

L.J. - Sunoco. Wed., July 1, 1936.

Curran
W.S.R.

BLUM

46
A totally unexpected bit of drama was staged at Geneva today. The stage manager and principal actor, Monsieur Leon Blum, Prime Minister of France. It had been anticipated that France would ride on the English bandwagon to help lift the sanctions against Italy. So it was all the more startling when the head of the French government interposed a vehement "No!" ^{TP "Let us} ~~"We should~~ not lift those sanctions!" he cried. "If we do," he added, "any nation can walk in and take the property of a weaker country."

"It is perfectly true that the League has encountered a signal failure," ^{he went on,} "It showed itself quite powerless to stop aggression. But that does not mean we ought to give up. There is nothing wrong with the Covenant," he added, "What was wrong was our method of applying it. We cannot afford to let the League be weakened any further. Rather we should strengthen it." He concluded with the solemn warning: "France cannot afford to permit her allies to be violated."

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Naturally, this was a shock to the Italian delegation. It was followed up by a stunning blow from the tired but always dapper Anthony Eden. For when Monsieur Blum had sat down.

Captain Eden arose, ~~and~~ the next words that assailed Italian ears were: "Let us decline to recognize the conquest of Ethiopia

by Italy." This was amazing, since Foreign Secretary Eden had ~~so~~ recently in London and Geneva had ~~however -~~ led the movement to lift the sanctions. ~~His~~ [^] next remark was ~~some~~

consolation for Mussolini's envoys. For he softened the blow with the ~~following:~~ ^{following:} - "But, it ~~with the remarks 'However, it~~ would be best if we did lift the sanctions." That was reassuring not only to Italy but to English business men, who are tired of sacrificing themselves for those sanctions.

The next surprise at Geneva was sprung by Italy.

It was an aftermath to the uproar in the League Assembly yesterday. Italy protested the arrest of those eight Italian newspaper men who burst out with a roar of abuse against Haile Selassie. That episode was unique because it's a tradition among newspaper men all over the world that they should never take part in any demonstrations or any proceedings that they are reporting.

PHILLIPS FOLLOW BLUM

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The state of affairs in Europe makes President Roosevelt's selection of a new ambassador particularly significant. To replace Mr. Breckenridge Long in Rome, ~~he has chosen not a celebrated politician, nor an eminent contributor to the Democratic Party was chosen.~~ ~~William Phillips~~ ^{He} has gone right into the State Department ~~itself~~ and picked its Number Two man, the Under-Secretary of State, its most astute and experienced career ^{diplomat.} ~~man.~~ Under-Secretary William Phillips has been in Uncle Sam's diplomatic service thirty-three years. He has helped steer ^{our} ~~Uncle Sam's~~ ship through the devious channels of international politics ever since Nineteen ~~Thirty~~ Three, when he went to London as Secretary to the famous ^{Ambassador Joseph} ~~Joe~~ Choate.

America's new ambassador to Mussolini is one of the handsomest and most distinguished looking figures around Washington. He is fifty-eight years old and might easily pass for thirty-eight. ~~"in the dusk with the light behind him."~~ Tall, suave, immaculately groomed, with a shapely, aristocratic looking head. ^{He} is soft-spoken, non-committal, ~~speaks~~ ^{has} in smooth, cultivated tones. For all his dignified, almost austere manners, many of the Washington correspondents call him "Bill". No one knows better than Bill

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Phillips how to answer an internationally embarrassing question with a polite evasion of well chosen words.

He comes by his distinguished appearance legitimately. He comes of ^{an old governing} ~~an old governing~~ family in Locust Valley, New York, a place frequently described as ^{that} ~~a~~ "hatchery of silk-stocking statesmanship."

One of his forebears was Judge Samuel Phillips, who founded Phillips Exeter and Phillips Andover. His great grandfather was the first Mayor of Boston. Another ancestor was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts twelve times in succession. The family ~~a~~ fortune was made in shipping and real estate in the good old days when Yankee clippers were sweeping the seas clean of competition.

In the domain of diplomacy he has had more jobs than you can shake a stick at: Diplomatic Secretary at Peiping and London, Minister to the Netherlands, Ambassador to Belgium, and ^{— in both of which countries I knew him} the first Minister from the United States to Canada. In addition to that, he has twice served as Third Assistant Secretary of State and once as Assistant Secretary, to say nothing of having been chief of the Far Eastern Division of the State Department.

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It ~~doesn't~~ isn't difficult to see that the appointment

of such an experienced diplomat means that the White House looks upon the embassy in Rome as one of the key posts of the service.

Mussolini for his part evidently considers Washington quite as important from the Italian point of view. His new Ambassador to Washington was also Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs. His Excellency, Fulvio Suvich, has been for the last few years the Duce's trouble-shooter in the agitated political waters of Europe.

Dodging publicity and doing his work without the aid of the limelight, Suvich has lately earned the reputation of being something of a lone wolf. As his name indicates, he is not Italian by birth. He comes from one of the Croat families of Istria. As such he was in his youth a rebel, a conspirator against the Hapsburg government.

All Italy was astounded when, in Nineteen Thirty-Two, Premier Mussolini announced the appointment of Fulvio Suvich - the Croat - the Slav - as his right-hand man in diplomacy, Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

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It's all over at Wimbledon as far as American players are concerned. Our last hope, Donald Budge of California, was put out of the tournament in the semi-final round, ^{although} ~~his~~ ^{one} defeat was not ~~to~~ to be ashamed of. The man who whipped him was England's champion, Fred Perry. The red-headed Californian took the first set and made the champion extend himself to four sets before he won.

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^{Now} the final round will be played off between Fred Perry and the German, Baron Gottfried von Cramm. That will make the second time for the English and German champions to ^{Wimbledon} ~~get~~ meet in ~~the~~ finals. Perry had a pretty easy match of it last year, when he beat von Cramm in three straight sets. But five weeks ago the German beat Perry in the final of the French championship. So that ought to make it an interesting match.

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Early this week we heard alarming stories of the drought in the Northwest, parching weather in other parts of the Union. Some authorities thereupon protested that these stories were exaggerated. But this morning came advices from Washington that the Government has become ^{vastly} concerned over the situation. President Roosevelt told the newspaper men ^{today} that official information made it evident that conditions were getting more serious ^{all the time. And -} ~~every day~~. Secretary Wallace has gone West to consult Federal officials in the agricultural districts about means of helping those who have suffered from the drought.

This afternoon we have still more serious news, a bulletin from the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. ~~sounds exceedingly ominous.~~ The continued drought in the Northwest threatens to completely wipe out the Spring wheat crop, in that region. ^{- it says.} And this, the bureau tells us, happens at a time when the visible wheat supply of the entire world is lower than it has been in nine years.

After that it is not astonishing to learn that there was tremendous excitement in the famous wheat pit of

the Chicago Board of Trade. The publication of the Agricultural Bureau report produced a real uproar, a tremendous spasm of buying. Not only wheat but the other grains soared to spectacular heights on the price list.

But there's good news too - rain - heavy rain in some parts of the West. Too much in Texas - floods there!

Now they found out curious and alarming facts. In eleven states out of the forty-eight there are no laws to regulate either traffic or drivers. That's hard to believe in the age of modern streamlined cars and airplanes. As a result of these facts one of the first things the investigating committee are trying to do is to urge states to cooperate in uniform highway laws across the country. It will mean that if you want to drive a car anywhere in the United States you will have to pass a stiff driving test and get a license. Uniform traffic signals will be another objective. There's also uniform safety devices especially for commercial vehicles.

TRAFFIC

Another item from Washington concerns everybody who owns and drives a motor car. You'll remember that last December the President and the Secretary of Commerce called a conference for the prevention of accidents. Since that time traffic experts have put in months investigating, studying and deliberating. And committees are now ready to report.

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MOREY

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For the last two weeks, reports have been current that another exploring scientist had disappeared. Dr. Robert Morey of the Rockefeller Institute went into the dense jungles of West Africa. He had been in Liberia since October, studying the primitive peoples of that region. Along some of its rivers, the most ^{backward} ~~primitive~~ tribes in the world are believed to exist, natives whose habits and beliefs go back into the darkest periods of the legendary past. Dr. Morey started from Monrovia to look for the sacred mountain of Pandamei. ^{- may,} None of the inhabitants were willing to go with him as porters or guides. They warned Dr. Morey that "no white man may look on the face of Pandamei and live." Nevertheless, he set out three weeks ago into dense tropical jungle.

For the last two weeks ~~there was~~ [—] no sign of him, not even a rumor. As a rule the bush telegraph keeps the native tribes informed of the whereabouts of any white traveler, no matter how lost he seems to be. ^{- or thinks he is,} But even the bush telegraph lost track of Dr. Morey. He was given up for lost. Said the natives: "White man swallowed up by the angry God of the Mountain."

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Today, however, there's news of the adventurous American scientist. For two weeks he wandered in those jungles. He traveled in one weary circle after another, unable to find his way out. ~~Eventually~~ ^{a searching} The Liberian authorities sent ~~an~~ expedition and they ^{we just} found him. He had not achieved his object, hadn't even caught a glimpse of the face of that mysterious sacred mountain. But he is safe and sound.

KLONDIKE

*That's from the hot countries.
And here's a moody, weird one from
the cold — the Far North.*

For many a year in the bleak northern space of the

Klondike, they discussed the mystery of Sir Arthur Curtis. Whatever happened to that distinguished Englishman who vanished in the gold rush forty years ago, and was never seen again? What sort of foul play brought him to his end? Tonight, in the rude cabins of the northland, old-time miners are discussing that mystery more warmly than ever. For now a strange story has come to light. It tells of the killing of Sir Arthur Curtis.

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The tale concerns a Captain H. P. Hilton, who was one of the companions of the missing man on the gold hunting expedition. Years later, in Nineteen Eight, Captain Hilton was serving with a British regiment in Canada. He had as his man a sergeant - James Martin. One day the Captain showed the sergeant a newspaper clipping which related that the missing Sir Arthur Curtis had been found, living a hermit's life in the northland.

"I can't believe it," exclaimed the Captain. "I killed Sir Arthur Curtis."

And he went on to confide to the sergeant that back

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there in the Klondike they had struck gold, and were coming out through the wild country with their hoard of nuggets packed on mule packs. One day their food supplies were stolen by roaming Indians , and the party was left in a dangerous plight. That night, Captain Hilton happened to awaken and saw someone driving their mules away. He followed, and saw it was Sir Arthur Curtis deserting his comrades, taking with him what little food was left, the mules, and the hoard of gold. "I followed him, caught him, shot him, and buried him under a tree," the Captain told his sergeant. He took the food, mules and gold back to camp and said nothing.

Such is the story the Captain told and he pledged the sergeant to secrecy. "Never tell it until after I'm dead," he enjoined.

Two years later Captain Hilton was transferred to Hongkong. The sergeant remained in Canada. In Nineteen Fifteen he was killed in action in France, in the fighting at Armentieres, the town of mademoiselle. The sergeant knew nothing of his death until Nineteen Twenty-Six. Then when he heard it he thought-

"What's the use of telling the story."

Now, however - a book was published recently in Canada, a book by Captain Roger Pocock, who led that gold hunting expedition in the Klondike days. In it he tells the story so far as he knows it - and gives hints and surmises about the mystery of Sir Arthur Curtis. It's in answer to this that the sergeant now comes forward - and tells.

Such is the account we have tonight - an account that has aroused swift controversy. Some old-timers say the killing of Sir Arthur Curtis could ~~may~~ not have happened that way. So, the sourdoughs are arguing in the northland.

END

Here's one at the expense of a New York State trooper.

A member of Troop B, a body of policemen as famous in the Adirondacks as the Rangers are in Texas. Another official, one of the game wardens of the State, had learned that a group of fellows had been taking veison out of season. So the warden persuaded this Troop B trooper to put on hunting clothes and go with him to make an arrest. It was dark when they found the deer poachers' camp. The hunters were just sitting down to supper; and being hospitable poachers, they invited their unexpected guests to join them. Both the warden and the trooper were hungry as wolves - and ate and ate.

Carl Carmer in his "Listen for a Lonesome Drum", about upper New York, tells how as the trooper was polishing off his last steak, the warden told the poacher what he was there for and apologized for what he felt he must do - explaining that the law was the law. The head poacher paused a few moments before answering. Then, as the trooper swallowed his last mouthful of illegal venison, the poacher said:- "I wouldn't want to disappoint

LT awarded
medal for
news commentary
by "Radio
Guide"
July 17, 1936

you fellows none, but your friend here has just et up the last bit of evidence. " And so he had -- and this is my last bit of evidence -- and so --

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KITTELL:- Wait a moment, Lowell, we've a surprise announcement to make. Mr. Curtis Mitchell, Editor of RADIO GUIDE, that A-Number One magazine of the air, is here with some news for you. Go ahead, Mr. Mitchell.

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MITCHELL:- Lowell, I'm happy to be able to tell you that the radio public of America has selected you as its outstanding and favorite news commentator. It is the custom of RADIO GUIDE to present every year a medal to the winner selected by the public. I have great pleasure in now presenting this medal to you.

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L.T.:- Mr. Curtis Mitchell, I'm surprised, honored and delighted. And I'll hang it right over my desk and try to live up to it. Many thanks to you and to the many thousands of readers of RADIO GUIDE.

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