

L.T. - SUNOCO. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6th, 1934.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

From Chicago comes a story as fantastic as you ever saw on the screen or <sup>any ever</sup> read in a dime novel. And the principal character is Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior. It was told to a group of lawyers, a Grievance Committee of the Chicago Bar Association, by Mr. Ickes himself.

Before he became Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ickes was one <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ the leaders of the Chicago Bar. He had a will case before the Probate Court of Cook County. On the day Mr. Ickes was appointed Secretary of the Interior, the opposing attorney in the will case called on him, and said he had a petition accusing Mr. Ickes of mismanaging the estate. This ~~petition~~ petition was later thrown out of the Probate Court.

Some time later a man who had once been a judge in the Virgin Islands, approached the Secretary. He wanted an appointment as Governor of the Virgin Islands. Mr. Ickes told him to see the President.

Later, says the Secretary, this same man appeared again. This time Secretary Ickes had been warned. So he had a private investigator and a stenographer listening outside the door.

The man who wanted to be Governor of the Virgin Islands backed up his demand with a veiled threat. He told Mr. Ickes that the lawyer in the ~~will~~ case had been consulting with him on the advisability of trying to get Mr. Ickes disbarred as a lawyer. But, he added, the whole thing could be settled if he, were appointed Governor of the Virgin Islands. The Secretary said they could go to, well - you know the place, *where it is said to be hotter than New York is tonight.* "I told him I'd never submitted to blackmail and didn't propose to do so." the Secretary related to the Grievance Committee.

If a fiction story, told of <sup>a</sup> political job hunter trying to blackmail a Cabinet Officer, you would consider it rather wild and fantastic. But that's the story that has been laid before the Grievance Committee of the Chicago Bar Association. The Grievance Committee was appointed by the Supreme Court to decide whether Messrs. Malman and Larsen should be disbarred.



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If I were a playwright, I'd certainly clip  
that story for ~~in~~ my files.

Hides  
June 6, 1934.



HILLES

During the heat wave out in Chicago a group of determined gentlemen from nearly every state in the Union met for "a rebirth and re-dedication of the aims and principles of the Republican Party", as they phrased it.

The main object was to name a national chairman for the GOP, a man to succeed Everett Sanders of Indiana. After several ballots they elected, Henry P. Fletcher of Greencastle, Pennsylvania. Mr. Fletcher is a one-time rough-rider of Spanish American War fame, also a close friend of Herbert Hoover and a former ambassador to Italy. He was not present when the party chose him to become its chief-of-strategy.

As soon as the Committee had acted, I asked Mr. Fletcher to speak on the air with me tonight. But he explained that not having been at the meeting, he didn't know any more than the rest of us know about the proceedings.

So I invited Mr. Charles D. Hilles, a former chairman of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Hilles is one of the Republican leaders of the country, an ex-president of the National Republican Club, and from 1909 to 1911

he was secretary to President Taft.

Mr. Hilles was in Chicago at this important G.O.P. gathering and he has gone direct from the Committee meeting to the NBC studios in Chicago, where he is now waiting. - I hope. So, Mr. Hilles, if you're sitting out there 900 miles away from where I am will you TELL US WHAT THE REPUBLICANS DID?

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MR. HILLES ENDING:-- AND THAT MR. THOMAS IS WHAT WE  
HAVE TO REPORT.  
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AIRPLANE

Much obliged Mr. Hilles for giving us the  
Republican news tonight.

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Every big event brings its crop of jokes; so naturally, around New York, with the American fleet anchored in the Hudson, stories are circulating. Some of them naturally concern the tens of thousands of visitors streaming to see the fighting giants of the sea. And now the gobs claim that New Yorkers take the prize for dumb questions.

One visitor asked if he could carve his initials on the ship's log.

A lady schoolmaster insisted on seeing the "gallery where they keep the drunken sailors." The gobs had a time convinving her that the hearest thing to a gallery aboard was the galley, full of fish and beans.

Another visitor asked if the midshipmen are the ones who sleep in the middle of the ship.

MUSIC

They're having large and tuneful doings at Albright College, Reading, Pennsylvania - a mammoth music festival out there tonight and tomorrow. *Singers from the Metropolitan,* a thousand voices and an orchestra of a hundred and twenty-five pieces will make melodious sounds for the gratification of vast crowds. They expect ten thousand people to attend each night.



GOLF

It looks like a case of youth and boyhood at the Thirty-eighth National Open Golf Championship which will be played over the Merion course at Philadelphia tomorrow. Alex Smith, the gray bearded veteran of ~~four~~ forty-four years and a thousand golf battles, made the remark that he had played golf in the Philadelphia sector before one-third of the entrees in this year's ~~Philadelphia~~ championship event were born. The officials of the Cricket Club made a check, and found he was right. Over one-third of the field consists of men of twenty-four and under. And that brings us to the question - What is the different between a hit and a putt. It seems that in telling of the argument about the Merion course I used the phrase "long hitter" instead of "long putter". Well "long hitter" or "long putter" whichever it is doesn't matter. What matters is, that the National Open will be on tomorrow.

## ALASKA

There's one bit of news tonight that makes my nerves tingle. It relates that in Brooklyn they arrested a man whom they suspect to be the Blueberry Kid. That won't mean a thing to you - unless you've been in Alaska and have listened to the legends. If they really have the Blueberry Kid, they will have solved just about the most sensational mystery of that far northern land. Here's the story as I heard it from the soughdoughs of the gold camps and from Jack McCord who was there and knew the Blueberry Kid.

Dutch Marie was a dance hall girl. One of those familiar damsels, rough and bespangled, who followed the gold camps. She was smart, and any miner who came in with his bag of gold dust was gained and spoiled by Dutch Marie. Fiddler John was a dull and foolish old prospector, who wasn't even worth a glance from Dutch Marie, until he made his fabulous strike. Fiddler John found gold and found it big.

It was a romance up there in the Koyukuk region in the Chandalar, in that vast cold land above the Arctic Circle, near the Endicott Mountains. Yes, it was romance, but nothing sweet or lovely or idealistic. When Fiddler John came in with a bag of



~~gold~~ dust that assayed seventeen thousand dollars, and knew where to get a million or so more, Dance Hall Dutch Marie grew sentimental. And what chance had a dull old tramp sour-dough like Fiddler John when the siren of the Arctic honky-tonk flashed her charms on him? The next thing you know, Fiddler John and Dutch Marie were married up there in the Chandalar, in the land of Six Month Night. And with the seventeen thousand dollars' worth of gold dust -- maybe twice that -- they started on their honeymoon.

They hit the long hard trail back to civilization to have their fling. It was tough going, a thousand miles down the Koyukuk to Fort Yukon and on out by way of Nome. On jaunts like that folks in the north commonly travelled in parties. So another miner on their way out joined Fiddler John and Dutch Marie. And then after they were well along the trail, a fourth member joined them - the Blueberry Kid.

The Kid was a flashy character of the North, suave, and swaggery. He had never amounted to anything and the silent men among the sour-doughs said he never would.

From that point the party disappeared, lost in the vast

spaces of the northern solitude. Nothing more was known about them until some time afterward, when wandering prospectors found three bodies - two men and a woman, under the snow, by the river. One of the men was Fiddler John. The woman was Dutch Marie. The third was the non-descript miner on his way out. The Blueberry Kid was missing, so was the seventeen thousand dollars worth of gold dust that had persuaded Dutch Marie to marry Fiddler John -- so was the small boat in which they had started down stream.

What had happened was éasy to infer. The slinky Blueberry Kid had murdered his three companions and stolen away Fiddler John's treasure of gold dust. He was never seen from that day to this in the north, though they hunted for him far and wide.

And now in Brooklyn police have a man whom they say is the Blueberry Kid. And won't that make a stir when the news is told round among the sour-doughs of the Yukon.



## LEGION

The American Legion all over the country is paying its tribute to Lieutenant Frank Schoble, a ~~most~~ distinguished war veteran. His death at Philadelphia has set the legionnaires telling of the deeds of this blind veteran. It was just six days before the Armistice, in the Argonne, that the peril of war caught him and left him a broken wreck of a man - but not so broken, because Frank Schoble had it in him to make the fight ~~back~~ to come back. Blinded as he was, he completed his university course and then took a prominent part in the affairs of the Legion and in the affairs of his own community.

I visited a school for the blind in Romney, West Virginia this week and was impressed with the spirit I found -- the same spirit ~~Frank~~ that made Frank Schoble an important figure in the American Legion. The blind often seem able to see the finer things of life better than the rest of us.

## DERBY

On June sixth England goes to Epsom Downs.

Darby day is one of the most democratic affairs in the world. The King and the costermonger, the peer, the commoner, the millionaire and the clerk go to Epsom.

Today was a bad day for those who bet on the favorite to win. Once again the Blue Ribbon of the English turf went to an outsider, "Windsor Lad", fifteen to two. The owner of "Windsor Lad" is a glittering oriental potentate, His Highness, the Maharajah of Rajpipla. So tonight the British are shouting pip! pip for 'is 'ighness the Maharajah of Rajpipla! And cheerio! I say, cheerio, until tomorrow!