

AVIATORS

Better luck the next time boys. It was tough luck that those long distance flyers didn't make the grade. But at that they are lucky not to be in the Atlantic Ocean, merely down in England.

They made an ambitious attempt, those two Britishers who started out from interior Canada to fly all the way to Bagdad, and break the record for long distance flying.

They didn't break any record, but they did land safe on the hospitable shores of old England.

But they are Englishmen. And it never hurts an Englishman's feelings to be in dear old England.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

If you didn't have a chance to hear the President on the radio today -- here's the gist of what he said. Yes, Confidence was the key note. He called for cooperation among all the people, and, as he phrased it:- "The submerging of individual desires." He laid emphasis on the statement that the government intends no injury to honest business, and added that its policy is "to multiply wealth through cooperative action."

He told his audience of ten thousand people at Greenby, Wisconsin, with slashing emphasis that under his administration the country has had action. He stressed action! Yes, we've had plenty of it.

The most significant thing about it politically concerned local Wisconsin politics. The President had a good word to for Senator Bob La Follette. La Follette has been a Republican but also a supporter of the New Deal and now he has broken with the Republican Party in his state, and is out on an independent ticket. And the President's kind words mean something of an administration okay, altho La Follette has a regular Democrat running against him--just to make it complicated.

SILVER

Silver is jumping. *About as active as quick-silver. And so are the financial exchanges.*
The price of bar silver jumped to the highest level since 1929.

The New York Commodity Exchange has suspended trading in futures in the white metal.

This suspension followed the proclamation which nationalizes all silver in the country. The government has ordered the metallic stocks to be delivered to the mints. So silver follows the way of gold, taken over by the government.

Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau declares that the government took this action because of the way the price of newly mined silver was rising. *Uncle Sam wants more metal for a money base. And he was having to pay whatever the speculators could make him pay.*
Anyway, the nationalization of silver will mean a mild expansion of the currency, which I suppose you would call a little bit of inflation. *Hence up go the stock markets.*

This silver move is a major event in Government policy. But you want have to send your knives and forks to the mint.

DROUGHT

The most vivid impression of the drought that I've run across comes in the story told by aviators who have been flying over the Missouri Valley. They say that "from the sky the earth looks baked as brown as gingerbread." Usually at this time of the year those rich farm lands are green and gold with sparkling rivers and bright ponds that look like diamonds. But now the flyers see only dried river-beds, like the chalk lines on a football field, only not so straight -- white lines on the burned surface of ^{gingerbread} brown.

One aviator reports that in a flight over four Midwestern states he ~~was~~^{saw} only two herds of cattle. ^H So, we're not surprised to see commodity prices soared on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, also eggs and potatoes. The price paid for hogs was the highest since last October.

There's something odd about the President's new title of "rain-maker". In older days of superstition people would have seen a strange significance in the way the rain followed him across Minnesota and North Dakota. It had been burned dry for a long time, but after the President's visit there was a downpour of rain.

Well, I suppose this mysterious coincidence is only fair, after the dark hints in the West -- that the drought is supernatural retribution for the Administration's policy of plowing up the crops.

DOLORES

There's an ever-recurring theme in the affairs of mankind -- the great who have fallen low, someone who has walked the dizzy heights of fame and splendor, then dies in obscurity, in a garret, poor and alone. Yes, that's the story of Dolores, she who was the dazzling Queen of Beauty, the toast of London, worshipped and acclaimed.

Who was Dolores? She always said that her mother was the daughter of Count Fournier, a general in the French army. Her father was an obscure English actor. When the ~~French~~ aristocratic ^{French} girl married the actor, she was cast off by her family, the elite of the French nobility.

So Dolores was born and grew up in the Bloomsbury district of London. She became a dancer and swiftly climbed to fame, ^{because of} ~~for~~ the exotic allure~~ance~~ of her art and her singular, flawless beauty. Soon she was the favorite model of Epstein, that renowned and bizarre genius of sculpture. He glorified her extravagantly. She was supreme as London's great beauty, a crowned queen among the artists and writers of London's Bohemia. In 1920, Ziegfeld brought her to America to preside

as a world-famous beauty in the Ziegfeld Follies.

An exotic legend grew up around her. Dolores believed that her beauty was not a mere thing of a day, but had come down through the ages, by reincarnation.

In her pride she once write: "My beauty is a survival from the undying past." "Was I Venus," she asked, "or did I, who have never yet found the ideal love only embody the torturous desires and rapturous fulfillment of passion?"

A young artist of great promise fell in love with her, Frederick Atkinson. He showered her with jewels and luxuries, spent his fortune on her. Then he killed himself, leaving behind a note of strange, poetic adoration. This is what he wrote:

"O child of pain,
Dolores,
Thy fatal star doth beckon on to doom;
Seek not thou for happiness,
For in the book of time,
Strained with the tears of blood and martyred souls,
Is set a seal;
And on it fixed thy name
Dolores."

After the tragic suicide of the young artist, Dolores

disappeared from public & view. Perhaps she had come to the conclusion that she was only "the embodiment of torturous desires". Aristocratic London saw her no more on the stage, no more in the dance.

And now the news of her death at forty, penniless, obscure. During recent months she had made her living in a cheap amusement center, exhibited as the "Fasting Woman". She was displayed sitting in a barrel, haggard and emaciated, wasted by illness, as the woman who lived without food, fasting.

Yes, she was Dolores. Once London's greatest beauty, of whom the tragic young artist with a despairing hand, had written: "O child of pain, Dolores! "

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Aug. 9, 1934

OSCAR

And then in the news is the word that Escoffier is ill in Paris. Escoffier, the king of chefs, lord of the kitchen, creator of new and savory dishes by the score. To him cookery is the supreme art of them all, and many a tale is told of his master strokes with the skillet and ladle. But who am I to talk about such an esoteric subject as a ragout, or a soufflé. I have here with me the most famous matre d' hotel in the world. Yes, Oscar of the Waldorf, who has been decorated by kings and potentates. I am broadcasting from the farm tonight and Oscar is one of my rural neighbors across the Hudson. He is Oscar-of-the-Waldorf part of the week and Oscar-the-farmer the rest of the time.

I believe, Oscar, that you are an old friend of Escoffier. Tell us an anecdote about the king of chefs.

OSCAR:- Yes, I know Escoffier very well. There are many stories about him. Do you know the story of how he created Peach Melba?

L. T.:- No. All I know is that Peach Melba is a glorified

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peach with some glorified ice cream. And I suppose it was named after the great Prima Donna, Madame Melba.

OSCAR:-

Yes, it happened when Madame Melba was visiting Monte Carlo. She was received with great honor. A magnificent banquet was held for her. It was prepared by Escoffier. And he paid his homage to the great singer by creating a new dessert for her. He selected a rare fruit, because peaches were out of season, hard to get and very expensive.

Escoffier, personally selected twelve peaches and put them in the icebox to get cold. Several hours later, when he went to get the twelve peaches, there were only eleven. One was missing. It could not be found. Escoffier flew into a terrible rage. There was a frightful scene.

L. T.:-

I'll bet it was terrible. But, did they find the missing peach? Or the criminal who had stolen it?

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OSCAR:

No, neither the peach nor the criminal. But, finally the great chef grew calm. He took the eleven peaches and prepared a magnificent dessert. And he named it Peach Melba.

L.T.:-

And they never did find the villain who had stolen the peach.

OSCAR:-

That is the strange part of the story. Some time ago at the Waldorf the chef, Alexander Gastoud, was telling of bygone days when he was a pupil working for Escoffier. And then the truth came out. After thirty years, he admitted that he was the one who stole the peach when Peach Melba was first made. He was just a boy and could not resist the temptation of taking the peach and eating it.

L. T.:-

Well, Oscar, the next time I eat Peach Melba I certainly will remember that story of the crime that was committed when Peach Melba was invented.

Along the rocky shores of Alaska, a party of men are wondering -- have they won three million dollars, or have they merely lost two hundred thousand dollars? What's in that mud-filled hulk of a ship, a treasure, of gold, of merely the slime and sand of the sea?

From the bottom of the ocean they have hauled up the mysterious treasure ship, the "Islander". She sunk thirty-three years ago and was one of the great sea tragedies of those days.

It was in the wildest days of the Klondike gold rush, and the "Islander" had aboard a swollen passenger list of joyful, rollicking miners who had made their pile and were homeward bound with their treasures of gold. They had three million dollars among them. But the ship struck a rock and sank with all hands. Seventy-two men were lost with their gold.

The foundered hulk has been salvaged by syndicate treasure hunters. It has taken two years to raise the sunken hull of the "Islander" from the bottom of the sea, and it has cost two hundred thousand dollars. Well, the ill-fated ship has now been dragged to the beach. What's in it? Tons of mud and the

bones of the Klondike miners who sank with her. Any gold? That's the question. They've found a few isolated nuggets, and are now digging into the hulk for the treasure.

Some say that the vaults in which the gold was stored *vanished when her hull was ripped out, when she* may have ~~been ripped out and slid to the bottom, when the~~ *ship* struck the rock and had her bow torn ~~out~~ away. Or maybe the gold the miners carried wasn't the metallic yellow stuff, but merely paper, gold certificates. These would have rotted away to nothing, long ago. In fact *right now there is* ~~there has been~~ a bitter controversy up there in Alaska about the gold and the paper theory.

But the treasure hunters will soon know ~~whether~~ whether they have been chasing would-be gold, or the real thing.

DIAMONDS

A bit of American prosperity in the news comes from across the sea, from Holland. The Dutch diamond business is booming. The number of diamond cutters in Amsterdam has increased three hundred percent in the last few months.

What has this to do with American prosperity? Well the Hollanders explain that the Americans are ~~by~~ buying diamonds once again, which leaves them to infer that prosperity is on its way back over here.

It is all the more interesting to learn that Senator Robinson has just had a conference with Hitler in Berlin. What has he got to say about it? Well, he told the Berlin correspondents in his slow, southern drawl that the Nazi chief had made something of an impression on him.

"Hitler", he said, "is a man of the greatest forcefulness, confidence and decisiveness."

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SENATOR

A year ago Senator Robinson of Arkansas arose on the Senate floor and delivered a scathing denunciation on the German Nazis.

"The Nazi administration has shocked and startled America," he declared.

He was the first American statesman to make a public attack on Hitler and Hitlerism.

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Has the Senator changed his mind about the Nazis? That doesn't necessarily follow, but it's apparent that Hitler's striking personality had its effect.

Senator Robinson has been known to be quite impressionable on occasion. He has a hair-trigger temper and got into a

row with some golfers on the links of the fashionable Chevy Chase Club. He ~~held~~^{hauled} off and knocked a man down. It turned out later that the victim had nothing to do with the dispute and that cost the Senator his membership with the Chevy Chase Club.

When he returned from the London Naval Conference, he sported cream-colored spats and dark blue shirts with collars to match. Then, a couple of years ago, it was noted that the Senator's hair had turned from grey to coal-black over night.

Hitler is releasing prisoners. Today in celebration of his rise to power in Germany, ~~xxx~~ he granted amnesty to many minor criminals, also to some political prisoners. He has even freed some of those convicted for talking against the Nazis and denouncing his government.

The American college girls were driving through the province of Syria. They drove along a beautiful country road, when they came upon a broken-down bridge. Well, what would you expect American girls to do in a case like that?

They found some heavy logs and went to work and made temporary repairs, and drove their cars across.

What they didn't expect was that a battle was well under way about to break out, and that the Nazis had broken down the bridge to keep the government troops from getting across with field guns and equipment.

But the girls found out all about it when they suddenly saw a column of government soldiers carrying a tank. They dashed across the repaired bridge, and took it to the other side, and sent the Nazis...

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An odd story about the Nazi putsch comes to light, a story of six American college girls.

It seems that they took an important part in putting down the Nazi insurrection.

It was all an accident. The American college girls were touring ^{by automobile} through the province of Styria. They drove along a beautiful country road, when they came upon a broken-down bridge. Well, what would six athletic American girls do in a case like that?

They found some heavy logs and went to work and made temporary repairs, and drove their car across.

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What they didn't suspect was that a battle was ~~breaking out~~ ~~breakdown~~ about to break out, and that the Nazis had broken down the bridge to keep the government troops from getting across with field guns and equipment.

But the girls found out all about it when they suddenly saw a column of government soldiers hurrying around the road. The ^{troops} ~~They~~ dashed across the renovated bridge, got into position on the other side, and sent the Nazis flying.

Then the loyal troops gave three rousing cheers for the six American college girls, who waved coyly stepped on the gas and said *along until tomorrow.*

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... Rochester, New York, began its centennial celebration today. They're calling it "A Century on Parade," and the celebrations will go on for a whole month.

Arthur F. ... one of the Rochester Centennial committee members who has just written and tells me of the ...

"Your ... of motorists," he says "will come to ... and you might remind them ... to bring them here."

... Rochester Centennial