

Yes, we've all said it.

~~YOU'VE SAID IT. WE'VE ALL SAID IT.~~

Every so often a public man speaks up with a voice that seems to be our own voice, and makes a public statement that seems to echo our own thoughts. That's one reflection to be made about the President's statement today.

As the Chief Executive of the land, he has added his own official word to the proceedings concerning the Morro Castle disaster. Mr. Roosevelt calls for Congress to pass legislation for the fireproofing of ships, forbidding passenger steamers to have those wooden interiors.

Yes, that does echo the thought of many of us -- the opinion that the appalling sweep of the Morro Castle flames was to be laid to the elaborate interior decorations, wood

and paint, and curtains, hangings, tapestries, drapes, which are the present-day vogue in floating palaces.

The trend of the investigation seems to show that had the superstructure of the doomed ship been mostly of steel, no lives would have been lost.

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Today's testimony merely adds to the conflicting stories of mismanagement and of breakdown in the face of fire.

This was sharply indicated when Chief Radio Operator Rogers told that he had received no cooperation from the officers when sending out radio distress signals. They didn't tell him to. He did it on his own. ^{TP} That's a familiar melancholy detail in ship disasters -- the delay, the lack of swift decision in sending out distress messages.

And Chief Radio Operator Rogers continued with a statement about the Assistant Radio operator, George Alagna, who is under arrest as a material witness. Operator Rogers declared that Captain Wilmott who died before the fire had ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ distrusted Alagna. And this is to be

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added to previous reports that Alagna had caused trouble on the trip and was to be discharged from his job as soon as the Morro Castle docked.

The testimony is piling up with a confusion of surmises, opinions, and clear facts, such as the chief engineer's testimony -- almost as surprising -- that when he saw the fire on deck he didn't return to the engine room, but jumped in a life boat with a lot of the sailors, and fled.

STRIKE

Let's try to recreate a picture of the strike battle in Rhode Island today -- great bulking factory buildings, dingy streets of the workmens' quarter, the milling crowds with the strikers pickets in the forefront, the deputies, state police, and khaki-clad soldiers standing on guard. That's the common beginning of almost every story in strike disturbances. The mood gets uglier, the crowd uneasy, hostile. Then the overt act in some haphazard way, perhaps a sudden fight between two men or the throwing of a stone. And then -- the battle is on.

There has been forty hours of street fighting in that Rhode Island clash. Today the National Guardmen, hard-pressed, fired a volley as if in regular war. But they fired over the heads of the strikers. Yet, all the shooting was not so harmless. Some of it in dead earnest. Sporadic shooting in various places, and five strikers and sympathizers went down. One was a seventy-three-year-old-woman. And, the State Police tossed five hundred teargas bombs in trying to quell the mob. The casualties were those five shot down, and ninety strikers injured in the hand-to-hand battling. Among the soldiers and police defending the

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mills, twenty-eight men were hurt.

The strikers cut the telephone wires and electric cables. They flooded the streets by opening the fire hydrants. The police explained the hottest encounter ^{that} ~~with the~~ crashing of shots and the bursting of tear-gas bombs, by saying that the strikers were trying to set fire to the mills.

The cur^{se} of violence in the textile strike seems to take this form:- First, ^{rising} ~~cross~~ high with a flare of battle and death in the Southern textile areas. ^{Then} ~~is~~ quieting down in the South; ~~and~~ now ~~is~~ blazing high in New England.

MUNITIONS

The Senate Munitions Investigation in Washington features a great name today -- a name historic in connection with explosives, those potent chemicals that are the power behind the bullet, the propulsion behind the shell. Well, the Du Pont family began to manufacture explosives all the way back to their original ancestor, a Frenchman who dates **to** the time of the Revolutionary War.

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But the ~~Dux~~ Du Pont brothers whose firm has dealt with the chemistry of war for one hundred and thirty years have been saying loudly that they make more money in peace time than in war. ~~and that's a reflection of the gains of explosion in the ordinary work of the civilized world.~~

The real munitions ructions right now, are occurring not in Washington, but in other countries that are being mentioned in the Senate investigation. I suppose there are reasons of state why the various governments should not want their armament purchases discussed at the hearings -- but there are reasons of graft also. The testimony so far, has drawn out plenty of unsavory details about the commissions and rake-offs ^{given to} ~~the~~ officials of ^{other} governments buying armaments.

~~involved~~ ^{That} especially ^{concerns} ~~with respect to~~ the Latin American countries. ~~is~~

For example, there's Argentina, ~~and~~ The testimony in Washington is that Argentine military ~~committee~~ sent to buy war materials were financially rewarded for placing orders with certain companies.

~~The money paid by American firms as baksheesh and the letters that have been made public telling of the excessively corrupt conditions under which American firms have been selling armament, ~~and~~ raising all sorts of ructions in capital cities in this hemisphere, and in the Old World too. Small wonder government officials abroad are protesting violently against the investigation, protesting for reasons of state -- for personal reasons of graft.~~

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But it won't make any difference. The hearing will go on, ~~and~~ let the protests fall where they may.

This was decided in a conference between Chairman Nye of the Investigating Committee and Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

Meanwhile the Disarmament Conference at Geneva is talking about ^a~~the~~ big session to do something ^{concerning all these} ~~about the~~ revelations ~~made~~ in Washington. And in London it's common gossip that the leaders of the British Labor Party are going to arise in Parliament and demand a British ^{munitions probe} ~~investigation of~~ ~~British munitions firms~~, similar to the one we are having over here.

Van
Zandt.

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INTRO TO VAN ZANDT

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There are two men who probably know more about what's going on in this country and what people are thinking than almost any one ^{else.} I mean the National Commanders of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Commander Van Zandt of the latter organization, the Veterans, has just completed a visit to every state in the Union. And now he's in the East making final arrangements for this year's national convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, ~~to~~ to be held at Louisville, Kentucky, the week of September 30 to October 5th. ^{TP} I have just been talking to him on the long distance telephone and he has been telling me about the coming Louisville convention. So far, ninety-seven musical ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ organizations, bands and drum corps have signed up, to attend. They are expecting between thirty-five thousand and fifty thousand delegates. ^{Uncle Sam's} ~~the~~ Army is sending a squadron of crack pursuit planes from Selfridge Field. The Marine Corps ~~is~~ ^{another} ~~squadron~~ ^{squadron} from Quantico.

Commander Jimmy Van Zandt is in front of the mike, ^{in New York} in my regular studio in the RCA building [^] tonight. I happen

to be many miles away, but I'm going to switch over to New York now, just for a moment and ask the National Commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars to answer one question. Are you all set Jimmy? Here it is: -- "In your rambles up and down America, how do things look? Are they any better or any worse than a year ago? How about it, Commander Van Zandt?"

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I could write a book an answer to your question, Lowell. But I will only take thirty seconds. The veterans feel a lot happier because a year ago they were getting nothing. You'll remember that the Spanish-American War Veterans had their pensions taken away; but the last Congress restored seventy percent. And that cheered them up a lot. The same is true concerning the World War veterans. As for conditions in general, I have just visited all of the forty-eight states. People seem happier, and they certainly are spending a lot more money. Among business men from coast to coast I heard the same refrain: "Everything will be okay provided the President doesn't interfere too much with private business." You hear that everywhere.

And by the way, all you Veterans remember that tomorrow is General Pershing's birthday. He is seventy-four. It is also the tenth anniversary of his retirement from the Army. So let's all wish a happy birthday to our wartime Commander-in-Chief and as they are saying over in Paris: "Vive le General Pershing".

The triumvirate of the N. R. A. ~~seems to be~~ shaping ^{ed} up this way -- General Johnson as the executive head, Miss Frances Perkins as the legislative head, and the judicial leadership will probably fall to Donald Richberg, who is now counsel to the N. R. A., and is said to be the author of the new three-fold arrangement.

Many of us ~~have been~~ ^{are} impressed by the ~~interesting~~ analogy -- that the N. R. A., like the Government, is now divided into three branches, ~~the~~ executive, ~~the~~ legislative, ~~and the~~ judicial. ~~Yes, the N. R. A. is now has~~ ^Q a three-fold form, like that of the ^{Federal} Government, ^Q and that suggestive analogy tends to make the N. R. A. seem like a kind of Government in itself, an industrial Government, alongside of the political Government in Washington. ^P Anyway, it's all set for the present. Next June it will ~~be~~ be a problem again, when the present term of life of the N. R. A. expires, and comes up for renewal.

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The surprising thing in Louisiana is not so much that the Kingfish won in the primaries, but the showing he made in the big city. New Orleans has been the red-hot center of opposition to Huey ~~Long's~~ political machine, and its people were supposed to be dead set against him. Nevertheless, Huey's candidates for Congress actually ran ahead in the city proper. [¶] The New Orleans vote was about evenly ~~split~~ ^{divided} with the Kingfish forces having slightly the better of it. And, of course, outside ~~of~~ the city, the ~~Long~~ Long machine swept the Louisiana parishes. [¶] The upshot of it all is that the Kingfish is more kingly than ever, and perhaps a bit less fishy. With even the city of New Orleans voting in his favor, Louisiana is his private fish-pond. It now remains to be seen how hard he will drive at what he calls "conditions of vice and crime in New Orleans."

RACE

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Cavalry. All you horse enthusiasts.

They had a big time in England this afternoon. The three things that solid Britain takes most seriously are the King, The Empire and horse racing. And today the jockeys rode the galloping ponies in the Saint Leger Stakes, one of England's major racing classics. And the winner is Windsor Lad. And as Windsor Lad also won the Derby, today's victory makes him England's greatest horse.

And it also makes an Indian Maharajah, England's greatest horseman. The Maharajah of Rajpipla, the wealthy prince of India who owns Windsor Lad, is the toast tonight of England's hosed millions.

The Maharajah of Rajpipla is the ruler of a kingdom not far from Bombay, with powers of life and death over a quarter of a million people. He speaks perfect English and plays polo. And when he's in England, he lives next door to the King's own Windsor castle.

They tell a story of how the Maharajah of Rajpipla at the Derby, met a sprightly New Yorker named Jerry Maguire.

They were quite a couple of pals, and when the trip was over, Jerry Maguire said to Rajpipla, "Raj, when you're in New York, come up and see me sometime."

In due time, the Monarch of Rajpipla did visit New York and started to look up Jerry Maguire. There were scores of Maguires in the New York Telephone book. Everybody he met knew somebody named Maguire. There were just too many Maguires. So, after three months search, the Maharajah of Rajpipla gave an exhausted "pip pip" and went home to Rajpipla.

Reports have come from Italy of how the Fascists are glorifying a new kind of martyr, an up-to-date version of the heroism of a man who gives his life for a cause. Athletic martyrdom is what you'd call it, an athlete sacrificing himself to the game he is playing.

The flare and furor is odd enough for us to go into the story of the athlete-martyr. As we learn about it now, there was a mountain climbing competition between two Black Shirt militia legions. Both outfits were climbing a difficult peak of the Apennines, each trying to reach the topmost summit first. Each legion had a pace-maker, a picked Black Shirt who took the lead and set a strenuous pace for his comrades.

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And the next thing you know the competition between the two companies turned into a personal duel between the two pace-makers. They battled it out between themselves in a desperate scramble up the steep slopes of the mountain. They out-distanced their comrades, and only thought of the individual race between themselves. Hour after hour, the

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two mountaineering duelists trudged upward along steep trails and scaled rocky cliffs. Neither could gain. They were neck ~~to~~ ^{and} neck. Then as they were approaching the top one man grew weak and ill. He had to stop. The other Black Shirt, named DiValero, kept on triumphantly. Then, within a few feet of the topmost pinnacle of the mountain, he fell unconscious, and died. His heart had failed him under the tremendous strain.

That's the story which has the Italian Fascists glorifying a new cult of heroism, an athlete who falls a martyr to his game.

Yes, women do like to talk -- even in China. They talk too much to suit one Chinese war lord. In fact, they have talked themselves out of a job.

It appears that women have long been employed by various Chinese armies for various duties in intelligence work. Naturally they hear a lot, and what they hear they tell -- at least so says the Chinese war lord, General Chen Chi Tang.

So many of his military secrets have been made public by the girls in the office, that now he has issued an order forbidding employment of any women in his ~~organization~~ *military organization.*

A woman will talk. She may talk a blue streak without stopping for fifteen minutes, just rattling away. Of course no man would do that. *Oh no!* And with that virtuous, self-righteous expression, I'll say, --SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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