

L. T. - SUNOCO, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1935

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

It's hardly in the mood of sky-rockets, sparklers, and Roman candles to start out with some tremendously serious bit of news, --- heavy affairs of state, political problems and solemn international diplomacy. So let's keep in harmony with the holiday Fourth of July spirit, and reserve the more ponderous tidings until later. Let's start in with lighter and more colorful aspects of the news.

TENNIS

That popping echo from across the water doesn't mean that our British cousins are shooting fire-crackers on the Glorious Fourth. It's merely the banging of rackets against tennis balls. But it was a most appropriate Fourth of July celebration, because, while we don't know who the champion will be, we are assured that she'll be an American. Today at Wimbledon Uncle Sam's two Helens racketed their way into the finals. Helen Kacobs had a cinch with Hilda Sperling of Denmark, not so great a Dane on the tennis court today. Helen Wills Moody won her bout from the Australian girl, Joan Hartigan. Australia certainly was "Down Under" at the net today. The play in the finals will probably glitter and scintillate on Saturday. Another chapter in the bitterest rivalry in the history of tennis. But, no matter who wins, the Woman's Tennis Champion of the world will be Uncle Sam's little girl, Helen. So American tennis fans are saying:- "Thank heaven for Helen."

BOAT

An American girl is sure to win the tennis crown tomorrow but then an American boat won the regatta today. American girl, American boat -- where are the American men? Well, anyway some of them are on the Yankee in British waters today. That same Yankee which was beaten out in the Newport trial races last year - - ^hwipped by the Rainbow and thereby lost the chance of representing the Stars and Stripes against T O M Sopwith's challenger the Endeavour. After that the Yankee was bought by Gerald Lambert, St. Louis yachtsman, who likes to buy craft that haven't done so well. He makes them do better. He did today, when the Yankee, America's second best won the Royal Regatta at Plymouth, the top-ranking water event of the British Isles. King George's yacht Brittania finished third.

SUBWAY

With New York almost deserted and depopulated on the holiday we hear of something closely connected with teaming, thronging city crowds. Nineteen million dollars to be poured into factories and foundries in various sections of the country. New huge orders for subway cars have been handed out. The most of the cheering comes from Berwick, Pennsylvania, where twenty-four hundred families will gain immediate benefits of employment, a town boom because of New York subway orders.

As for grave and weighty tidings of politics, they'll come from Washington -- if anywhere. So let's see what happened in the legislative halls on Capitol Hill today. This morning Vice-President Garner trudged to the stately edifice with the big round dome, took his place at the head of the United States Senate and banged his gavel. Immediately Senator Robinson, the Democratic Leader, made a motion, and the Senate took a swift vote. The Senator said:- "~~THEY~~ I move we adjourn." And the Upper House voted -- adjournment until Monday. The House of Representatives had already recessed yesterday, for the Fourth of July holiday. So about the only historically important legislative news is -- that some Senators *went home and* shot some fire-crackers.

On that first Independence Day one hundred and fifty-nine years ago a predominant theme of the ^{time} ~~day~~ was ~~taxation~~ "taxation without representation." At the White House today taxes were the subject of discussion. We've got representation, of course. President Roosevelt is well aware of that, he's been *having his* ~~having so much~~ trouble with the representation part of it --

Congress. The Chief Executive and his advisors spent a good part of the day doping out ideas for the "tax the rich" program.

H The Tax Committee of the House of Representatives goes on record as saying that any plan to soak merely the very, very rich, won't do, won't bring in enough cash. *An* eighty per-cent slice out of those million-dollars-a-year incomes won't balance the budget, the budget being decorated so gaudily with red ink. So today's White House conference concerned itself with plans to spread out the taxation scheme to include not only the very, very -- but also the moderately rich. The proposal is to increase the assessment on incomes of twenty-five thousand dollars a year and on up -- the further up the more tax.

LONG

The legislative halls in Washington may be hushed with the holiday quiet, but that isn't true of the legislative halls at Baton Rouge. Things are humming at the capital city of Louisiana. The state legislature is all set to meet. It will convene at ten o'clock. And Huey Long is there as big as life, twice as handsome and four times as talkative.

After another one of the characteristic Kingfish incidents in Washington, in which he evaded a fistic punch, Huey is back in Louisiana taking a legislative punch at his old enemy, Mayor Walmsley of New Orleans.

The purpose of the session of the legislature that will open in a few hours is to pass a few more laws to check, curb and hamstring the activities of the New Orleans city administration over which the Kingfish's arch-enemy presides.

~~So the~~ Soldiers are on guard at Baton Rouge. They always are when Huey presides over the Louisiana legislative proceedings. Huey's speech may not be guarded, but his person always is.

Meanwhile, political Washington is astonished by a bit

of dark bordered stationery -- "a letter edged in black" as the old song of years ago used to sob. This letter of mourning was received by Senator George of Georgia. Long of Louisiana is nicely alliterative but George of Georgia is more so.

The epistle is from Hilda Phelps Hammond, Chairman of the Women's Committee of Louisiana, which has been waging a battle against Huey. The Kingfish tossed out by the ladies -- that's what the Women's Committee is seeking to do; but they haven't done it yet. That letter is edged in black to give lugubrious point to what Hilda Phelps Hammond has to say. She complained about the way George of Georgia turned down a petition demanding the investigation of Long of Louisiana. The women's Committee wanted the U.S. Senate to delve deeply into the Kingfish activities, but the Senator declared that the petition was scurrilous.

In her funereal missive the indignant lady gave Senator George a piece of her mind and dared him to cite her for contempt and she ends by saying -- "Senator I fling down the glove -- will you take it up?"

Well, throwing down the gauntlet is a good old figure

of speech for defiance, but I don't think ^{a lady's} ~~the lady ladies~~
glove should be used in that sense. What could a man do --
except pick up the ladies glove and press it to his heart.

Most ^{profound} ~~deep~~ statesmanship on this glorious day

comes traditionally in the form of Fourth of July orations.

We don't have so many in these sophisticated times as we used to. But still, in many a part of the country today declamatory patroits arose, waved the flag, and made the eagle scream.

By far the most important Fourth of July oration ~~today~~ was delivered at Grass Valley California. There are a lot of Grass Roots in Grass Valley, which is quite appropriate because today's Grass Valley rally was a Republican get-together reminding one of that Midwestern Grass Root's convention. And the Fourth of July ^{orator} ~~orator~~ was ex-President Herbert Hoover. He addressed thousands of his fellow Californians, and issued a clarion call for individual liberty. He spoke of "holding fast to the fundamentals of the great consitutional charter of our liberties." He denounced any proposal to change the Constitution. And sounded the warning that the curtailment of individual liberties has reached a crisis.

ETHIOPIA

It's a long, long way to Addis Ababa but today the United States was drawn into the East African imbroglio. It isn't likely to be a big time foreign entanglement -- more of a formality.

The State Department has received a diplomatic communication from the Abyssinian Envoy in Washington. In this the King of Kings states that he would like to have a little help from the United States in the squabble with Italy. The Lion of Judah refers our State Department to the Kellogg Treaty. The successor to the Queen of Sheba would like to have Uncle Sam tell Mussolini he had better live up to that treaty, which was signed by fifteen nations -- a treaty renouncing war. I don't know whether our State Department will return an answer that will satisfy Ethiopia but if it does I ~~xx~~ imagine China would like a carbon copy.

AUSTRIA

Here's a royal story, with an element of the mysterious - though it's not so mysterious that Austria should want to go royal. The puzzling part of it concerns, not Austrians, but Americans.

Today the political council of the Statsrat, in Vienna put the seal of its official approval on a bill calling for the restoration of the monarchy. The proposal will go for a vote of Parliament within a few days. The legislators of Austria will take a vote on the idea of restoring the young Hapsburg Prince Otto to the throne of his ancestors. And it's likely enough that they will ballot to the refrain of "Long Live the King."

The larger political motive behind the proposed restoration points to Nazi Germany. A king in Vienna would be a strong dynastic influence in keeping Austria apart, independent of Nazi Germany. Italy would be for it! Presumably France. The small states carved out of former Austro-Hungarian territory have been a dead set against a Hapsburg restoration, but they haven't been saying so much about it lately. They might be

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persuaded. As for the Austrians themselves, those who are not inclined to be Nazi, ^{they} would welcome back their ancient dynasty.

But, ^{that} ~~the~~ mysterious part of it, ~~as I said,~~ concerns Americans. There's a persistent story that American money is backing the young arch-duke in his campaign for the throne in Vienna. Thousands of Americans are reported to have contributed cash to his cause. They say that an American clergyman in Paris has been lining up American help for ^{Atto.} ~~him.~~ This clergyman, himself, seems to be something of a man of mystery. Few persons know anything about him, save that he lives near the Chinese Embassy in Paris. But it is known that all American funds donated to the Hapsburgs pass through his hands before going on to swell the campaign funds of the Austrian royalists.

Perhaps this theme of American money is a reflection of the fascination exerted by the exiled Hapsburgs, so ancient and royal a clan, with a mother fighting so bravely for her son. The mother -- the ex-Empress Zita, the comely black-garbed woman, quiet, patient, determined and untiringly devoted. The son -- a grave and handsome youth, a studious

scholar who just a couple of days ago took his doctor's degree
at the University of Louvain.

TROUBLE

Here's a pleasant bit of holiday philosophy:- Radio friends frequently write, mildly protesting:- "Why always talk about disturbances, dangers and dark clouds? There are other things in the world besides trouble." And, that's true.

I was talking today to the publisher, Max Schuster, who has just turned out a book of his own -- pictures, camera studies of history in the making - "Eyes on the World." And he was saying that the hardest thing was to present a truth pointed out by some philosopher or other who said that even in times of the greatest clash and clangor of trouble and disturbance there are a tremendous lot of people strolling along or sitting around tables, simply engaged in the business of being happy.

That's a good thing for me to remember, to keep a proper perspective -- that while there is plenty of clashing on land and sea, clangor of politics and clangor of arms - the millions are quietly engaged in the business of being happy. Sometimes that depends on the weather.

WILKINS

For years we have been hearing just enough about Sir Hubert Wilkins polar ambitions to wonder what he really does intend to do. Sir Hubert has travelled more in the Arctic and Antarctic than any explorer living or dead. And now, from London comes a full announcement of what his expeditions are all about, and what he intends to do in the future.

Sir Hubert is getting ready to go back to the South Polar regions with Lincoln Ellsworth for a non-stop flight across the Antarctic continent. And then he intends to resume his submarine expeditions in the Arctic around the North Pole. ~~It~~ ^{It} will be the first submarine ever built for absolutely non-naval use. On board will be several hundred ^{thousand} dollars worth of scientific instruments.

Wilkins and his crew of seven will voyage in their special submarine to what is known as Stefansson's "Pole of Inaccessibility", three hundred miles from the North Pole. There they will remain for six months.

Sir Hubert announces from London that he intends to

establish thirty-nine meteorological stations, weather bureaus, around the Poles -- twenty-seven in the Arctic, twelve in the Antarctic. Wilkins believes it will take him twelve years to do this.

These polar bureaus will be connected by radio with the outside world, and for the first time will enable man to forecast the weather conditions for the whole planet. Periods of droughts will be foretold so that surpluses of food can be created.

This has been Wilkins dream since childhood. He was born on the edge of the Australian desert. When he was a boy a great drought came. Nearly every living thing perished. The fortunes of his father and his uncles was wiped out. The terror of that Australian drought is what has made Sir Hubert Wilkins one of the great explorers of our time. He resolved that he would dedicate his life to solving the weather problems of the earth. And now, from London he announces his twelve year plan.

If Sir Hubert Wilkins goes through with what he says he will do, transform man's relation to the weather his place in human history would be among the very greatest. And, my place right now is off the air. So, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.