

L.T. - Lunoco Fri. July 16, 1937

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The United States Senate was crowded today, every seat filled ^{- all} but one. In those semi-circular rows of seats, rising tier on tier, one ~~place~~ was conspicuously vacant - Joe Robinson's place. For they were holding a stately funeral ceremony over Robinson of Arkansas.

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That empty seat was the focus of drama. It was from his ~~own~~ place there that Joe Robinson had led the bitter fight for the President's bill to change the Supreme Court. There, in the heat of angry debate, he had been the commanding general in the drive to put through the White House measure. And they say it was the arduous effort of the court fight, exhaustion and overwork, that killed him. Directly in front of ~~that~~ ⁺ vacant seat today, sat President Roosevelt, chief among the mourners.

Everybody in the administration was there, all of Congress, the ^{high justices of the} Supreme Court, and the diplomatic corps ^{--- all there} - as they solemnized the funeral rites of the Senator from Arkansas. The Senate Chaplain led the service, and everybody thought of the troubled last days of Joe Robinson's life, as the clergyman said - " The sufferings of this present time are worthy to be

compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

A political recess is ^{now on in Washington -} ~~on~~ out of respect for Senator

Robinson, but the buzz of politics is ^{now} an incessant undertone in

Washington. Why wouldn't it be, with President ~~Roosevelt's~~ Roosevelt's

drastic order - push through the court bill? He wrote ^{that command} ~~to~~ in a

letter to Senator Barclay of Kentucky and ^{thus} put to rest all

rumors that the White House may be content to let the Court-

change slide. ^{TF} The President is pushing a last ditch fight.

Who will succeed ~~Senator~~ ^{JOE} Robinson as Democratic leader

in the Senate? That will be the issue of the next battle.

There will be a showdown among the Democrats next week - with

Senator Barclay of Kentucky the most likely candidate. They

say that he is avored by President Roosevelt as floor leader.

But there's a good deal of talk about Senator Harrison of

Mississippi. He leans more to the conservative side. He wants

Congress to adjourn quickly and go home for the summer. Should

the Senate Democrats choose Senator Harrison as floor leader -

that will be taken as a warning to the White House, a sign from

the Democratic majority that the New Deal is too rapid, going

too fast.

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It's odd to see Pat Harrison's name linked with the idea of opposition to the White House, for it was in Nineteen ~~N~~ Eighteen that he achieved a miracle by dint of the slogan - stand by the President. In those ~~war days~~ World War days, the Mississippi Senator and political Poo Bah was Vardeman. He was out criticizing Woodrow Wilson. Lanky young Pat Harrison ran against him. Against Vardeman, "the unbeatable," Harrison shouted - "stand by the President", and ^{he} was elected.

Then there was Chicago in Nineteen Thirty-two.

Senator Harrison, tired out at the Democratic Convention, went to his Hotel to get some sleep. The Radio was on as he ^{the radio} undressed, ^{suddenly} reporting the Convention, and ^{he} he heard the word - Mississippi. The ~~Mississippi~~ Mississippi delegation was taking action. The Senator leaped for a coat. He didn't bother to dress. He threw the coat over his Pajamas, and in his bedroom slippers ^{he} dashed out. He was afraid the Mississippi delegation might be stampeded to Newton Baker or some other dark horse. So he made a wild dash to the Convention Hall. As he got there the Clerk was calling for Mississippi to vote. Losing one

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slipper and with his coat flying open and showing his pajamas, the Senator roared "Mississippi casts twenty votes for Roosevelt".

Yet now there's the word the Senate Democrats may select Senator Harrison as floor leader - as a warning to the White House. ~~But then allegiances have shifted widely in the flaming house.~~ But then allegiances have shifted widely in the flaming opposition to the plan to change the Supreme Court.

FIRE

At Atlantic City today the alarm was -- fire and plenty of it. Flame all over the place, the roaring blast of burning gasoline. Sheets of fire ran down the streets right in the heart of the great resort. Flaming gasoline flowed into sewers, and blew up a manhole. One hundred people reported injured, some of them badly burned.

It all occurred with catastrophic suddenness, a mere few blocks from the renowned steel pier. A number of storage tanks, and there was an explosion. That was followed by a tremendous roar as a gas tank fifty feet high was rent in a giant blast of flame. Then an ocean of flaming fluid streamed far and wide. At last reports the firemen were still battling.

CHINA

The situation in the Far East ~~is~~ today was one of ominous quiet. The news drifting in gives the impression of - the hush before the tempest, the lull before the storm. Only one fight is announced, a clash between Japanese and Chinese detachments at a place twenty-seven miles from Peiping. There seems to be a tacit truce, and armistice by common consent. Negotiations are still going on for a settlement. They're ~~talking~~ talking peace. But the Chinese are profoundly pessimistic. They believe the Japanese Generals are staging the peace parley as mere camouflage, to keep things quiet ~~until they're ready to~~ ~~strike~~ until they've massed their forces for a big push.

There's one report, that right now Tokyo is throwing a hundred thousand men into North China, thirty-one steamers transporting that great host to the Chinese ~~shore~~ ^{a Coast.} If that be true, it means that major warlike events are at hand in the Far East. It wouldn't take all of a hundred thousand men merely to reenforce the Japanese lines in China, just to hold everything while an agreement is being made.

On the Chinese side, four divisions of Chiang

Kai-shek's crack troops have taken up positions facing the Japanese. They are waiting for, expecting - a heavy attack, a wholesale push. The Chinese say they believe the Japanese battalions will attack at night, a sudden swift stroke in the darkness - as they did when they took Manchuria.

Will the Chinese fight? Or will they back down? ~~in the present crisis?~~ They'll have to back down a long way apparently, for Japan is in a drastic, demanding mood, reports tell that there is division in the councils of Nanking. One party speaks with stern determination - resist Japan with fire and steel. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek ^{holds to} ~~keeps~~ an attitude of defiance. The war party believes that the ~~huge~~ huge Chinese army is now well enough armed to beat the war machine of Japan. But there's a peace party in Nanking too. This consists of North Chinese elements, who ^{fear} ~~was~~ that China will have to yield. They believe that in a war, China would be defeated, its ~~army~~ army shattered - and that would ~~be~~ bring havoc.

So there's darkness and menace, ~~while~~ today ~~nearly~~

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all was quiet on the Far Eastern front.

SHYLOCK

I suppose it's a philosophic thing to be interested
and
in cause ~~the~~ effect. It's ^{always} fascinating to know the reason why.
That's what puts attention on a grim melodrama of the New York
Under World. There has been a savage outbreak of killing among
the skulking creatures of gangland. Today, in a Brooklyn
street, a burning automobile flamed high, a murder victim found
inside it.

This was the second crime of just that sort in
twelve hours. And two other murders are connected with these
two. - Making four. All ~~are~~ tied together by one fact. - The
victims, ~~were~~ petty loan sharks, ^{-- loan sharks in the} ~~usury~~ ~~racket~~,
minor shylocks.

Now, what's the cause of this ferocious madness
in the underworld? Why are the shylocks exterminating each
other? There must be some singular reason for it - and there
is, according to the story given out by the Brooklyn District
Attorney's office. It tells of the loan shark racket, money
lent at criminal usury, borrowers caught in the toils, beaten
up and murdered if they don't pay. In Brooklyn there's ^a ring

operating the game of "exorbitant interest." They run the Underworld usury racket. They're the boss shylocks.

The story goes on to relate how to the loan shark big shots came four men, to borrow money. They got it. Did they then refuse to pay? Was it their default that started the trouble? Not at all. It was far worse than that. The four men took the money they borrowed from the loan-shark-~~ring~~ ring and started a loan-shark-business of their own! With the capital thus acquired they set up as little shylocks - in ~~competition~~ competition with the big shylocks, taking the ~~the~~ *latter's* business, ~~away~~, cutting in on the ~~the~~ profits. They were supposed to be suckers, but they turned out to be wise guys. Muscling in is always a deadly thing in the Underworld, and when you muscle in on money you've borrowed from the mob, ^{*huh -*} that's the height of peril.

Such was the cause that led to the ~~fi~~ effect - the four little shylocks wiped out by the big shylocks.

FUGITIVES

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Today's word gives a Gilbert and Sullivan touch to that melodrama of the southwest. The one in which three escaping convicts of the most desperate sort kidnapped a Yale student and held him captive for seven hours - Baird Markham, son of a Brigadier-General who is also an oil magnate.

In the "Pirates of Penzance", they sing this soulful sentiment:

"When the enterprising burglar isn't burgling,
When the ~~ax~~ forger isn't occupied with crime,
He is apt to watch a little brook agurgling
Or listen to the merry village chime."

Well, we find that same touching sentiment in the story that young Markham of Yale tells today. He was driving his car near Ada, Oklahoma, when the convicts held him up and seized him. They really wanted his car, but they held him as a hostage, took him along on a two hundred mile drive of seven hours. How did they treat him? With brutal desperation? Not at all. He relates that they were most good-natured - gracious even. They ~~ughaxax~~ laughed and joked with him, poking fun at the

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police, chuckling at the blundering attempts of the authorities to capture them. They assured him earnestly that they were quite right in escaping, because conditions were so ^{appalling} ~~bad~~ on the Texas Convict Farm from which they had fled.

When they released him, they wanted to tie him to a tree so that he couldn't give an immediate alarm. But he told them he wouldn't notify the Police, he promised he wouldn't say anything for half an hour. And they took his word for it, and he kept it - didn't notify the police for the promised half hour.

So it was all friendly and kind. Gracious, - is the word. The three fugitives treated ^{the} Yale man like a pal, ^{- like a fraternity brother -} ~~just good guys~~
When "good fellows get together."
Now let's take a look at the three. One is

Pete Taxler, a killer with a long record. The Police have him marked down as ^{the} ~~a~~ number-one-bad-man of the southwest. The other two are Fred Tindol and Charlie Chapman, gunmen both. They escaped from the Convict Farm eight days ago, and a man was killed in that Jail-break. Since then they've been desperado fugitives, menacing and deadly.

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But they're nice fellows, on occasion, ^{it seems, or - as the} ~~or as the~~

Gilbert and Sullivan lines would say: *P* "When the felon's not
engaged in his employment,

Or maturing his felonious little plan,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as that of any other man."

ROMANCE

Word from the Coast tells of a triumph of romance. Love ~~is~~ victorious. And, it's sentiment gilded with millions. The swain and suitor -- heir to a great fortune. There's ~~x~~ to be a marriage, happy ending, a wedding. This sweet news comes from the District Attorney's office at Los Angeles. The D. A. seems an odd source of tidings about wedding bells and orange blossoms. But this romance has been an explosive one, with ~~ri~~ raiding and brawling, fist fights, police -- and a half a million ~~xxx~~ dollar suit for damages.

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The story begins with a millionaire ~~xxxxxx~~ whose son fell in love with a divorcee. The millionaire objected with such remonstrance that Junior hired a lady detective to investigate his loved one. It seems that the lady detective found everything very much O.K., because the next thing you know the two women were acquainted, friends. And presently the millionaire was rushing to the District Attorney's office with the complaint that the two women at the lady detective's apartment were holding his son -- ^a "Love Captive."

This led to a police raid on the apartment to rescue the love captive. Q And things began to happen. There are two

versions, but both agree that an exciting time was had by all.

One story relates that the fight began with the lady detective

hitting Investigator Tom Cavett ^{-- a poke} on the nose. The ~~mi~~ father

was talking to the son, [^] the millionaire and the love captive, —

when the hostilities flared again. Once more Investigator

Tom Cavett ^{-- a poke} got it [^] on the nose. Another Investigator had his

finger bitten. [^] Junior was thereupon carried out and they

were putting him into his father's automobile when the lady

detective ~~str~~ stuck her head out ~~of~~ the window and hollered

to the rescued love captive -- telling him to fight. *She shouted*

that [^] old college refrain: "Fight, fight, fight." Junior followed

that good advice and the battle was on again. They went to

it in the fatherly automobile, until finally Junior was *smacked*

down-- subdued.

That's one version. The lady detective gives an

entirely different account. She claims they grabbed her

and hurled her like a projectile. She landed on the

furniture. Slam, bang on the top of the bureau. ~~I suppose~~

~~They~~ poked a gun at her and terrified her grand-daughter.

Grand-daughter had hysterics, as why wouldn't she -- seeing Grandma tossed around. That's why the lady detective is

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now suing the millionaire for five hundred thousand dollars -- because she was hurled like a projectile.

The ~~course~~ course of true love certainly didn't run smooth in that case. But now all seems to end in beams

of moonlight and the perfume of roses. For the report is

that the enamoured couple and the irate father talked it

over in the District Attorney's office, and then love ~~had~~ had

its way. The millionaire father is said to have given his

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blessing. ~~so~~ all are happy now -- except Grandma. The

lady detective is still sore and suing.

Grandma who was hurled like a projectile. Just as I'll be hurled like a projectile if I don't say -- so long until Monday!