

L. T. - Sunoco - Fri., July 3, 1936

Chamber  
WBC

DROUGHT

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Tonight's report on the drought resembles the one we had last night ( rains over great regions of the West. But not a drop in <sup>one</sup> ~~the~~ critical area of the Dakotas and Montana, <sup>the</sup> ~~most~~ afflicted <sup>region</sup> of all. That's spring wheat country, where the drought can do its greatest damage - ruining the spring wheat crop to the extent of millions upon millions. ) The drought damage is estimated at two hundred and fifty million - the devastation of dryness, plus a plague of grasshoppers and cinch bugs. The insect pests are redoubling the havoc. A bad year for wheat, and prices are soaring in the grain markets.

The government is on the job with huge relief plans. If the drought goes on, ninety million families may be thrown on relief. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace is ~~xx~~ tackling the problem of the livestock that are in danger of perishing on the burning plains. His program is <sup>for</sup> ~~a~~ government purchase of cattle in huge ~~xx~~ quantities - to get the beeves out of the drought area. He has given the job to Jesse Tapp, Chairman of the Agricultural Department Committee and Assistant Administrator of the Triple A. The plan is to buy as many as possible of the cattle

that are being forced off the dry desolate range, <sup>buy</sup> ~~and purchase~~  
~~of livestock~~ up to a million head.

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In drought sections other than the Dakotas and Montana,  
the news is - rain relief, especially in the region of the Great  
Lakes and in the southern states. Last night I told how the  
southern rains had climaxed in a wild flood on Texas - the San  
Marcos River. Tonight it's pretty much the same story - this  
time the ~~and~~ <sup>S</sup> Guadalupe River. Right now thousands ~~more~~ of  
people are in flight from the lowlands over the Gulf of Mexico,  
getting out of the way of the on-coming flood waters.



## POLITICS

And now -- what are the candidates doing? The President made a speech this afternoon, and will make another tomorrow. This afternoon he presided at dedication ceremonies in Shenandoah National Park. Tonight, he is a guest of a country ~~in~~ club at Charlottesville, Virginia. Tomorrow, <sup>a visit to</sup> the home of Thomas Jefferson.

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Politics were taboo in the two Presidential speeches, neither of them campaign orations. Of course, it's difficult for the President to find a subject that hasn't some sort of bearing on election. ~~this~~ This afternoon in the Shenandoah Valley dedication he spoke of America's national resources, and deplored the way they've been wasted -- which touches ~~up~~ upon his conservation ideas. And he praised the work done on the new Shenandoah Valley National Park, work performed by the C. C.C., which of course is one of the New Deal agencies. <sup>But</sup> Politics will be much in evidence when the President continues his trip with a weekend yachting cruise on the James River. Postmaster-General Farley will be in the party aboard the boat and the trip is scheduled to be a Roosevelt-Farley confab on campaign strategy.

The President will visit Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General of Canada, soon.

So much for one candidate, now about the other. Governor Landon is cutting short his vacation in Estes Park; Colorado's Rocky Mountain summer paradise. It hasn't been so much of a vacation anyway, because the Landon fishing and mountain-climbing has been incessantly interrupted by political conferences with visiting Republican chiefs. Today, he conferred with a party of Colorado Republican leaders and they talked over plans for swinging the Mountain State into the G.O.P. column in November.

Today, the vacationing candidate decided abruptly that, with such a vacation, he might as well get back to Topeka. Tonight he will do some campaigning with Fourth of July fireworks, teaching his three-year-old son, Jack, the intricacies of Roman candles and pinwheels. Tomorrow at noon he'll head for Greeley, the Colorado potato city. There to be a guest at an oldtime rodeo. His week-end itinerary includes Kansas City -- and on Monday back to Topeka to open a special session of the Kansas legislature.

Politics have kept butting into the Landon vacation, but at that it's the first the Governor has had in four years.



## LEAGUE

At Geneva today the spirit of unreality reached the height of the fantastic, when in the stately Assembly Hall of the League of Nations a shot rang out. The attempts to settle the Ethiopian question have been becoming more and more like an irrational dream, and today's gun-fire added a final touch of nightmare.

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The day's weird events began with a message from Haile Selassie. The former King of Kings certainly is rubbing it in, that quaint figure of East African royalty, so bizarre and so embarrassing. (The League Assembly, has met for the express purpose of calling off sanctions against Mussolini. <sup>And</sup> Not only has the former Conquering Lion of Judah insisted on appearing at the deliberations, like a picturesque reproachful ghost, but on Tuesday he took the rostrum and made <sup>his</sup> ~~that~~ moving and impassioned demand <sup>that</sup> instead of calling off the sanctions, the League should keep and increase the ~~ex~~ penalties, force the Italians to get out of Ethiopia, and restore Haile Selassie to the throne of the Queen of Sheba. ~~ff~~ The reply of the Geneva statesmen to that demand was to evade it, slide by it, and go

ahead with the humiliating business of lifting the sanctions.

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So what did Haile Selassie do today? He made it all the harder for the boys by sending them a new demand. He called upon the League to grant him a huge war loan. He said the member nations should chip in with a fund and hand him fifty million dollars, with which to finance his fight against the Italians in Ethiopia. And that did tend to elevate the proceedings into the realm of dreams. <sup>R</sup> Will the League give Haile Selassie the fifty million? You can make your own guess. All I can report is that after the royal Ethiopian demand had been read to the Assembly, the statesmen went right ahead with the long drawn out talkative business of raising the ~~xx~~ sanctions. Delegates of the smaller nations took the rostrum one after another, and all said the same thing - that the economic penalties against Mussolini had failed and should be abolished. The Foreign Minister of Portugal was <sup>Just</sup> declaring himself to that effect, when the startling thing happened.

In the press gallery of the solemn Assembly Hall, sat



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an inconspicuous fellow in a gray suit - Stefan Lux, a Czechoslovakian News photographer. He had been listening to the deliberations with a fixed attention - absorbed<sup>b</sup> in the cockeyed fantasy of statecraft. Haile Selassie's fifty million dollar request made him gape. He was all ears, when the Assembly went right ahead with its program of lifting the sanctions.<sup>R</sup> As the Portuguese Foreign Minister spoke his piece, saying that the economic ~~an~~ penalties against Mussolini must be abolished - the man in the gray suit jumped to his feet with an outcry. Near him sat an American woman, Miss Helen Kirkpatrick of Rochester, New York. She is the only one who heard clearly what the Czechoslovakian news photographer said.<sup>R</sup> He shouted in French: "This is the last blow. This is the death of the League of Nations." And with that - he turned a pistol against his chest and pulled the trigger. The crash of a shot echoed through the Assembly Hall. Delegates leaped to their feet. There was a moment of intense excitement.

Attendants rushed to the press gallery. They found

the would-be suicide seriously wounded. As they carried him away to the hospital, he muttered brokenly: "I did it as a gesture." In his pockets were found letters to King Edward the Eighth, British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, and Joseph Avenol, Secretary General of the League. One report is that the letters concern not only the Ethiopian affair but also protest against the suppression of the Jews in Germany.

53 After that exciting incident, the League deliberations continued, with ~~the~~<sup>a the</sup> declaration by the Foreign Minister <sup>who had the floor</sup> ~~of Spain~~ - that the sanctions against Italy must be lifted. The proceedings were back where they started.



The British Lion is roaring tonight -- he's emitting two separate roars of jubilation. Because Fred Perry today flashed on the courts of Wimbeldon with an exploit that has two angles of glory.

Number one -- he snatched the Wimbledon crown for the third time in succession, and that has been done only once before when Anthony Wilding astonished the tennis world by racqueting his way to victory in 1910, 1911 and 1912. With Perry it's now 1934, 1935 and 1936. All England singles champion three times in a row.

Number two -- he scored the most smashing victory that any tennis player has ever achieved in winning the Wimbledon championship. And by the same token, Baron Gottfried von Cramm of Germany took the worst ~~ma~~ beating ever seen in the Wimbledon finals. Fred Perry overwhelmed him not merely in three straight sets, but three straight sets with these lopsided scores -- six, one -- six, one -- six, goose-egg.

All of this is surprising enough, but it's more

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surprising when you realize that the man who did it began to play tennis seriously only six years ago, starting in when he had reached the mature tennis age of twenty. And he did not take up the game because he like<sup>d</sup><sub>A</sub> it particularly. In 1960 he was working in a London sports shop. His mother to whom he was greatly devoted died, and Fred Perry was left in such a state of nerves and in such poor physical condition, the doctors told him that the only thing that could save him was outdoor exercises. So he got a six month's leave of absence from the sports shop and took that outdoor exercise in the form of tennis. And today he bids fair to make the tennis world forget all about Bill Tilden.

cut { From Wimbledon, the sports world takes us to Princeton where they staged that Olympic dress rehearsal today. The final Olympic try-out won't happen until next week, July 11 and 12, but today's event at Princeton was foreshadowing -- the 48th Annual A. A. U. Track and Field Meet.

55 The top-notch runners, high jumpers, pole vaulters,



*cut*

discus throwers and javelin throwers demonstrated their prowess. The big event of the day was the ten thousand meter race with all eyes on Don Lash. Tireless Don Lash he is called -- from the University of Indiana. Just a few weeks ago, the tireless one on that same lightning-fast cinder path at Princeton shattered the record for the ten thousand meter event, the record established by Paavo Nurmi the fleet-footed Finn.

CRIME

A headline from Chicago reads this way -- "Night club hostess found, wanted in slaying of socially prominent butterfly." A moralist might take the gaudy, tragic affair as an extreme instance of the perils of the gay life -- how the flagrant ways of a playgirl career can lead to sudden disaster.

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They found Annabelle Blake shot to death in her apartment hotel, and to tell who she was is to give the moral its sharpest point. Her father was the president of a great steel company. Her great grandfather was a pioneer founder in the Middlewest and an officer in the Civil War. Her great-aunt was the mother of the great financial magnate, the late Elbert H. Gary, President of the United States Steel Corporation. With these distinguished antecedents, the girl turned to the ways of enjoyment and frivolity. She was a dazzling blonde, and made herself a figure of laughing revelry in the night clubs and gay places of Chicago. Now -- the end, a bullet, a garish murder case.

The police believe the crime was one of jealousy. A



woman was seen leaving the apartment hotel in frantic haste shortly after the shooting -- a night club hostess, wife of a partner in the gay haunt in which she worked. The police looked for her -- and tonight the word is that they've found her.

MacARTHUR

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The front page tonight has a surprise headline concerning the co-author of "The Front Page", that ~~an~~ dashing play of newspaper life which was a smash hit several years ago. The surprise headline is "Suit dismissed, at the request of plaintiff." Miss Carol Frink, Chicago dramatic critic and former wife of Charles MacArthur, pressing a hundred thousand dollar suit for alienation of affections against Helen Hayes, star actress and present wife of Charles<sup>ie</sup> MacArthur, all sorts of vivacious proceedings at the trial, and now in the middle of the highjinks, Carol Frink calls off her suit, telling the judge that she doesn't desire the hundred thousand. All she wants is satisfaction - not money. So she has had her satisfaction, and that ends it.

Well, it was a sprightly lot of satisfaction. Highly diverting testimony, sentimental letters read into the record and gales of laughter sweeping the court-room -- which was jammed with an elite crowd eager to see and hear the famous personalities in a parade of romantic difficulties. Beguiling pictures were



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drawn of a famous playwright gone acourting - his blithsome way of wooing, wooing his first wife, also his second. Romance of a newspaper office, with tender phrases ~~xx~~ exchanged at the water cooler. Impoverished young newspaper man and newspaper woman get married, but the marriage doesn't last. The newspaper man rises to stage fame and fortune. Romance Number Two, with the famous actress. It began at a party; he was eating peanuts and he offered her some. *saying he wished they were emeralds. Looper gems one tabloid called those peanuts.*

58 1/2  
In the court room Charlie MacArthur took it with a grin when they read aloud his love letters of long ago. And rollicking love letters they were. In one ~~number~~ he spoke of his "violin case feet" - tramping up Broadway in feverish pursuit of "hundreds of affrighted virgins." He wasn't embarrassed when they read that. It was a sort of sentimental phraesology to be expected of a cynical wit. But the author of the hard boiled newspaper drama did wince ~~a bit~~ when it was disclosed that he had signed one of his lovelorn epistles with the following: One thousand times one million X-X-X. The X's of course meant kisses. He admitted he had sent all those

kisses, and commented with an uncomfortable squirming, "It sounds to me like Nineteen Thirty."

59 That's the sort of satisfaction the plaintiff had for three days <sup>i</sup>n court, so then she asked the Judge to call off the hilarious proceedings and dismiss her hundred thousand dollar suit, and His Honor did.

2 1/4 And the N. B. C. engineer has just waved that I'm dismissed also - so sorry until Monday.