

L.T. SUNOCO - March 31, 1933

Good Evening, Everybody:-

I saw the President again today, for a moment, and it must have been an extremely busy day for him, Cabinet meetings, ~~an~~ endless succession of visits from his chief advisors, Senatorial leaders, and so on. The President also granted an audience to Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, ~~the distinguished visitor from Japan,~~ ^{head of the} Japanese ^{delegation} ~~representative~~ to the League of Nations, who walked out on the League and ~~who~~ is now homeward bound to the Land of Cherry Blossoms. It evidently was simply a courtesy call. They discussed the days when Mr. Matsuoka was a student at the University of Oregon. They talked about an old friend and ~~mutual~~ ^{common} acquaintance who had been the President's classmate, and also the classmate of Mr. Matsuoka.

On the President's desk in the Executive office, there is only one telephone, not ~~the~~ battery of telephones and ~~two~~ rows of buttons that ~~you might expect~~ ^{used to be} on that desk ~~when Mr. Hoover was here.~~ ^{of the most powerful Executive in the world.} The desk was covered with papers, books, and on top of the pile, my friend Mr. K. C. Hogate's Wall Street Journal. On one corner of the desk was a vase full of tall pink roses and ~~acacia, signs~~ ^{bachelors' buttons, symptoms} that ~~Spring~~ ^{is just around the corner.} ~~in Washington,~~ As a matter of fact, outside the White House on the lawn a magnolia tree is in bloom.

On the President's desk also I noticed a small black stuffed donkey, and a white ^{S.O.P.} elephant made of paper. In the Executive office the President sits with his back to the White House lawn. On either side of him, in front of the window, there is a flag. On his right the Stars and Stripes, on his left the Blue and Gold flag of the President of the United States.

Mr. Roosevelt was wearing a dark blue, double-breasted suit, a light blue shirt and collar and tie, setting off his grey hair. He seemed to be in high spirits.

PRESS CONFERENCE

There was another press conference at the White House today. I stood on the outskirts just to watch the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, the White House reporters, in action. The room was ^{so} thick with newspaper men that you couldn't have swung a mouse, let alone a cat. The room itself has rather a low ceiling and not very good ventilation. The editor of the Portland Oregon Journal, standing next to me, wiped his brow and said: "Whew, this sure is hot news the President is giving out!" In addition to presenting the President with a swimming pool it certainly would be an excellent idea for Uncle Sam to present him with a ventilating system for the Executive office.

There's a complete air of informality about the press conferences, relieved every few moments by genuine, hearty laughter, not the kind you hear in classroom, when teacher cracks a bum joke. As the newspapermen left, the President called out: "Well, boys, remember -- a week from today!" And they all roared with ^{laughter} ~~laughter~~ at the ~~what~~ notion

that the White House reporters might forget a conference with the President of the United States.

One thing has been firmly impressed on my mind this week. No President has aroused such admiration among the newspaper men. It is absolutely sincere. In fact in some of them it verges on the sentimental.

There is to be an important conference at the White House tomorrow. The heads of the railroads will meet the President and discuss his plan of unification of the systems.

WOODIN

Who is the most interesting man in the United States at the present time -- I mean, the man in whom we are the most interested? Some would say the President, and I imagine many would say, the Secretary of the Treasury.

Though his time at present may be valued at something like a hundred thousand dollars or so a minute, I presumed upon a previous acquaintance and wrote Mr. Woodin a note, saying I would like to call.

After several false starts I was ushered straight into the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, a rectangular room some forty feet long at the corner of the building, looking out toward the Washington Monument, as dignified and restful an office as I ever saw, a dark blue, deep carpet on the →

floor, blue velvet curtains at the windows, blue walls, a massive mahogany desk at one end, and a round mahogany table, like an old-fashioned dining room table at the other end. At the round table sat the man who has been grappling with some of the greatest financial problems in ~~all~~ history, a small man, perhaps five feet three, or five feet four inches in height -- about the height of ~~Colonel~~ Lawrence of Arabia, or ~~an~~ Newton D. Baker. Thin, gray-haired, pointed chin, high forehead, laughing eyes, the tapering delicate hands of an artist, wearing an immaculate blue suit about the same shade as the decorations in the room, a blue ^{collar} ~~waist~~ and shirt, a blue tie, and a blue handkerchief. The Secretary of the Treasury is the Beau Brummel of the present administration.

As I ~~came in~~ ^P He was signing documents. He put down his pen, invited me in, and when I wanted to remain standing so I could slide out quickly and not impose upon him **too much**, he insisted that I sit down, and said: "Why, I've nothing to do. Let's talk. All the big excitement is

over. You can't imagine what a relief it is to take things easy now."

The most popular phrase in Washington these days is: "That's off the record." He told me many interesting things and then said: "That's off the record." He told me about all the excitement of **Inauguration Day**, of how he had decided that all the banks in the country must close, of how immediately after the inauguration he had returned from Capitol Hill. The financial excitement was in full blast from coast to coast. He had just been sworn in as Secretary of the Treasury. He went to his room, pulled down the curtains, curled up on the sofa, pulled his overcoat over him, and lay there in the dark for two hours, thinking. And then he arrived at his decision about closing the banks.

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¶ In the days that followed he practically lived in his office at the Treasury. A man came in one morning at nine o'clock and asked the attendants outside in the corridor if the Secretary of the Treasury had arrived yet. The attendant

replied: "So far as I know, he hasn't gone yet." He had been there all night.

I asked him if it was true that very little of the new currency, the emergency currency issued by the Treasury, had been needed. As you know, several billion dollars worth of it was printed. Mr. Woodin laughed and replied:

"It was exactly like the old woman with the twenty-five dollars in the bank. She took it out, and then ~~she~~ didn't know what to do with it. That's what happened everywhere. Only a few millions of that new currency went into circulation. We have the other billions. They ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~with~~ ^{needed} needed." But for several days, ~~there~~, the three telephones on the Secretary of the ~~the~~ Treasury's desk rang incessantly, with almost no break. ^{On} ~~all~~ those three telephones he was receiving calls from forty-eight states. And every Governor and every banker and every Mayor, every man who called up Washington, wanted to talk to just one person. ~~They didn't want to hear what some clerk had to say, or even a Congressman or a Senator.~~

They all wanted to talk to the Secretary of the Treasury.

TP It was a common thing to see a light burning in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury at four in the morning.)

Right at the peak of the financial excitement the President of the United States called a Cabinet meeting. He sent a note from the White House, and this is what the note said:

"The President of the United States begs to inform the Secretary of the Treasury that a two-hour Cabinet meeting is to be held, and the President informs the Secretary of the Treasury that he is not to come. He is to go to his room and sleep for those two hours."

8) Mr. Roosevelt knew the great strain under which Mr. Woodin was working. ^{The Secretary} ~~Mr. Woodin~~ told me the anecdote with a laugh, and the tone of his voice showed how deeply he appreciated the attitude of the President. He has immense faith in the new President of the United States. There's no doubt about that. And he told me another anecdote that gives

you an insight into the sort of man who is in the White House. Word was taken to the President that the light was burning in Mr. Woodin's office far into the night, and on into the morning. So from the White House came another message. It read:

"The President of the United States informs the Secretary of the Treasury that it is time to go home and go to bed, and he also informs the Secretary of the Treasury that the President is going to call out the Marines *if he doesn't.*"

As you have already heard, the Secretary ^{Woodin'} ~~of the~~ ~~Treasury~~ has endeared himself to ~~all~~ Washington, and ~~to all~~ the newspaper people. They like his sense of humor, his smile, his laughter, his charm. And he inspires confidence. I told him I knew nothing about financial affairs, nothing about banking. He laughed and replied: "Well, you must remember I'm no banker either."

I told him there had been a little confusion regarding the pronunciation of his name and that I had seen a story sent out by a Washington correspondent for the Scripps-Howard papers, to the effect that to be absolutely accurate

it ought to be pronounced Wōō' din, although up to that time I had always called him Wōōd' in, and apparently so had every one else. To this he replied:

"The correct pronunciation of it is neither Wōō' din nor Wōōd' in. It is Wōōd in', with the accent on the last syllable. My head may be wooden," he said, "but my name is Wōōd in'."

GERMANY

In Germany the Nazis are preparing for their nation-wide boycott of Jewish shops, business men, doctors, lawyers, everything. Jews outside Germany are mobilizing their protests, which makes no hit at all with Jews in Germany, who say that they are being harmed more than they are helped by outside sympathetic action in their behalf.

The Brown Shirts today swooped down on the law courts of Berlin and kicked out every Jewish judge.

The Nazis have tens of thousands of sign boards ready for use tomorrow. Great black boards with a huge yellow splotch in the center. They are to be placed on every Jewish establishment in Germany like plague signs. Advices from Berlin indicate that the boycott is only to last one day.

RUSSIA

There's news from the Far East. A dispute between Soviet Russia and the new State of Manchukuo. A row over railroad equipment seized by Russian, claimed by Manchukuo.

As a consequence the international border between Soviet Siberia and Manchukuo is closed today. The only trains allowed to cross are through expresses guaranteed by international agreement.

TORNADO

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The totals are beginning to mount in the casualties of that tornado that swept through Texas, Louisiana and Missouri. Latest advices indicate that at least twenty-four ~~xx~~ were killed and a hundred or more were injured. The region most heavily hit was East Texas, but the storm also caused a lot of havoc in Northern Louisiana.

Hundreds of people were homeless, and what made it worse was that ^a heavy rainfall accompanied the tornado. It is feared that in some sections floods may result.

FATHER HUBBARD

I have just seen my friend Father Hubbard, the Glacier Priest. He has been ill for a long time. Climbing mountains, sliding down glaciers, and exploring little-known volcanoes in Alaska agree^s with him, but the strain of civilization got the better of him for a while -- contracts with publishers, lecture committees, and so on, ~~and so on.~~ As Father Hubbard put it:

"It seems to me that civilization has become chiselization."

~~And now the Glacier Priest is all set to start for the North again, to explore more volcanoes.~~

LEWIS

Not all of the Senators ^{here in Washington} are as solemn and

4 humorless as they look and behave. Senator Tom Connelly of Texas, who is a methodical fellow, has a little sheet fastened to the door of his office which reads:

"Office hours ten a.m. to five p.m."

But the other day, after a considerable absence, he returned to his office and found this sign removed and another one replacing it which read: "Office hours from twelve to one, with one hour for lunch."

It turned out that the author of the second notice was the famous Senator Jim Ham Lewis, he with the pink whiskers, from Illinois.

BOOTH

An interesting long distance telephone communication ^{has been} held. ~~today~~ At one end of the wire was General Douglas McArthur, Chief of Staff of the United States Army in Washington. At the other end was Major General Booth, Commander of the Philippine Department in Manilla. Said General McArthur to General Booth: "Hold the fort, Booth, Beer is on the way."

General Booth either thought his ears had gone back on him or that somebody was joking, and he said: "Wha-a-a-t?"

Then General McArthur repeated, "Beer is on the way."

3 Well, after he heard ~~the~~ it twice, the Philippine General evidently understood, because a loud laugh could be heard all the way across the Pacific Ocean.

DUTCH TREAT

There's an exodus from Washington today. Cabinet officers going away, Congressmen and Senators dashing back to their home states for the weekend, and a host of Washington celebrities leaving for New York to attend the annual banquet, hijinks and show of the famous Dutch Treat Club at the Waldorf tonight, one of the most unusual events of the year, where more men whose names are known from coast to coast, foregather than at any other time during the year.

BEDSPREADS

By the way, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt wishes to inform the country that she has all the bedspreads that she can possibly use, and more. It seems that last year people from all parts of the United States were sending her these hand-made spreads, not as a gift but with a little bill attached. Accompanying them also were pathetic letters.

For a time Mrs. Roosevelt bought these ~~ex~~ samples of ~~handwork~~ ^{needlework}, not that she needed them, but out of kindness.

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But now she finds that there has to be a stop even to a deluge of bedspreads. Although the White House is large, she has more than three times enough for all the bedrooms in it. In fact she has almost enough bedspreads to equip the Waldorf Astoria ^{or the Willard.} ~~So now any of these articles that are sent to the White House are being returned with a polite letter.~~

STATUARY

One thing that strikes the eye of the impartial beholder in Washington, D.C. is that our nation's Capital is certainly the paradise of ~~bad~~ sculptors. There is probably more undistinguished sculpture there than in any other single spot on the surface of the globe, including Berlin.

In addition to the multitude of mediocre effigies in and outside of ~~the~~ public buildings there is Statuary Hall in the Capitol itself. Here, in a chamber large enough to set off say, a bare half dozen stone images, are cluttered no less than sixty-five. Sixty-five carved hunks of ^{dead} stone -- at first glimpse it reminded me of the Hall of the Mummies Museum, in Egypt. It seems that in ~~this medium sized chamber~~ ^{these cramped quarters} every

state in the Union has a right to deposit two such statues, and most of them have exercised that right.

But one of these stood out like ~~ix~~ the proverbial good deed in a naughty world. It caught my eye with somewhat of a shock for there, so full of distinction and animation that it seemed literally to be alive, was a marble replica of the late Senator Bob LaFollette of Wisconsin. The effect of this piece of sculpture is perhaps the more electric because

of its three score and four mediocre neighbors.

I wondered who was the scujptor who had created this brilliant work and what was the state enlightened enough to commission him. No name was engraved on the front of this statue so I asked the attendant in Statuary Hall. He did not know, and probably still doesn't know. But further investigation revealed the fact that the artist was no less a celebrity than Joe Davidson, *one of the foremost living sculptors.*

Well, hats off to the State of Wisconsin ~~for having~~
~~employed a really first class workman for this statue of its~~
~~most distinguished citizen~~ *and so long until Sunday.*