

L.T., SUNOCO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1934

Good Evening, Everybody:-

I looked around for a robin today but didn't see any here in Detroit. I didn't see much green in the trees and the grass. There's still ice in the Detroit River. Nevertheless, spring is here, for today, March 21st, is the date of the vernal equinox. And that begins the season of budding flowers, singing birds, and all that sort of thing. The flowers that bloom in the spring tra la. (No, I'm not going to sing it.) You know, the time when an old man's fancy heavily turns to thoughts of love.

For my part I think I'll let my fancy lightly turn to thoughts of news.

LA GUARDIA

Here, for instance, is a philosopher expounding philosophical wisdom to a class in philosophy. The philosopher is Mayor La Guardia of New York. The class in philosophy consists of the New York cops. The Mayor stood up there like a second Aristotle and told the coppers some of the facts of life.

One melancholy fact of life that he mentioned, was that if you gamble, you are liable to lose your shirt. The gendarmes had to admit that.

"Never gamble" counselled His Sage Worship, the Mayor, speaking for all the world like Old Man Epictetus himself -- or our own Arthur Brisbane.

"Don't get excited about the ponies as they run around the track," he continued. "You can't afford to! I can't afford to gamble and I get more salary than you do." And the coppers has to admit that! In other words, gambling is just a lot of spring fever, said Fiorello the little Flower.

Then the Mayor made Plato turn green with envy when he warned the cops about keeping up with the Joneses, about

trying to crash into high society. La Guardia told how he had made it a rule fifteen years ago never to accept glittering social invitations. A quiet little dinner of ravioli and vinorosso is all right, but not anything ritzy or swagger. He explained that if he started in making new and wealthy friends he might be tempted to live beyond his means. "So," warned the Mayor sternly, "you cops keep out of the social register. It's just a lot of spring fever.

Spinoza should have been there when the Mayor said further to the minions of the law:- "With a uniform, a shield, and a revolver you don't need a great deal of courage to deal with the ordinary helpless citizen. Therefore," he said, "be courteous." He commanded that those brawny patrolmen be polite, kindly and gentle with us helpless citizens. To which I, as one of the most helpless, echo "Amen, Fiorello."

DILLINGER

The Motion Picture people have put a taboo on pictures dealing with the dastardly doings of Dillinger, the desperado. Police chiefs have been complaining for years that making heroes of these murderous fellows is all wrong, bad for the public. Don't build these crooks up into popular idols say the police.

Okay, we'll agree with that. But just the same, popular art in all ages has sung of deeds, the villaines, the lawless lives of desperados all the way from Robin Hood to Jesse James.

REPEAL

And in such far-flung places as Alaska and Hawaii they have not only spring, beautiful spring today, but also: Repeal, beautiful repeal. - or maybe some of you think it's not so beautiful.

It's all the result of an oversight. In the rush of repealing the prohibition amendment, some clerk in Washington forgot to add Alaska and Hawaii to the forty-eight states of the Union. So they went right on having prohibition. The sour doughs of the Klondike and the hula hula girls of Waikiki were unable to get a drink -- that is stronger than cocoanut milk. However, that is all changed. A stroke of the pen in Washington has rectified the omission, and so, in Alaskan land of the midnight sun, and in the Hawaiian Islands of noonday sunshine, today is the first day of spring and the last day of the dry era. Well, it's always the first of something, and the last of something else. A sort of cosmic spring fever.

HUDSON

9

Out here in Detroit again today I've been doing just what any other tourist would do. I wanted to see some of the great motor car plants. ~~Out~~ At the Hudson factory I learned something new from Chief Engineer Baits, ^{and Max Waller.} And that is, that the making of a motor car entails one of the nicest jobs in timing that you can imagine. There is considerable misunderstanding about mass production. When cars are turned out in large quantities ~~it~~ it doesn't necessarily mean, as most people think, that they are all alike. At the Hudson plant they turn out thousands at a time, all different. For instance, different models, different bodies, different color schemes, different wheels, and so forth.

The most impressive sight I saw was the place where everything meets. There are three lines of bodies coming from one direction, several lines of moving chassis from another direction. The miracle of it all is that they start a mile or so apart, each order is different, and the right body has to meet the right chassis at the right moment, to the fraction of a second. If they didn't there would be an

automobile marriage between incompatibles. There would be horrible misalliances.

And here 's a point that is symbolic of what's going on in the entire automobile industry. You hear the same story at them all. *Messrs. Barit and James tell me* The Hudson people from January 1st to March 17th have turned out half as many cars as in the whole of last year. And in the month of April alone, (in four weeks,) they are going to turn out as many as in all of last year.

50

Roy Chapin.

Former Sec'y of
Commerce.

Head, Hudson
plant, Detroit.

March 21, 1934.

INTRO TO MR. CHAPIN

One of the automobile magnificos I hoped to meet when I was here was the former Secretary of Commerce, Roy Chapin, the big boss of the Hudson plant I have just visited. But my arrival in Detroit seems to have been the signal for Roy Chapin to rush away to the East. He's down on the Atlantic coast tonight -- a thousand miles away. I phoned him a little while ago and asked him if he would mind going to the nearest microphone. Let's switch from Detroit to the Atlantic seaboard now. Are you there, Mr. Roy Chapin? I understand you are the first hardy adventurer to drive a car all the way from Detroit to New York, over thirty years ago. Is that right Mr. Chapin?

FOR MR. CHAPIN

Lowell, I'm sorry you picked a day to visit our plant when I wasn't out there myself. But I am sure the boys took good care of you and showed you the sights.

Lowell who told you about that drive I made from Detroit to New York back in 1901? Yes, that was some drive. There were no roads to speak of. A large part of the way we had to drive over the towpaths alongside the canals.

(Mr. Chapin. - Insert here)

Well, I'm mighty glad you were at our Hudson plant today and not a year ago. A year ago you would have seen only four thousand men at work. Today you saw fifteen thousand of them. I mention that with particular pride because it is typical of the automobile industry in general. It spells only one thing for the entire country - prosperity. For there's not a man, woman or child in America who is not affected directly or indirectly by the automobile industry. Some time ago the prophesy was made that our industry would be the one to lead the nation back to prosperity. And it looks as though that were coming true.

WEIRTON

At Wilmington, Delaware, the United States government has filed an injunction suit to restrain ~~in~~ the Weirton Steel Company from restraining their employees in the right to organize. The Administration is invoking the power of the courts to compel the Company to fall in line with the organized labor provisions of the N.R.A. This is a crucial action. One aspect of the whole N.R.A. program has been the question of how the N.R.A. rules could be enforced, what power could be used for compulsion -- in other words, where are the teeth? This question the President seeks to answer in terms of an injunction by the Federal courts, trying to get the courts to do a job of dentistry.

Down in Weirton, West Virginia, and in Steubenville, Ohio, are two great steel mills owned by a determined and

exceedingly rugged individualist named Ernest Tener Weir.

We recall how General Johnson made a loud protest that Mr.

Weir was violating the N.R.A. by interfering with his employees'

right to organize in their own fashion for collective

bargaining. When the General started one of his famous cracking-

down acts, individualist Weirton merely yawned and sat down

to read his favorite book, which happened to be David Copperfield.

At the request of the National Labor Board he held

an election at his plant. But he refused to let the National

labor Board run the election. The American Federation

instructed its members not to vote. The steel man went to the

White House at the invitation of the President. But, the famous

Roosevelt smile didn't work on that steely Scotch-Irishman.

His side of the story is "My plants made money

throughout the depression. My labor policy has been liberal

all along." He opposed wage cuts. He came out in support of

such liberal measures as old age and unemployment insurance long

before the Government thought of it. "And," says he,

5-
"I made money while others were losing it and I don't need anybody to tell me how to run my business."

That's his firm attitude -- very firm, Scotch-Irish firm. And they don't come any firmer.

It's a sharply-drawn clash of opposing philosophies.

The man runs his business well and should be allowed to

run it. That's *Mr. Weirton's* one side of the argument. The other side is --

that the larger economic program of the New Deal should not

be handicapped by the local logic of a couple of steel

plants. Which boils it down to the elemental question:-

"Do you or don't you like the new economic philosophy?"

The critical and timely fact is that this basic labor problem

is up for a court decision in the case of the Administration

against Weirton Steel.

JAPAN

The genial feeling of spring fits in harmoniously with news of Peace and Good Will. There has been an exchange of notes between Washington and Tokyo. Uncle Sam and Japan have been having a bit of conversation through those usual diplomatic channels. And the conversation has been a promise of peace and friendship.

56

Secretary of State Hull and the Japanese Foreign Minister have exchanged notes in which they promised to work for peace and for the amicable solution of international problems. The past several centuries have witnessed a long series of rivalries and struggles on the Atlantic, which is a small and compact ocean ~~compared~~ compared with the giant Pacific. I wonder whether it isn't correct to surmise that the Pacific is so wide that it would be unlikely for nations to come to blows across its immense spaces?

CAMPBELL

I heard a timely bit of sports news at the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit today. In the Spring we think not only of love but of speed. Ed Schipper tells me that Sir Malcolm Campbell, the English Speed King, is going to have a shot soon, at a new world's record in his Blue Bird. Again, he's going to try it in the U.S.A., but this time in a part of the country that may astonish you, at Saldero near Salt Lake City. For, a short distance west of Saldero, on the shores of the great Salt Lake, is a considerable expanse of solid salt flats. I hear the advantage of this is that not only is this salt roadway harder than even the packed sand of Daytona Beach, but the salt serves to cool off the tires.

The effect of traveling at such terrific speed over even the hardest packed sand is that the wheels go faster than the car. For instance, when Sir Malcolm set up his last record down at Daytona, the tachometer on his dashboard showed that his wheels had travelled forty miles an hour more quickly than the car itself, and each time he tore down the course he had to change tires -- \$1200 per round trip for rubber all in a couple minutes.

BASEBALL

Spring is here and the time has come to talk about baseball, the national game. And I have some good news for home-run hitters and for fans who like to see them do their act. The park where the Cincinnati Reds entertain their visitors is no longer going to be the toughest in the League, as it has been in the past -- in fact the toughest park in the country.

Powell Crosley, the new owner of the Reds, says that it used to break the hearts of the sluggers when slams that were good for a homer anywhere else, would in Cincinnati, bounce off those high billboards into the waiting hands of an outfielder.

One of the first decisions of the Reds' new owner was, to give the customers a better show. So they are tearing down a lot of those lofty signs -- particularly so as to give the right-handed fence busters a better chance.

Last season, for instance, Chick Hafey hit no less than thirty-six swats that landed high up on one of those billboards. They would have been outside the ball park anywhere else.

RUSSIAN - Ending

And now a slant at that ~~angrily~~ controversial subject of Communist and Capitalist. There is one fellow who knows the answer. He came to this Capitalistic land a convinced believer in Communism. And after a five day stay he has left more convinced, more ardently a believer than ever. He departs from our shores waving the Red flag and howling:-

"Down with the Capitalist." And, you can't ^{exactly} blame him.

He's a young Soviet official who came over here to handle the fruit juice business of the Amtorg Trading Commission. ^P He thought ~~that~~ ^{he'd} see a bit of New York high life, just a touch of spring ~~fever~~ fever a little bit in advance.

He wandered into one of the Clip Joints still running in the city. A Clip Joint in case you've never been clipped, is a festive place of mirth where they stick you and rob you and swindle you in one way or another, or several ways at once.

The Soviet fruit juice representative had a good time. He was beginning to believe that Capitalism was not so bad after all -- that is, until the clip came. They clipped him for

58 1/2

ENDING
RUSSIA - 2

five hundred bucks, which is a lot of rubles anywhere.

So he took the first boat back to Russia hollering, "Hurrah for Marx, Hurrah for Lenin, Hurrah for Stalin. This Capitalism," said he too, "is a lot of spring fever."

And now you've had my springtime slant on the first day of the greening blossoming season of the year. Ho, hum, I think I'm getting a touch of spring fever myself. In the spring my young man's fancy turns to thoughts of home, and catching that seven-ten train for New York. So,
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.