

L.T. - SUNOCO. MONDAY, JULY 26, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY;

Few people outside of New York ever heard of the late James J. Dooling but everybody has heard of Tammany Hall, the most famous municipal organization in the world. And at this particular time the passing of the Wigwam's leader becomes a matter of interest all over the country.

As you may have heard, old Father Knickerbocker is nervously entering the most curious mayoralty campaign in years. With the anti-Tammany LaGuardia in the City Hall, the last four years have been lean ones for the Wigwam. But the more enthusiastic of the Braves have been proclaiming loudly that the forthcoming election was their big chance, their chance to get back into the gravy. However, there were acute dissensions among them as to whom they should pick to topple the effervescent LaGuardia from his throne. In the eyes of Leader Dooling,

United States Senator Royal Copeland was the man of the hour. Some of the lieutenants did not agree, but Dooling, actually a dying man, stuck to his guns, and the medicinal Senator became Tammany's choice. He hardly had time to consolidate his victory when he died.

That leaves the Wigwam in a tough spot. The Braves have to put over a candidate whose principal champion has passed out of the picture. What's more, the name of Tammany no longer means what it used to in New York politics. For Tammany rules over only the one borough, the island of Manhattan. In the last few years the other boroughs, such as Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx, particularly the Bronx, have increased so hugely in population that they've also gained in importance and influence. Over the Bronx reigns a staunch supporter of President Roosevelt, Edward J. Flynn. And Mr. Flynn has picked a rival candidate, the highly decorative Grover Whalen.

So here 's the picture: LaGuardia strongly entrenched in power, with a huge host of friends and partisans.

However, the fiery Fiorello has made himself numerous enemies, But the opposition to him right now is split by two candidates, Senator Copeland, and Grover Whalen. And now out of the picture passes the Tammany leader.

There's mourning in New York today over the passing of James J. Dooling and with reason, for it was tragic. Only three years ago he was elected leader of Tammany, the youngest ever to hold that crucial, difficult and most influential berth. As the embodiment of young ideas in politics, it was fondly hoped at the time that young Dooling's leadership would presently show the country a new and rejuvenated Tammany. But throughout his incumbency he met nothing but obstacles. In the first place, the organization had practically no patronage since it was not in the good graces of Sunny Jim Farley, and for the latter part of his term Dooling was seriously ill. He had an apopleptic stroke months ago. Indeed, physicians said that the only thing that kept him alive was his zest and interest in his job as Tammany leader. Now another stroke and he dies at forty-four.

WASHINGTON

As usual at this time of the year, there's one principal sentiment in Washington, and it well nigh unanimous. "Let 's get through with the job and go home," is the big idea. And there seems to be a chance that this sentiment may bring another conflict between Congress and the President. Mr. Roosevelt has several bills on the calendar that he wants passed, heat or no heat.

The trend among Representatives and Senators is to quit wrangling, finish up only such legislation as is essential for the carrying on of government and call it a day. That makes it tough for the majority leaders, especially Senator Barkley, newly elected to his steering job.

There are one or two straws which show which way the wind blows, indications of a rebellious feeling. For instance, there's the growing opposition to the Black-Connery Bill, the measure which would establish minimum wages and maximum hours for labor throughout the United States. It's one of the President's pet measures, and the chorus of opposition to it grows louder every week. Then again the Republicans are going to bat for an amendment to the

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Wagner Labor Relations Act. Its object is to make employees as responsible as employers. And there's bound to be a fight about that. And Senator Wagner's bill which provides housing at low cost. There's another matter that's going to provide food for squabbling.

As we saw last week, Congress showed its teeth to the President twice. First on the Court Bill, then by overriding his veto on the Farm Loan Bill. And only this afternoon a Democratic member of the House let loose a charge of fireworks against the Labor Relations Board. Representative Rankin of Mississippi declared that officials of the Board were nothing short of Communists in their activities. In his own state, at Tupelo, Mississippi, the Board had closed a cotton mill. And, said Congressman Rankin, officials of the Board were heard boasting about it. It So, it looks like a stormy summer on the banks of the Potomac.

One of the matters that may come up before Congress goes home is the appointment of a new ~~Associate~~ Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed Mr. Van Devanter. The gossip in Washington today was that one of the LaFollettes of Wisconsin might be nominated, either the Senator or his brother, Philip. *I wonder.*

LABOR

For a couple of weeks we've been fairly free of ugly labor stories. But rioting reared its head again today, twice in fact, and both times at Cleveland; outside the Republic Steel plant. The first broke loose early this morning, just as the day shift came on. A crowd of a thousand, pickets, sympathizers, and the usual innocent bystanders, were jammed around the main entrance to the plant. They barred the way of the men going back to work. Along came a shock troupe of a hundred policemen, some on horseback, some on motorcycles, others afoot, clearing a path through the crowd. Down that path marched the day shift, to the accompaniment of boos, cat calls and loud cries of "Scab!" Then somebody threw a rock, and the trouble was on. Before it was over, twenty people were injured and eleven arrested.

But the evening riot was worse. It started in just the same way. Some fifty cars, carrying workers for the night shift drove up to the plant. Again someone hurled a brick and a pitched battle ensued. This time one person was killed before order was restored.

JAPAN

War news from the Far East - the fat's in the fire,,
(the Japanese are in Peiping)--Peking. There's martial law in
Tientsin with train after train full of the Mikado's soldiers
pouring through on the way to the old imperial capitol.

The taking of Peiping is the aftermath of this morning's
battle at Langfang when seventeen Japanese planes bombarded a
Chinese garrison midway between Peiping and Tientsin.

The word "battle" has been pretty freely used in dis-
patches from the Far East. In pint of numbers involved and
casualties inflicted, these encounters so far are skirmishes
compared to the carnage in Spain. The garrison at Langfang
consists of a bare thousand Chinese soldiers. However, the
big thing of course is (the invasion of Peiping. It marks in
epochal fashion the definite beginning of a new invasion, a
new aggression, an occupation of furhter Chinese territory.)

They had given the Chinese until noon Wednesday to yield
to their ultimatum. Consequently, the defenders of Peiping
were unprepared so that a couple of companies of Japanese

soldiers, five hundred in all, cut their way into the city.

Nevertheless, there was savage fighting -- one party of Japanese wiped out.

It was through the historic Chang Yimen Gate that they made their entrance from the south.

And at this moment the crackle of machine guns and rifles is heard in the streets of the capitol called the "City of Peace in the North". So was captured the city of centuries of Chinese dynasties, visited by Marco Polo with astonishment soon after it was built by Kublai Khan. Marco Polo called it Cambaluc. For more than five centuries, under the name of Peking, that old picturesque place was the seat of the Chinese government. And now under Japan, it may become the capitol of China again- under a Japanese controlled dynasty.

(It seems to be on the knees of destiny whether today's events result in a vast oriental war.) We've been hearing how determined the Chinese were, how infuriated at Japanese aggression. Well, the Central Government at Nanking voices that spirit of defiance. But conservative and sober observers tell

us that for all their numbers and all their martial ardor, the Chinese armies are no match for the Japanese nor likely to be for years to come. They haven't the equipment, they haven't the training, they haven't the generals, Strictly speaking, there is still no such thing as a Chinese army. There are a number of armies composed of Chinese men, commanded by leaders most of whom have different and conflicting aims.

As for the aggressive Japanese, their attitude in almost so many words is that they have been stalled and delayed long enough. Unless, Nanking withdraws all Chinese troops from the Peiping area by noon tomorrow, bombs will be rained from airplanes upon all barracks in the territory. European and American embassies and legations will be warned to see to it that their nationals are herded into safe and protected places.

The word from Tokyo is that the Mikado's government is determined to put up with no more delays on the part of the Chinese. This, of course, isn't news. They've been saying that

for weeks.

Emperor Hirohito today summoned the heads of his government, the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, the Finance Minister, and the chief of the general staff to the palace. Soon after which Premier Konoye called an emergency session of the Cabinet. All branches of Japan's military establishment are being mobilized for "emergency measures."

Our local talent reasoned that third-ball Casper Wilkerson is the person of cartoonist H.L. Webster, the boastful and ineffectual Major Hoople in the person of cartoonist Wood Brown and the blundering Colonel Stoopnagle in the person of radio comedian Chase Taylor wouldn't be able to play ball so well. For did they.

Manager Hendrik Van Loon is as broad as bulky and as slow as a Dutch bark of the sixteenth century. He had never had a baseball bat in his hands before and confided that his only experience was cricket in his pre-punch days. Now even the cricket technique has vanished, as he whipped the breeze.

So we, Chasler Hillers, out of the kindness of our hearts put onto the field our weakest line up, in which Advisor Frank Hayes

BASEBALL

I hope you folks had as many laughs over the week-end as I did. If so, your sides must still be aching. It was a rather rib-splitting affair to witness the baseball victory of Caspar Milquetoast, Major Hoople and Colonel Stoopnagle. These three worthies appeared on our Dutchess County soft-ball field under the learned managerial guidance of Hendrik Van Loon, historian and philosopher.

Our local talent reasoned that timid-soul Caspar Milquetoast in the person of cartoonist H.T. Webster, the boastful and ineffectual Major Hoople in the person of cartoonist Wood Cowan and the blundering Colonel Stoopnagle in the person of radio comediam Chase Taylor wouldn't be ablt to play ball so well.. Nor did they.

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So we, Quaker Hillers, out of the kindness of our hearts put onto the field our weakest line up, in which Aviator Frank Hawks

was the only numble player. We thought we would give the visiting Caspar Milquetoast, led by the mighty Major Hoople and Colonel Stoopnagle a chance. What we overlooked was they had in their line-up archaeologist Greg Mason, Hill Billy Artist Paul Webb, bulky cartoonist Herb Roth and radio ~~ix~~ man Nelson Hess, and comic writer Ted Shane. They could play ball. We did learn about it only too late, when they had run up fourteen runs. Then we began putting in our good players. In the last inning we had an array of fleet-footed talent, boys of college baseball caliber. They blasted pitcher Colonel Stoopnagle to the far corners, they scored such runs, but still it wasn't enough.

That much-pitied team headed by Professor Van Loon, Caspar Milquetoast, Major Hoople and Colonel Stoopnagle beat us on a score of 16 to 10 in one of the most hard laugh games I have ever seen.

TENNIS

It's a bit too early for the eagle to scream. But the tennis today over at Wimbledon turned out two to one, two for America, one for England, in the Davis Cup challenge round.

In the Davis Cup doubles the American team won three sets out of four this afternoon but the game was a good deal closer than that sounds, with Donald Budge and Gene Mako having to do their utmost to beat the Englishmen, Tuckey and Wilde. The U. S. A. won the first two sets fairly easily. And then dropped the third. Then came the last, a hammer and tongs affair, The score climbed up two all, four all, five all, six all, seven all, eight all, and so forth. Not until they had played twenty-two games was the umpire able to say "game, set and match," with the final score of twelve to ten.

But we'll have to keep our fingers crossed until tomorrow evening. If the English should take both the final singles matches, the Davis Cup would stay on the banks of the Thames. It's all up to the red-head, Don Budge. If he

is at top form he can beat England's Bunny Austin. But Austin has this advantage:- the American has had a lot of truellling tennis lately, especially when he faced and beat the German ace, Baron von Cramm; added to which he bore the brunt of today's struggle. So Bunny Austin ought to enter the lists a trifle the fresher of the two tomorrow afternoon. Budge might easily have a let down.

Here's an unimportant piece of information for you tennis fans:- Don Budge trains on malted mil and Gene Mako on ice dream sodas. As for me - I'll take Blue Sunoco and ---- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.