

L. T. - SUNOCO - THURS., AUGUST 29, 1935

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Once more - the fate of the mountains, in the royal family of Belgium. Last year it was the mountaineer king - Albert. Killed while climbing a peak. Now Queen Astrid, come to an untimely end while motoring through the mountains. The young royal couple loved lofty summits, just as King Albert did. The mountains are the fascination of Belgium Royalty - also the doom.

Just what caused the accident today, just why the car swerved and hit isn't clear yet. They were driving among the towering Swiss Alps, on the lovely shore of Lake Lucerne. King Leopold was at the wheel. His chauffeur was sitting beside him in the front seat. Queen Astrid was in the back seat. They were going fifty miles an hour. The King took his eyes off the road to glance at a road map. At that moment somehow the car swung off and,

hit the curb at the side of the road, careened and smashed into a tree, then bounced off into the shallow waters of the lake.

Queen Astrid was hurled out of the car, and struck the tree.

The King was thrown clear, cut and bruised, but not badly hurt.

~~But~~ ^{was} the chauffeur ^{critically} injured. The young husband hurried to his wife, and picked her up. She lived bare seconds, died in his arms.

Astrid was Princess of Sweden, daughter of Prince Charles and Princess Ingeborg. She was a niece of the Swedish King. She grew up in the stately dignity of royal tradition, and made her first formal public appearance when she was thirteen, at a Red Cross fete. Then it was noticed how lovely she was, with a dark haired grace and charm. As she became a young woman, they saw how devoted she was to winter sports, games in the snow and ice. And the Swedes liked her all the better for that. They called her the "Snow Princess". In the royalty of Europe there was none more enchanting than the young, good looking Snow Princess.

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In nineteen twenty-five, just ten years ago, the Swedish Court received a visit of state from the ^{then} Queen of Belgium and her young son Leopold. Inevitably there was a meeting of the Belgian Crown Prince and the Swedish Snow Princess, and they saw a good deal of each other. She was then twenty, he was twenty-three. That began a romance, which culminated in marriage - and three children, a girl and two boys.

A year and a half ago the tragedy of King Albert in the mountains made Astrid a Queen. And now, once more in the mountains - the end of the Snow Princess. *What a tragedy!*

ADD ASTRID

The Belgian nation is plunged into grief this evening, because the young Queen was immensely popular. Expressions of sorrow from all the capitals of the world are pouring into Brussels. President Roosevelt cabled the sympathies of the American people, and Secretary Hull went to the Belgian Embassy and conveyed the same sentiment.

ACCIDENTS

Here's a bulletin that says : Between three hundred and fifty and four hundred killed and ten or twelve thousand injured. It sounds like a major disaster, or a battle fought in Ethiopia, but it's merely an advance prediction for Labor Day. The figures fit in amply with the Sun Oil Company propaganda of safety in driving.

The Labor Day weekend holiday is the time when motorists should be the most careful. The Hartford Travelers Insurance Company has sent out the averages for Labor Day accidents, and those are the figures that sound ~~like~~ like a battle. In fact, we should be particularly careful ~~dx~~ during all of this month of September. Because it has five Sundays and the three day holiday. That according to all probability should make it the worst accident month of the year. But it won't be if we use the most elementary precautions when we drive.

GLOUCESTER

Gloom in Brussels, while simultaneously come cheery tidings from London -- wedding bells chiming in advance. A royal engagement. It's the Duke of Gloucester, the third son of King George and Queen Mary, who is to get married. And the bride? Once more a member of the British Royal family marries a non-royal mate. Non-royal, yes -- but, hardly a commoner. She's Lady Alice Christabel Montagu-Douglas-Scott, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry. Plenty of titled nobility. The Dukedom of Buccleuch is one of the most ancient and historic in Scotland.

The wedding of the Duke of Gloucester will leave only one member of the royal family on the bachelor list -- that apparently incurable bachelor, the Prince of Wales.

A little town in the extreme north of Italy has suddenly become the most important place in Europe. Some seventeen years ago its name was Bozen. The town belonged to Austria. Today that little place in the foothills of the Dolomites bristles with uniforms and Cabinet Ministers. It is there that Premier Mussolini and all his lieutenants are holding their most momentous meeting since the great Fascist March on Rome. What was normally a quiet, peaceful little tourist resort has become for the moment the seat of the Italian government in its crisis. It is characteristic of the Duce that he should have chosen the headquarters of his big manoeuvres for that Cabinet meeting. The dramatic Black Shirt chief hasn't forgotten how to dramatize his actions.

At any rate, it's an odd experience for the townspeople of Bolzano. Though today they are Italian subjects, visitors have to toss a coin before deciding whether to address them in Italian or German. For all that it is firmly under the rule of the Carbanieri, the place has preserved its Austrian atmosphere. It is a mecca for mountain climbers because it is the gateway to the Dolomites. A curious, contrasting background for the council of war that is being held there.

ITALY

Today witnessed little else new in the debate over the Ethiopian crisis -- except a declaration by the Scandinavian Countries that they will go to Geneva pledged to the cause of peace, and will support any League measure to avert war.

And then that order concerning profits, one of the most important parts of Mussolini's latest decree, how will it work? - the prohibition of profits, no concern to be allowed to pay dividends of over six per cent. It's this way. If a company earns more than six per cent, it will have to take all the money over that and invest it in government securities. And it won't be allowed to sell these securities for three years. Meaning, all profits over six per cent to go into the Roman treasury. Secured by bonds of course, meaning you can get your accumulated profits in three years. And that means - if all goes well.

It has been apparent all along that Mussolini has been going ahead with his jaw set not figuring on a swift easy victory. By putting Italy on a war basis for three years, he tells the world he knows his african campaign may be a long one - three years.

RESCUE

There's a vivid touch in the story told by the shipwrecked yachtsmen rescued by the Italian Liner Rex. They came into the port of New York today, relating how a hurricane had disabled their craft and for days they drifted in the waterlogged hulk, going wild from hardships and hopelessness.

It's an old story -- how shipwrecked men feel when they see a rescue vessel at last. And here's the way the Captain of the yacht expressed it to a reporter of the New York World Telegram:- "Something big loomed on the horizon," he said, "it looked like an island. But we knew there was no island there. Then it looked like a beautiful castle, so high and shiny."

And the beautiful castle kept coming, the Liner Rex, and saved them.

TREASURY

"Not so good," said Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau today. That remark was provoked by the fact that the bond issue offered by the Federal Farm Mortgage Corporation has not been snapped up, oversubscribed -- as usual. A hundred million dollars worth of bonds were put up for sale. Offers to buy come to eighty-five and a half million.

It's mighty seldom that bonds guaranteed by the government fall down. They are usually heavily oversubscribed. Last August, however, the bonds offered by the Home Owners Loan Corporation didn't make out so well either.

BUDGET

I don't know where George Creel got such ~~fr~~ definite and precise information, but he writes with an air of the most confident authority. *But then George never did lack confidence. This time he* ~~he~~ seems to be giving all sorts of inside information when he tells the secrets of what the President's plans are, and how Mr. Roosevelt feels about things. This all comes out in a forthcoming edition of Collier's Magazine. Of course, ever ~~xx~~ since Woodrow Wilson World War days, George Creel has been a big shot in the inner Democratic circles. He's the kind of publicist who would know. Anyway, he has some other startling things to say.

He declares outright that President Roosevelt has planned to balance the budget, has it all figured out. The budget to be balanced in nineteen thirty-nine, with an actual surplus of five hundred million dollars in that year.

Creel goes on to give us in detail the actual Presidential ~~xi~~ figures, based on expenditures and income. For the present year the government will take in nearly four billion dollars and will spend nearly eight billion -- a deficit of four billion.

Next year the income will be four billion two hundred

million, and the expenditures will be cut down in such fashion that the deficit will be two billion. The year after that ~~they~~ the money coming in will rise to five billion and there will be half a billion in the red. The year following that, nineteen thirty-nine, the red will turn into black with a surplus of half a billion.

These are the ~~xxx~~ budget-balancing figures which the President is said to have worked out with treasury officials.

Another statement in the Creel ^{pronunciamento} ~~article~~ is that Mr. Roosevelt firmly believes that the Constitution should be amended, if the Supreme Court continues to interpret it with technical strictness. He says the Constitution was not intended to be a dead hand, stopping progress. In the next few months the Court will hand down some more decisions. If these are so stiff ~~xx~~ and rigorous, the President will bring before the country a Constitutional Amendment.

So says George Creel.

Meanwhile ardent Democratic supporters of the constitution are talking about Al Smith for President, with Sen. Harry Byrd, Ex-Gov. Ritchie of Maryland, or some other Southerner for a running mate.

LABOR

It's a great old story - home town boy makes good. You know - big man who has gone up in the world, and the little town he came from. How grand he feels when he returns among the home folk - a success, a distinguished citizen. In today's story of a big man in a little town, we find no less a personage than William F. Green, President of the American Federation of Labor. The town is Coshocton, Ohio, which is no sky scraping metropolis. Out in Coshocton, the A. F. of L. President is just "Willie", and the neighbors "knew him when". Today the Chief of the labor leaders has a job on his hands, and that job is his own home town.

He has before him a telegram from an A. F. of L. organizer and it reads this way: "Citywide strike will be called at Coshocton within forty-eight hours." Until now Coshocton has never had a strike. The home town of the President of the A. F. of L. never had any labor disputes, never a walkout. But a week ago the hundred and twenty-two employees of the Novelty Advertising Company, went out on strike. The trouble has spread, and today plans are laid for a walkout of all the workers in the town. And local

labor leaders are asking the A. F. of L. President to send organizers at once, saying the time is ripe to unionize the whole place.

The home town boy who made good is called upon to make good in his home town. The prophet says try to be not without honor in his own country.

CRIME

Tonight at Sing Sing, in the electric chair -- they'll write the end of a strange story of prison and prison romance.

Some years ago there were two convicts who became fast friends. One was Alfred Lindsay, the other was Harold Farnsworth. In the dreary prison routine they chatted, compared notes, discussed plans when they would get out.

Farnsworth had glorious plans, dreams of romance. He was writing letters, getting letters -- from a girl. Who was she? The Judge who had sentenced him had a secretary. She had noticed the prisoner, and was sympathetic. They began a correspondence, the convict in the pen and the secretary of the Judge who had sent him there. Their letters, as the months rolled into years, became more than merely sympathetic and understanding. They talked of marriage. In his letters he asked her to marry him when he got out. And she wrote back -- yes.

So this was the secret of the pals in prison. Together they pictured the future. Farnsworth said that when he was ~~xxxxxx~~ released and married to the Judge's secretary, Lindsay should join them when he got out.

And it all turned out that way.

It was an oddly romantic story at the time, how the convict, set free, went to the Judge's secretary and together they went off to get married. They settled down on a farm in upstate New York. And Farnsworth did not forget his old pal Lindsay. When Lindsay had served out his sentence, Farnsworth had him come up to the farm and live there, with him and his wife -- and work on the farm. And so there they were, the three, all according to the fashion of story book sentiment.

The denouement, the brutal anti-climax, is base and sordid, a quarrel -- about a matter of wages, a mere few dollars. A vicious wrangle, a struggle, and Lindsay killed them both -- the man who had been his pal in prison and the woman who had been the Judge's secretary. And tonight is the end for him, the last mile at Sing Sing.

ETHIOPIAN ENDING

They know how to solve the Ethiopian crisis - in Baltimore. There's one diplomat down in Maryland, My Maryland, who has shown he knows what to do about the East African imbroglio. He's a Baltimore theatre impresario named Sykes. He had on his hands a Negro quartette called the "Harlem Harmoniums". His dusky serenaders weren't making such a hit. They weren't packing 'em in. But now the Ethiopian crisis has provided a way out. Everybody has heard a colored quartette. But who of you has heard a quartette from the realm of the kingdom of the Queen of Sheba? So impresario Sykes has taken his four dark minstrels and dressed them in flowing white ~~xxx~~ robes and gorgeous turbans. Instead of the "Harlem Harmoniums" they are now the "Ethiopian Four", and the theatre is doing capacity business every night. They ~~xxxx~~ sing "Those Abyssinian Blues", "She May Be Only a Small Town Gal But She's The Queen of Sheba to Me", and "Your My Addis Ababa Baby".

They're going strong, - in Balti-more while I'm going out the door -- and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.