

WEATHER

L.T. - Sunoco - Thurs. July 9, 1936

Chambers
7/30

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There's one good thing about this weather, it teaches us something - us here in the East. Day after day we've heard about the heat blaze, ~~the burning dryness~~ in the West, and ~~we were~~ told how the folks out there were afflicted. Now ~~we~~ we know. We are feeling it ourselves. ~~We understand better what that western heat wave has been like.~~ This afternoon the thermometer in New York City hit an official reading of above a hundred and two degrees ^{in the shade --} an all-time record. The previous record for July Ninth was Ninety-Nine -- and that was sixty years ago.

Today Boston sweltered at ninety-eight; Philadelphia, a hundred and three; Washington, a hundred and two; Pittsburgh, a hundred and one; Indianapolis a hundred and four; Bismarck, North Dakota, a hundred and six. That's ⁱⁿ the heart of the drought area.

In the East, we can revert back to the old chestnut, "it isn't the heat, it's the humidity." In the towns along the seaboard a mucky haze makes the towering climb of the mercury

all the worse. That's the height of discomfort. But in the West there is disaster, because they can say - "It ^{is not} ~~isn't~~ only the heat, it's the dryness."

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The heat and drought story tonight gives us a death toll of nearly two hundred ^{human beings - with} ~~thousand~~ cattle dying by the thousands, damage reckoned in the hundreds of millions; Roads bursting as they bake under the relentless sun; The parched prairies are becoming like lifeless deserts. They say that even the insects are perishing under the withering blaze of heat - even the plague of grasshoppers.

There were scattered showers in some parts of the Middlewest today, but generally speaking the day was just another scorcher out there, the thirty-first consecutive day of heat and drought.

The Chicago police tonight are ~~try~~ trying to establish a connection between two separate crimes, one of which happened today, the other last December. Murder -- and in each case the victim was a member of the Illinois State Legislature. Within a period of little more than half a year, two State Legislators shot down by the guns of gangland. Both were political figures in that mob-haunted ward known as the "Bloody Twentieth." And each had opposed certain gambling interests, rings of gamblers, in that dangerous neighborhood.

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Today's victim was State Representative John M. Bolton, who had taken a dominant part in putting a bill through the Illinois Legislature, a bill likewise supported by Mayor Kelly of Chicago -- to legalize book-making. The idea was that the present law against book-making, against keeping a record of bets on horse races, merely fostered gangs of illegal book-makers and turned race horse betting into a racket.

You'd think the book-makers themselves would be in favor of legalizing their activities. Some, no doubt, are. But the police say the rough and tough small fry

of wildcat book-makers are bitterly opposed, believing that if the taking of bets on races were licensed by the State, ~~in~~ they'd be frozen out. We heard the same sort of thing during prohibition -- that bootleggers were against repeal. So the theory is that the killing of Representative Bolton was procured by a ring of gangster book-makers, to stop his activities in favor of legalized book-making.

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The State Congressman himself was no guileless green-horn in the ^{ward} ~~way~~ of the "Bloody Twentieth." He was a brother of Red Bolton, a Chicago beer baron during prohibition days when Scarface Al Capone ruled the criminal kingdom of the brew. And the Representative himself had been connected with the West Side beer-running in those times.

Such is the background of the desperate episode of crime that Chicago witnessed today. State Congressman Bolton kept an appointment on a street corner with several political associates. It is presumed the killers spotted him there. He got into his car, and drove off. The gunmen followed him in their own car. And then followed a mad, murderous chase, through the streets.

The Illinois Legislator knew what was coming, knew there was death in that car behind. He stepped on the gas, opened her up wide, in a desperate attempt to escape. His car raced through residential streets sixty miles an hour, but the automobile ~~km~~ behind was faster. The gangsters caught up with him, and tried to force him against the curb under a railroad viaduct. He escaped that trap. Put on an extra burst of speed and got through.

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But the killers kept up with him, kept gaining on him. They drew up alongside, both cars rushing at top speed. One of the gangsters reached out, crashed the barrel of a shotgun through the front window of the Bolton car, and pulled the trigger. A crashing of shotgun slugs, and the murder was done. The Bolton car, with limp hands falling from the wheel, careened wildly for a hundred yards, crashed into a trolley post, and was wrecked. The killers' car kept going, a getaway.

An almost incredible episode, the old murder madness of the mob. Something to tell us that gangland still flourishes

and must be hit hard -- when the score is ~~two~~^{two} Chicago
members of the Illinois State Legislature fallen victims
to gangster guns in little more than half a year.

OKLAHOMA

Election laws in Oklahoma are more complicated than in some other states. That's why, having heard last night who won the Democratic Primary Election, we are told today who will run in the Democratic Primary Election on July Twenty-Eighth. This latter is a run-off primary. First the Oklahomans take their pick among a number of candidates. Then the two that get the largest number of votes, battle it out between themselves in a run-off affair.

Oklahoma

The final figures given out today show Josh Lee and Governor Marland out in front in the race for the Senate. Out ~~of~~ of the picture are Gomer Smith, champion of the Townsend Plan, who ran third, and blind Senator Gore, the enemy of the New Deal, who came in fourth. Josh Lee ranks right now as the front runner, but Number Two Man Marland has the right to challenge him to a run-off. And that's just what he did today.

The two clashing politicians are an interesting pair of antagonists - the orator and the oil man. Josh Lee is a suitable man for a boy wonder of eloquence, because any oration

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can be classified as joshing. Back in Nineteen Sixteen, when he was a college lad, he won the National Collegiate Oratorical Championship. He's been Profesor of Public Speaking at the University of Oklahoma, and got a leave of absence to be elected to Congress. In the Lower House, ~~Jack~~ Josh Lee made the stately spaces ring and rering with his silvery tongued elocution. His pet legislative hobby is the nationalization of munitions plants. I don't know why Josh is so het up about the munitions trade, but maybe that's as good a subject for oratory as any.

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Governor Marland has likewise been in Congress, where his passionate pursuit was the regulation of Wall Street. He championed the Securities Exchange Act, for the control of the stock markets. He went after Wall Street hot and heavy. ~~Not~~ that you could class W. E. Marland as a proletarian, a forgotten man. A fifty million dollar oil magnate sounds like the height of capitalism, and that's what Marland used to be - the builder of a personal oil empire in the Southwest. The depression came and the Marland fortune went. The crash of Nineteen twenty-nine, and he went broke. It isn't hard to guess the explanation - he

was in the market, in it up to his ears. And the market cleaned him out.)

So no wonder he figures that Wall Street should be regulated. No wonder he flamed with the zeal of an apostle against these practices that had wiped him out. ^P Eliminated from oil, he went into politics, was elected to Congress, flying his banner of stock exchange regulation. His financial catastrophe made him politically ^{minded.} After that he was elected Governor, and promptly got back into oil - and they struck that black oleaginous ^{flowing gold} ~~wealth~~ right in the heart of Oklahoma City, the Capital of the State. Under the administration of the Governor who had been an oil man, derricks were erected in the very back yard of the executive mansion. From oil to politics, ⁻⁻⁻ to both oil and politics.

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So the word is today that Josh, the oratorical politician, and ~~Wm~~ ^{Marland,} E. W. the oil man politician, will compete for Senatorship in the run-off primary. Of course that's only for the Democratic nomination. There's still an election to

come -- Democrat versus Republican. But Oklahoma is sufficiently a part of the solid South for the Democratic nomination to sound mighty like an election.

OBITUARIES

In some high Heaven the blessed damosels ~~are~~ may be cutting off their hair tonight, getting golden boyish bobs. Or perhaps in that same high Heaven angels may be playing golf. For today the news tells of the passing of Amanda S. Ziegler and of David Brown.

(Fifty years ago Amanda S. Ziegler got a hair-cut, a profound shock to the American of that day. ^{Amanda} ~~She~~ was a pioneer in shearing off the flowing tresses. ^{In fact} ~~She~~ became known as the "Mother of bobbed-hair." Today she died in the County Home for the Poor at York, Pennsylvania.)

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Fifty years ago David ~~is~~ Brown won the British Open Golf Championship at Musselburgh, not muscle-bound, Scotland.

(The Scots don't get muscle-bound from playing golf, ^{They} ~~but~~ only get ^{that way} ~~when~~ it's time to buy the drinks.) Of course golf was an ancient and royal game even then -- in Scotland. But in America it was almost unknown. David Brown made history by crossing the ocean, a British Golf Champion touring the United States. He was one of the first golf pros to come here. He

helped so much to popularize the Scottish pastime in the United States, that his visit was a marker in the history of golf. One might stretch a point and call him the Father of Golf in America. He died today back in Scotland just two miles from the links which was the scene of his championship triumph in 1886. His last residence was the Poor House at Inverness.

Mother of bobbed-hair, father of golf -- and the Poor House. Sic transit gloria mundi.

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The unholy state of affairs in the Holy Land claims its place in the news again this evening -- the ugly menace of Arab versus Jew, with the British Empire holding the bag. First of all, the situation grows more ominous; and secondly, a singular character appears upon the scene.

Today's news tells of the death of the sixth British soldier who has lost his life in the Arab insurrection. In London, in the House of Commons, Colonial Secretary William Ormsby Gore gets up and tells the M. P.s His Majesty's Government is watching the Palestinian situation carefully; ~~is~~ is taking every precaution to prevent a wholesale outbreak of the Palestine Arabs against the Jewish colonists. More ominous still is the attitude of the Bedouin of the desert, threatening to come to the aid of their brother Moslems in the Holy Land.

We've heard from time to time of the dangerous possibility -- that the camel-riding Arabs of the desert beyond the Jordan might come storming against the Jewish colonies, in a sort of anti-Zionist holy war. Today, we

have word of sixty thousand Bedouin on the opposite bank of the Jordan, fully armed and ammunitioned. They are waiting there with demands and threats. They have sent an ultimatum to the British High Commissioner in Palestine. The terms of that ultimatum have not been made public, but it has leaked out that the Bedouin army of sixty thousand has said -- "We give you two weeks." Two weeks -- for the British to take action in behalf of the Palestine Arabs and give them guaranties that there shall be no Zionist domination in the Holy Land. If the terms are not met, those desert Arabs will swarm across the Jordan for a holy war in the name of the prophet.

The question is, why have they waited so long? The nomad of the sands is not disciplined to patience. Yet, they say that not one of these sixty thousand has ^{up to now} crossed the Jordan, bent on trouble. The answer brings ~~us~~ to us the mention of something familiar -- too familiar. Every time you find a man out of Western civilization taking the part of a leader among barbaric peoples, he is likely

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to be called -- "Lawrence of Arabia". That's getting to be a tiresome line, and most often it's silly. Yet there's a twist that makes the Lawrence of Arabia analogy inevitable in the case of the British officer who now is a power among the Bedouin, as Lawrence was. Last May, the Central Asian Society of London awarded to Major John Bagot Glubb its first gold medal in memory of Lawrence of Arabia.

But let's not overwork the analogy. Let's not give our mystery man of the desert that familiar nickname. Let's give him another, Major Glubb is not a heroic appellation, rather comic. Glubb is not a name of stately and heroic sounds. The Arabs call him Abu El Hanak, and that's more like it. But let's have the English of it. Abu El Hanak means -- "The man with the Jaw." That's the Bedouin way of describing great powers of speech, eloquence of persuasion, the gift of gab. This is a quality prized above all things by the Arabs. Our mystery man is an intrepid leader, skillful in battle, but the Bedouin of the Black Tents admire him as --

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the man with the jaw. I for one am waiting eagerly to hear more about this ^{new English} ~~the~~ leader of the swarthy Bedouin -- this Abu El Hanak.

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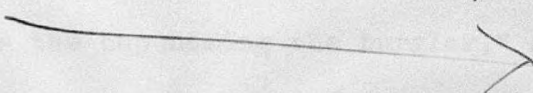
He is from the West Country of England, but is of Irish blood. An officer in the Royal Engineers during the World War, he went out to Mesopotamia -- and there caught the spell of the desert. He stayed there, serving as a British pro-Consul among the warlike tribes. Ten years in Iraq, and he was transferred to the region of the Jordan, where he now commands the desert patrol. He introduced the use of armored cars, installed police posts equipped with wireless, negotiated British diplomacy with the shieks of the tribes, acquired a vast influence among the dwellers of the sands.

In London the name of Major Glubb is virtually unknown. He has written no books, his photograph is never published. No Mayfair Club claims his membership. No public distinction has come to him, save that rare one, the Lawrence of Arabia medal. But in the desert he is one of the most prominent of personalities, Abu El Hanak -- the man with the jaw.

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He is the reason why the army of the Bedouin has stopped short at the Jordan. He has persuaded them to hold back, take it easy. If it hadn't been for him, a holy war

right now might be going on ⁱⁿ Palestine. The man with the
jaw has used his jaw to excellent advantage ^{— so far!} ~~He has~~ probably ~~has~~
overworked it, keeping those wild fellows quiet in Arabia
Deserts. And getting back to America
Deserts



ENDING

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I had a telephone call just now from John B. Kennedy of N. B. C., an exciting telephone call about a burglar. It sounded like a thrilling story of a robbery, a blood-hound pursuit, a manhunt.

"I saw the cop chasing the burglar," said John, "and it was so hot they were both walking." And it's so hot that I'm walking too, and

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