

L.T. - Sunco. Thurs., Oct. 22, 1936.

Nothing serious the matter with Governor Landon.

Anybody ~~who was~~ doing <sup>a</sup> strenuous <sup>a</sup> stretch of public speaking, <sup>ing,</sup>  
~~especially out-of-doors,~~  
<sup>ing</sup> is liable to sore throat. And when you get it, the best  
thing is -- silence. Don't aggravate the angry inflammation  
by keeping the throat in action -- <sup>or</sup> you may lose your voice  
right down to a whisper, for a week or so.

That's what the doctor thought about it when he  
boarded the Landon train at El Paso, and looked the patient  
over. He swabbed the Governor's throat and told him to  
stay in bed -- to keep the infection from spreading and turning  
into laryngitis. When the larynx starts acting up, a fellow  
can be off the speaking list for sometime to come.

That's why the candidate made no response to the  
insistent shouts of El Paso -- "We want Landon, We want Landon."  
<sup>a</sup>  
~~The~~ substitute speaker took the rostrum, or rather the rear  
platform and delivered appropriate remarks to the crowd <sup>of</sup>  
~~three hundred.~~

The Republican nominee won't try to make any more  
rear platform speeches as his campaign special speeds on to

Oklahoma City. But he's expected to be in shape to take the microphone for a big speech tomorrow night.

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President Roosevelt, however, was in good voice today -- if that's any consolation to the Republicans. He talked flood relief and unemployment to a crowd of a hundred thousand in Hartford. Today in Connecticut was yesterday in Massachusetts all over again -- huge crowds thronging to see the President, and threatening to get out of hand. Yesterday three persons died in the wild crush and excitement. Today the President's car was stormed by Connecticut enthusiasts. The police had several fights on hand, keeping the crowds in check.

And politics roared in Chicago today. Al Smith, wearing his familiar brown derby, stepped off the train at the LaSalle <sup>Street</sup> Station. A huge crowd was there to see him. The parade that was ~~being~~ argued about didn't take place. The committee of Landon Democrats wanted Al to take a formal walk from the station to his hotel through Jackson Boulevard.

— as one Irishman to another —  
Democratic Mayor Kelly <sup>^</sup> said no -- it would interfere with the

traffic. He suggested a couple of alternate routes, but the Landon Democrats spurned the substitute offer. So the Al

<sup>S</sup> Smith show in Chicago today was at the railroad station --

<sup>A</sup> *the Man-in-the-Brown-Derby*  
where ~~he~~ was received with thunders of cheering, and some

booing as well.

COUZENS

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The memory of Senator Couzens belongs not only to national politics, but just as much to industry -- the newsboy on a railroad train who got a job with a coal dealer in Detroit -- and received <sup>a</sup> five hundred dollars bonus. This <sup>(with four)</sup> ~~was one~~ hundred dollars in savings and one hundred dollars he got from his sister, he invested in a wild-cat idea, at least it was considered exceedingly wild-cat --- that scheme of Henry Ford's to build cheap automobiles. ~~was~~ <sup>W</sup> what they touched, those pioneers, they turned into gold. - The time came when Couzens, having disagreed with Ford, sold out to him -- for a million\$. *and became a leader in the making of laws.* Then he went to the United States Senate, Today Senator Couzens died.

## MUSSOLINI

When a foreign celebrity visits our shores - that's worth a mention, and maybe not much more. So when we hear that these states of ours are soon to be visited by Mussolini's daughter, that might seem to be just a society and diplomatic note. Similarly, there might seem a little point in discussing private lives of a celebrated people - the Black Shirt Duce for example. Yet sometimes there's more to it than mere gossip. Take that coming tip to America of the Countess Ciano, who was Edda Mussolini.

A look into the private life of the Duce gives us an interesting contrast. We observe one personality about whom next to nothing is known, Mussolini's wife, Donna Rachele. (Rahkālay) She married the present Dictator when he was a small time socialist agitator. Since then, she has seen her husband grow into one of the world's predominant figures. But she has never taken the center of the stage with him. She never asserts her will against the man with the heavy jaw and ponderous scowl. She buries herself in her cottage, while he is the lord of crowds.

Now, take the daughter - Countess Ciano. She was born when the Duce was an obscure Socialist editor, born in poverty,

they lived in a wine cellar. As a baby she was rocked to sleep in a basket filled with straw. She's the very opposite of her mother. Instead of being timid, she is bold - when she was fourteen she earned a life-saving medal by rescuing a woman from drowning. Instead of seclusion, she loves gaiety, receptions, sparkling talk, crowds and laughter. And she has never been known to quail at her father's frown - not even as a little girl. He may be the Black Shirt Dictator of the nation, but he's only father to her - and you know how fresh daughter can be to father.

Let's see how Mussolini takes this spirit of independence. In becoming master of Italy, he enable Edda to marry Count Ciano, scion of one of the noblest families of Rome. And he has raised the son-in-law from one high post to another - Ciano is now the Foreign Minister. Cynics remark that Mussolini is showing a characteristic fault - nepotism, devotion to family in affairs of government. I have just been reading in Jacob Wasserman's "Life of Columbus", how the great navigator displayed that same Italian tendency - handing the dignities and honors at his command to his sons and nephews. And the Corsican Napoleon's weakness for making kings out of his brothers is a historical phenomenon.

→ And now, the rumor is, that Mussolini intends to make Count Ciano his successor, Edda's husband to follow him as Dictator. ~~It~~ But it goes further than that. The Duce has employed the clever, self-willed Edda on semi-diplomatic missions, has sent her to the capitals of Europe <sup>where</sup> ~~so~~ her social graces <sup>have</sup> enabled her to get information, insight and understanding of affairs of state. Last June she went to Berlin. Hitler, desiring Mussolini's collaboration, received her with royal honors. <sup>So</sup> She figure<sup>d</sup> in the present good relations between Berlin and Rome.

~~So~~ Now the story is that Countess Ciano is coming to the United States on something more than a mere visit. That she'll arrive here in December to report to her father on the state of opinion in America, American ways of looking at things, and the business methods by which this land got out of the depression. That will be the background when the young woman of dark hair, dark eyes and ivory complexion lands on our shores.

SPAIN

In Spain it's the same picture tonight - the Rebels pushing closer to the capital. In some places General Franco's regiments are hardly more than fifteen miles from the City limits. They say the Fascist command has deliberately refrained from surrounding Madrid. They are leaving the way to the east open, a way of escape. They'd rather let the Left Wing fighting forces retreat and get away - and not stage a fight to the death in Madrid, which might wreck the City.

On the government side, it's the same story ~~and~~ of more and more of the populace going to the fighting front, and more and more attempts to bolster up the morale of the people.

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The Left Wing government changed commanders today, making General <sup>th</sup> Pozas supreme chief. He's a veteran soldier.

And the international situation is about the same.

As threatening as ever, but with one addition. <sup>With</sup> ~~That~~ Soviet Russia repeating its determination to help the Left Wingers, the Rebel high command today gave out word that it would sink Russian ships.

So says a late report, which <sup>adds</sup> ~~continues~~ that Rebel warships have been ordered to fire on Russian vessels carrying munitions to the aid of Madrid.

AIRCRAFT

There's one story that has been building up for days - British purchase of aircraft in the United States. What's the why and wherefore? What's in the report?

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The first <sup>l</sup>inking <sub>^</sub> we had of it was the word that the British were taking up the Burnelli all-wing type of plane - the same sort that flew <sup>aloft</sup> ~~with~~ <sub>^</sub> with an automobile swung beneath it in that Blue Sunoco gasoline test a couple of years ago. Then, on Monday last, I told how I heard something about England buying planes in the United States - heard this on a short wave broadcast from Germany. Later came a long dispatch from London that Britain was determined to add fifteen hundred new planes to the royal air force, and was buying a lot of them over here. The story specified that British <sup>ish</sup> ~~orders~~ <sub>^</sub> <sup>would</sup> ~~with~~ <sub>^</sub> be placed with the Curtiss-Wright people. That's not substantiated on this side of the ocean, because this afternoon I talked to Guy Vaughn, President of Curtiss-Wright, and he told me that his company is not carrying on any negotiations with the British government for the sale of military aircraft.

Why should London buy planes over here? Isn't their

giant armament program producing enough of them? A few months ago, salesmen for armament firms flocked to England, trying to get a cut of the billion dollar rearmament. Nothing doing. London's newly created Minister of Defense, said Britain could manufacture all <sup>she</sup>~~that is~~ needed for the new war machine. <sup>So</sup> The salesmen packed up and went home.

Later on, the word was not so confident - ~~the~~ with critics complaining that the rearmament program was not going through fast enough. Winston Churchill kept harping on Germany's war preparations, saying Hitler was spending four billion dollars a year on armament, in spite of all of Germany's financial troubles.

Today, the British government came out and admitted - that <sup>its</sup>~~the~~ rearmament program has not been going any too smoothly, especially in aircraft. The Royal Air Force is fifteen hundred planes short <sup>of</sup> the number laid down by the schedule. That's why Britain is looking over this way toward the American aircraft manufacturers.

GIRL PAT

Tonight, we can tell the end of an astonishing and amusing episode - an adventure some ~~weeks~~<sup>months</sup> ago that flashed into the news as a mystery of the sea. A ship missing, vanished on the ocean, hints of piracy and of pirate gold. Today, the end came in London's historic police court, Old Bailey. Also - at a dock in an English fishing village.

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The story tells of a ship called by a pretty name - GIRL PAT. The craft isn't as cute as that - a fishing boat, a herring trawler, grey, grimy and smelly. The story continues with the skipper, George Osborne, and his brother Jim. Skipper George is a ~~broad~~<sup>brave</sup> British fishing captain, with a wife and eight children. April First, April Fool's Day - GIRL PAT put out of the English fishing town of Grimsby, scheduled for a herring catching voyage in the North Sea. But Skipper George and brother Jim had other ideas - GIRL PAT disappeared, in blank mystery.

The craft was next seen off the coast of Africa, where the mate ~~of the GIRL PAT~~ was put ashore - because he was ill. He told a queer one - said that Skipper George and brother Jim were taking GIRL PAT on a hunt for Captain Kidd's treasure.

That had a glamorous sound, but not to the owners of the ship and not to the underwriters who <sup>had her</sup> insured ~~the ship~~. They ordered a search, but GIRL PAT was lost in mystery again - vanished from the African coast.

She next appeared at Georgetown, British Guiana. There <sup>the</sup> British admiralty ordered her seized, ~~the herring trader~~ <sup>She</sup> tried to get away with a fast British gun-boat chasing her, so it was no use. The GIRL PAT was captured, and <sup>her crew</sup> ~~she and~~ arrested.

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It turned out indeed that Skipper George and brother Jim had gone sailing for Captain Kidd's treasure. Some tale of pirate gold had captured the imaginations of those two North Sea fishermen. Maybe some old sailor sold them a map of a buccaneer island. So instead of going out for herring, they had ~~was~~ talked their crew into a voyage for glittering gold - sailing away in their owner's boat to the islands of the buccaneers, in quest of pieces of eight and yellow doubloons.

Skipper George and brother Jim were taken to London for trial, and got there without a single piece of eight or ● dubloon, not even a shilling - only the prospect of facing a

British judge.

*big bewigged Mr. Justice 50-1-50*  
They faced the ~~judge~~ today, accused not ~~of~~ piracy

or treasure chasing, or anything so romantic. They were charged

— *a herring boat.*  
just with stealing a fishing boat. They were found guilty and

today were sentenced. Skipper George gets eighteen months ~~at~~ at

*Wormwood Scrubs*

~~at~~ Twelve months for brother Jim *at Wormwood Scrubs.*

So the story ends, with the ultra-final touch

that at a dock at Grimsby, GIRL PAT is being refitted for

another fishing trip, trawling for herring in the North Sea.

MISSING

8  
That was the strange story of a missing ship. Here's one just as strange - of a missing man. ~~The missing person who reappears after a long time often~~

~~provides a beguiling story, especially the one pronounced dead who returns to life.~~ Jesse Owen Gifford was supposed to have been murdered. A man was put on trial for having killed him. But now Gifford comes back.

Eight years ago he was a traveling salesman in East Pittsburgh, Tennessee. He drove off one morning in his car, apparently on his selling rounds, ~~disappeared~~ and he vanished. His car was found near a bridge across the Tennessee River. His wife, who has two children, suspected he had been murdered. Circumstances pointed to a man named ~~Ex~~ J.A. Woodall, and ~~Woodall's~~ Woodall was tried for murder - but acquitted.

58 1/2  
Eight years passed. Gifford was pronounced legally dead. Last summer, when the soldier's bonus was paid, his wife collected the money due him as a veteran. Recently, she was informed that out in Reno, a man was trying to collect that same bonus, saying that he was Gifford. She thought there was just something fraudulent about it. But when the authorities checked the fingerprints of the man who was claiming the bonus, ~~of the missing Gifford~~ they found ~~checked them~~ <sup>those of</sup> the missing Gifford.

the prints identical. ~~H~~ Gifford, in the Far West,

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The ~~man~~ <sup>S</sup> refuses to tell why he did his disappearance act. He called <sup>S</sup> himself a lone wolf. He adds that something scared him, and he decided to drop out of sight. He says he is not going to go back to his wife but will try to make her fork over his bonus, which she collected.

59 1/4  
It all sounds <sup>-screwy +</sup> peculiar, the doings of this scared lone wolf. — † s - l - u - t - m ,