

L.T. SUNOCO - TUESDAY, April 10, 1934

Good Evening Everybody:-

The great Wirt investigation in the House of Representatives has turned out to be one of the best shows in a long while; the best since J.P.Morgan posed with the midget on his knee.

Of course the big excitement came when the Congressmen investigators were told that the man who had described President Roosevelt as the Kerensky of the New Deal American Revolution was not a brain-truster at all, nor connected with the government in any way whatsoever. He's a newspaper man! In fact, in startling fact, a newspaper correspondent for the Soviets, representative of the Tass News Agency, which is a Soviet Russian concern. However, he is not a Russian. He's an American, named Lawrence Todd. But an avowed Communist, doing newspaper work for Moscow.

The roar of laughter that greeted this revelation could be heard from coast to coast over the radio.

And this answers the great mystery of who told the Professor that the President was just a Kerensky waiting for a Stalin to come.

As a matter of fact, Dr. A. A. Berle, now Chamberlain of the City of New York, and formerly of the Brain Trust, anticipated all this. Writing in the PRINCETONIAN, the daily paper of the Princeton Undergraduates, he had hinted that ~~Dr.~~ Dr. Wirt had been kidded at a party. This ~~is~~ turned out to be not far from the truth. So the Congressmen wanted to know who were the people at that dinner. And when Dr. Wirt named them he revealed the fact that they were all, with one exception, exceedingly minor government officials. ~~This~~ The one exception was Robert Bruere, Chairman of the Textile Code Board.

Oh yes, and Mrs. Roosevelt must have chuckled when she heard Dr. Wirt's comments about her. I mean when he said that her pet project, the Homestead Subsistence Experiment,

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where men are to work part time in factories and part time on small farms, was in his mind a Communistic scheme.

But the show is not over yet. It begins as a comedy, as every one suspected. But it may yet turn into a Sopheclean tragedy. You never can tell -- about Dr. Wirt.

FISH

That was spectacular investigation Number One, and now for spectacular investigation Number Two. And I feel it would be improper for me to laugh, uncharitable to gloat, and lacking in the true Christian spirit to say "Who's libelous now?"

Aboard the yacht Nourmahal in southern waters the President of the United States was being investigated by the Washington correspondents.

The President testified how he had caught a whale, had hauled the leviathan in with ordinary light tackle. I suppose it was that twenty-ton Moby Dick Cachalot Sperm Whale I mentioned the other evening.

The investigating committee refused to believe that whale story. And it gave a general report that the chief executive had ~~examined~~ caught a fine coat of sun tan and some well-needed rest, and that his son Elliott had committed no libel when he had said that as a fisherman, his father was a great President.

Phol ~~James~~
CIRCUS

They say the President instead of going fishing should go to the circus. If he wants miracles they have them at the circus. ~~says~~ The New York Herald Tribune editorializes that "if the right Congressmen or the right leaders of the Administration could be shot from a gun in the manner of those intrepid cannon balls, the Zacchinis," it might help a lot.

Then it goes on to say:- "- if the call is for a planned society, here, at the circus, is the only perfectly planned society in the world. For nearly three hours lions roar, elephants dance, chariots rumble, lassos whirl, and the air is filled with flying figures, and never a miss."

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NRA

We've been hearing plenty of objections to the N.R.A. Here's a pleasant contrast. The National Retail Dry Goods Association gave a big dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York to leaders of the country's dress industry, an eight-hundred-million-dollar industry, by the way. And the dry goods magnates were unanimous in their enthusiasm for the code of fair practice they've drawn up. And they gave three cheers for General Johnson.

201. *James*
JOHNSON (follow NRA)

This happened just as General Johnson was announcing a complete shake-up in the organization of the NRA Administration. It is not only a change of officials, but also of policy. ~~and~~ *And* it promises plenty of fireworks. Up to now the energy of the NRA Administration has been concentrated on putting industry under codes. From now on, the principal job is going to be -- enforcing the codes. And that, of course, is the part of the job that causes the loudest uproar.

There is a good deal of speculation about the General's sudden trip to Miami the moment he had made public these changes. The supposition is that he will visit the President and talk things over. And this emphasizes the new change in the NRA from code-making to code-enforcement.

not. James

INCOME

Well, the income tax payers had a narrow escape today. They came within two votes of having to pay the ten per cent extra income tax next year. And that meant ten percent for everybody. Ten per cent flat.

The idea came from Senator Couzens of Detroit, who put in an amendment to the Revenue Bill for that ten per cent surtax. However, one-third of the senators ~~have~~ go up to the ~~ea~~ voters this year with a song and dance and the request, "Give us your kind applause." So the idea was beaten by a score of forty-six to forty-four. The amendment was thrown out.

Prof. James
G. Smith.

April 10, 1934.

PROFESSOR SMITH AND L.T.

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Some weeks ago Professor James G. Smith of Princeton, one of the distinguished younger economists, spoke ~~in~~ ^{into} this microphone and told us about the dangers of price-fixing. I ran into my economist friend at the Waldorf this afternoon, and brought him along tonight. He insists that he is not in the mood to make any speech. But I'll ask him a question or two, ~~something~~ that may interest all of ~~us~~ you.

Jim, Professor, I mean, what's the lowdown?

No, that isn't a good term to use in questioning a professor.

What I mean is, can anything be done to help the farmers of this country, and bring prosperity to them?

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PROF. SMITH:-

Lowell, the United States is now the greatest creditor nation in the world. There is a way to bring about a revival of prosperity, and a fairly permanent solution to the farm problem. We occupy a predominant position in international trade. If our government had the will and courage

IT could lead the way to international tariff reduction.

That would help bring world prosperity, solve our farm problem, and help both industry and labor.

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FOR L.T.:- But if we don't lead the way, then what, Professor?

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PROF. SMITH:- We will simply have to support the surplus farmer by a bounty. That's what we will have to do if we insist on keeping up high tariffs. So long as we have prohibitive tariffs it is as simple as ABC that we cannot buy enough from foreign countries to enable them to buy ~~ix~~ our surplus agricultural products.

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FOR L.T.:- That doesn't sound very cheerful.

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PROF. SMITH:- No, and as long as the nations of the world continue this mutually self-destructive economic war with tariffs and currency depression to disrupt trade, it will be necessary to give distressed farmers special help. ~~Was~~ Which means that city folks will have to foot the bill. And that bill gets bigger and bigger every day.

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FOR L.T.:-

So Professor Smith, the Princeton economist ~~feels~~ ^{feels} that tariffs must come down the whole world over and the ~~nations~~ ^{nations} must ~~be~~ put a stop to their currency wars.

STRIKE

Another labor dispute settled. Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor and N.R.A. Labor Assistant to General Johnson, has done a job that apparently has satisfied nearly everybody.

The strike of the workers who made ~~xxxx~~ motor parts brought out only fifty-four hundred men. The serious feature of it was that without the parts they made, automobile plants could not have continued to operate. So this settlement of the strike is more important than the mere figures would indicate.

However, the adjustment concerns only the skilled workers belonging to the American Federation of Labor. There is another strike in the offing, a strike of tool and die makers belonging to the Mechanics Educational Society, which has nothing to do with the A.F. of L.

Apparently it will be another job for Assistant Secretary McGrady, who is quite a two-fisted fellow. Once upon a time, he was a printer's press man, working on the old Boston Traveler. As a union man he got into politics and wound up in the Massachusetts Legislature. As a Democrat he was what Jim Farley calls one of the F. R. B. C. men:—"For Roosevelt Before the Convention".

It seems that back in those pre-convention days, Farley promised McGrady the job of Assistant Secretary of Labor. The Secretary, Frances Perkins, thought he was one of the American Federation of Labor's strong-arm men and she said to Mr. Farley: "Nothing doing, I'll not have him around." So Farley got McGrady appointed Assistant Administrator for the N.R.A. in charge of labor relations. In that capacity, it was up to him to help settle those strikes in the coal fields. The way he brought both sides together in that dispute struck observers as a great piece of labor diplomacy.

So at the next Cabinet meeting, Miss ~~px~~ Perkins called the Postmaster General aside and said: "I was mistaken about your friend, Mr. McGrady." And a few days later McGrady became her assistant. Personally, he is a large man, of powerful frame. Blunt of speech and firm of purpose, he is considered one of the ables men among the labor bigwigs today.

BAKER

Since Colonel Lindbergh refused to serve on the Committee that was to find out what was wrong with the Army Air Corps, we haven't heard much about that committee. But an announcement by Mr. Dern, the Secretary of War, shows that the investigation is very much alive.

Newton D. Baker, the War-time secretary of war, is to serve as Chairman and Colonel Lindbergh's place is to be taken by Major Jimmy Doolittle. These appointments are proof that the President and the Secretary of War are in earnest in their desire to give the Air Corps a thorough overhauling. People all over the country will be saying Newton D. Baker and Jimmy Doolittle know their stuff.

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LaGUARDIA

It would seem that the sprightly Mr. LaGuardia is not only ~~the~~ Mayor of New York, but also a Mayor of art. A few weeks ago he opened the Municipal Art Show in the R.C.A. Building at Rockefeller Center, [—]~~—~~ one thousand canvases, a mile of pictures. That pictorial mile was hardly off the walls, when the Mayor opened another show, the biggest in the world. It represents art from thirty states. It's a "no jury" show, meaning that anybody's picture ~~was~~ ^{is} accepted.

The canvases are hung everywhere, five thousand of them. One observer describes the vast picture gallery as resembling a completely filled stamp album. More than ten thousand people crowded into the R.C.A. Building last night. It looks as if New York's Mayor of Art were bent on emulating that other great art patron. Well, Fiorello LaGuardia and Lorenzo di Medici have a certain resemblance of sound.

Mc DOWELL

It was not until the dramatic passing of William W. McDowell, Uncle Sam's Minister to the Irish Free States, that the world at large learned what a colorful figure he really had been. With his going we lose one of the last of the two-fisted Westerners. In the turbulent days of Montana mining, when Marcus Daly and F. Augustus Heinze were at each other's throats, McDowell was one of Daly's principal lieutenants.

In that lusty state almost everybody who is anybody is in politics. McDowell was Speaker of the Montana House, Lieutenant-Governor, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee and a close friend of that stout fighter, the late Senator Walsh.

He had known President DeValera several years and a sad feature of his passing is that his appointment as Minister to Dublin fulfilled a cherished ambition.

So the state function at Dublin, at which this tragic event occurred, was an expression of the close personal friendship between the President of the Irish Free State and Uncle Sam's Minister.

It was characteristic of McDowell that the first words

of his speech and the last words he ever spoke were, "Out in Montana we call Butte, Little Ireland." The word "Ireland" was hardly out of his mouth before he slumped over.

Yet Mr. McDowell was not of Irish but of Scotch-Irish descent; and the spectacle of a Scotch-Irishman as Minister to the Irish Free State was, to say the least, unusual.

It was barely a week ago that Mr. McDowell almost precipitated an international incident for Uncle Sam. That was the episode of presenting his credentials. The orthodox thing for him to have done as a diplomat was to have handed them first to the Governor-General as representative of King George. But the rugged Montana miner-rancher knew little of the diplomatic niceties and considered principally that deValera was an old friend of his. So he made his first bow to him. Then made his speech to him and died as he began.

LEDGER

A newspaperman cannot comment on the passing of a great paper without a tinge of sadness. After next Sunday, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the morning Ledger, will be no more. On Monday this morning Ledger will be merged with the famous Philadelphia Inquirer.

The good old Ledger was one of the oldest and greatest of American newspapers. To have been a Ledger man was always considered among reporters and editors a certificate of ability.

The name will not pass out of existence. The Evening Public Ledger, which Cyrus H. K. Curtiss founded after buying the morning paper, will continue as before.

And let's pay a newspaper man's tribute to a great editor who has just passed - James Kearney of the Trenton Times and Gazette.

PORTRAIT

There's one point on which even the strongest-minded man is helpless against his womenfolk. That is, on the subject of his portrait. However much you may like or approve of a photograph or painting that you have sat for, if the Little Woman doesn't like it, it's out! And vice versa. If you hate the sight of it, and she likes it, it's your picture whether you think so or not.

And the President of the United States is no exception. A lady artist painted a portrait of Mr. Roosevelt but omitted the famous Roosevelt smile. The President objected. He didn't like that unsmiling canvas.

But yesterday his wife and his mother inspected the work and both Mrs. Franklin D. and Mrs. Sara D. gave it an emphatic okay. Said his mother;- "I like it better without the smile." Said the First Lady of the Land:- "It's dignified and eminently suitable for hanging in the White House."

And so, Mr. President, that's that, that's final evidently, and so long until tomorrow.