

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

One lone note of reassurance was sounded at the White House today over the drought crises. There's no need for a big rise in prices, no real danger of a food shortage, says the President. To back this up he cited figures from the Department of Agriculture: A reserve of seven hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat to supply all the flour that America can consume. Our normal consumption, is no more than six hundred and twenty-five million bushels a year.

In spite of this obviously ample supply, the drought has already increased the cost of food. So far the increase is only slight. So says the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

For the rest, there's little encouragement in the drought news. With this scorching dry spell now in its second month, virtually no relief is in sight. --And Uncle Sam's Weather Bureau holds out slim hope. The report is:- "Possibly scattered showers and somewhat cooler temperatures for the

stricken states. Throughout the northwest by now, the crops are so badly parched and starved, --wilted ears hanging limply from drooping stalks -- that only a continued, steady, heavy downpour could restore life to those seas of withered grain.

(Twenty-two out of forty-eight states are suffering from the dry spell in one way or another. New York is the latest state to be afflicted. Its Commissioner of Agriculture reports that in many sections the lack of moisture is cutting the crops in half.

The nationwide damage now amounts to some three hundred million dollars.

On the Chicago Board of Trade today speculators shouted themselves hoarse in their scramble to buy wheat. Not since August, Nineteen Thirty-Four, have prices been so high. The furore was somewhat less in the corn market, since the news got out that Iowa corn crop can still be saved if rain falls within the next ten days.

Washington has given an immediate answer to the cries for help, the loudest coming from Governor Welford of North Dakota. "Conditions here are growing worse every hour", said

he. A director of the Federal Reserve Bureau, on a tour through Kansas, wires: "The morale of the people is much lower." He backs that up with a warning that in whole counties it looks as though there won't be a grain of wheat. "If these people aren't given help, they'll starve," he wires.

As the President has already announced, the government is rushing its special relief program. There's an immediate aid in sight for a hundred and seventy thousand families. The President says his official information shows that no fewer than two hundred and four thousand farm families are in desperate, immediate need.

The President also made public a plan for the farmers of the "dust bowl." Instead of evacuating them from their homes, depopulating that entire section of the country, he proposes to create new enterprises to provide a livelihood for those farmers.

A later bulletin from Washington brings a bit of important information. Twenty-five thousand destitute farmers will be put on the federal payrolls, W.P.A. jobs -- right away -- within the next twenty-four hours.

GORE

The Senate of the United States loses a picturesque figure, the Roosevelt administration loses an opponent. The Honorable Thomas P. Gore, famous blind Senator from Oklahoma, has met with a hopeless, overwhelming defeat in the primaries of his state.

Mr. Gore has been one of the most brilliant and outstanding examples of the people who climb up to high places in spite of great affliction; blind since his boyhood. One accident put out one eye, and shortly afterwards, in a similar mishap, he lost the other. You would think that politics was preeminently one of the fields in which a man needed all his eyesight -- unless he can make it up with insight and foresight.

This isn't the first Waterloo he has met in his career. In Nineteen Twenty, his attitude on the World War led to his being returned to private life for eight years. But in Nineteen Thirty he was triumphantly reelected. Of late he has been conspicuous in the Senate as a leader of the currency inflation bloc, and an outspoken enemy of the New Deal. The man who defeated him, Josh Lee, the orator of the "Sooner" state, made his campaign on an out-and-out pro-New Deal ~~supporters who view~~

platform.

Nevertheless, this primary cannot be considered ~~as~~ a clear cut victory for the administration. The runner-up in that race, Gomer Smith, polled a formidable total of votes, running as a devout Townsendite. This was his fourth attempt at a senatorial toga, and by far the nearest he ever came to success. Consequently, the strength of his vote was a shock to the New Deal supporters who view with concealed dismay any signs of power in the Townsendite Old Age Pension party.

Lehr.

July 8, 1936.

LEW LEHR

The political news of the day brings us to the reflection -- wouldn't it be an inspiring thing to have a presidential candidate as a guest speaker on the air? So here goes -- right now, a presidential candidate who is ~~gan~~ going to give us a declaration of his principles and policies. It has been remarked that those wonders of modern science, the radio and the newsreel, have changed the technique of political campaigns. So I present to the radio audience a Newsreel candidate, -- Lew Lehr, running on the Dribble-Puss platform.

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LEW: (Laugh) Dat was spoke beautiful Lowell -- you oughta be on der radio!

--o--

L.T.: We are, Lew -- right now -- and the American public, the people of this great nation, await your campaign promises! About which we all care nothing.

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LEW: (Cough) Dear public people -- on dis nationwide hook-over I announce my candy-dacy for President -- my hat is in der ringer! In other words -- "If anybody -- why not LEHR!"

L.T.L.- Not liar - Lehr! But tell us, Mr. Candidate --
why are you running for President?

--O--

LEW:- Well, everybody else is. Why not me? What dis country
needs is "no brains" -- und I got 'em! Half der people of dis
country are ~~mi~~ dizzy from politics, der odder half are slug-nutty
tryin' to keep up mit Congress -- I know fifty percent less dan
all of dem -- so who would be a bigger relief to der nation dan
I would? Think how wonderful -- "Who could break der laws if we
don't have any?"

--O--

L.T.L.:- Nobody!

--O--

LEW:- Who could overwork der workin' man if dey don't have any
work?

--O--

L.T.L.:- Nobody!

--O--

LEW:- Who could cuss Congress if we don't have any?

--O--

L.T.L.:- Nobody!

--O--

LEW: Who you lookin' at now?

--O--

L.T.: Nobody!

--O--

LEW: Dats der wrong answer -- it's me! Der next President
of -----

--O--

L.T.: I suppose, Lew, that you have found some major issue?

--O--

LEW: Yes sir. "Fundamentals not Fumadiables! I'm goin' to
fix it to take care of everybody between the time ~~they~~ dey leave
der C.C.C. Camps until they're eligible fer da Townsend Plan.

--O--

L.T.: Say, that's great. It's a philosophy of economic beatitude
between juvenility and senectetude.

--O--

LEW: You took der words right out of my face!

--O--

L.T.: So you firmly believe you are the answer to the nation's
problem ---

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LEW:- Not der answer -- I'm der result! Und dere's a hundred million odders like me! We're all Government goofy -- Congress cuckoo -- figure floozy -- lawyer looney -- candidate crazy -- Washington woozy -- politics potted, and Brain Trust balmy! We need a change -- ~~und~~ und by ^{Ginger Ale --} ~~Singery~~ I'm it! Elect me und I move der capitol to the bug house. So vote for LEW LEHR for President -- you got nothing left to lose ~~by~~ but your mind.

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L.T.:- And now, Lew, before we all lose our minds, get your Movietone dribble-Puss out of the way and I'll go on with my broadcast.

PENNSYLVANIA

There's a crisis in Pennsylvania with no humor in it. The machinery of the state relief organization came to a complete standstill. The reason, a political fight.

Democratic Governor Earle recently called a special session to vote relief funds. But it wasn't as easy as all that, because the State Senate is overwhelmingly Republican. The Democratic governor and Republican senators can't agree on how much money. They are arguing and standing pat. Gov. Earle asks for fifty-five millions. To which the Republicans say: "Nonsense, fifty-five millions is too extravagant; thirty-five is enough."

An extraordinary angle of the situation is that Republican Mayor Davis Wilson of Philadelphia, has rushed to Harrisburg to try to arbitrate the squabble.

ETHIOPIA

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The threat of guerrilla warfare in Ethiopia, so long talked about, materialized in startling fashion in the news today. It ~~is~~ ^{has} seldom ~~been~~ equalled in history -- the deadly exploit of that band of wild country ambush fighters who wiped out a party of officials as important as the Italian general who was chief of the air forces, in East Africa, a staff colonel who was a former attache at the Italian legation at Addis ~~Ab~~ Ababba, and the famous flyer Locatelli, of trans-Atlantic renown. He ^{is the man who} made a flight across the ocean some years ago, ^{and} was rescued ^{by the U.S. Navy} off Greenland. ~~As~~ ^{Also} he flew with Balbo in that famous mass formation flight from Italy to America.

These celebrities were members of a party making an air survey in the province of ~~Jimma~~ ^{Jimma} in Western Ethiopia. ~~They~~ ^{They} were looking for possible sites for flying fields. They spied ^{an open} ~~place~~ ^{place} that seemed ~~xx~~ deserted, and ~~they~~ their big bombing plane landed. That was the fatal move, because a big force of Ethiopian guerrillas ^{was} ~~was~~ lurking nearby and ~~they~~ swooped down on the party. A savage scene of fighting and killing. ~~xx~~ All the Italians ^{seemed} ~~to have been~~ ^{to have been} wiped out, save a priest who managed to escape. He brought back the news.

This news first came by the rumor route and was denied by Rome. But today Rome confirmed it in an official dispatch, and with it word of reprisals -- air reprisals. Squadrons of planes have set out to bomb the guerrilla bands and their villages.

The incident confirms what ^{we} ~~we~~ have heard -- that the Italians have plenty of mopping-up to do before they get the wilder parts of Ethiopia under their control.

CORNELL

I always thought it was a tradition of the hotels of America that the big executive had to start as bell-boy, dishwasher, or something. But it seems that picture is changing radically and swiftly. And it's all due to the course on hotel management at Cornell University. So says the next issue of the American Magazine.

"During all of the depression there was never a single Cornell hotel course graduate who didn't go right into a job." That statement comes from Lucius Boomer of the great Waldorf-Astoria in answer to questions by writer Henry Pringle. Mr. Boomer says, "we have four Cornell alumni, in good jobs."

And we now learn that the Cornell example is being followed at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. The Tuskagee idea is slightly different. There they're going to have a course for chefs. The general idea has been that no Negro kitchen impresario needed to be taught how to cook fried chicken. But Dr. Frederick Douglas Patterson, Tuskagee's newly elected president, thinks the fried chicken will be all the better if the chef knows all about chemistry, diatetics and carbohydrates. And -- to get back to that subject of fried chicken --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.