

P. L. - Sunoco. Thurs., Nov. 15, 1934.

SPAIN

A new and singular personality comes into the limelight, the Spanish limelight. He's in jail, has been in jail ever since the Spanish revolution was beaten down. And now they are putting him on trial, and an amazing series of facts and accusations have been made public.

They all concern the supplies ^{of} ~~and~~ ammunition the Spanish rebels had. The Red radical insurgents were surprisingly well armed. Where did they ~~get~~ all the rifles, machine guns and cartridges? That question has been simmering for weeks. It brought forth one curious tale, which we heard a little while ago - the story of the gun-running ship loaded with weapons for Portuguese revolutionaries. But the gun-runners couldn't land their cargo. The Portuguese authorities were too vigilant. They were ~~xxx~~ up against it - when suddenly revolution flamed in northern Spain. And the gun-runners had a sudden easy market.

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the insurgent parties a rich and ready market for guns and munitions. So, plunging heavily into the armament business, he made ready to supply the coming demand. But he didn't keep his storehouse of weapons in Spain, where it might have been dangerous. He piled up his secret armament supplies next door, in Portugal. This was all the more ^{intelligent,} ~~dangerous,~~ because he knew of a revolutionary plot in Portugal. And he might have a Portuguese market for his guns. So it is reasonable to ask - "Was it one of his gun-running ships that could not land her cargo in Portugal, when revolution flared in northern Spain?"

But who is this arch Machiavellian of armament selling? He is quite a well known figure, a Spanish notable of finance. His name is Echevarrieta, renowned as a multi-millionaire of the Spanish export business. He jumped into ^{the} financial limelight during the World War, when he reaped a fortune of twenty-five million dollars out of wartime exports. The next major turn in his career came with the depression. He lost heavily. ~~His~~ financial disaster staggered him! ~~What~~ the World War gave, the world depression took away. Since then ~~next~~ he has been trying desperately to recoup his losses. He saw his chance, or thought he did, in the revolutionary troubles that

were brewing - a chance for a clean-up on armament sales, a

chance to become a Sir Basil Zaharoff of ~~the~~ insurrection.

Instead, he is in jail, and if, ~~in the trial at hand~~, they prove

the charges of revolutionary gun transactions, the former multi-

millionaire stands to be condemned to twenty years in prison.

WRECKER

ES

In the ornate city on the Danube, Budapest, capitol of Hungary, they are trying a fantastic criminal -- "The Laughing Murderer" they call him. They also call him the world's champion train wrecker. Sylvester Matuska has had a weird inhuman career as a train wrecker in Germany, Austria and Hungary.

On trial for his life now, in Budapest, he laughs and jokes and plays the clown on the witness stand. They have pinned on him train wrecks that caused the death of 25 passengers and injuries to 150, but he just grins and chuckles about that. When the judge asks him about one of his wrecks, he wags a finger at His Honor and argues jovially: "I'm sorry ~~but~~ I did it, but I acted under an irresistible influence." No doubt he is some sort of maniac, a ghoulish, grinning maniac. No wonder they are calling him the "Laughing Murderer".

And he seems to have the laugh on his judges and accusers. There is no doubt that the Hungarian court will sentence him to death, but that only makes the train wrecker grin. He doesn't belong to Hungary. He has just been loaned to Hungary. He is already under a six year sentence for train wrecking in Austria.

The Austrians lent him to the Hungarians for their trial, and

according to the ~~form~~ formalities of law, the Hungarians will have to return him to Austria to serve his six years sentence there.

So he seems safe from any death sentence for six years -- and

after that? He smiles. Six years is a long time for the

"Laughing Murderer."

November twenty-ninth, ^{2 weeks from today} ~~Thursday after next~~ is Thanksgiving Day in this country. But, it's wedding day in England. And bells will ring and chime -- royal wedding bells, also common-people wedding bells. There will be marriage ceremonies all over England, with ^a myriad voices saying "I will". Princess Marina, as you can't help knowing, is going to marry King George's son, Prince George, who has just been made the Duke of Kent. And girls all over England, the stenographers, the farmers' daughters, are going to follow suit, and be led by their own bridegrooms to the alter.

The royal wedding is causing an epidemic of weddings in England, all scheduled for the royal wedding day. Already, the pastors of England are booked solid for Thursday after next. And you can guess what the favorite honeymoon trip will be -- sight-seeing at the royal wedding procession. Windows along the route and places ~~in~~ on the street curb will be occupied by thousands of young couples, just married or ready to get married -- gazing at the splendid pageantry as the royal bridegroom and bride go by, accompanied by the king and queen, royalty from everywhere, and the high nobility of the realm.

I suppose the height of sentimental romance will be
for those young ~~common-people~~ couples who succeed in getting
their own common people nuptials performed ^{at the same moment} ~~with~~ the royal
hitch is being spliced at Westminster Abbey. ~~And it's much too~~
~~good for them, as the old story goes.~~

NOBEL PRIZE

Once more a Nobel Prize comes westward across the ocean.

The Nineteen thirty-four award for chemistry goes to Dr. Harold C.

Urey, Professor of Chemistry at Columbia University. The chemical achievement that has earned the honor is the discovery of heavy

water. I don't know what heavy water means to the world of chemistry, but it seems to cut a lot of ice - if water can be said to cut ice.

I suppose that heavy water would make heavy ice.

He was a boy who didn't want to be a chemist. He wanted to be a biologist, but the War broke out and they needed chemists, not biologists. So he took the easiest way, the chemical way.

~~He~~ was just a pawn of chance. Now, the boy who didn't want to be a chemist wins the Nobel Prize for Chemistry!

ROOSEVELT

The legion of political big wigs, business magnates and labor leaders who have been streaming into the White House to discuss social and economic plans with the President have learned one thing -- that the Chief Executive is focussing his attention on ~~an~~ unemployment insurance. Amid a tangle of varied ideas, suggestions and projects, the Presidential mind has singled out the ~~project of~~ ^{of} guaranteeing the working man against unemployment -- as the dominant issue.

In his pronouncement for social reform last summer Mr. Roosevelt included various other angles, such as old age pensions. He refers to old age pensions now in a tone which indicates that these are a topic to come later in the schedule. Unemployment insurance is the dominant thing now.

With that much of it settled, the issue ^{becomes} ~~now is~~ --

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who shall pay? That pestilent question of paying does insist on sticking its nose into all sorts of pleasant projects, from throwing a party to the wife's need of a new fur coat.

The report is that the President is set on one thing -- that unemployment insurance shall not be paid for by taxation -- no new taxes. President Green of the American Federation of Labor advocates having capital and industry to pay, which would naturally be Labor's slant.

The President's idea is that the cost of unemployment insurance should be born jointly by capital and labor -- business to kick in with part and men at work to kick in with the other part. The Government would do the collecting, the banking and the paying out. Would the assessments be made on profits and on wages -- or how? This is a moot question for committees and sub-committees to figure out.

Williams
Nov. 15, 1934.

INTRODUCTION TO MR. WILLIAMS

For many years I have crossed the trail of a man of mystery -- in foreign lands, here at home, on the lecture platform, and in the offices of editors and publishers. He's a roving sociologist. If he wants to know ^{what} the workingman of France is thinking about, he gets a job in a French mine or mill -- and so on in other countries. Usually his results appear in the form of articles in the leading magazines, and in the lectures he gives.

Our own country has been rather topsy-turvy of late, and ~~Mr.~~ Whiting Williams has been investigating here. Governments consult him, heads of industries, and labor leaders. He dropped in to see me tonight. ~~Mr.~~ Whiting Williams, have you any difficulty in passing yourself off as a laborer? Or do they know you are just an investigator, a sociologist?

FOR MR. WILLIAMS:- Why, ^{there was} ~~the~~ ^{me} only man who ever read my thoughts and had me ^{all} figured out was intoxicated. He was a steel worker.

FOR L.T.:- Do you see any solution to labor problems?

FOR MR. WILLIAMS:- Yes. Trouble usually comes, ^{if} not as a result of big things, but as the result of pin pricks. If a man is given the right treatment in the shop where he works, by his immediate

boss, and if employers never forget that his whole life is wound
up in ^{his} work, the man is almost always sure to be happy. - provided he can get plenty of work. ~~America is~~
~~going to stage a come-back. It's happening now.~~

*I'm hoping that just that's now or the way - with America soon to stage a
comeback.*

Meanwhile Secretary Ickes of the Department of the Interior is working on the current program for the expenditure of huge sums on public works. The ideas the Secretary has in mind are revealed in an article which he has written for the magazine TODAY. He speaks of putting a billion dollars into a four-point ~~plan~~ program. This includes the familiar item of drought and flood control, and goes on with outlines ~~and projects~~ for an increase of electric light facilities in rural districts, the wholesale elimination of railroad grade crossings, and the building of a spectacular transcontinental highway ~~to~~ from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

MAPS

Here's one Public Works item that has a most sympathetic sound -- sympathetic to fanciers of travel and exploration. Six million dollars of PWA money to modernize American maps!

It seems that nobody knows America -- that is, not perfectly, not in minute detail. The maps of our country ~~are~~ and its adjacent waters are both inadequate and inaccurate. For some sections of American land and sea no maps have been made since the Civil War. And old Mother Earth, being a woman, her face is changing. With the action of wind and weather the land changes. Wind and current make the shores change, the channels and the sea bottom. Of course ^{your Sunoco map is just the thing} ~~the current maps are amply~~

~~sufficient~~ for making an automobile trip or finding where Kalamazoo is. ^{HP} ~~But~~ not for accuracies of navigation, surveying ~~and so on~~ or harbor building.

^ So the PWA is sending out map makers on land and sea, studying rocks and the soil, taking soundings on bays and lakes. More than six hundred experts are on the job, getting ready to tell us more about ^{out} mountain^s, plain^s, waterways, and changing shore line^s.

ROCHE

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Tonight's an appropriate time to give a moment of observation to a lady from Colorado, Miss Josephine Roche. She is the daughter of one of the richest mine^{ing} men of the ^{mountain} mining country. She graduated from Vassar and Columbia, and then entered social service work in Denver. That shocked her family. When her father died, she took over the management of his huge mining properties, and did the managing so wisely and prudently that she piled up the family fortune to an even larger heap of dollars. Last summer Josephine Roche tried to capture the Democratic nomination for Governor of Colorado. She ran on a program of Roosevelt-Roche Recovery, and ~~she~~ was beaten. The Democrats nominated somebody else.

Today, President Roosevelt announced the appointment of Miss Josephine Roche as Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury. She succeeds Marriner Eccles, the Utah banker, who has become Governor of the Federal Reserve Board.

Those of us who are without any profound business understanding are sometimes impressed in a puzzled way by all those companies incorporated in Delaware, which seems to be the favorite state. Anyway, many firms incorporated in one state do business in another state or various other states. Of course, the reason is that some states are more strict and some are less strict in issuing charters to corporations.

Now there's a call for the federal government, itself, to issue charters of incorporation. It comes from Ferdinand Pecora, who leaped to fame as federal investigator of Wall Street and who now is a member of the committee regulating stock exchanges. He points out that there are forty-eight different kinds of chartering in forty-eight different states. He calls for uniformity, one kind of incorporation, with the federal government doing the incorporating. He declares that this would protect investors and stock-holders living in states other than the one from which a company has received its charter.

Meanwhile, that same securities commission is organizing a police force. That's about what it amounts to. The stock

exchange regulators are staging a drive against bucket shops,
brokerage outfits that do the rawest sort of gambling business.
The regulators are not going to ~~sit~~^{sit} in their office merely, and
do the regulating. They have ~~appointed~~ appointed a squad of
bright young investigators to go around the country, inspecting
local brokerage offices and branches of the big town concerns.
They're being organized into flying squad~~s~~^s that will fly to
Denver, Atlanta, Fort Worth, San Francisco -- wherever trading
in securities goes on.

BANQUET

Entirely accustomed, as I am, to public speaking, I have attended many an oratorical banquet where the speeches were supposed to be kept short. But they never are. The speech-maker gets a signal his time is up. He nods, clears his voice and says: "In closing let me remark" and he remarks and remarks and remarks. My guess is that if the closing remarks of all the afterdinner speeches of the country were tallied, they would come to an average of about three-quarters of an hour.

But nothing like that will happen at a collegiate dinner to be held here in New York. The alumni of C.C.N.Y. have decided to limit the main speaker to twenty minutes, and minor speakers to nine minutes. (Too long at that!) How can they do it? Well, they've got an enormous alarm clock hooked to a giant siren, like a police siren. You can't fool the clock. When the time is up, an ear splitting shriek of the siren will blast and drown the speaker out.

Here's how it works. (clear throat). In closing!
Let me remark! And, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.