans at the big races at the Curragh the oldest race course in the world.

Many people will say it is a pity that the McCormack name will vanish from the programs of concerts the world over. He has a son twenty-five named Cyril. But Cyril is an electrical engineer and never lifts up his voice in public. An anecdote has it that John McCormack once offered his son twenty-five dollars if he would sing at a gathering of friends. Cyril pocketed the twenty-five then turned ~~his~~ his back on the company and in a still, small voice piped up with "Annie Laurie". He couldn't bear to let the audience see his face as he uttered those famous Scottish notes. And with his still small voice he piped down in a hurry -- just as I'll pipe down in a hurry - and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.