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L.T. - SUNOCO. TUESDAY, APRIL 27, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

This seems tonight like sitting around on the front porch and having a last chat before starting off on a journey. The trip won't be for so long - hardly more than a horse and buggy jaunt to another state would have been a few years ago. And - broadcasting from aboard ship and from Europe will seem something like phoning home and telling ^{your friends} ~~the folks~~ about it.

Of course, the inevitable phrase is these days - "going to the coronation". But I'm afraid I haven't so much lofty sense of social state and dignity as ^{would} ~~to~~ become a duke or a millionaire. My idea of the advantage of going to Europe right now is - that London in the throes of coronation, will be a swarming crossroads of the world, where you'll see all sorts of humanity from every part of the ^{globe.} ~~world~~ I imagine that a stroll down ^{Picadilly} ~~the Strand~~ will be something like the equivalent of a far flung voyage to many a distant land. ^THere you'll see the Malay

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attendants of a Sultan of Perak, ~~is~~ smart, soldierly ^{diggers} dignitaries
from Australia, ^{mining men from the Yukon,} elephant men and maharajahs from India, ^{or} some
~~and~~ hardware merchant from ^{Halifax} ~~Kansas City~~ or Kalamazoo. Yes,
coronation London should be a place to walk a few blocks and see
the world. Also - a crossroads for interviews with significant
people, a chance to do a reporter's job in contacting dominating
personalities. It seems like a priceless opportunity to gain
insight into those complicated affairs all over the world,
affairs often discussed in this nightly broadcast.

Moreover - London in coronation time will afford many
a glance at the odd and the curious. Those backstage diversions
which are always so entertaining in the pomp and majesty of
glamorous events. That's the sort of thing I'll be watching for
especially - human singularities, comic twisters, when a king is
crowned.

I expect to have a busy time, with Blue Sunoco broad-
casting, digging up material, and ^{a special color} ~~making~~ Movietone Newsreel ~~film~~
of the coronation. Side trips will take me to Paris, Rome, maybe
Vienna - on the go. And right now I have that same old feeling,

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like almost anybody going off on a trip, and saying: "I'll ring you up on the wireless when I get there."

But meanwhile, let's take a look at the news of the day.

WALLY

Let's see what coronation news there is. As it happens, this is an important date in the royal romance, that memorable drama of love and kingship. Today ended the probation period in the Simpson divorce. Just six months ago, Wally sued Mr. Ernest S., and the court granted her a tentative decree, six months after which she could appeal and make it final. So now all the former belle of Baltimore has to do is to go through a single legal formality, and she'll be free to marry His Ex-Majesty, the Duke of Windsor. So today is indeed a red letter day for Wally and the Duke.

How did they celebrate it? We aren't told about Wally. As for the Duke, he celebrated the occasion with a libel suit. Today he instituted court proceedings in London - for libel. This concerns ^{the} book "Coronation Commentary," about which you've already heard a couple of times - the one that made his Ex-Majesty so angry. He threatened to sue unless the publishers withdrew it. We heard last night that the publishers had complied - had withdrawn the book. Nevertheless, word comes today that the Duke is suing anyway. He's that indignant about it, and as it is really

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— in parts —

a scathing volume, and as the English libel laws are severe, there may be quite a court battle.

This legal coronation angle is one thing that I'm going to inquire about when I get to London - because it's something that ~~my~~ might provide quite a bit of fireworks.

ROOSEVELT

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I see that President Roosevelt also is taking a trip. I'm leaving at midnight, ~~and~~ so is he. But the President of course can do things in a bigger way than a mere private citizen. The President has sent his representatives to the coronation, like the wartime ambassador Jimmy Gerard. That leaves the chief executive to start off on another kind of jaunt. He's going fishing. Mr. Roosevelt takes the train at midnight for a quick trip to Biloxi, Mississippi. Then he'll leave the special train for a drive along the Gulf ports. Then the train again, to New Orleans. There the presidential yacht, the POTOMAC, will take him off on a cruise for tarpon in the Gulf, ~~Back~~ to shore at Galveston, Texas, for a run up to Fort Worth - to the home of the President's son Elliot. ~~¶~~ The fishing part of it will be the cruise ~~from~~ New Orleans to Galveston, and the reports are - tarpon are running along that stretch of the coast. ~~Text~~

To most of us a fishing trip is a private sort of affair, but that's another case in which we ordinary folks don't stack up with the President. Instead of being out fishing alone, the chief executive will bait his hook under the eyes of

four hundred and twenty on-lookers. That's because of the guard ~~that's~~ always kept over a president. The fishing flotilla will consist of four vessels, the yacht POTOMAC, and three warships, the destroyers MOFFETT, DECATUR and SCHENCK, with crews that ^ttoal _^four hundred and twenty, officers and sailors. It's not such a private fishing party when you're a president.

The President leaves with the insurance that the Midwestern floods are subsiding.

ARMY

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Today the House Appropriations Committee okayed the declaration that the United States Army is - inadequate. That - the nation's defense is not up to par, not equipped to offer effective resistance to an enemy armed with modern weapons. These declarations are contained in a bill that the Committee today approved - a bill that continues the logic by appropriating more money for the army. During the coming year, the cash spent on the service will be twenty-three millions more than it was last year. A total of - four hundred and sixteen million and four hundred thousand dollars. That, however, is less than the figure the President suggested - three hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars less.

The Committee not only voted the money, but also warned *that* in the future ~~that~~ still larger sums will be needed to make the nation safe against [^]aggression from abroad.

SPAIN

The loud word from Europe tonight is - thunder in Spain!
It's a story of bombardments, by cannon and war planes.

Bombardment from the sea, from the land and from the sky.

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From the sea Rebel warships fired shells in ^{to} Valencia,
the Left-Wing capital, to which the Socialist government fled
from Madrid months ago. Two of Franco's cruisers, lying off
the harbor, hurled high explosive shells into the city.
Thirty missiles from the naval guns burst with terrific
detonations in the workmen's quarter. Buildings wrecked,
streets blasted - havoc and destruction.

The bombardment from land struck Madrid. Once again the
Spanish capital was blasted by Rebel artillery. The dispatches
call it the worst day of all for Madrid, the heaviest rain of
shells. They were concentrated in the crowded heart of the city -
the Puerto del Sol. That plaza of renown is described as a
litera^t wreckage ^{and} human bodies tonight - for the casualties
were heavy. Buildings burning, buildings blown up, as one after
another the shells of heavy artillery fell with deadly precision.

The bombardment from the sky was in the Bilbao section.

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There (squadrons of Rebel bombers have destroyed the old town of Guernica. It's important as a matter of strategy, and it was once the capital of the Basques - a city of sacred and historic memories to those ~~men~~ hardy mountaineers of northern Spain.

Eight hundred people are said to have been killed in Guernica

today, the town shattered by the bombs) - and then the planes machine-gunned the fleeing fugitives. P This is the most recent

Rebel stroke against the Left Wing defense at Bilbao. Guernica

is right behind the fighting line as Franco's battalions keep

pushing on and on. They ^{we} captured the two vital strategic points,

Eibar and Durango - and they seem about to take Bilbao as well //

as today bombardments crashed in Spain.

MARTIN

The war news on the capital-labor front tonight brings a surprise. You know who Homer Martin is - chief of the Auto Workers Union and right-hand man of John Lewis and the C.I.O. Today he was nominated for an important post. Guess what? - there was an attempt to make him a director of General Motors. That would be something - the Union chief in the big strike chosen to sit on the General Motors Board of Directors.

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It came about this way. ^{at} Wilmington, Delaware. - At a meeting of the corporation stockholders, a ~~six~~ slate of directors proposed by the Company management was presented, the stockholders to vote on it. Just a routine, or it was supposed to be - when up spoke Stockholder Harold Thatcher of New York. He said he had a name to put in nomination, and he formally entered the name - Homer Martin. The stockholders' meeting was rather astounded, but they had to go on and take a vote, and decide whether John Lewis's auto union chief was to be elected to the Board. No, he wasn't elected - the astonishment didn't go that far. When the vote was counted, it showed that Homer Martin has ^d received only five votes - all of these cast by Stockholder Thatcher.

JUDGE

2-5-
New York has a crime mystery tonight, singular because it's so blank, without any motive that can be surmised, apparently without any reason at all. Judge John O'Neil of the Municipal Court is known for the number of his friends, on excellent terms with everybody. Active in Tammany politics in the Greenwich Village section, he's an adept in the art of making friends, not an enemy in the world. People who know him can't believe that anybody could have hard feelings against the judge, the grand old man.

Today Judge O'Neil left his house on Twelfth Street and walked to Sixth Avenue to take a bus. Passersby noticed a man following behind him, thought it was a friend of the Judge's. ^a ~~The~~ young, and snappily dressed man -- in a tan polo coat, ^{He} ~~was~~ carrying a newspaper. Passersby thought nothing of it, it looked like a friendly gesture -- as the young man in the polo coat stepped up behind the Judge and patted him ~~with~~ on the back with the newspaper he carried. The Judge cried out weakly and staggered. ~~For the~~ For the slap of the newspaper was the stroke of a knife -- the hand clutching the blade concealed in the paper. The man ~~in~~ the polo coat

dashed down the street. It was all so swift and astonishing that he was away with a long lead. Several men tried to pursue him but he outdistanced them around a corner of Fifth Avenue, and vanished. Judge O'Neil dragged himself back to his house, where he collapsed. Tonight he's in the hospital, in a serious condition.

It's the blankest kind of mystery, with people saying and repeating -- that the aged judge had no enemies, only friends. The surmise flashed -- perhaps somebody who had been in court before the judge and had resented the court's decision! -- a sentenced criminal is often known to carry a grudge against the judge. But Judge O'Neil had nothing to do with criminal cases. His court was strictly civil, and it dealt only with litigations under a thousand dollars. Moreover the cases were decided, not by the judge, but by juries -- The kind of court least likely to arouse deadly enmity against the judge.

The lack of motive is so complete w that the police today were driven to believe -- that it must have been a case of mistaken identity. The assailant must have thought Judge O'Neil was somebody else.

PURVIS

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The G-men as we all know, are the Nemesis of criminals. They shoot it out with the gunmen of the underworld. They exterminate public enemies. But what does a G-man do when he comes face to face in conflict - not with a Dillinger, not with a Baby Face Nelson. What does he do when the antagonist he faces is - ~~a~~ ^{the} girl friend, his fiancé? Does he gaze at her coolly with that G-man eye of steel, and open fire? Does he eliminate her as those public enemies have been eliminated? Let's see about that.

The fame of Melvin Purvis has flashed brightly across this land. The G-man glorified by the legend - that he is the federal agent who killed Dillinger. Melvin Purvis retired from the Federal Bureau of Investigation to give his laurels a chance to flower with a larger bloom. He turned out newspaper articles and magazine stories, with a fanfare of publicity. Now he's a lawyer - and his trail takes us to the large state of Texas.

At the Texas Centennial last year, beauty wa~~x~~ed radiant, when they chose a queen of the fair - the sweetheart of the Centennial. The crown for pulchritude was placed upon the

alabaster brow of Miss Janice Jarrett, fairest of the maids. She caught the eye of G-man Melvin Purvis, slayer of Dillinger, and he vowed her "lovely to behold" - as who didn't? What could be more fitting than a romance - between the beauty and the hero of desperate battle! So, Purvis and Janice became engaged. Three thousand wedding invitations were sent out.

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And tonight it would be most fitting, if the story were - their marriage. But it's just the opposite. The marriage is off - postponed indefinitely. ^{So it's} ~~was~~ announced. ^{TP} It happened at San Antonio, Texas. A pre-nuptial party, a reception before the wedding, was staged - but the bride-to-be didn't show up. She ignored the festivity that was to have been - a prelude to matrimony. Later, she had an appointment with the bridegroom-to-be. He was there, on the minute, waiting with some friends. He waited and waited. She was late, tardiest of the tardy. Finally she appeared. There was a brief conversation between them, ^{- a snappy conversation -} whereupon Janice turned, waved "so long", called to her friends - "I'll see you later," and away she tripped. Purvis made a dash to his

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hotel room, packed his bags and caught the next train for the Pacific coast.

So that's what a G-man does in the face ~~of~~ of the enemy, not the public enemy, the girl friend.

END

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This brings us to the time to say another kind of "So Long" -
not until tomorrow. For on this hour tomorrow and on most of the
succeeding days for a month, you'll hear a series of distinguished
speakers, authors, journalists, travelers. They'll give you their
slant on the news, while I'll chime in, time and again, with ^{some of} the
tidings of the day ~~as they're seen~~ ^{from} abroad.

And now - the sign-off is - So Long Until but

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Dan Russell will tell you that.