

L. J. - Sunoco. Monday, Sept. 17, 1934.

LEAD

Good Evening Everybody :-

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It was announced today that the Assembly of the League of Nations had elected three of the smaller nations to seats on the League Council -- to what is called "non-permanent seats." The big powers have permanent places, while a group of the smaller countries get into the League Council on a temporary basis. The ones appointed today are Chile, Spain and Turkey. Among those not appointed is China.

China had a seat on the Council last year, but failed to be re-elected this time. In other words, ~~Turky~~ Turkey gets in and China's left out.

That all seems to come under the heading of minor and unimportant detail, until we get a bit of backstage information to the effect that China has the backing of England, while Turkey is supported by France. The diplomatic line-up reaches all around the world. Turkey has a close understanding with Soviet Russia. France in her antagonism toward Germany has come to an arrangement with Soviet Russia. That creates a decided line-up in the League, with France, Turkey and Russia singing close harmony.

China, however, doesn't want to be left out.

Her position on the League Council ~~has~~ hitherto ^{has} given her an

excellent chance to make complaints about Japan. ~~The statesmen~~

~~who are trying to work out an arrangement point to the fact-~~

^{now,}
~~that,~~ as Japan has withdrawn from the League, none of the

Mongolian nations of the Far East will ^{now} have representation ^{on} ~~at~~ the

Council. So ^{the statesmen} ~~they~~ are thinking about fixing up something new

whereby China will have a special seat on the Council, with the

right to participate in decisions concerning Asiatic affairs.

MUNITIONS

While the munitions investigation is having a quiet interval it may be interesting to ask how it all started. The story goes that a woman began it all, Miss Dorothy Detzer, a member of the Woman's International League. Long before the Senate thought anything about it, Miss Detzer began a bit of investigating on her own, on the subject of munitions. And she decided she found things that would make excellent material for one of those dramatic Senate investigations. So she went to Senator Nye, the demon investigator. She didn't burst in with the demand that he investigate. She merely sat down and related some facts.

"Now Senator," she concluded, "I want your advice about what had best be done."

She got just the answer she'd been expecting.

"Well, I'd like to do some investigating about that," responded the gentleman from North Dakota.

That settled it, but some time intervened before the investigation was put through. Many senators objected.

But finally the ^{Senator from} North Dakota had his way, and the big show was put on.

Now the question is, how far the sensational probe will be allowed to go. The lid has already been clamped on to some extent, and it may be tightened still more because of protests from abroad.

The South American governments are looking at it as decidedly unfriendly in an international sense-- the way the investigation tends to represent South American statesmen in the light of bribe takers. They say it is besmirching the honor of their army and navy officers, and it also provoked a blast of anti-American newspaper articles and editorials, especially in the Argentine. The thing that hits Americans down there the hardest is the way the present indignation tends to turn South American

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business from American to European firms. *The reports are that a lot of our Latin American business is gone and it may take years to get it back - if ever!* I suppose it is only natural for the governments down to the South of us to say that if they do business with the United

States and then are always likely to have violent exposures come tumbling down on their heads, why it would be better to do their buying over in Europe, where *governments and legislators* ~~they~~ are a little more discreet.

NRA

The rumor factory is busy with the affairs of the NRA. The latest report drifting around on the breezes of political gossip mentions a possible new leader for the NRA. Guess who! Barney Baruch. It somehow has a rather startling sound, seems odd -- I don't quite know why. There are plenty of reasons to give the rumor a good deal of possibility.

Some kind of change in the Blue Eagle regime is likely enough. The long-standing row between General Johnson and Donald Richberg has come to a critical point, with the two leaders in an open controversey about the General's latest appointment. When Nathan Straus, Junior, resigned as Director of the National Emergency Council, General ~~Jay~~ Johnson appointed Mrs. Ann Rosenberg to succeed him. And this move is being loudly denounced today, with Donald Richberg saying: "The General had no right to make that appointment. It was up to my department to do it."

And then, as nearly everybody has heard, Barney Baruch had a good deal to do with the formation of the New Deal.

Close to affairs in Washington for years, it was expected that he would become a member of the Roosevelt Cabinet. That didn't happen, but something else did. General Johnson was given an immensely important job directing the NRA. And the General was known as a Barney Baruch man. Baruch had taken him out of the army and taught him the ways of big business.

Recently it was a bit of Wall Street news that Barney Baruch, maker of millions in the Stock Market, had withdrawn from the world of finance. It was explained that he intended to devote his time to writing the story of his career. But today's gossip winks a metaphorical eye at that literary explanation, and whispers the suspicion that retirement from Wall Street most probably means entrance into the affairs of government.

STRIKE

The center of the strike crisis has shifted from New England to the South again. Governor Talmadge of Georgia announced today that martial law was in effect, a particular kind of martial law -- not for the whole state, but only for ~~xx~~ some parts. It is martial law any place in Georgia where soldiers are on guard. That means, if trouble breaks out and ~~martial~~ ^{national} guardsmen are sent in to squelch the disorder, ~~then~~ ^{then} automatically, civil law is suspended and martial law goes into effect.

This is a drastic measure. It means that anybody arrested in a strike riot will not have the right to appeal to the civil courts. ^{Their} ~~And~~ [^] cases will be tried before military tribunals.

I suppose this indicates that trouble is threatening in the textile areas of Georgia, although the ~~general~~ general trend of the news doesn't show ~~mark~~ many signs of outcropping violence down there.

But anyway, the strike crisis has ~~xx~~ been shifting from the South to the North and ^{then} ^{ward} back South again.

Cowdy.

Sept. 17
1934.

INTRODUCTION TO MR. GOUDY:

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From time to time I've paid my respects to the men who gather the day's news, and the editor who spreads the headlines, the photographer, the printer and the printer's devil. But there's one man we almost never hear about. You read a printed ~~line~~ ^{word, or line, or page--} ~~word~~ well, somebody designed that type.

~~Tomorrow night~~ ^{getting ready for} at the National Arts Club in New York they are ~~stage~~ a banquet in honor of Frederic William Goudy, who has been called the "Glorifier of the Alphabet". For years he has been inventing new styles of the printed letter, new "type faces," as they are called. Now, he has created his ninety-second set of type, the latest of ninety-two different alphabetic styles. Tonight Frederic William Goudy has journeyed down to the big city from his rural workshop. I have brought him to the studio here and he doesn't look quite comfortable. He's all dressed up in a regular suit of clothes, while Frederic Goudy in his home printing shop is seen invariably in golf knickers, suspenders, rolled shirt sleeves and the famous Goudy hat. For thirty-five years he's worn the same kind of old, tattered slouch hat made of cloth. He isn't wearing it tonight. They took it from him and have it included in the quarter-of-a-million Goudy Typographical Exhibition that the

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National Arts Club is putting on *this week.*

Well, I wonder how a man starts in as a designer of type. Tell us, Mr. Goudy, how did you get started in your art of glorifying the alphabet?

MR. GOUDY:- I made a design on a bakery wagon. The baker got a new wagon and he gave me a dollar to paint his name on it.

L.T.:- And from then on I suppose you went ^{straight} ahead inventing new styles of type? *Plain sailing from then on?*

MR. GOUDY:- No, not for a long time afterward. I had all kinds of jobs. I was a paperhanger's helper and I was a book-keeper - everything but a printer. Somehow I never got connected with anything remotely resembling type - not until I was forty years old.

L.T.:- That's pretty late to start learning a new art. How did you happen to do it?

MR. GOUDY:- I was fired from the job I had. I could not find

another job. I had to do something. So I started my little ~~xx~~ type shop - to see if I could do something in that line.

L.T.: Well, they say life begins at forty.

MR. GOUDY: No, it wasn't exactly that way with me. I was forty-four before I really did any type designing, and then it was years before I really knew anything about it. I was sixty before I really started in.

L.T.: Sixty before you really started in? You don't look sixty now.

MR. GOUDY: Well, I am seventy and most of my best work has been done in the last ten years.

L.T.: Creating ninety-two new styles of type between sixty and seventy - that does sound like growing younger all the time.

MR. GOUDY: No, that isn't ~~any~~ anything much, not compared with

what my wife does. She is my type-setter and compositor.

She is the printer. And she looks after the house and

our five dogs, three cats and twenty-nine tropical birds.

That banquet exhibition at the National Arts Club, ^{tomorrow night} ought
to be in her honor.

RADIO

Well, it must be a fine thing to have a magic brain.

Who has one? Why the radio. It is announced that radio engineers have perfected a device for picking up weak short wave stations, building them up and ~~ax~~ eliminating static noises. And it is also able to isolate short wave broadcasts much more clearly than is possible right now, keeps them more sharp and distinct from each other. They say this new scientific marvel has almost human intelligence, so they are calling it the Magic Radio Brain.

SHIP

Today's strangest story tells of a ship's log found floating in the South Atlantic. That in itself has the tone of sea adventure, shipwreck, and the strange mischances of the ocean. They say it is the log of the Danish ship "^{Copenhagen}Kovenhavn"- and with that the tone of mystery rises high. That Danish ship is ^{now} almost forgotten by the rest of the world, though not ~~in~~ Denmark, ~~where~~ people still talk of the mysterious, never explained disappearance.

She was a ~~sailing~~ ^{sailing} ship, a five-masted barque, ~~She had~~ ^{-- a naval training vessel.} aboard forty-five Danish cadets who were polishing off their theoretical navigation with a little practical experience. ^{The Copenhagen} ~~The ship~~ sailed out ~~of~~ Buenos Aires, bound for Cape Town. She simply vanished, was never seen again. That was six years ago. For months there was a wide search by ships and aeroplanes. Back in Denmark ^{the} parents of those forty-five boy cadets waited and waited, and then, the first strangeness of ~~the~~ disappearance ^{settling} ~~into~~ the blank hopelessness.

The story that comes today is told by Liborio Justo, son of the President of Argentina. He says a floating log of the missing Danish Cadet ship drifted ^{to} ~~to~~ the Falkland Islands, and there a Scotsman translated it. In that log the entries report a terrific gale with the ship blown off its course, blowing southward, ever

towards the south. Then icebergs. She was blown into a veritable forest of icebergs. One entry tells of the giant ^{white}~~blue~~ masses surrounding the vessel like a range of mountains.

Then comes an entry which reads: "We have abandoned ship. We saw from the distance how the Kovenhavn was crushed between two icebergs."

The log ends with the entry: "In front of us the wide ocean is covered with bergs. It is snowing and a gale blows. Everything convinces me that the sea has taken us beyond the limits of this world."

There is a picture! The sailors and the cadets in open boats ^{amid}~~among~~ the icebergs and one of the boys writing that last line! *How the sea was taking them beyond the limits of this world, a pitiful tragic revelation it is!* I If the story of the ~~ix~~ floating log book is genuine, ~~then~~

FOOTBALL

The football ix winds are blowing. The chilly breezes will soon be here, the gorgeousness of the Autumn trees, and the ~~roar~~^{roar} of the football crowd begins to echo in advance.

An early item tells us about that former Titan of the Intercollegiate game -- Red Grange.

A year ago, Red Grange, after a profitable career in professional football, retired. He was ~~tired~~^{wary} of the slashing and banging and bone-crushing of the ~~Gridiron~~^{Professional} game, ~~and~~^{so he} started a night club. All summer long he has been presiding over the business of giving the customers big times and then handing them big checks to pay. Now, as Autumn comes on, football is in the air once more. And the siren lure of the pigskin has got into Red Grange again. He sold out his night club and returned to his padded uniform. He says he doesn't go in for so much ball carrying any more, he's not so fast as in his days at Illinois. Defensive play, blocking, kicking, ~~opposing~~^{taking} players out. Those are his ~~specialties~~^{specialties} now.

Yes, the siren song of the Gridiron has lured Red

Grange once more, or, maybe his nightclub didn't pay so

well. *That's probably the reason.*

YACHT

It was a dim misty day on the ocean off Newport, and no wild winds were blowing. But there was enough of a breeze to fill the billowing white sails and send the yachts scudding through the water. Yesterday, with the American cup defender the Rainbow, leading, it was no contest -- not enough wind.

Today it was a contest, but the Rainbow didn't lead. And, the Endeavor won. Yes, John Bull's challenging sailboat with the tall masts and outstretched sails went scudding through the water for a clean-cut victory. Well, well, maybe Sopwith isn't followed by the jinx that has always been with the British in other years. I wonder if it's an omen. Anyhow, that makes it the first win out of necessary four. The best four out of seven. That's the way cup yacht races are sailed.

So it's up to Vanderbilt's boat the Rainbow to even it up tomorrow.

Just before I burst into the studio a moment ago my phone rang and an exceedingly British voice spoke with those world renowned British accents of restraint and dignified jubilation:-

"I should like to say, y'know" spoke the voice with a Piccadilly accent, "that we English never follow the Rainbow."

And then my British informant added:- "Cheerio, or as you say in your American way,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.