

WASHINGTON

L.T. Sunco - Tuesday - Aug. 10, 1937.

Good Evening Everybody.

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I'm afraid I can't get away from the old simile -- Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark! That about explains tonight's phenomenon -- a love feast without the great lover. Not that I imply that the President is a Rudolph Valentino or a Clark Gable. But the Democrats are staging a harmony get-together and the President was to have ~~them~~ been the great harmonizer. So that leads to the figure of speech about love feast and great lover.

The empty chair at tonight's banquet, for the Democratic floor leader Senator Alvin Barkeley will be a gaping vacancy indeed. The engraved invitations to the banquet and harmony ~~stage~~ *gathering* ~~was~~ stated that Mr. Roosevelt ~~was~~ *would* be present. That created wide-spread interest. It was supposed that there would be some ~~dinner~~ dinner table developments in the strained relations between the White House and the numerous Democratic senators who fought and defeated the presidential bill to enlarge the Supreme Court.

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But today came the word - the President would not attend. He was staying away from the love feast of senatorial harmony. And that incident *has* *instant* provoked speculation. Some take it to mean that the White House will not forget and forgive -- the familiar

supposition that the President will take reprisals against the senators who opposed his court bill. A less alarmist view puts it this way -- that had Mr. Roosevelt attended the love and harmony and made his scheduled speech he would have to declare himself on the forget-and-forgive-reprisal-angle. He would have to say:- "Boys I don't hold a thing against you." which would be in ^{the} spirit of love, or he would have to ~~kill~~ deliver a rebuke, and utter reproaches, which would ~~be~~ be most unloving. The two horns of the dilemma, and the President avoids them -- by not going.

Anyway at the Berkeley dinner tonight it's Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, harmony without the great harmonizer, love feast without the great lover.

FEATHERS

Today brings word of a new change in an old technique. Tar and feathers. A new version appears in Texas of the oilfields. It is -- oil and feathers.

There's been a bit of trouble about unions and unionizing down in the Lone Star state. Attempts to organize labor creating bitter resentments. Just the other day near Dallas a C.I.O. leader was kidnapped and beaten. Today it's a case of two Union workers who were abducted. One was beaten, while the other suffered still more ignominious treatment.

He is Herbert Harris, Socialist agitator. He drives about with motion picture equipment and puts on a screen show of Union propaganda. Abductors took him, stripped him and smeared crude oil over his body. Harris says they were careful not to get

the oil in his eyes or hair -- and that was thoughtful.

Then they dusted him with feathers. I don't know how crude oil and feathers stick together. But I imagine the old-fashioned tar is more effective; ~~and~~ also more ^{painful.} Thus, oiled and feathered, Agitator Harris was driven into Dallas and ~~dumped~~ dumped in ^{the} street. Today in the hospital they were scrubbing the oil off him, while he ~~laughed~~ laughed and joked. He has a sense of humor, and ~~maybe he~~ was glad it wasn't tar, ~~they were scraping off.~~

Today the case was immediately brought before the Court.

What happened? Nothing. The police testified they had no idea who did the oiling and feathering, so -- case dismissed.

That's the way things happen in Texas. Now we can all sing -- Down on the Rio Grande.

PLANE

They strung a new electric power line at Daytona Beach, Florida, ^{today.} Workmen stretched the wires from pole to pole, a high tension line not far from the airport. ~~They completed their job and went their way, and a current went stringing through the wires.~~ That was early this morning.

Shortly afterward, a mere two hours later, an air transport took off from the flying field -- a big passenger plane with nine persons aboard. Down the field it went speeding, trying to gain altitude. ~~Its~~ Its course lay over those high tension wires. The pilot tried to get above them. But the plane wouldn't make those mere few inches of climb. Its undercarriage struck the wire, and the great aircraft went plunging to earth. It crashed through trees and plowed the earth for a hundred and fifty feet -- a tangled mass of wreckage. One motor caught fire. The wreck was about to burst into a giant mass of flame, burning gasoline. But help came quickly and the blaze was put out. It seems a miracle that any one could have survived. ~~Three~~ ^{Four} were killed, ~~The others were brought~~ ~~from the wreckage~~ ^{Five} alive, though injured.

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This was the first fatal crash that Eastern Airlines has ever had. It was only four months ago that the National Safety Council presented a medal to the company -- handed it to Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, war ace and aviation executive. The medal was in recognition of one-hundred-and-forty-one million passenger miles without a fatality to a passenger.

PIGEONS

At the intersection of Broadway and ^{173rd} ~~172nd~~ Street, New York, there's a small square, and in it stands a monument -- to the composer Verdi. It consists of a great statue of the bearded master of infinite melody, and around it on the pedestal are grouped characters from the Verdi operas -- Rigoletto, Aida, Falstaff and Desdemona. The Verdi monument is traditionally a haunt of pignon^s, home of a numerous flock of the graceful birds. But today a strange sight was witnessed there, strangely tragic. The pigeons flew in a wheeling flock, and in the air, one after another -- they fell. ~~and then~~ ^{They} full flight, the birds ~~would~~ ^{would} check suddenly and drop to the pavement -- dead. They were strewn about the streets ^{and} the square, lifeless pigeons. The police collected them in baskets -- and counted two hundred. Singular tragedy of the pigeons, while the composer Verdi looked on -- and so did Rigoletto, and Aida, and Falstaff and Desdemona.

The police investigated, and ~~the think they~~ ^a have the clue in the story of two fourteen-year old bootblacks. ^{The boys} ~~they~~ tell how shortly before the tragedy of the pigeons they noticed a woman in a brown dress, leading a little dog. She seemed fond of the ~~big~~ dog. The boys noticed her because she was ~~it~~ so tall, and

because of her expression of countenance. In their bootblack vernacular: ~~she had a~~ "sour puss." With her pet dog she loitered near the monument of Verdi and fed the pigeons, scattered grain to them. Seemingly, she was not only a dog lover, but also a bird lover. The two bootblacks happened ~~ix~~ to scamper that way, and ~~ix~~ disturbed the feeding pigeons. Some of the birds fluttered ~~off~~. ^{off.} The tall woman turned on the boys with harsh scolding, and drove them away. "Sour puss" said the bootblacks. ~~The tall woman, with the little dog beside her,~~ ^{Then she} continued to feed the pigeons.

It was shortly afterward that the birds rose and flew over the Verdi monument and adjacent streets -- the circling flock. And out of the air they began to fall, a shower of dead pigeons.

A post mortem of the pigeons shows that they were poisoned. Who would be capable of such wanton evil? And why? Was it the tall woman with the dog? And what could she have against the pigeons? ~~Just sour puss?~~ Dog lover and bird hater?

Anyway, this evening the birds flocked no longer around the monument where Verdi stands with Rigoletto, and Aida, Falstaff and Desdemona.

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There was a conference in the Far East today, not a peace conference -- but something that looks all the more threatening because it was a confab of naval officers, — ~~no~~ ^{all} civilians, officers of the Imperial fleet of Japan. Out there in Eastern Asia they recall how the Japanese attack on Shanghai several years ago was preceded by consultations of navy men -- the Mikado's fleet took independent action, not bothering about civilian chiefs. So today there was apprehension as ~~in~~ the Far East noted ~~the~~ that conference of fleet commanders to decide what shall be done about the killing ^{yesterday,} of two Japanese Navy men. ~~yesterday~~

The anger of the Japanese is rising high, ^{exacerbated, whipped up} ~~because~~ ^{by} the official statement that the officer who was killed had no revolver on him, was unarmed. So therefore he had not been the aggressor in the brawl with Chinese troops at the Shanghai airport. The Japanese demand that the Chinese soldiers involved shall be punished. This the Chinese have refused.

Today the Mikado's fleet officers accuse the Chinese authorities of -- a provocative attitude. And they declare that if the Chinese don't change that attitude the fleet of the Rising Sun will take independent action at Shanghai.

However, there's a good deal of opinion that there will not be any outbreak of hostilities. It is pointed out that the last time the Japanese struck at Shanghai, several years ago -- it cost them much trouble and a barrel of money. They succeeded, but without material-gain for their success. So they're not so likely once again to undertake a costly Shanghai campaign, which won't produce any profits. The Japanese interest and profit lie in North China -- where they can grab off provinces.

LEFT WING

Today insistent reports of dissension and disturbance among the Left Wingers of Spain take on a formal and authoritative tone. (The Valencia Government, supported by the Communists, seems about to come to blows with the Anarchists and the Trotskyists.) The Government says -- the war with Franco comes first and the Proletarian Revolution can wait 'til afterward. And this viewpoint is supported by the official Communists affiliated with Stalin and Moscow. In Spain Red is so crimson that the Communists are moderates. The Anarchists and Trotsky groups on the contrary want the Red Revolution right away. They accuse the Government and the Communists of surrendering to middle-class ideas -- going bourgeois.

Now former Premier Caballeros is taking the leadership of the Anarchists and Trotsky factions. And today the news tells us that he's going to take the stump in Left Wing Spain, to campaign for the more crimson reds.

More explosive still is the question of the Anarchist leader named Nin. He was being taken under guard to Madrid. But

then
since nothing has been heard of him. In Mexico City Leon Trotsky declares that Anarchist leader Nin was murdered by Spanish agents of the Moscow Red Dictator Stalin. Today the report comes that Senor Nin never got to Madrid at all -- that en route he was seized and done away with.

All of this has brought things to a boiling point, and a clash between the two Red factions seems likely. They say the Valencia Government has to divide its military policy between the fight against Franco and the coming fight against the extreme Reds -- a part of its soldiers and guns thrown against Franco, the other part kept in readiness for an Anarchist -Trotskyist revolt.

XXX SPAIN

The Spanish news brings complications on the sea.

London has sent a strong note to General Franco. The Rebels, in blockading the Left-Wingers, have seized three British ships. And London says -- hand them back.

The French ^{are likely to have a} ~~haven't had anything to say. They~~

~~haven't had time to~~ ^{to make} protest about today's incident! ~~But~~ Franco

warcraft stop^{ping} a French steamer in the harbor of Los Palmas, in

^{the} Canary Islands. Ship's officers declare that the Rebels

threatened to sink the vessel at the first sign of resistance.

Then officers and crew were held up by machine guns. Why?

The insurgents took three Spaniards off the ship -- men whom

they claim were trying to evade forcible service in the Franco

army.

FIRE

Here comes the quaintest story about fire I have ever heard. It happened in the beautiful village of Hinterberg in Upper Austria -- villages are always beautiful if you haven't seen them.

For many years there has never been anything even remotely resembling a fire in that village. ^{But - a} couple of weeks ago a blaze broke out in a farmer's wood pile. ~~But, that~~ ^{It} was soon put out. Within the next hour another alarm sounded, flames broke out in the woods nearby and the firemen found themselves fighting a conflagration that nearly wiped ^{out} the entire forest and all the surrounding farms. Judge of the neighborhoods amazement when the village constable arrested a member of the fire department, not only a member but the man who played the horn in the fire brigade band. ^{And -} ~~Incidentally,~~ it was his horn ^{that} sounded the fire alarm.

It turned out that Johann -- Johnny to you -- was guilty. ^{- just to blow his horn.} He had started those two fires. For four years he had been a member of that fire department, ~~and~~ its principle horn player and ~~had~~ never had a chance to ^{tootle a note} ~~sound that horn~~ as a fire alarm. ~~Not only~~ ^{Now} ~~that he~~ ^{he} had never had an opportunity to display his prowess as a fire fighter. So he started two fires and now is in jail.

GREEK

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It's terrible thing not to be able to speak English, so says Marcus ~~Siris~~^a, Greek. Marcus is up before the judge, and he tells a pathetic story, a tragedy in language.

At Ambridge, Pennsylvania, Marcus met Alexandria, and found her company delightful -- because she too spoke Greek. One day he relates, she took him to the office of an American gentleman. Marcus didn't know it was a Justice of the peace. Alexandria spoke in English, and Marcus didn't know what she was saying. The Justice of the peace spoke, also in English -- and Marcus didn't understand a word. Alexandria told Marcus to say an English word or two, like, "Yes," -- and "I do." And Marcus mumbled obediently, not knowing what it meant. He was being married, but he didn't know it.

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After a while he didn't go around with Alexandria any more, ~~quite forgot her~~ ~~never thought about it~~ until recently -- when he was arrested for desertion and ~~non~~ non-support. That's when he found out he was married.

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In court Alexandria admits that the story Marcus tells has certain points of accuracy. She concedes that it maybe -- that Marcus didn't understand that ~~xx~~ ^{completely} he was getting married, didn't

GREEK

quite fathom the meaning of the words ^{when} he mumbled "Yes," and
"I do."

And ~~XXXXXXXX~~ all because he couldn't speak English, of which
I have spoken enough for this evening, and

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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