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GOODEVENING EVERYBODY:-

One ~~can~~^{might} almost say that a ~~kind of~~ hush fell upon the world today. The news, after riotous days, was rather quiet, and questioning as Neville Chamberlain conferred with Adolf Hitler.

We don't know what those two men said to each other.

We can only wait, wait and observe the wealth of dramatic circumstance and detail that attended the extraordinary event.

(Neville Chamberlain this morning flew from London to Munich, The aged Prime Minister had never flown before, never been up in a plane.) So the sky trip alone was a dramatic incident in his supreme effort to avert a world war. What kind of flying trip did he have? We don't know directly, but the European editor of the United press, Webb Miller, gives us a hint. He cables that he himself flew the same route a mere few

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minutes after Chamberlain did, and at one stage of the trip it was rough going. Bumpy air in the vicinity of Frankfurt. Webb Miller reports he was flung around so violently in his seat he had to buckle the seat straps about him. So the British Prime Minister must have had ^{a bit of} ~~quite~~ an ordeal - rough and bumpy going on his first flight.

(From Munich, Chamberlain took a special train to Berchtesgaden, little town high in the Bavarian Alps.) There he found excitement and confusion, the town swamped by the historic visit, overwhelmed with telephone calls, a deluge of newspaper men - few ~~wire~~ wire facilities, little hotel accomodation. Chamberlain put up at the local hotel and was assigned a room that must have brought reflective reminiscence. He got the room that has always in the past been assigned to Princess Hermine, wife of the ex-Kaiser. Yes, reminescence of the exiled Kaiser of Imperial Germany, ^a nineteen fourteen, and the World War.

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(Within an hour of his arrival, Chamberlain was taken by car from the hotel to Hitler's hermit retreat high on ^{the mountain,} ~~a hill~~. The weather was abominable, ~~pouring~~ pouring rain. Reminiscent

of London, but in London Chamberlain always carries an umbrella. Established and unchangeable habits, typical Englishman with an umbrella. But today at Berchtesgaden Neville Chamberlain walked from the hotel to the car through the driving rain, not only without any umbrella at all, but bareheaded. First airplane flight and also probably the first time without an umbrella in the rain - bareheaded. Breaking precedents all over the place, just to make it a hundred per cent.

(Hitler served tea to his English guest, and the conference began.) Chamberlain knows no German, and Hitler knows no English. So it was a great day for interpreters. Hitler's interpreter was his own foreignⁿ Minister Von Ribbentrop, while for Chamberlain, German was translated into English by William Strang, British foreign office expert on foreign affairs. So, with plenty of interpreting they talked and said things we know nothing about.

Here's something from United press foreign editor Webb Miller, who is at Berchtesgaden. He says that just before he left London this morning he was given a tip on what he describes as "reliable diplomatic sources." The tip indicated

that Chamberlain would talk to Hitler something like this:

"Are you anxious for a military adventure?" ~~Chamberlain~~

Chamberlain would say to Hitler. "Or are you seriously concerned about working out a plan for peace?"

Webb Miller says that in diplomatic circles there is information which would indicate that what Nazi Germany wants is - a military ~~triumph~~ triumph, a successful war of some sort. In that case Chamberlain would inform Hitler in downright fashion that Great Britain and France will fight in any such war. But if Hitler wants a diplomatic triumph, Great Britain and France will let him have one - to avoid war. Satisfactory solution of the Sudeten problem, a fifth plan. Four plans have already been tossed into the negotiations and tossed out. The fifth plan to be proposed by Lord Runciman, British mediator.

And further, offering Hitler the prospect of a general agreement on all points of International dispute, including colonies. And - a four-power conference - the four powers being - Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy. Soviet Russia left out. This sort of four-power line-up has

long been advocated by Hitler, and by Mussolini, for that matter.

Such seems to be the soundest conjectures of what transpired in that villa ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ the Bavarian ^{Alps.} ~~hilltop~~. The only definite thing we know is given us by official communications.

These relate that Chamberlain will return to London tomorrow.-

^{And - later}
Flying ~~once~~ again. ^{Later} ~~Next~~ he'll meet Hitler once again.

The official German announcement is as follows:

"The Fuehrer conferred with Mr. Chamberlain today, in the course of which an extensive and open exchange of opinion on the present situation took place. Mr. Chamberlain," the German announcement goes on, "plans to go to England tomorrow in order to confer with the British Government. A new conference will take place in a few days."

(The Prime Minister himself spoke to the newspaper correspondents, as follows: "I had a very friendly talk the Herr Hitler," said he, "I am returning to London and will meet Herr Hitler again some time later.")

Cabled opinion is that today's meeting accomplished some results, had some effect and that it was worth while -

that dramatic visit the like of which has never been known in History.

So much is what we know about the doings today of Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain of Great Britain. [#] But what about Mrs. Chamberlain? That brings us to another touch of the personal. Today in London, at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey, public prayers were offered all day long - prayers for peace. In a railed off space people in relays joined in the supplication. They were mostly women and one of them was Mrs. Neville Chamberlain. [#] "O righteous Lord" the prayer arose, "look in mercy upon our bewildered, distracted world. Be thou our peacemaker and in thine own good time bring out of our discord better abiding harmony."

So they prayed. ² And so prayed the wife of the Prime Minister of Great Britain - at the very time when he was talking with Hitler.

LITTLE BUSINESS.

It may sound like a play on words to say -- that little business is the biggest business in the country. But that's a simple fact. Add up all the innumerable enterprises operated by little business men, and you'll have the larger bulk of the Nation's commerce. So therefore there's plenty of meaning in a Convention being held at Pittsburgh -- the first annual Convention of the National Small Businessmen's Association. They represent the rank and file, the vast majority, of those that direct the commercial pursuits of this Nation. They represent business opinion by and large, here, there and everywhere. So let's see what the little business man did today.

They're definitely set on making their Convention a ~~meaningful and effective affair.~~ They put their heads together, combined their ideas and worked out a program. That program should be observed attentively as something that will get the Nationwide small business support. It embraces six points.

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First: "We believe in the principles of collective bargaining," says the resolution, "but we insist upon an immediate amendment of the Wagner Labor Act, to provide equal

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rights for employer and employee."

Also -- they want the Government to keep out of business, or as the little business phrase puts it -- "Government retirement from business competition with the citizen."

Next -- repeal the law granting emergency power to the President. "So" says the resolution, "that we may again have truly representative Government."

And little business further demands the return of relief to the States, taxation for revenue only and social security on a pay-as-you-go system.

From this it's readily seen that little business is dead against New Deal policies of Federal control.

GEORGE

It looks as if Senator George of Georgia ~~w~~ has scored a clean-cut victory. Anyway, the defeat of the New Deal is certainly clean-cut. The Senator who was supposed to be Number One victim of the New Deal purge appears to have a clear ~~an~~ majority over his two rivals. The rival that came closest to him was Governor Talmadge, who is also opposed by the President.

~~The~~ The New Deal candidate ran a bad third. ~~The~~ According to Georgia law if Senator George doesn't get a clear majority over the combined vote of the other two, a run-off election will be necessary. But, with the last part of the vote still coming in he seems likely to have an outright majority -- no run-off.

All this leaves the presidential purge way down at the bottom of the hill, with only one more change to score a belated success. That will come next Tuesday when Representative O'Connor of New York is up for re-election, -- ~~and~~ and he is ~~opposed~~ opposed by the President.

ANIMALS.

Let's talk about art for a moment, which is always such an elevating and improving subject. So - let's talk about a horse and a mule. First - about Anna, the horse.

Tonight, with suitable state and splendor, the season of grand opera ~~xxx~~ starts tunefully in Rockefeller Center. The San Carlo Opera begins with a performance of "Carmen" at the Center Theatre. The list of stars is complete, sopranos, contraltos, tenors, baritones, bases - and Anna, especially Anna. It's operatic history or something, mostly something - that tonight Anna the operatic horse, begins her twentieth season in Grand Opera. It was a score of years ago that impresario ^F Fortune Gallo discovered Anna. She was an old horse then, sixteen, Now she's thirty-six - at least so the story goes. When Impresario ^{stage} Gallo first used Anna on the ~~stage~~ ^{state} in "Aida" and "Carmen", he noticed that she never showed any inclination ^{to} stop on a toe dancer's toe or take a bite out of a tenor singing a high note. A perfect operatic horse, and she has been that ever since. So today Impresario Gallo pointed out sentimentally that sopranos may be jealous of each other, and one tenor may scheme against another tenor - but Anna is the perfect Grand Opera artist. She doesn't even mind the music.

COBB.

It's often a good way to begin a story by telling about the weather. "Twas a dark and stormy night." Or - the sun was shining brightly, when our heroine, etc. etc. So let's have a sunshiny beginning for this next bit of news. The sun was shining brightly indeed - on the Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah.

Brilliant gleam[^] of sky reflected on the white expanse of salt.

A bit chilly, just enough to make it invigorating and brisk. The air was still, no gusty blast of wind. The salt of the great white plain was packed tight and firm.

Why all this weather beginning? Just to indicate the important fact that conditions today were ideal for speed on that extraordinary stretch of racing ground, the Bonneville Salt ~~Flats~~ Flats. A perfect day for a record.

So out came a fur broker from London, a mercantile man whose life has dealt with ermine, mink and silver fox. I don't know what skins and pelts have to do with speed on wheels, but somehow there came into the soul of that London fur broker an

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immense desire to go faster on the ground than any other human being. So there was John Cobb on the Bonneville Salt Flats, determined now or never to break the record on this perfect day.

Whose record? That made it all the more dramatic - Englishman versus Englishman, a friendly but grimly determined British rivalry. We Americans are the great speed people, but somehow it's the English who come over here and set up the dizzy, dazzling records for whirling along the ground. Sir Malcolm Campbell did it, ~~first~~, and he was followed by Captain Eyston, who only recently set the topmost mark; and it was Eyston's record that John Cobb was out to beat today - a record of three hundred and forty five and a half miles an hour. Several times during the past week Cobb took out his thundering car and roared down the Salt Flats. But that record kept hovering out in front of him eluding him as he raced at blinding speed. The day before yesterday he drove at an average of three hundred and forty-two and a half miles an hour, which was only three miles an hour short of the record. So today was his do or die day of days - because conditions were so perfect.

Imagine that ten ton strange looking monster of speed charging down the Salt Flats - so fast that it out distanced a swift airplane flying overhead. You'll need all your imagination to picture this - John Cobb drove the measured mile at three hundred and fifty-two and twenty-nine one hundredths miles an hour, ~~just~~ going ^{just} a little better than three hundred and fifty-two.

58 1/2 But that was only the first mile, south to north. The racing rules require that the mile must be driven a second time, the other way, north to south. And here's the anti-climax. On the return mile, Cobb did it in only three hundred and forty-five and eleven hundredths miles an hour - that slow. But even the anti-climax was within a tiny fraction of the record. And the average for the two, that average which makes the record - is three hundred and fifty and two tenths miles an hour. That beats the Eyston record by nearly five miles an hour.

59 All this is worth dwelling upon, because it seems impossible that anything on wheels could go that fast. It seems impossible that anybody could drive that fast and live to tell the tale. All of which makes it a great speed story in this age of speed. ~~d e - l - u - t - m .~~

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