

L.S. - SUNOCO, FRIDAY, SEPT. 28, 1934.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Things political have been simmering in Spain this week, next week they'll be boiling over. The Spanish Parliament meets on Monday for a new session, and the lawmakers in the land of the senoritas will begin handling large quantities of the touchiest kind of dynamite. The most violent sort of political agitation has intensified a situation, that might easily blow up. The Socialists have been conducting a fiery left wing campaign. The Fascists are just as fiery, on the right wing. And right in between the two, ex-king Alfonso has tossed a political bomb, by sending an open letter calling upon his supporters to rally and strike hard both to the right and left. Of course the former monarch is of the opinion that the salvation of Spain lies neither in a Socialist commonwealth, nor in a Fascist dictatorship, but in a return to monarchy, the crown and a throne.

In addition to these larger and more general movements, the Spanish Parliament will face a smaller but thornier problem in the familiar, Catalonain question. We have heard plenty of how the province of Catalonia is demanding

more and more independence. Right now the Catalans have a large degree of autonomy, with a president of their own, although he is supposed to take orders from the President of Spain.

The latest word is a flare-up between the two presidents. The Catalonian government, in the course of some argument or other, has deposed six judges appointed by the authorities at Madrid. The President of Spain thought that was going too far. So he sent orders to the President of Catalonia saying:- "You can't fire those judges. You'll have to take them back." And the President of Catalonia has responded with open defiance. He not only sent a sharp letter, but had the letter published in the newspapers before the letter went to the President of Spain.

"Dear Sir:- We have fired the judges and they'll stay fired. Yours truly." That's what the President of Catalonia wrote to the President of Spain.

BASEBALL

Yes, the chickens do come home to roost, in baseball as in other things. The sports writers in the newspapers are recalling how Manager Bill Terry of the Giants made a scathing wise crack when the season began. Somebody happened to mention the Brooklyn team in Bill's presence.

"Brooklyn", snarled Bill, "are they still in the league?" That was a deadly insult which has rankled in the soul of Brooklyn ever since.

All baseball fans know the dizzy crisis in the National League pennant race, with the battling, battering St. Louis Cards surging ahead so fast in a last minute spurt that they are only half a game behind the Giants.

The Giants have two games left to play, and they'll have to win them both or their chances of getting into the World's Series are mighty slim.

The political battle of the New Deal seems to be turning into a battle of books. A little while ago we heard about ex-President Hoover's book in which he scorches the idea of regimentation. In several preliminary chapters published in the Saturday Evening Post, Mr. Hoover outlined his philosophy of private initiative as opposed to the regimentation of business under the control of Government.

And now comes along a book in reply, by Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace and called - "New Frontiers." An advanced section of the volume is published in today's issue of Collier's Weekly.

The Wallace book quite naturally stands in direct contradiction of the Hoover book. It concentrates on the same problem the-relation of government and business.

The Secretary of Agriculture remarks that business men are continually talking about the dangers of government interference with business. "As a matter of fact" answers the Secretary, "certain kinds of business are so inefficient they would die without tariff protection."

He then points a reverse picture, not of Government interference with business, but of business interfering with government. "Certain kinds of business", he says, "Have always been up to their necks in government." Then he adds:- "Of course, businessmen are not alone in this. Farm and labor organizations are also doing their best to get ahold of government power for their own purposes."

There's a direct clash of arguments in the battle of the books.

I am in Detroit tonight, at a big convention of Sunoco dealers. The place is packed with the men who are responsible for purveying to us the gas that drives our cars. There is a spirit of joviality here but I hope that things don't get as jovial for me tonight as they did for Elliott Roosevelt, the President's son, in New York.

I have just heard that Elliott Roosevelt was initiated into a rollicking good fellowship called the Circus Saints and Sinners, which gathers regularly at the Gotham Hotel in New York. At the festive board the President's son was solemnly posing for a photograph, or thought he was. As the shutter clicked, a shower of dried peas deluged the young man whose folks live in the White House. I hope, they haven't any dried peas around here, ready to come pouring down on my head.

Then Elliott Roosevelt was condemned to do a hula-hula dance, and he did. Dressed in a Polynesian dress skirt, he shook and shimmied in wild South Sea abandon. I only expect these Sunoco dealers don't expect me to do a hula-hula.

The proceedings then continued with Martin Johnson,

the gentleman from Africa, who led in a savage African warrior
and four African hunting leopards called cheetahs. Well, it's
different around here. I don't see any barbaric Berserk warriors
present, or any cheetahs. A sunoco dealer is never a cheetah.

The moral of the N. R. A. shake-up in Washington seems to be -- the quiet fellow wins. General Johnson was the big basedrum, Donald Richberg the silent worker. And now, after the shoving and pushing is over, Donald Richberg emerges as the most powerful figure in the government, next to the President. He stands at the head of two of the three new N. R. A. boards, the National Recovery Board, and the Industrial Policy committee. That puts him second only to the President in authority over the affairs of the nation. It is indicative and characteristic of the times in which we are living that the real power and influence is not considered as lying with the older type of political official, like the Secretary of State, or War, or of the Interior, but with the newer functionary who controls government relations with industry and business.

As the Chief of both the National Recovery Board and the N. R. A. Policy Committee, Donald Richberg will run things in collaboration with the other members. These members include Cabinet officers such as Secretary Ickes of the Interior and Miss Perkins, Secretary of Labor -- also Harry Hopkins, Federal Relief

Administrator, But according to the way things go to Washington nowadays, the man who directs a committee really runs the show. Above Richberg stand the President as the final "yes" or "no" man when any critical decision is made. In a formal way this makes President Roosevelt himself the successor to General Johnson as head of the N. R. A.

Of these two N. R. A. boards which the President has named, one will have an executive function, a sort of routine general all-around task of running things -- everything that goes with the word "executive". The policy board will have the task of considering new ideas, studying trends, passing on innovations -- the board of strategy idea.

The third board is the judicial which will act as a kind of court on N. R. A. disputes. Members have not yet been named.

As for General Johnson, he's locked in a skyscraper office in New York, smoking cigarettes by the dozens and writing words by the thousand. He's a budding author now, engaged in the literary toil of writing a book about himself, his work, his

career, his policies, his opinions. He's driving with all his Johnsonian explosive energy through the bulky task of hammering out several hundred pages. Of course, the sooner he gets out the book, the more timely, the hotter, it will be. I suppose ripping the pages out one after another at a buzzing breakneck speed is the kind of superheated activity congenial to ~~his~~ that bundle of bursting energy known as General Hugh Johnson, formerly of the cavalry.

CHERRY SISTERS

If among the Sunoco dealers present there is a stage door Johnny who date s back to the nineties, I wish he'd help me tell this story. What, no stage ~~Johnny~~ Johnnys? Oh, I see, none ~~of~~ that go back to the nineties.

Anyway, the Cherry Sisters are staging a comeback. Remember the Cherry Sisters? I'll bet Max Leister does and so does Guy Pierce. They were the reigning sensation forty years ago. Everybody admitted that the Cherry Sisters put on the world's worst vaudeville act. They used to sing and dance behind an iron screen to protect them from the showers of over-ripe tomatoes and eggs with which audiences always applauded them. They had a grand tableau, "Americy, Cuby and Spain", in which Effie Cherry contributed "Three Cheers for the Railroad Boys", and Addie Cherry contributed " ta ra ra ra boom de ay", while the Audience contributed a barrage of tomatoes and eggs. The Cherry Sisters could have lived on tomatoe and egg sandwiches, only the tomatoes were so soft and the eggs were so smelly.

And now they're making their come-back in Chicago, and their melodious finale, which always drew the biggest

bombardment, is the same as ever:-

"Cherrys ripe, cherry red.

Cherries show we're still ahead."

They were peaches of long ago, sugar plums, the
Cherry Sisters.

For details, see your grandfathers. And so long
until Monday.