

L. T. - Sunoco - Fri. Sept. 4, 1936

Labor Day this year will have a double meaning. It falls on this coming Monday, And tomorrow, Saturday, we'll witness the greatest showdown in the history of American labor. A million and a quarter union men will step out of the ranks of the American Federation of Labor tomorrow -- unless they surrender in the meanwhile, which they are most unlikely to do.

(A month ago, the A. F. of L. staged that trial for mutiny, and returned a verdict of "guilty" against John Lewis and twelve unions that rallied to his leadership. This group, the C. I. O., was given thirty days to make ^{its} submission. If, at the end of that time, they were still rebellious, they would be automatically expelled.

The thirty days is up tomorrow. There has been not the faintest sign of weakening on the Lewis side.) So the ranks of Labor will be formally and definitely split apart -- two days -- unless something happens tonight -- a last before Labor Day this year. Add the further coincidence that this war of the workers occurs in the presidential year - and the accent of portentous meaning is complete. What will it mean to union labor to be thus divided into opposing camps? What

minute compromise.

will it mean politically? Questions to be asked, this weekend
of Labor Day.

Tomorrow business men will be studying the results of the unemployment survey made by the NEW YORK SUN. The SUN, after a nationwide check and cross check, finds that there are many ~~fewer~~ fewer people without jobs than is generally believed. The figures show three and a half million out of work in ~~the~~ industry and trade. Of course there ~~is~~ may be unemployed in other categories, but the SUN figures provide quite a contrast to the frequently mentioned ten or a dozen million unemployed.

The N.Y. Sun comes out tomorrow with a 48 page special edition tomorrow containing information of vital importance to the country ;

Now let's take a look at those two ~~great pals~~ ^{gentlemen who} ~~are rivals for one of the highest offices on Earth.~~ ^{are rivals for one of the highest offices on Earth.}
~~those two whole-hearted buddies.~~ One dedicated a bridge

at Hannibal, Missouri, today. The other is back in Kansas, getting ready for ^a Labor Day address to the Kansas Legion at Wichita.

They're still saying nice things about each other. You'd almost think they might vote for each other.

Today's summing up of yesterday's big time political personality act shows both Democrats and Republicans unanimous. Both sides agree that President Roosevelt won. And both sides agree that Governor Landon won. In the great non-partisan drought conference and campaign love feast, each of the rival standard bearers played his part faultlessly.

There's high praise for the Roosevelt showmanship and the famous F. D. R. gift of charm. The President, naturally enough, is always the center of attention. And nobody can occupy the spotlight with more good-fellow geniality than Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Just to prove this, let's take another look at the

things the President is quoted as having said to his rival for the White House. Twice, in talking to Governor Landon, he bowed smilingly to the possibility that ^{Mr.} Landon might be elected and ~~his own self~~ ^{that he himself be} defeated. Once he said: "Well, Governor, however this comes out, we'll see more of each other. Either you come to see me, or I'll come to see you." The stately colonial pillars of the White House were visioned in that. Then again the President wisecracked, as fisherman to fisherman: "Alf," he exclaimed, "if you succeed me in Washington, don't forget there's lots of fishing down ~~in~~ the Potomac." All of which was exceedingly graceful -- the Roosevelt charm.

On the other side, Alf Landon played his part just as perfectly. His unassuming simplicity was never seen better than at Des Moines yesterday. He took the attitude that the center of the stage ~~is~~ belonged -- and always belongs -- to the President of the United States. He himself stuck rigorously to the attitude that he was just a member ~~of a~~ non-partisan drought conference. He wasn't there ~~as~~ as a

candidate, but merely as Governor of Kansas among other governors. He kept out of the glare of public attention as ~~far~~ much as he could, and devoted himself to the serious business of the conference -- expounding his ideas of how to help the stricken farmers.

Afterward, he declared he believed it had been a productive conference. And concerning his campaign rival, the President, he said: "I found him very fine -- a charming gentleman."

Today word has been leaking out of what transpired behind the closed conference doors. The proceedings were secret, but you know how secrets have a way of quickly becoming known all over the place.

One report is that during the drought discussion, high praise was paid to Governor Landon for the ~~work~~ work he has been doing to help the drought sufferers in Kansas, and the praise came from the most hard-boiled of the New Dealers -- ~~like~~ Harry Hopkins, Administrator of the W. P. A., and Robert Fechner, Director of the C. C. C.

So the rival candidates had a love feast yesterday,
and today we've been learning more and more how lovely it was.

An explorer has dropped in on me this evening, an explorer who has flirted with death, had more close calls, than almost anyone I know. We sometimes hear it said that if an explorer has adventures he's not a good explorer -- because he should anticipate ^{them} emergencies, and avoid close calls. However, anyone who spends many years roaming around in the tropics is bound to flirt with death.

Before we go on with the news let's hear Gregory Mason tell about some experience that might have prevented you hearing his voice tonight -- some experience, Greg, when you were in the Central or South American jungles, for the American Museum. I ought to mention first that Mr. Gregory Mason is a professor of anthropology at Hunter College, and his career of adventure includes magazine editing, ^{writing many books,} and considerable fame as a war correspondent before he began exploring.

Mr. Mason, just off hand, can you ^{recall} ~~think of~~ a narrow escape?

MR. MASON: (Laugh or chuckle) If you insist, Lowell, I guess I can't get out of it. Would you prefer

headhunters,
~~adventures with~~ sharks, a hurricane, a crocodile, or what?

L. T.: Make it a crocodile.

Mr. Mason: We were collecting birds for the American Museum, at Cayo Grande, an atoll off Yucatan. There's

madness in the air of Cayo Grande. Two weeks there and you'd

L.T.: - What were you doing there? Mr. M.!
be a lunatic. [^] I was after some long-legged birds called

"stilts." We were in a mangrove swamp. To get one bird I

had shot I swung out through the brances^h, and was about to

put my foot down on a log. The tree I was hanging to was

only about three inches in Diameter. Glancing down at the log

to which I was about to step I noticed a knot that looked a

- sort of winked in a slimy way.
bit queer[^] Looking closer I saw that it was the eye of an

eighteen-foot crocodile. Swinging back to another tree I

called to my companion to hand me a shot-f gun. Pushing in

two shells I let the "croc" have them both. There was an

explosion in the pool under me as though a volcano had cut

loose and with one vicious sweep of that powerful, armored

tail the "croc" slashed off the mangrove tree I had been

holding to a moment before. If I hadn't noticed something funny about that knot, the knot that turned out to be a crocodile's eye, I guess I wouldn't be here.

L. T.: Saved by an eyelash. That certainly was a close call, Greg. I wish we could hear more of your adventures. You ought to be on the air with a series of stories about ^{all} your close calls. ^{Now} Let's see if there are any in the news. Yes, here's one:-

AIR RACE

Imagine that you ~~were~~^{are} flying ⁱⁿ an air race and suddenly the plane ~~explodes~~ and you ~~were tossed~~^{are hurled} out of it, ~~(right out into open space!~~ ~~hurled)~~ Imagine how you'd feel. I don't know how Joe Jacobson felt today, but I know what he did. He ^{simply} pulled the rip cord of his parachute and floated safely to earth. That plane exploding and going to pieces in the air was the high spot of the Bendix Trophy Race today. *Wm Warner seems to be in the lead.*

Then try and imagine how you'd feel if a trap door of the cock-pit of your plane came open; Knocked about by the violent blast of the wind, and it was a hard struggle before you could get it shut. That happened in the race to Amelia Earhart, and spoiled any chance she might have had ~~to~~ of winning. Aviation ^{piled thrill on thrill} ~~thrills piled on~~ today, with an English society woman out over ^{a stormy} ~~the~~ ocean tonight in a Trans-Atlantic flight, Mrs. Beryl Markham, a young matron of the London elite. She wants to be the first woman to fly the ^{North} Atlantic East to West.

And at London the two round-trippers are waiting to take off again:— Harry Richman, the Broadway troubadour, and his pilot, Dick Merrill, who flew to London for the first half of an oceanic round trip. ^{They} are getting ready to fly back to New York.

SPAIN

The boundary between Spain and France is in a general way the Pyrenees Mountains, running from East to West. At the extreme West the precise boundary is the Bidassoa River, which flows into the Bay of Biscay. Near the mouth of the river is the city of Irun, important as a customs station and a point of transit for tourists to enter Spain. It's likewise an outlet to the sea. This geographical position accounts for the bitter way that Irun has been fought for, and it explains the events of the last savage battle, reported today.

As an outlet to the sea, ^{Irun is} ~~it~~ of vital importance to

the Rebels, who hold Northern Spain and must control the coast, ^{on the}

^{Bay of Biscay,}

[^] Two places there have been held by government troops, Irun and

San Sebastian, which is some miles further to the West. So the

Rebel capture of Irun today stands as one of their most important

successes, and enables them to sweep along in powerful force

to San Sebastian, which they are doing right now.

^{Irun's}
~~The town's~~

[^] position on the French border made it

impossible for the rebels to surround it. France is just across

the narrow Bidassoa River. There's an international bridge. So

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the Rebels couldn't starve the town out, and the Red defenders of Irun always had a way to escape into France. That's why there was no surrender. The non-combatant population fled across the river, so did a large part of the radical workmen defenders - when the hour of doom struck. The socialist, communist and anarchist leaders did likewise. So the bitter ~~end~~ ^{the end, to the} struggle to [^]death today, was fought by a mere handful of the most desperate of the Left Wing fighters - a few hundred out of an original garrison of ten thousand.

No quarter was given to the radicals, none expected. The defenders of Irun had shot hostages. One story tells of the shooting of the monks of a Benedictine Monastery, their bodies in white robes, left where they fell. Another story tells how the rebels found the bodies of two priests crucified. So (it was a merciless fight to the last gasp, as the Moorish troops, the Foreign Legion, and Fascist volunteers stormed into Irun today, fighting from house to house, killing the defenders in each house. Tanks and armored cars leading the way, machine guns, hand grenades and bayonets doing the mopping

up. The city in flames, a city of the dead.

At the last minute, a party of maddened Left Wingers staged a wild counter-attack and captured the Spanish side of the International bridge. But they had no chance ^{of} holding out. The rebel ^{Fascist} victory at Irun is complete.) So ends the long and bitter siege that has been in the news day after day and has been a fearful example of all the relentless ferocity of the Spanish Civil War.

While the rebels were storming to victory and tightening their coils around the Left Wing Madrid Government -- that same government was making a change. The Left Wing flies ^{still further} ~~more~~ to the left in Madrid. A new Premier is in power in the war haunted Spanish Capitol tonight, Largo Caballero, leader of the Extreme Socialist party, apostle of the deepest Marxian red. They call him -- the Spanish Stalin. The new ministers include six Socialists, and two Communists. For weeks there have been rumors that the government of Premier Giral Periera was about to fall. The Extremists were dissatisfied, thought the government had not taken sufficiently forceful measures,

shouted it was too moderate -- only slightly pink.

So tonight with rebellion flaming about him, the sixty-seven year old Stalin of Spain is in power. Sixty-seven is rather an advanced age for a Stalin to begin.

END

In the daily heap of letters the mail man brings, I find a couple of communications that are worth thinking about. One letter concerns watches. But the other is about kisses. Watches are an excellent means of telling the time, and I suppose kisses are a good way to pass the time.

It seems like a foolish thing to say: "We carry watches in our pockets or wear wrist watches, but isn't there some other way to wear or carry a watch?" ^SYes[^], there used to be other ways. When portable time pieces were first invented, they were shaped like an egg and were carried in saddle bags by horsemen. Then they were worn around the neck, in necklace fashion.

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A time piece expert, ^{a certain Mr,} ~~W. S.~~ Schwab of the Omega-Watch Company, writes me that right now a fortune awaits the person who will think up a new way to wear a watch. The time piece trade reaped a golden bonanza when the wrist watch idea flashed. Since then they've tried ring watches for the fingers, but that's impracticable. "A ring," says ^{he} ~~the Omega man,~~ requires too tiny a time piece."

One ingenious individual comes up with the notion that there's no part of your body more constantly within the range of your eye-sight than your feet. So why couldn't you wear a watch conveniently on the tip of your shoe? But that would hardly do for subway strap hangers - or for the ladies with whom I dance. Anyway they're sure that somebody sooner or later

will think of a new way to wear a watch.

The world of railroading is watching for somebody to find a way to stop all that kissing. It's delaying the trains.

I have a letter from a New England Blue Sunoco dealer, who

passes along the complaint of a conductor on the ~~B. & M.~~ ^{Boston + Maine}

The Sunday evening train was late, and the conductor explained it this way. "All them people kissing on the platform -- that's why we're late. Families on vacation, and some of them going back to town. When the train pulls in they start kissing each other goodbye. I holler "all aboard", but it's just a signal for more kissing. That's why the Sunday train is late.

Kissing on Sunday, and I'll say --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY