

*Chamber
7/20*

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GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

A day of long suspense in the news! Things that happened over the weekend gave us plenty of excitement to look forward to, several interesting questions to be answered. ^{What about the London Naval Conference?} ~~What would~~ President Roosevelt at Chicago say to his critics? What would the Supreme Court of the United States say to Bruno Richard Hauptmann? What new punch would that same Supreme Court deliver to the much belabored body of the New Deal? Well, the answers are abundantly interesting.

At a meeting in London today a quiet, soft-spoken ~~little~~
~~Japanese~~ gentleman ^{of Japan} rose to his feet. He started his speech with
the usual official platitudes. Then, in the same quiet tones he
uttered some sentences that set all his listeners aghast.

The gentleman of Japan was the Mikado's representative at
the Naval Conference. After he had murmured the usual soft
nothings about ^{his country's} ~~Japan's~~ overwhelming anxiety to cooperate he said,
"Prolongations of the ratio system, meaning the FIVE-FIVE-THREE,
is unacceptable to Japan."

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In a way this had been foreshadowed but as he expressed
it he meant that the Island Empire demands parity or nothing.

For one thing, it made mince-meat of Uncle Sam's suggestion.

Norman H. Davis had somewhat astounded the conference by asking
for a sweeping slash of twenty percent in all naval armaments.

Admiral Nogano promptly indicated that ^{any} ~~no~~ such idea was hopeless.

"Japan," he said, "will not consent to any limitation by category."

In other words ~~none of~~ this business of agreeing that Country A
should have so many first-class ships, while Country B should be
allowed so many ^{is out.} ~~destroyers~~ What the Mikado's officers want is

equality with America and Great Britain in all classes.

Then came another bit of Oriental subtlety. Admiral Nogano demanded that all offensive ships should either be done away with or reduced in number. What does he mean by offensive ships? Super-dreadnaughts; battle cruisers; and, -- here's the rub, air-craft-carriers. The bargain that the wily people in Tokyo offer us is to restrict our navies to destroyers, small cruisers and sub-marines. All of these are vessels that cannot be operated at any great distance from a naval base.

It is a foregone conclusion that no such suggestion can be accepted. And so, as we say in the bleachers, there goes the Naval Conference. To which Japan will be able to reply: "Don't blame us, we made you a fair offer."

Another kind of naval news. The damaging of two great British warships. Foul play suspected. And now, the American cruiser "Quincy" likewise damaged. Why?

ETHIOPIA

There's one question of interest to everybody which was not answered today. The answer has to come from Rome. It's Mussolini's reply to the offer from London and Paris.

Naturally the wise-acres are turning hand-springs making prophecies about it. Actually, there's only one person who knows what the answer will be. That person is one Benito Mussolini. However, in such cases there's one barometer which frequently proves to be a true prophet. And that is the feeling on the world's stock exchanges. So, there is one sign of peace in the news; that the rising securities markets of Europe indicate a belief that the Duce's reply, when he speaks it, will be favorable. The reported offer to the Duce looks big - almost the half of Abyssinia, in one form or another.

First comes the President of the United States. The famous Roosevelt smile was in its place and stretched to the usual limit as he walked upon the platform at the Chicago Stockyards and faced an audience of eighteen thousand, mostly farmers. ~~As he~~ But His Excellency also had on his four-ounce fighting gloves. He observed the rule which is as sound in politics as in war. Offense is the best defense. Any audience gets much more fun out of observing a good two-fisted rousing attack than it does from the most smooth and skillful sparring in self-protection. **P** "Depression profiteers", was the verbal punch he flung at the men who have been pounding the A.A.A. And he followed it up with the epithet:

"Personal advantage seekers"! Then he went on to say: "These attacks come from the few who profited heavily from the depression. It is they ", he declared, "and their henchmen who are doing their best to foment city people against the farmers and the farm program."

Then he turned to the critics of the much discussed Canadian Treaty. "Calamity howlers", he called them, and "dispensers of discord. " "It is the calamity howlers", he declared, "who have told you that agriculture is being crucified by this agreement."

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And on and on he went in that vein.
Hitting out with 4-ounce gloves.

The President's visit to the University of Notre Dame was interesting in a different way. He went to South Bend to receive an honorary degree. The occasion being a celebration concerning Philippine Independence.

The President found himself in a somewhat delicate position. Prominent Catholics had criticized the University for inviting the President to receive an honorary degree. Said they: "It is shameful for a Catholic University so to honor a president who has refused to take any official action about the persecution of Catholics in Mexico and Germany." Mr. Roosevelt rose to the occasion with a tactful evasion of anything that even approached controversy.

The text of his remarks ~~was~~ when he accepted that degree was, "freedom". Primarily he was congratulating the Philippine Islanders on achieving their independence. And, he also brought in the subject of religious liberty. With this he said: "In the conflict of policies and of political systems which the world today witnesses, America holds forth the torch of liberty for its

own guidance and for the guidance of other nations."

It was an exhibition of an adept skater skimming gracefully over what is always thin ice.

And now - what of the Supreme Court? Never in its history has it been so constantly and regularly in the spotlight as this year. Almost every Monday now the atmosphere around that new marble building is tense with anxiety and excitement. And with good reason.

While the President was defending his New Deal in Chicago, the Nine Gentlemen were wielding the judicial axe on another of its members: ~~it is~~ **The** H.O.L.C., the Home Owners Loan Corporation.

To be sure, it was not injured in a vital spot. The High Justices merely declared one section of the act that established the H.O.L.C. to be against our Constitution. ~~That is~~

The section which authorized Building and Loan Associations to take out federal charters in opposition to the laws of the particular states in which they are located. **TR** However, the main body of this **Home Loan** measure is not yet in jeopardy.

On the subject of the A.A.A., the Government won a slight skirmish in the court. A couple of weeks ago the Government asked for more time to prepare its defense of the triple A. The Supreme Court said: "okay." Thereupon the attorneys for a big

flour milling corporation asked the court to reconsider. They wanted the case settled immediately and without delay. But the court stuck to its first ruling.

But of course the ruling which engages the keenest interest is the reply of the Nine Justices to Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Their short reply, which is adequately described in the word "No", throws the German carpenter back upon the mercy of New Jersey's Court of Pardons. It also throws this most curious of all criminal cases into politics. For, over the weekend, the smiling Governor Hoffman of New Jersey, has stirred up a real hornet's nest for himself. His declaration that all rumors must be set at rest has kindled a political bonfire all the way from Port Jervis to Cape May.

New Jersey tonight rings with the accusation of:-
"You're playing politics" hurled against the Governor by his political opponents. To which the forceful Mr. Hoffman, with his smile unabated, replies: "You're another!"

Meanwhile, a storm rages around the head of Detective Ellis Parker of Burlington County, who achieved national prominence over the weekend. "Publicity seeker" is the accusation leveled at him. And that has made the Burlington County sleuth exceedingly angry.

At the same time he sticks to his guns in his belief that the man from the Bronx did not kidnap ~~the~~ and murder the Lindbergh baby.

Governor Hoffman likewise sticks to his guns. He repeats his statement that this whole business must be investigated so thoroughly as to quench the conflagration of rumors. He insists that there must be no doubt cast on the famous quality of Jersey justice.

It looks as though these were only the first gusts of wind in a brewing storm.

FLOOD

The folks in Houston, Texas, tonight are wondering whether it paid them to spend millions of dollars to become a seaport. The floods that in recent hours have been driving hundreds of Texans out of their houses are still raging today. It's the worst experience they've had since the disastrous inundation in 1929.

Uncle Sam is on the job now helping the forces of the Red Cross, taking care of the sufferers. Ordinarily the rivers in Texas look pretty innocuous - just full of water moccasins. But they don't do thing to halves down there. When it rains, boy, it rains. Flood waters from the Eastern part of Harrison County poured into the Buffalo Bayou which is just below Houston and into the San Jacinto River. And tonight, with all that water around, the authorities are taking anxious precautions against fires and the destruction of Houston's water supply.

Menzel.

Dec. 9,

1935.

INTRO TO DR. MENZEL

Harvard University is going to send an expedition to Siberia -- an expedition of astronomers. The next full eclipse of the sun is scheduled for this coming summer, June 19th. And the Harvard astronomers have figured out that the best place in all the world to see it will be from the Siberian Steppes, just East of the Ural Mountains.

This expedition to observe solar phenomena and study the spectrum of the Sun's corona, will be headed by Dr. Donald Menzel of the Harvard Observatory.

It so happens that Dr. Menzel and I both formerly lived in Colorado, at an altitude of ten thousand feet, up on top of the Rocky Mountains. And we both attended the same school. He dropped in to pay me a call this evening.

At this eclipse they hope to secure additional information about that most important heavenly body - the sun. Dr. Menzel tells me that conditions in the sun's atmosphere are intimately connected with certain terrestrial conditions - the weather, magnetic storms, and even the static on your radio.

Instead of asking this Harvard astronomer to talk about the sun and its corona, there's a more popular question, *that's bothering me!* For years now the average person has been interested in whether or not our neighbor, the planet Mars, is inhabited. Now that a two-hundred-inch lens, for a giant telescope, is nearing completion, we are wondering what that lens will tell us about Mars.

But, there isn't time to ask the scholarly doctor more than one question. So let's ask him the stiffest one we can think of.

DOCTOR MENZEL

Dr. MENZEL: Go ahead. I don't mind. The chances are, I can't answer it.

L. T.: All right, Dr. Menzel; assuming that there is intelligent life on Mars, how can we communicate with the people on that planet?

DR. MENZEL: Communication is an exchange of ideas. It requires common knowledge. The shipwrecked sailor, merely by pointing down his throat can ask food of a savage. So, what have we in common with the people of Mars, if there are any Martians? We can talk intelligibly only if they are approximately in our stage of scientific development. Then the Martians would have a knowledge of mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, and physics in common with us.

L. T.: But how would we discuss those subjects with the people on Mars, if there are any Martians?

DR. MENZEL:- A high-powered five-meter radio would do it.

We could send signals: a series of dots, counting up to ten, then begin over. Eventually in this way we could teach them our Morse

Code, and they could teach us their system. From this start we

could go on and on, ~~and~~ ^{I think we} eventually ^{might} send each other pictures of ourselves; they learn our language, we learn theirs.

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L.T.:- Well, Dr. Menzel, that brings us back to the old question --

are there any people on Mars? Will this new two-hundred-inch lens

be ~~big~~ ^{big} enough to solve that?

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DR. MENZEL:- I am afraid not. In order to actually view animal

life on Mars it would require a telescope as large as the whole

State of Rhode Island. Radio, the medium we are using right at this

moment, probably will give us our best chance to one day answer

that question, "Is Mars inhabited?"

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L.T. FOLLOW DR. MENZEL

I envy you, Dr. Menzel. I have always thought that astronomy was the most fascinating of all studies. I wish I could go with you on that solar eclipse expedition to Siberia.

BERRY

There's nothing so thoroughly satisfying to some people as a real good row. Such people would have enjoyed themselves to the hilt at the federal auditorium in Washington today. It was a picturesque contrast to what was going on in Chicago. Out there Mr. Roosevelt was hearing cries of "Bravo!" Back in Washington his Industrial Coordinator was hearing shouts of "You're a liar!" And Major Berry, the said Coordinator, didn't take it sitting down. His reply was: "I'll make you eat that!" Thereupon he invited his heckler, Dr. Haake, to step outside in the alley and eat not only his words but his shirt.

The outcome was a pandemonium of shoutings and hissings and boogings and whistlings.

A promising beginning for an industrial conference! The purpose of which was to bring harmony between the plans of the Administration and the more important employers of the nation. Three thousand had been expected, but only twelve hundred showed up. The riot started when the delegates opposed to the Government tried to get a hearing from John W. O'Leary, President of the Machinery and

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Allied Products Institute. That was the signal for many rude remarks with questions of, "Who ^{is} that bum?"

Major Berry, as Chairman, attempted to settle the issue by saying: "The meeting is adjourned". That evoked a storm of protest. The principal protestant was Dr. Haake, Executive Secretary of the National Furniture Manufacturers Association. To him Major Berry said: "You were sent here for the specific purpose of breaking up this meeting." Mr. Haake used to be a congregational preacher. His retort to Major Berry was: "As a gentleman and a Christian, I tell you that you are a liar."

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Thereupon followed Major Berry's invitation to step outside in the alley. The young riot that ensued needed the presence of a flying wedge of Washington coppers to ~~bring~~ prevent actual fisticuffs.

And so ^{ended} ~~ended~~ the first day of this effort for harmony,

and s-l-u-t-m!

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