

L. T. Sweeney, Thursday, Sept. 13, 1934.

At Governors Island in New York fifteen hundred troops of the regular army were mobilized today. Two ferry boats got up steam and are standing ready. Buses too are waiting. Everything is prepared to transport those companies of the regular army. All of this ~~is~~ by order of the President of the United States, who has directly intervened in the textile strike situation.

And now it

~~It all~~ depends on the next word from Rhode Island, on a call from the Governor of that state.

It was a whole sequence of dramatic events that provoked drastic presidential action today. Dangerous strike news from Rhode Island kept flashing into the summer White House at Hyde Park, hour after hour.

The President's morning paper told him of a wild night of violence, shooting, fighting, mobbing, smashing, wrecking in the little state that is so overwhelmingly devoted to industry. At Woonsocket mobs raged down the streets, smashing windows, looting stores, wrecking houses and charging in concentrated masses against troops and police guarding the textile mills. The soldiers opened fire. There was shooting in both Woonsocket and

the nearly mill-town of Saylesville, two hundred shots in all -- scores of people injured, one man killed.

With that as a starter the President received official word from Washington that the Winant Board of Mediation was up against a stone wall -- no progress. Chairman Winant reported to Mr. Roosevelt that the mill owners had refused flatly to arbitrate. The strike leaders had already said that they wouldn't arbitrate so long as any of the mills were kept open.

After that later news from Rhode Island grew more and more ominous. The violence was continuing, increasing. Governor Theodore Francis Green reported that things looked black. The police commissioner of Woonsocket was telephoning to the Governor for troops, more state troops. Every available national guardsmen had been sent, but that wasn't enough.

One vivid thing was -- tear gas bombs, or the lack of them. Barrages of tear bombs had been hurled at the mobs. The supply was running low. A plane took off from Pittsburgh with a fresh supply for Rhode Island. But the plane with its cargo of war gas crashed. The pilot was killed.

Into the summer White House today the wires kept telling the same tale -- violence in one place, violence in another.

And the Rhode Island Legislature was gathering. It was called in special session by Governor Green, to appropriate one hundred thousand dollars, special funds to quell the outbreak and to increase the State Police force from sixty men to a thousand, the recruiting to be done at once. And the Governor issued a proclamation calling upon ex-service men, World War veterans, to jump in and help the National Guard. He declared that Communists are leading the rioters; and called it a Communist revolt.

Reports from the scene of disturbance seemed to indicate that the situation had got out of the hands of the strike leaders. The Chief of the Rhode Island Union Delegation was asked by Governor Green to intervene and use his influence to stop the turmoil. The Union leader went to the battlefield at Sayesville and tried to address the rioters, and persuade them to quiet down. He was stuck on the head and woke up in a hospital.

Such, in brief, was the news that flooded in on President Roosevelt. Then he acted. He took the receiver from the telephone and put in a call for Governor Green in Providence. What did he say? Approximately this:-

"If you want the United States Army," said the President, "I'll send the troops into Rhode Island to restore order."

Yes, President Roosevelt declared that he was ready to order regiments of U. S. Regulars to march into Rhode Island -- the moment the Governor asked him. Then he got in touch with headquarters in Washington.

Fifteen minutes later in Washington, General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, announced that the Federal troops were ready.

And he flashed the order to Governors Island to have the troops there prepared to move at a moment's notice.

Meanwhile, the Rhode Island Governor announced that before calling on the President for Federal troops, he would consult the Legislature's consent before making the drastic move

STRIKE - 5

of summoning the regular army.

So that is how the matter stands. The United States Army now waiting for the summons from Rhode Island, and waiting for the executive order of the President of the United States as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.

LEVIATHAN

I suppose it had to happen -- the Leviathan back in storage. Each Trans-Atlantic trip she made was at a loss of over a hundred thousand dollars to the company. The contract under which the big ship was bought from the Government called for five round trips. The five trips have been made. The company has decided not to go on losing, so today the biggest *American* ship afloat on the seas is going back to drydock -- too big, too magnificent, to earn a nickel. She carried more troops to France than any other vessel. She retires today. And today is General Pershing's birthday -- just by way of coincidence.

MORRO CASTLE

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The Morro Castle investigation has been ~~growing more~~ bitter, ~~more~~ with charges and counter charges, blame and ~~recrimination~~. And today these took a surprising turn with accusations that do not concern the ill-fated ship, its officers or its crew, or anyone aboard. It's another ~~ocean liner~~ that appears in the somber proceedings of the investigation -- the ^{S.S.} President Cleveland.

In a sensational hearing today at the United States Customs House in New York, the Captain and the Chief-Officer of the liner, President Cleveland, were the principal ~~figures~~ involved. The Chief-Officer of the ~~liner~~ took the stand before Federal Inspector Hoover, and made the charge that his Captain did ^{not} act promptly enough in lowering life-boats to pick up ^{the Morro Castle} survivors. The Chief-Officer denounces the Captain in unsparing terms for what he called an inexcusable delay in getting the life-boats down, out on the sea, and to the rescue.

He said scathingly, he had forever lost all respect for the Captain, and would file a declaration asking him to be

relieved of his command.

So The tragedy of the flaming ^{Morro Castle} ~~ship~~ is reaching out and touching others who were around and near .

Meanwhile the investigation goes on, with its procession of witnesses expanding and amplifying the picture of evil chance and fateful doom, the stories told by the survivors, by officers, by ~~seafarers~~ the crew of the ship that was the pride of the Ward Line.

I have just been in communication, by long distance telephone, with Franklin D. Mooney, .president of the Ward Line. Mr. Mooney is ^{at the R.C.A. Building} in an NBC studio in New York ^{at this moment.} He has been working day and night since the tragedy. ~~of the Morro Castle~~

He's an old hand in shipping, forty years in it, from bottom to top. He went to work after a single year in high school and rose to the presidency of his company. ^{What has he to} ~~say~~

^{say? Well,} the president of the Ward Line, ^{is going to speak to us} ~~is~~ for a moment and tell

us the thoughts that are uppermost in his mind tonight.

Will you take the microphone Mr. Mooney?

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FOR MR. MOONEY

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The government is now conducting the investigation into the Saturday disaster aboard the Morro Castle. Naturally we of the Ward line as well as the General public are anxious to help and open all facilities to the board of inquiry. The inquiry holds the answers to the questions we all would like solved. The inquiry means as much to the Line as to the Public. We ask merely that until such time as all of the facts are brought out the public withhold its judgement as to the many rumors and conflicting reports that are before us.

I think it can be said without fear of contradiction however that the Morro Castle was modernly equipped in every detail. It was provided with every proper device and facility for safety at sea. In fact the construction of the ship measured up in every particular to the requirements of the United States steamboat inspection service. It exceeded in many respects the requirements established by the conference for safety of life at sea.

No one is more anxious than we of the Ward Line to

bring out all of the facts fairly and adequately.

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There is another matter however upon which we can not be silent. That is the heroism and self sacrifice of those who gave so unstintingly of their efforts in those dark hours. I do not doubt that many of the brave deeds done that day are as yet unrecorded. But of those we know there are enough to win the admiration of us all.

Those were striking words from a veteran of the world of ships, a voice that has been heard but little hitherto in the controversy.

Meanwhile, ~~there is~~ a mystery element that crops up -- a sealed bottle found floating on the sea. In the bottle was a note that reads: "Help us. We are Morro Castle survivors!"

Coast Guard officials are not sure ~~if~~ whether it's authentic or not, *maybe* a genuine call for help, *maybe* some perverse and lugubrious hoax.

PRISON

If you pen something up it will try to break loose.

Men in prison will try to get out. You can take that as a general philosophy, and it's borne out by the news.

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The latest plot ^{for a} ~~to~~ jail break ^{is} reported from the Massachusetts State Prison at Charleston. The warden ~~reveals~~ how a wholesale escape was planned, but the plot was discovered just in time.

The whole batch of hard-boiled, would-be escapers have been shifted to solitary confinement. ^{So} ~~Yes, the~~ Massachusetts prison is in the news today, ^{just as} ~~and~~ it was in the news in a much more glaring way a few years ago. ^{That's} ~~It's~~ the prison where Sacco and Vanzetti were executed.

I had a telephone call today from Jerry Maguire,
and Jerry spiked the story I told last night about the Maharajah
of Rajpiplah.

It's one of those neat yarns that go around about
important people, ^{of} ~~and told~~ how the Maharajah, owner of England's
greatest race-horse, met Jerry Maguire in London and tried to
find him in New York -- only there were too many Maguires. ~~and~~
~~looking for one Maguire out of all these Maguires was like~~
~~finding a needle in a hay stack.~~

Over the telephone Jerry admitted that there are
plenty of Maguires, all right, but adds that the Maharajah
found ~~him~~ three Maguire.

"It was back in 1928," Jerry ~~Maguire~~ relates, "I
took the Maharajah to Washington and Chicago and showed him the
sights. He sure liked America," ^{said three Maguire.} ~~Jerry adds,~~ "He bought every
make of automobile and typewriter he could find." So that's the
the real story of His Highness, the Maharajah of Rajpiplah and
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DIVINE

In Los Angeles a woman is suing for divorce. Her grounds are desertion. She claims her husband was too much interested in religion. What religion? That's the peculiar part of it. The husband left home to follow the cult of Father Divine. The wife is white, the husband is white. Father Divine is a Negro, the leader of a curious Negro religious movement.

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It's an odd story of how that fantastic black revivalist began his celestial proceedings at Sayville, Long Island, how he opened a place of salvation which he called "Heaven". It began as a small but exceedingly substantial heaven. Every evening Father Divine served free meals to his followers, fried chicken, Southern style. He, himself, fried the chicken, which was served by Negro girls, whom he termed, his "Angels." The colored population streamed into that heaven of fried chicken and angels, and where wild revival doings kept the celestial kingdom in an uproar.

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reversed the verdict and turned him loose.

After that the cult has spread amazingly. Father Divine expanded to new kingdoms, as he calls them, and established new "heavens". He achieved a triumph of spiritual ingenuity when he bought^t a airplane. Every day he makes a flight, taking his followers for "hops to heaven."

All these heavenly doings take money. Once when Father Divine was asked about the thousands of dollars he spends, he looked piously upward and replied:- "It comes direct from heaven, fresh, clean dollar bills." *Those were his words,*

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And now a white woman in California is suing her white husband because of his devotion to the heavenly revivals, which indicates that there's a considerable Caucasian element in the Ethiopian cult. They tell how that heaven on Long Island attracted the white folks, attracted them so much that there were wealthy society women from New York who built bungalows for themselves around the heavenly uproar.

SNEEZE

As Exalted Giraffe of the Tall Story Club, I want to register a protest, and it's nothing to sneeze about. ~~Some~~ Somebody's infringing on our patent, trespassing in our backyard.

58 1/2
It's the Cachoo Hay Fever Club. I have no doubt those hay fever sneezers can go "Cachoo" loud and often. Supreme Sneezer, L.E. Harris, ^{is said to have} sneezed with such a loud "cachoo" that he blasted his eye-glasses ten feet across the room. Maybe so.

But today's newspapers are telling of Sneezer George Pilant of Tacoma, Washington. In Kansas once, George sneezed, and caused a team of horses to run away. While driving in a taxi in Washington, D. C. he "Cachooed" with such violence that ^{he dislocated the taxi driver's neck.} ~~the taxi driver dislocated his neck, looking around.~~

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Another time in a rummy game, he sneezed, and the fellow about to lay down the winning hand, leaped to his feet and threw his cards away. With that particular sneeze, George blew out both of his tonsils. Now I ask you.

That ain't no sneezing club, that's a tall story club.

They're not Supreme Sneezers, they're supreme liars. And they're butting into our territory. We wouldn't dream of butting into theirs. We don't sneeze, we stick to our tall stories.

Cachoo, and -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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