

L.T. - SUNOCO. MONDAY, JULY 8, 1935.

*Chandler  
NBC*

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

We start the week with a sensation of a rare kind, piracy on the high seas! Piracy right under Uncle Sam's nose, almost under the guns of his Pacific fleet. No such thing has been heard of in the territorial waters of the U.S.A. since the days of Jean Lafitte.

For several years a gambling ship, appropriately named the Monte Carlo, has been anchored outside Long Beach, California.

~~It is~~ Anchored eight miles off shore ~~so as~~ to escape the strict California laws against gambling. Incidentally, the gamblers had their nerve picking that spot, because Long Beach is one of the most pious and puritan communities in all America, <sup>— retired folks from Iowa.</sup> However, for quite a while, both before and after prohibition, <sup>that floating</sup> ~~the~~ Monte Carlo has had a sinful but gay ~~and~~ and lucrative career. Today she is still sinful but not ~~feeling~~ so gay, or, so <sup>lucrative.</sup> ~~prosperous~~.

The "Wages of Sin" showed up this morning in the shape of five pirates in a little fishing boat. This little craft loomed up out of a thick fog at dawn. ~~this morning~~ Grappling their ~~little~~ smack

to the Monte Carlo, five men wearing a black silk stockings over the upper parts of their faces, swarmed aboard, armed with rifles and chains. The crew of the Monte Carlo, fifteen strong, were fast asleep. With their rifles, the pirates stood up the gamblers and bartenders, and with ~~their~~ chains fastened them to the rail. Then, in a leisurely fashion, they opened the safe and took out Twenty-two thousand dollars in cash, plus Ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry left by unlucky customers as collateral.

Of course there's a hue and cry for the five pirates. One of Uncle Sam's coast guard gunboats is hunting the little fishing vessel. And all along the coast the waterfront police are watching every cove, every inlet, of that part of southern California. If they can slip past the patrol at San Diego, the sea robbers might be able to sail all the way down the coast to Mexico and effect a landing there. But Uncle ~~Sam~~ Sam's ships are on the look-out. It's a novel and exciting chase for these piping times.



## CONGRESS

Our Congress started today on one of its toughest weeks of the entire session. They had a firey day for it. Washington was as hot as few other places can be. And the political thermometer was even higher than the mercury.

Today the Ways and Means Committee of the House held the center of the stage. It is there that all new tax measures have to be born. So the committee opened the ball today on the new taxation ideas. Mr. Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury, was the guest of honor. Speaking virtually for the President, he urged the representatives to confine their brains to a three-point program: taxes on legacies, on big incomes, and on corporation receipts. But the White House wants Congress to use its own judgement as to the total amount raised - huge or just big.

Secretary Morgenthau also threw out a warning. The gist of it was: "Gentlemen, don't let's count on these new taxes as an excuse for new ways of spending money." The Secretary implied that any revenue brought in by such new taxes should be applied to Uncle Sam's staggering national debt.

LONG

Louisiana today is as definitely under a dictator as Italy or Germany.) To be sure, Duce Long has no black shirt, or brown shirt or blue shirt militia. When he needs to employ a show of force, he just calls out the National Guard. It's always an extraordinary and picturesque position for a man born in the utmost poverty, -- Huey, in the backwoods of Louisiana.

The latest action of his state legislature throws the reins of absolute domination into the Kingfish hands with scant subterfuge. The lawmakers met at midnight. And it took them

just fifty-eight minutes to pass twenty-six bills, all of which were shoved under their noses with a preemptory: "Here, now push this one through!" This at the rate of a bill almost every two minutes.

And one of those measures deprives Mayor Walmsley of New Orleans, and in fact, all municipal officials throughout the state, of any patronage whatsoever. It places all city jobs

under the state civil Service Commission. That Commission is composed entirely of Senator Long's men. It means that every

every school teacher, every policeman, every fireman, every street



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cleaner, every clerk in the municipal government, in fact everybody holding any official job whatsoever, has to be okayed by Mr. Long or his lieutenants.

He has thus built himself a machine that makes all other political machines in American history, even Tammany under Boss Tweed, look like kiddie-car affairs.

FLOOD

~~The death list for the flood in up state New York is piling up~~

It seems extraordinary to be talking about <sup>a flood</sup> ~~such~~ disaster in ~~the~~  
<sup>New York</sup> ~~empire~~ state. It's the first on record in ten years. In Nineteen  
twenty-five ~~in~~ New England was the principal sufferer. But today it's  
old York state that becomes the victim of the rushing waters.

The casualty list is no light matter. Eight people drowned so  
far; according to some reports eleven. Half Ithaca, the City of  
Cornell University, is under water. Not Cayuga's waters that ~~Garnett~~  
~~Max~~ Cornellians sing about, but the waters of the Conhocton River.  
They broke their bounds dramatically and unexpectedly. Whole families  
had to quit their homes, leaving all they own behind them. Many  
lives were saved by sensational last minute rescues. The damage in  
Ithaca alone is <sup>already</sup> ~~already~~ estimated at more than a million. And if the  
dam breaks, there will be the deuce and all to pay.

One dam did break, but not near Ithaca. Near Woodstock,  
in the Catskill Mountains, where there is a considerable artists'  
colony, the Cooper Lake Dam gave way. The countryside was flooded.  
One painter, his wife, three children, including a three months' old  
baby, and a maid, had to take refuge in a tree. There they clung



precariously, hanging to the slippery branches over the rushing waters for hours. It was not until a passing motorist <sup>on a road some distance away</sup> heard their cries for help that they were rescued.

In another part of New York, a railroad train was missing for more than twelve hours. Several railway and highway bridges have been washed out entirely. Communications have been cut off. Other important bridges are threatened.

The farmers of New York have been begging for rain for some time. They certainly got it.

But from the other side of the world comes a flood story of even more devastating proportions. Poor John Chinaman! As though he hadn't enough to put up with from the waves of invading Japanese. On top of that, waves of water are rushing over the rich fertile plains of the province of Hunan. The dykes on the Yuen River burst, letting loose millions of gallons of water over an entire region. The worst of it is, from the Chinese point of view, that this province is one of the most prosperous and peaceful in the Celestial realm.

No figures are available as yet. The list of the drowned may go up into the hundreds. One report has it that the entire city of Changteh is under twelve feet of water.

There are numerous missionaries in that province, including Americans, but they were all saved.



## ETHIOPIA

Over in Europe the diplomats are still trying to stop the tide of war with a dam of words. That's about all their poly-syllabic effects amount to. Joseph Avenol, Secretary of the League of Nations is in London today. He's got a tough job. In his official capacity he represents the World-at-Large. As such he naturally is trying to prevent the Duce's invasion of Abyssinia. On the other hand, Monsieur Avenol is a Frenchman. And as a Frenchman he belongs to a country that has flatly declined to interfere in any fashion whatsoever.

The King of Kings has obviously abandoned all hope of being saved by the diplomats. He is hastily and desperately mobilizing his ~~xxx~~ scanty forces of trained troops and the more numerous wild but poorly armed tribesmen.

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Italians at Adowa long ago. One suspects that the wish is father to the thought. Some travellers have come back from Addis Ababa with tales of the brave showing made by the army of the Lion of Judea. It is true there has been a Belgium military mission - and a corps of Swedish officers in Ethiopia training and organizing the army. But the number of troops actually trained and equipped to deal with a modern enemy is confined to the Imperial Guard and a few sparse regiments of household troops.

And these observers forget something else:- that not only Italy, but also Great Britain and France have put an embargo on all shipments of arms and ~~xxxx~~ ammunition into Haile Selassie's empire. Gordon MacCreagh, author of "The Last of Free Africa," reports that actually there are two hundred and fifty thousand rifles in Ethiopia. Many of these are of the Franco-Prussian War vintage. Ammunition of the same date. In other words when it comes to firing off those cartridges they'll be about as useful as a sling-shot. Cartridges are so precious in Ethiopia

that they are a medium of exchange - used for money. In some parts of the country one cartridge will buy you fifty eggs.

A certain thrifty Greek merchant hit on the device of collecting tons of empty cartridge shells and filling them with sand, and selling them to the hapless Ethiop.



FRANCE

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In France the revolutionary parties are all set to raise a hullabaloo, and possibly stage a riotous outbreak, next Sunday, Bastile Day. Colonel de la Rocque, leader of the French Fascists, made a speech to his organization, the Fiery Cross, at Tourcoing (Tourqwán). It was a real fiery speech, bristling with challenges. Monsieur Laval's government, he said, is riding for a fall. And he has given his promise to duplicate Mussolini's historic march on Rome. He said in so many words, <sup>that</sup> the time was at hand when he would lead the followers of the Fiery Cross to power.

He didn't confine his threats to the government. He issued a warning to the Left Wing, the followers of Leon Blum, of former Premier Daladier and Marcel Cachin. To them he said: "You may expect me to issue a mobilization order against you at any time, tomorrow, the next day, or within a fortnight."

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Some people believe this swashbuckling colonel may actually become Dictator of France. They see in him the "Man on Horseback" that the Faubourgs and the boulevards have been dreading and expecting innumerable times in the life of this, the third Republic. Like Sir Oswald Mosley in England, Colonel de la Rocque makes no bones about his intentions. He proposes to seize the power by force. And

## BASEBALL

The hero of the big ball game - the all-stars of both leagues - at the Cleveland Stadium today seems to be our old friend, Jimmy Foxx, Foxx with the two x-es, the star slugger of Connie Mack's always great Athletics. Jimmy did his stuff right in the first inning. Two men were out. Lou Gehrig of the Yankees, had singled. Up comes Jimmy and whangs a homer, bringing in Lou ahead of him, scoring one run for each "x" in his name.

That was a flashy double-X start for the American League team. And they grabbed two more before the game was over. Three years in succession, the American League wins - 4 to 1.



## ROCKEFELLER

In Lakewood, New Jersey, a young man is celebrating his ninety-sixth birthday. John D. Rockefeller, looking more like Pharaoh Rameses of Egypt than ever, has only forty-eight months more to go to become a centenarian. And apparently his chances are improving all the time. His health is better than it has been <sup>at</sup> any period in the last three years. He still has nineteen of his own teeth in his head. And that alone is enough to make him envied by many a younger man.

Though he retired twenty-four years ago, he is widely interested and keeps in close contact with affairs all over the world. Part of his morning routine every day is to hear a digest of the news which his secretaries have prepared for him. And they do say that the old master of oil has some sources of information that are closed to even the most able and powerful news gathering machines. In every corner of the world he has agents who send him regularly confidential reports which many a foreign editor would envy. ~~his~~

His routine is even more methodical than it was in the days when he was actively piling up ~~the~~ millions. Every morning he arises at the same time, has his breakfast and morning prayers at the same time. Then follows a game of Numerica, and his golf.

It has been calculated that he has given away more than Seven hundred and fifty million dollars to various causes. Whether that still leaves him the richest man in the world is known probably only by himself. There's a legend that he enjoys that title. At any rate, he doesn't need to worry. For his ninety-sixth birthday he received a little present of Five million dollars from the insurance companies. They cancelled his policies and handed him the money simply because no actuaries have ever drawn up tables to cover such a long life.



NIZAM FOLLOW ROCKEFELLER

Another fantastically rich man is in the news today, the Nizam of Hyderabad. People who enjoy guessing games nominate him as John D's principal rival for the title of "Richest man in the World".

\* But, as a matter of fact, the Nizam has so much <sup>wealth</sup> ~~money~~ that even he himself doesn't know how much it all adds up to. Indeed, he has ~~an~~ had a staff of accountants at work, making an inventory. And the reason for that is that His Highness is getting ready to celebrate his Silver Jubilee. <sup>And -</sup> He's going to do things up brown. He's going to spend a sum equal to Mr. Rockefeller's birthday present -- five million dollars.

His Highness has been in London getting ideas from the way King George celebrated the Twenty-fifth year of his reign. And the Indian ruler will combine western organization with Oriental splendor.

One feature of the show will be a durbar such as hasn't been seen ~~since~~ since the old Mogul emperors lavished and swanked in Delhi. There will be)

(Twenty thousand guests, including jewelried Indian princes, magnificoes from Europe, potentates from all the countries of Islam, the Nizam has already sent out architects and other artists from Europe to lend form and design to eastern magnificance. They are

h } already building arches in the streets of Hyderabad modelled after the famous Taj Mahal and the Pearl Mosque at Delhi.

~~Another~~ <sup>One</sup> spectacle will be a mimic battle with a hundred of the gorgeously comparisone~~d~~ State elephants trumpeting and charging upon each other. Oh boy, what a Roman carnival that'll be for the newsreel lads!

Altogether it will be a display to make the late Sardanapalus -- Ashurbanipal -- turn in his Ninivite-Assyrian grave from sheer envy. And he who is planning it all is personally a man of simple tastes, thrifty and even niggardly in some of his intimate expenses. To be sure, when he came to England for the Jubilee, he didn't take passage on a ship. He just chartered an entire ocean liner, paying for five hundred round-trip tickets.

9 } And now what I've got is a one-way ticket away from this microphone. And -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.