

L.T. - SUNOCO. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1935.

WBC

*Hobbs - Newham ✓
Hickey - Crowell ✓*

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

There was a curious scene in Washington today.

Ewing Mitchell, discharged Assistant Secretary of Commerce, had his day in court. He produced his long threatened bombshell before the Senate Commerce Committee. As a bombshell it hardly lived up to promises, even though Mr. Mitchell brought an accusation against President Roosevelt himself. He charged the President with having made a present of One million, seven hundred and twenty thousand Dollars of Uncle Sam's money to Vincent Astor, his cousin, Kermit Roosevelt, and ~~FXE~~ P.A.S. Franklin, head of the International Mercantile Marine.

Actually, this accusation was not a novelty. Mitchell was merely repeating what he had written in a letter to the President, ^{a letter} ~~that was~~ made public some time ago. In it, ^{he} ~~Mitchell~~ declared that the United States Shipping Lines, ~~is~~ a subsidiary of the International Mercantile Marine, had been given that money when the Government allowed the LEVIATHAN to be retired from service.

Soon after Mr. Mitchell had repeated this accusation ~~of his~~ to the Committee, President Roosevelt held his press conference at the White House. He made light of what Mr. Mitchell said. He declared that he had approved the retirement of the LEVIATHAN because it was silly to require the United States Lines to go on operating at a loss. And he added that the Company had agreed to apply the amount of money so saved to the construction of new American ships.

There were plenty of heated moments while Mr. Mitchell was testifying. At one time one of the Senators said to him: "Stop pounding the table so we can hear you." *It is interesting to note* ~~the remarkable thing is~~ that the Senator who said this was a Republican, McNary of Oregon.

Mr. Mitchell went on to say that some shipping men had got millions of dollars out of Uncle Sam. Then he made an attack on Admiral Cohen, head of the Shipping Bureau of the Commerce Department. Incidentally, he has filed the longest list of charges against Admiral Cohen. This got the goat of Senator Fletcher of Florida. He declared: "Admiral Cohen is an honorable man who has been blackened by some men who are not fit to black his shoes."

Some ^{other} ~~of the~~ senators didn't take to Mr. Mitchell's testimony so kindly. They asked him pointed questions, saying, "Have you really any new information?" Then they added, "If you're just rehashing what has been brought out in previous inquiries, you might save our time, because we are all familiar with that stuff."

At one point in his testimony Mr. Mitchell attacked the Hoover administration. At that point Senator Copeland, Chairman of the Committee, intervened, saying, "Can't you leave out ~~some~~ ~~of this about~~ the Republicans?" Then he added with a grin, "It's very offensive to some members of this committee." Nobody had ever before realized that Senator Copeland was a humorist.

Then again, it was broadly suggested that Mr. Mitchell was just sore because he had lost his job. The fired Assistant Secretary denied it, saying that he'd ~~just~~ long been urging his chief, Secretary Roper, to clean up that department. Meanwhile, Secretary Roper ^{sat by impassively} ~~sat by impassively~~ listening to the accusations.

When it was all boiled down, Mr. Mitchell suggested that the question of ship subsidies should be investigated by a grand jury. Then he modified the force of all his sensational charges. Said he: "If Assistant Attorney General Keenan is satisfied there is nothing to prosecute, I shall be satisfied."

To that the Republican Senator Vandenburg observed drily, "That would satisfy me too."

It was a good show so far as it went. But it was not exactly the hot drama that Mr. Ewing Mitchell had promised us.

SECURITY FOLLOW LEAD

That was the most spectacular happening on the Washington scene. But what occurred on the floor of the Senate was, in the long run, more momentous. The Senate passed President Roosevelt's Social Security Bill.

This is probably the most extraordinary piece of legislation ever enacted by an American Congress. It is the measure on which Mr. Roosevelt has laid most stress, the measure nearest his heart. The House has already passed it. But there's one thing left to be done before the President signs it. The Senate has passed the bill with an amendment offered by young Senator Clark, son of the late Champ Clark. That amendment means that employers who have old age pension systems of their own will be exempt from this Social Security Act. That amendment sounds reasonable, but the administration has been fighting it. Nevertheless, the Senate passed it emphatically.

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into conference. And that will mean a long delay. Whether the Clark amendment sticks or not, the passage of this bill is literally epoch-making. Twenty years ago, or fifteen years ago, everybody would have said: "It's impossible."

ROOSEVELT FOLLOW SECURITY

So much for the President's principal victory today.

~~But he sustained~~ But he sustained a defeat in the House. Not on the floor of the House but in the sub-committee that is mulling over the Wheeler-Rayburn Public Utilities Bill. The Committee turned thumbs down on the idea of killing the holding companies. Instead of that, the representatives proposed to turn the holding company matter over to the control of the Securities and Exchange Commission. That's a victory for the utility companies. To be sure, it is not yet decisive because it was merely in Committee. But, nevertheless, it's significant that it ^{happened} ~~was decided~~ while Mr. Roosevelt ~~at~~ the White House was telling the newspapermen once again how earnestly he prayed that holding companies might be abolished.

Phyes, And the President had something ominous to say about taxes. He said it in a message to Congress. It means, in two words, "More Taxes". Higher rates on legacies, higher rates on gifts, higher rates on higher incomes, higher rates on net corporation incomes. ~~As Rudyard Kipling once sang: "Pay, pay, pay!"~~

STERLING

At all recruiting stations you will see a picturesque poster in which Uncle Sam says: "Join the Navy and see the world". Secretary Swanson added an amendment today. ~~That one reads:~~ "Join the Navy, and keep your mouth shut." It is directed particularly to ranking officers with literary ambitions.

A couple of weeks ago some of the Congressmen got hot and bothered because of ~~some~~ newspaper articles written by Rear Admiral Sterling, Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The Congressmen asked a lot of questions about those pieces. They were told that the Admiral had violated none of the articles of war, none of the rules of Uncle Sam's navy, in writing those ^{literary masterpieces,} ~~articles~~.

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It appeared that the ~~kind~~ incident was closed. ^{But} ~~however~~ it was not. Today Secretary Swanson announced that in ^{the} future "high ranking naval officers will refrain from making public their views on foreign affairs." And he added ^{in so many words:-} "Uncle Sam's foreign policy is none of their business."

This was not all. The Secretary of the Navy admitted that he had rebuked Admiral Sterling in person. Mr. Swanson said: "I considered it my duty to admonish the Admiral not to try to settle

foreign affairs, which are under the State Department and the President."

There have been other cases of this kind. Perhaps Admiral Sterling wouldn't have got ~~so~~ so terribly ⁱⁿ "Dutch" if he had not written his pieces for a chain of newspapers that has been roasting the administration.

MUTINY

That was a short-lived rebellion at Lansing, Kansas. It is easy to imagine that those three hundred convict mine workers must have been desperate. Like all other such affairs, their mutiny was hopeless to begin with. ^{It was a mistake to start it. And} [^] their second mistake was to tear out a lot of timber in the mine and make a huge bonfire underground. As soon as it got well under way, the warden reversed the fans in the ventilating system. That blew all the smoke right back on the barricaded miners. [^] ~~That~~ situation soon became impossible. Exhausted by hunger, the choking fumes were too much for them. They sent word to the shaft head: "We're licked. We surrender." Prison guards, re-enforced by state highway police and protected by gas masks, went down into the body of the mine, and took the beaten rebels in charge. They had done no harm to the guards whom they had seized as hostages. On the contrary, they had treated them well.

They surrendered, of course, unconditionally. Their demands for better food and for ^{another} ~~prison~~ prison doctor were ignored. Tonight they are closely confined in their cells, with all privileges cancelled. ^{And} [^] that's all they [^] got for their twenty-four hour rebellion.

MINE FOLLOW MUTINY

A mine story of a different nature comes from England.

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A coal pit in Lancashire had been closed down. Everybody in the village was out of work, on the dole. Seven of those jobless miners clubbed together, pooled their savings and bought up a derelict mine that had been ~~closed~~ ^{abandoned} since Nineteen seventeen. The British Legion helped them out with a loan of Seven hundred and fifty Dollars.

Having been closed down eighteen years, that pit was in pretty bad shape. However, they managed to buy some second-hand machinery, cheap, from other collieries. The men worked night and day for three months, clearing out shafts and tunnels. It looked like a hopeless job, but they actually got that mine working. They started sending coal to the surface. Every penny they got from it, except what they needed for food, they put back into the mine to buy new machinery.

And now they have so many orders they are working three shifts to fill them all. They produce thirty tons a day. They have a co-operative company with the seven men who started the scheme as directors. But the directors work side by side with the rest. The chairman of the board cuts coal, the treasurer is a boiler man. The

meetings of the directors are held half a mile under the earth.

And there are no wage disputes.

~~There's a story which it seems to me has quite~~

~~to do~~ Sounds like subterranean
Utopia.

HOLIDAY

Way down south in the land of Texas, they're celebrating a big holiday. And the funny thing is, nobody seems to know what it's all about. Every nineteenth of June, thousands of negroes in the Lone Star State take the day off. Every white housewife has to do her own dishes. Every colored man, woman and child just makes merry. If all the watermelons consumed on this day in Texas were put on end, they'd reach into the sky well nigh as high as the R. C. A. Building.

But neither the Texas negroes nor their white employers can explain to you just exactly what they're celebrating. The negroes call it "Mancipation Day". But the slaves were freed on January first, Eighteen sixty-three. If you point that out to a Texan, he'll say, "Oh, well, probably it's the day when the news reached Texas." But Abraham Lincoln published that historic document on September twenty-second. So even in those days of slow transportation it couldn't have taken ten months to get from the White House to the Alamo -- even with The Civil War raging.

However, it's a great holiday from the Red River to the Rio Grande. A pleasant time is had, by all -- the colored folks so nobody needs to bother why.

Strange as it may sound, all the news from abroad is peaceful. To be sure, there are hard feelings on the banks of the River Seine over the Naval Agreement between John Bull and Hitler. Nevertheless, that Treaty has quitted^r_A the war sounds in Europe, for a while at least. The French are shouting cries of "perfidious Albion", but Captain Anthony Eden is going to Paris Friday to smooth down the ruffled French fur and try to bring Paris into line.

From Asia comes word that the Mikado's troops are resting on their arms, that is, for the time being. China ate humble pie, removed the Governor of Chahar, and also all Chinese troops from that province. That leaves the Japanese war lords without any excuse for marching any further, for the time being. Only a brave prophet would venture to predict how long that will last.

TROTSKY

Professional magicians might learn a thing or two from Comrade Trotsky. First his beard disappears, then he himself vanishes into thin air. His appearance with ^{that} a naked chin at Oslo yesterday caused quite a stir. ^{And -} Today the newspapermen of the world are all excited because he has completely disappeared. Not only he, but his wife and two secretaries. Evidently, the once dreaded chief of the Red armies is pretty well fixed, or he wouldn't be able to travel with such a retinue.

It's no easy thing for a man so well known, plus a wife and two secretaries, to disappear from the eagle eyes of reporters. But Tovarisch Trotsky has had a good deal of experience at the game. About a year ago his home in France was raided. The French government wanted to deport him. The Quai D'Orsai wasn't going to have anybody organizing a Fourth Internationale on the soil of LaBelle France. But no country would admit him. Stalin won't have him. So the French found that the only way to deport Trotsky would have been to take him out in the middle of the ocean, tie a brick around ~~g~~ his neck and leave him there. That might of course cause talk. So they let him stay in France. For more than a year he managed to keep

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himself secluded from everybody **except** the authorities.

Today his whereabouts ^{are} again a mystery. Probably the Norwegian government knows, having permitted him to go there for his health. But Oslo is keeping the formidable ~~title~~ revolutionist a secret.

According to the LONDON DAILY HERALD, the former ^{Red} war lord is seriously ill of advanced tuberculosis. Evidently the government at Oslo is satisfied that he is really in Norway for his health. But other people are saying that he is really up north to establish a new secret headquarters for the world revolution of ^{his} ~~the~~ Fourth Internationale.

HOBBIES

You may have read of millionaires who collect national banks. But last night at the grill in the Hotel Gotham I heard of two who collect penny banks. Yes, the kind that the little brother uses to save up his pennies in.

Apparently, the pioneer in this hobby was debonair Sam Pryor. He started his collection about six years ago. Now He has more than five hundred banks - penny banks -- at his place in Greenwich, Connecticut.

A few months ago he showed them to his friend, Walter Chrysler, the automobile magnifico. And now Chrysler has outstripped Sam. He's prior to Pryor. He's got so many of these penny banks that he has had to throw out a lot of Mrs. Chrysler's furniture to make room for them. He has more than eleven hundred.

These collections include penny banks that date all the way back to the American Revolution.

Moral - maybe millionaires get that way by saving their pennies.

Guess I'd better save my words and say - -

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.