

L. T. - Sunoco, Friday, Sept. 6. 1935

ETHIOPIA

Last evening we had the Italian Delegation to the League walking out on a speech of defense made by the Ethiopian representative. Today we have the official announcement that Mussolini's men will stay walked out, as long as Ethiopia has any part in the deliberations. This is curtly expressed in orders the Italians have had from Rome - orders that are not phrased in terms of "No", but in terms of "Yes". <sup>The Italian delegates at Geneva</sup> ~~Baron Aloisi~~ told the Duce what had happened, and asked: "Shall we return to our places at the council table?" The Duce's reply with a wire was: "Yes, you are to return and take your places in the council, on condition that no Ethiopian delegate takes any place or part in the proceedings."

This latest development puts a spotlight of interest on what the Ethiopian delegate had to say, words so irritating to the Italians. The man who spoke is not an Ethiopian at all. He is Gaston Jeze, a Frenchman, a distinguished authority on International Law. His prestige in law is so great, his legal opinions so respected and unquestioned, that <sup>in Europe</sup> they call him the "one man Supreme Court."

The French government is forbid the well known law expert to go

He was answering those accusations of Ethiopian barbarism put forth by the Italians. He denied them with this bit of biting sarcasm: "In France people say that if a man wishes to drown his dog he accuses it of being mad. The Italian government", he went on, "having resolved to conquer and suppress Ethiopia, begins by declaring that Ethiopia has gone mad."

Then he put in a jab where it hurt, saying: "As for the outrageous insults that are being cast upon her, Ethiopia appreciates them at their real value. She recalls that the Italian government turn by turn, leveled at its European neighbors the most ignominious insults."

That was a shrewd hit at the bitter campaigns against other nations in the Italian newspapers, which are government controlled, attacks directed especially against Great Britain.

Gaston Jeze aimed some of his bitterest strokes at the strength of Italy, the weakness of Ethiopia, the stronger picking on the weak, a bully's tactics.

The Italians were so angry that they have been asking the French government to forbid the acid tongued law expert to go

on representing Ethiopia at the League of Nations - this in addition to the Italian walkout from the council meeting.

It was surmised at first that Italy would withdraw from the League altogether, renounce membership - as Japan and Germany did. But this is not the case.

48  
There is to be a committee, another committee. The League will turn the controversy over to delegates of Great Britain, France, Poland, Spain and Turkey - a committee of five nations, who will try to work out an agreement. Italy was opposed to Great Britain and France having a voice, because England and France were both interested parties in the East African dispute. However, the League made its decision in spite of the shaking of Italian heads and the announcement now is - that Italy will not vote against the new arbitration scheme.

So today we find the thing once more in the hands of a committee.

There are insistent rumors, particularly in London, that on the side, on the Q. T., hopeful negotiations are going on in

secret. The story being - that Mussolini is ~~so~~ defiant and uncompromising in public transactions, but it is just the opposite behind closed doors. When affairs are not on parade before the world, but are strictly private, the Duce is reasonable and moderate so they say.

Meanwhile from his capital at Addis Ababa, Haile Selassie today issued a vigorous call to the League of Nations, demanding that the League take determined action in checking Italian aggression. And From Rome we have word of a possible dispute between Mussolini and the Pope. This -- because of the Roman Pontiff's call for peace and his denunciation of conquest.

48

HOWARD

A week ago Monday, August twenty-sixth, a man was traveling on a train to the Pacific Coast. A short, lively energetic chap, with a short bristling mustache and bristling pompadour hair. Let's see who he was, because that trans-continental railroad trip had a rather spectacular result.

When Roy Howard was thirteen years old, he was selling newspapers at three o'clock in the morning, son of a railroad fireman. His first job on a salary was as a reporter in Indianapolis, salary eight dollars a week. He quickly rose to be an editor in a great newspaper organization originally founded by Robert Scripps, now the Scripps-Howard chain. One day the dignified Mr. Scripps decided to have a look at his many editors and invited them to his California ranch. When they appeared, a number of them were, as it happened -- shorties, sawed-off. So when Roy Howard arrived, Boss Scripps took one look at him and barked:- "Another little one!"

"Yes, but a better one", the scrappy editor barked right back at him.

That began a close association of the two men, and

the Scripps chain of newspapers became -- Scripps-Howard. On his Thirtieth Birthday, Roy Howard was the President of the United Press. He resigned that to become chairman of the Scripps-Howard board of directors. He's the sort of newspaper publisher known to out-report his star reporters. Two years ago, he got an interview with the Emperor Hirohito of Japan. He's the only newspaperman ever to shoot reportorial questions at the Son of Heaven.

*Rayhow,* *bound*  
that's the chap who was on the train for the Coast.  
He got into <sup>a</sup> smoking room conversation with fellow passengers, business men, ~~big~~ executives, salesmen. Naturally, they talked about business conditions, affairs in Washington, the President, the New Deal. You know how business men talk about those matters, the Securities Exchange Commission, the Utilities Bill, the Tax-the-Rich Bill. Roy Howard got an earful.

He arose suddenly, left the smoking room, and went into his state-room. There he called his secretary, Ben Foster, Junior, who always accompanies him on his extended journeys.

"Take a letter," said he. Ben Foster got ready with his pencil

and pad, and Roy Howard began to dictate:

"Honourable Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States, Washington, D. C."

Young Foster's eyes opened wide, as his pencil <sup>raced</sup> ~~wrote~~ across the pad. Roy Howard continued:

"My Dear Mr. President: As an Independent editor, keenly interested in the objectives of the New Deal, I've been seeking reasons for the doubts and uncertainties of those business men who are skeptics, critics."

*Then* He went on, saying he believes <sup>d</sup> that business men were frightened and hostile, convinced for example, that the President's Tax-the-Rich program was taking revenge on business. Just saying the things he had heard out there in the smoking room. The crux of the letter came in the following:

"There can be no recovery", wrote Roy Howard, "until the fears of business men have been allayed through the granting of a breathing spell to industry and a recess from further experimentation until the country can recover its losses."

2  
The letter was concluded, signed and mailed. And Roy

Howard kept on his way to San Francisco.

Today another letter was made public -- at Hyde Park, New York, the summer home of the President. Franklin Delano Roosevelt answered the Howard letter, and his answer <sup>was what</sup> made the big headlines today. He replied to that call for a "breathing spell."

The President's letter goes into an extended defense of the New Deal and an exposition of his political philosophy. He declares, for example, that the purpose of the tax program is not to destroy wealth but to create a broader range of opportunity. He argues that the country needed drastic and far-reaching action, and then comes to the point with the following declaration:-

"This basis program, however, has now reached substantial completion," then he adds:- "The 'breathing spell' you speak of is here -- decidedly so."

The Presidential letter was signed, and made public. Its "breathing spell" proclamation was instantly seized upon as a major pronouncement of policy. Big headlines in the papers.   
 **23** Political leaders commenting pro and con. Business men discussing that "breathing spell," some scoffing, saying more than



that is needed. The news came to Wall Street in the late hours of trading. The stocks went up, some of them reaching new high levels for this year.

Roy Howard sailed today from San Francisco, on a trip to the Orient. *and on around the world.*

In various parts of the country the jury says the lawyer appointed for the defense, if it's first degree murder. The fee is a thousand dollars. If the charge is less than murder in the first, the lawyer appointed serves free. Somebody can get a thousand bucks if it's a capital charge, while nobody gets anything if the charge is less.

And so it is that political influence may boost a charge up to murder in the first, just so some political lawyer can get the thousand.

That would make it seem as though somebody might be given the death penalty, just as a lawyer could get a fee, but actually it works out the other way. A homicide, manslaughter charge might result in a conviction, while for first degree the jury is almost sure to say "Not guilty." That is, defendants are almost sure to

## CRIME

Here's a story of another of murder, politics, and the law -- with a curious twist. It is told by Samuel Beibowitz, who jumped into dimensional headlines as defending lawyer in the case of the Scottsboro negroes. He calls it the murder racket.

The court assigns a lawyer to defend a man brought up for trial, if the defendant can't pay for a lawyer of his own. In various parts of the country the state pays the lawyer appointed for the defense, if it's first degree murder. The fee - a thousand dollars. If the charge is less than murder in the first, the lawyer appointed serves free. Somebody can get a thousand bucks if it's a capital charge, while nobody gets anything if the charge is less.

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go Scott-free, because it becomes obvious that the wrong charge is pressed against them. But, the lawyer get's the thousand!

Another odd sidelight on the possibilities when the law and politics get mixed up.

The twilight is a customer, when the manager was entered, pistol in hand. They made the manager drop the receiver and put up his hands. Then they went right off with their robbery, forcing the employees to the far backward. Then they switched up silver and currency wherever they could find it.

Meanwhile a young woman, Miss Helen Van Dyke, twenty-two years old, a bookkeeper, was in the rear of the bank. The robbers didn't notice her. She saw what was going on, and crawled along the floor to the Manager's telephone, with the receiver still off the hook. The manager in room the manager had been talking, was with on the other end of the line.

Crawling on the floor, hidden from the robbers, Helen Van Dyke continuously spoke into the telephone. She spoke softly, telling the man on the other end about the robbery. In that way the alarm was given and the police brought to the scene.

## ROBBERY

A medal for the red badge of courage certainly should go to one young woman this evening -- although the robbers were not caught. There was a bank stick-up in Queens County, Long Island, today. The bank manager was sitting at his desk, talking ~~in~~ on the telephone to a customer, when the stick-up men entered, pistol in hand. They made the manager drop the receiver and put up his hands. Then they went right ahead with their robbery, forcing the employees to lie face downward. Then they snatched up silver and currency wherever they could find it.

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Crutching on the floor, hidden from the robbers, Helen Van Dyke cautiously spoke into the telephone. She spoke softly, telling the man on the other end about the robbery. In that way the alarm was given and the police brought to the scene.

ROBBERY - 2

But meanwhile the robbers had become alarmed for some unknown reason. They made a dash out, firing their guns at the floor, to deter any pursuit. And the cops came later. But Helen deserves the medal all the same.

BREMEN

56

A court today gave its verdict in the case of the Bremen rioters. Six men, charged with staging that disturbance on the German liner, ~~the~~ and tearing down the Nazi Swastika, were tried before Magistrate Brodsky in New York. In giving his verdict today the Magistrate added a blistering denunciation of the Hitler regime, and described the German vessel as "A pirate ship with the black flag of piracy proudly floating aloft." I suppose the black flag means the Swastika<sup>a</sup> emblem.  
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Of the six defendants five were turned loose. Magistrate Brodsky gave his opinion that they were not guilty of unlawful assembly in going aboard the Bremen to protest against the flaunting of the Nazi flag. The ~~xx~~ sixth man was held on a charge of assault and gun-toting. He's the one the police most emphatically accuse of having struck Detective Solomon, the Jewish policeman who was beaten up in defending the Hitler Swastika.

## STRATOSPHERE

That flying laboratory may or may not have discovered all sorts of scientific things, but it does give us a vivid hurricane word picture. The big P. W. A. Douglass Plane, equipped for science, went way into the stratosphere for a five-hour dash from Kansas City to Newark. The pilots flew at twenty-seven thousand feet and ~~in~~ breathed liquid oxygen through masks.

On the trip east, they saw from their lofty attitude - a storm, a violent tempest. Pilot Tommy Tomlinson believes it was the tail end of the Florida hurricane. And he says it was one of the strangest of sights. The hurricane was shaped like a vast umbrella, bulging upward like an umbrella, the topmost point thirty-five thousand feet above the earth.

The study of storms promises to take a step forward with some new experiments devised by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The M. I. T. is going to release tiny balloons when a storm wind is blowing, thirty-five of them each time. They will weight only two ounces each, but even at that they'll carry scientific recording instruments to register temperature, pressure and humidity at heights up to fifteen miles.

They'll go floating through the stratosphere and come down nobody knows just where. But they won't be lost, because each will carry a message promising a reward of five dollars to anyone who finds and returns the two - ounce balloon laboratory.

So some time in the future, if you see a little balloon come drifting down, it will be worth five bucks to you.

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The Indians up in Canada are not quite so scientific as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but then the Indians are meteorologists in their own way. Their predictions now come flashing down from the north, saying, "Heap plenty cold weather". The redskin weather sages forecast an early and icy winter. Instead of stratospheric observations, they observe the birds and beasts. The song birds are leaving northern Canada and heading southward, two weeks ahead of time - early winter. The rabbits this year have an extra long coat of fur, frosty winter. The speckled trout are ten days ahead in moving to their spawning grounds. The trees have an unusually heavy crop of berries and nuts. I don't know what berries and nuts have to do with the weather, but the Indians nod their heads and say "Ugh, ugh, heap



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plenty." So I'll nod my head and say "Ugh, ugh, heap plenty!"  
and,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

This has been a year of violence and unrest, but few  
*few things*  
more important than the attempt to assassinate Senator  
McCarthy. Naturally, it's the one topic that everybody is talking  
about. Even over in Europe it is foremost in the people's mind.  
In London it has occupied all other news, including the King's death.

The facts are still veiled in the utmost mystery. Few  
hours ago contradictory reports came from Baton Rouge, where the  
senator lies fighting for his life. One version says  
"McCarthy has a chance to live." The next moment a bulletin comes  
saying "He has taken a turn for the worse." And the King  
*that the latest.*