

OLYMPICS

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The Olympic news tonight takes us back to Nineteen Twelve - to the figure of a big Indian. There <sup>has been</sup> nothing to compare with today's Olympic events since Jim Thorpe romped through the games twenty-four years ago. That Carlisle Indian was the king of versatility. He conquered almost everything. He won the decathlon in the Olympics. He was a runner of all distances. He scored points as a jumper. He threw the javelin further than anyone else. He was a champion of the weight lifting events. That mighty aborigine was <sup>the</sup> ~~an~~ all-around man of all <sup>time.</sup> ~~times~~

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Today it's Jesse Owens, the negro. He's not so versatile as the Indian was. He's a concentration of speed and power, in running and jumping. (He broke records and won championships today. In preliminary races, he crashed the record for the two hundred meter sprint. Then in the quarter finals, he duplicated that record-breaking performance. Keeping right on with his stride, he ~~was~~ went into the broad jump finals, and made a leap of a shade more than ~~twenty~~ twenty-six feet and five inches. That smashed the record by more than a foot, and took the championship. All of this follows the performance ~~of~~ Owens put on yesterday when he won the championship

for the hundred meter run, and tied the record. All of which makes the brown flash the running sensation of the Nineteen Thirty-Six Olympics, <sup>just</sup> as Jim Thorpe was in Nineteen Twelve. The Indian then, the negro today. And today the championship for the eight hundred meter run was won by Johnny Woodruff - ~~ix~~ also a negro. I don't know just what the philosophy of it all is, unless maybe - that a <sup>legs</sup> ~~man~~ may be red skinned or black skinned and still run fast and jump far.

Such is the chromatic aspect of a day that was one long triumph for the United States, one of the biggest Olympic days this nation has ever enjoyed - with American victories in all three of the track events for men. Among the women, Helen Stephens of Fulton, Missouri, won the championship in the women's hundred meter run. All in all, the United States holds the top score, <sup>by a wide lead,</sup> with eighty-three points - which makes it certain that, when ~~xxxxx~~ it's all over, the Stars and Stripes will wave once more in Olympic victory, as they've <sup>always</sup> done in monotonous succession year after year, before.

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## SPAIN

Today's international news takes us back to 1911. An ominous word flashes -- Agadir, a name of portentous memory, the far-famed "Agadir incident!" In 1911! and led straight to the World War three years later.

France, was taking more and more control over Morocco. And imperial-Germany-of-the-Kaiser was watching with a jealous eye. And to diplomacy was added the sinister shadow of armour plate and naval guns. A German warship put in at the Moroccan port of German demands. And for a moment it seemed as if it would precipitate then and there the World war that came three years later.

To the north of Agadir, in Spanish Morocco, is the port of Ceuta, right across from Britain's far-famed Rock of Gibraltar. And in the harbor of Ceuta today appeared a German warship, the pocket-battleship Deutschland -- renowned as a new and more powerful seapon of the sea.

An act of the Spanish Civil war was going on. Warships of the radical Madrid Government were bombarding the Fascist rebel stronghold of Ceuta. The Deutschland steered in between

the ships that were firing and the shore target that was being fired at. That stopped the bombardment -- shielded the Fascist rebels. The Spanish boats didn't dare go on shooting for fear of hitting the Deutschland. If they had, who knows what might have happened? A wild diplomatic sensation at the least. And, maybe -- Hitler's Commander aboard that ultra-powerful vessel might have turned his heavy guns on the Spanish ships and blown them out of the water. Hitler's Commander might not be so patient.

All day the incident has been re-echoed in the capitals

of Europe. The Germans explain that it was just a ~~ambassy~~ courtesy call. The Captain of the Deutschland was paying a polite visit to the Fascist Commander at Ceuta. A strange time for a courtesy call. Singular -- for a German Fascist Commander to pay a visit to a Spanish Fascist fortress while it was being bombarded. So the charges are flaring anew that Hitler and Mussolini are helping the Spanish rebels, more rumors that Rome and Berlin are bargaining for footholds on Spanish possessions in the Mediterranean, ^ this in return for aiding Spanish Fascists.

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There are counter-accusations that the pink Government of France is aiding the ~~Spain~~ Spanish Reds -- that even the British Government is supporting the radicals in Madrid, Britain worried about the possibility of Spanish Fascists lining up with Italian and German Fascists in the Mediterranean. The old and defunct Ethiopian crisis begins to look tame beside the present possibilities of Europe getting into a violent snarl over ~~the Spanish~~ <sup>Spain's</sup> Civil War.

Meanwhile that ~~civil~~ <sup>us the</sup> War gives ~~a~~ familiar sort of battle bulletin tonight, tales of savage fighting, with no indication of anything decisive. It does seem, though, as if

the long-awaited Fascist push through the mountains to Madrid  
has begun. A major battle is said to be raging, the issue of  
which no one can foretell.

FATHER COUGHLIN

Bishop Gallaghe denies today's report from Rome. That report hinted at the caution the Vatican must feel in dealing with the case of Father Coughlin. The news reported from Rome, passed along statements said to have been made by ecclesiastics high in the Church. We were told with emphasis that Father Coughlin is not being muzzled; that the Vatican does not give him any command, not even a request; neither does the Vatican give Bishop Gallagher any command, gives him merely a request. That would be like asking somebody to ask somebody else not to do something. According to the story, the Church authorities suggested to Bishop Gallagher, Father Coughlin's superior, that he urge the radio priest, in all kindness and friendliness, to stay out of politics. The suggestion is that he confine his public speaking to religious topics.

With this report (there was a decided intimation that Father Coughlin's political career had become embarrassing to his Church. One report from Rome relates that the radio priest's violent attacks on President Roosevelt have been especially

embarrassing in view of the present friendliness between the President and the Catholic Church. It is said, indeed, that ecclesiastical Rome hopes the President may come around to the idea of establishing an American legation at the Vatican, such as many other nations maintain.)

Wonder what effect such an urging, passed down the line from the high command of Rome, would have on the priest of the flaming speech? Father Coughlin has repeatedly declared that he will obey his ecclesiastical superiors, but of course what is reported to have come to him now is not a command.

The Bishop himself declared that in the conference he had with the Pope, there was no discussion of the Radio Priest, but the word now is that while there was no formal discussion with the Pontiff, there were hints and quiet advice.

But a last moment statement from the Bishop insists that the Church has not intervened.



GREEN

Legends of <sup>the</sup> American scene are evoked by a bit of news from Massachusetts. Legends - of a mother and a son, as completely unlike as two human beings could be. Today's tidings make the contrast of mother and son complete and final.

The mother - Hetty Green, renowned far and wide in her day, for her wealth and ~~her~~ stinginess. The richest woman in America, also the most  <sup>penny-squeezing, penurious and</sup> parsimonious. Her husband left her millions piled on millions, and during the long years of her <sup>widowhood</sup> ~~life~~ she watched every penny as a mama bear watches her cubs. She kept tabs on every nickel of her mighty fortune, and never allowed one to get away when she could help it. Scrooge, on his sourest Christmas, was a philanthropist beside Hetty Green. Her only son when a boy broke his leg in coasting down a hill on a sled. The renowned millionairess would not spend enough money to give the injury proper medical attention, so the son went for the rest of his life a cripple. When she died in Nineteen Ten, her son found the woman Croesus in a cheap flat, where she <sup>had</sup> lived miserably, old, broken, penurious to the end.

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Now the violent clash of contrast - the son, Colonel Green, who inherited his mother's millions, <sup>He</sup> was a magnificent spender and a golden philanthropist. He delighted in scattering money about, in lavish generosity. He had twenty-five of the most expensive automobiles. He gave huge sums to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for research in radio and television. He spent millions trying to find a way to eliminate fog and make aviation safer. He built the most elaborate private airport in America and sold it to the government for one dollar. He had twenty wards, girls, whom he sent through college. He had a stupendous estate on the beach at South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, and said to the public - "Come on in." He liked to have people throng his estate and crowd the splendid beach. Barkers sold hot dogs and candy amid the xx stately walks and groves. The Green estate became a Coney Island - free. He was a good business man, and could have redoubled the fortune he inherited. But Colonel Green gave away a dollar for every dollar Hetty Green had saved. As it was, he left eighty million when he died, ~~about~~ two months ago.

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Ever since then a search has been going on, a search in

New York, at Colonel Green's estate in Massachusetts, at his home in Texas, at his winter estate in Florida, a search for a will. It was supposed that he must have made one, and that the testament must be tucked away somewhere. But today the word comes from Massachusetts. It's definite now, final - Colonel Green left no will.

So there you have the ultimate of contrast. Hetty Green watched every penny, kept account of every nickel, thought of nothing but her millions - while her son was so careless about <sup>money</sup> ~~it~~ that he leaves eighty millions, and no will!

## ODDITIES

A strange American story, and let's match it with several oddities from around the world - a beard pulling match in Shanghai; sad news about walking sticks <sup>from</sup> in London; and a statesman's lapse of memory in Roumania.

The beard pulling in Shanghai began with negotiations for a marriage. The Far Eastern equivalent of orange blossoms turned into a tug of war with whiskers. ~~True, the Chinese don't have such long and flowing and voluminous spinach, but the two hair pulling contestants were Sikhs of India. The Sikhs are renowned for the~~ <sup>The two men were</sup> ~~had wrapped around their ears.~~ copious majesty of their beards, <sup>and are</sup> ~~and are~~ proud of them. Among them

The most ignominious indignity you can do a <sup>Sikh</sup> ~~man~~ is to reach over ~~and~~ <sup>and pull</sup> his beard.

In Shanghai, Bishan Singh, a flour merchant in a Sikh colony there, has a beautiful daughter of thirteen. So it happened that Sadhu Singh, another Sikh, called one evening to lay proposals of marriage before the father. They got into an argument. One word led to another, and finally to a pulling of beards. Amid the uproar, the police arrived, and led the two Sikhs before the British ~~magistrate~~ magistrate. Testimony showed that Bishan Singh, the

father, was the injured party, and was entitled to redress from Sadhu Singh. But Bishan Singh <sup>would</sup> ~~was~~ consider only one form of compensation. He demanded another pull at the whiskers of Sadhu Singh, and proposed that he do it right there in the back yard of the British Consulate. He'd give Sadhu's <sup>facial advertisement</sup> ~~professional doormat~~ such a tug that he would tear it right off Sadhu's face. Then all would ~~be forgiven.~~

It happens that the British law provides no such compensation for injury. ~~so the judge could not allow the whisker pulling damages.~~ But as Bishan Singh is insistant and adamant, the British Solomon has had to put ~~off~~ <sup>off</sup> the case for a week - trying to think up a Solomonian solution.

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In London the firm of Henry Howell & Company is going out of business, and that spells tragedy in the world of walking sticks, wherever canes are sported. For a hundred and three years the name of Howell has meant the ultimate in smartness for the gentleman who carries a Malacca.

They made everything from World War swagger sticks for officers to ceremonial staffs of office for African chiefs. Queen Victoria gathered a collection of Howell sticks, and so did King Edward the Seventh. When the present King Edward the Eighth went to Africa in Nineteen Thirty-Four as Prince of Wales, he took with him a whole cargo provided by Howells, all the way from fashionable London canes to grandiose staffs and sceptres of barbaric royalty. And these he distributed among the black lords of the African tribes.

But now Henry Howell and Company is <sup>shutting up shop.</sup> ~~going out of business.~~

Because - the vogue of the walking stick is passing rapidly.

Gentlemen no longer carry canes on all occasions, and <sup>this is</sup> ~~they~~ blamed ~~on~~ on the automobile. The walking stick becomes an impediment in the narrow space of a coupe, sedan or limousine. The world rides on wheels, so why have a walking stick?

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Some days ago, the news carried the word of a striking tribute to a statesman. In Roumania, a law was passed requiring people who had un-Roumanian names, to change their monickers to fit the style of the country. So there was a tempest of name-changing.

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And lo and behold, it was found in most cases the new name adopted was "Titulescu".

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Yes, that was a tribute indeed to the Roumanian Foreign Minister who has made his mark by his diplomatic skill abroad and by his opposition to anti-Semitism at home. But today we find *that* the great Titulescu ~~just~~ <sup>(has) (been)</sup> building up to an awful let-down. It concerns his memory. The Foreign Minister of the Bucharest government is inordinately proud of his powers of recollection. He never forgets anything. He's superstitious about it, in fact. He regards any lapse of memory as an ill-omen, a sign of hard luck.

So now we hear how <sup>the</sup> statesman who never forgets was on a train to attend a diplomatic conference. The train was pulling through the desolate Carpathian mountains, when suddenly it stopped. A secret service agent got off in haste, and waited for the next train back to Bucharest. He hurried to the Foreign Minister's home and dashed into the bathroom. The ~~Foreign Minister~~ <sup>statesman</sup> had forgotten his toothbrush!

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The story is that Titulescu, the mighty memorizer, was so disconcerted by his forgetfulness, so much afraid ~~that~~ it

would bring bad luck - that he had to have the lapse immediately made good, had to have the forgotten toothbrush fetched as soon as possible.

Which reminds that I've come near forgetting that I'd better remember to say! --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.