

L.T. - SUNOCO. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Sensations burst in Europe today like the sharp staccato rattle of the machine gun.

Let's look at the sequence of events. It begins several days ago with that supposed attack upon Hitler's cruiser LEIPZIG. Until then prospects seemed glowing for a friendly and fairly permanent accord between the four great western European powers, Germany and Italy, France and Great Britain. This was due to be cemented by the visit of Hitler's Foreign Minister Von Neurath to London. So the second sour note in the European symphony was the sudden and unexpected cancellation of Neurath's visit. To all observers, this meant that Rome and Berlin were hatching something, some melodramatic measure of reprisal for the alleged torpedo attack on the LEIPZIG. And we were not kept long in the dark as to what it would be, that naval demonstration off Valencia by the combined

fleets of Italy and Germany. As we heard last night, Rome and Berlin issued a polite but somewhat cynical invitation to John Bull and France to join in. The answer to which was quickly forthcoming. An emphatic "No!"

Counter retort followed quickly. The answer from Mussolini and Hitler was "Just as you please, but in that event, count us out from your International Neutrality Patrol; it's all off." Today's report is that the Feuhrer and the Duce are throwing off the mask and getting ready to help Franco conquer all Spain. The report comes of Mussolini mobilizing a division of fifteen thousand of his regulars for service overseas.

And from Berlin comes the news that Hitler is holding a special meeting with his ace generals and admirals and War Minister von Blomberg. And, that the German fleet in the Mediterranean has been reenforced.

What does London say to this? John Bull sends his mosquito fleet, the latest and most formidable thing in torpedo

flotillas. to the Mediterranean. This order was issued quickly today without pomp or circumstance.

However, even war clouds sometimes have their silver lining. The diplomatic announcements from Berlin have a peaceful tone, somewhat in contrast to the Nazi actions. Though Hitler is admittedly sore at England, the Wilhelmstrasse says it seeks a peaceful liquidation of the Spanish War. Just what that means isn't quite clear. And, this vague sentiment is echoed in Rome. Mussolini's official newspaper says: "Italy will participate as long as possible in the general work and policy aimed at the pacification of Spain."

These smooth announcements seem to contradict the report that Mussolini and Hitler are about to undertake a bombardment of Valencia. In the British House of Commons, Foreign Minister Anthony Eden uttered soothing words to the effect that things were not as black as they looked. Then the lone Communist among the M.P.'s tried to throw a bombshell by asking Captain Eden: "Whether there is any truth at all in the German story



about the attack on the LEIPZIG." Captain Eden met that question after the traditional fashion of English Cabinet ministers when they get in a hole. He declined to answer.

Some fellow American citizen of ours fell into the Spanish stew today. They crossed the frontier from France, went to Barcelona, and there were promptly arrested, five of them, suspected of espionage.

General Franco's armies have won another victory. They captured a town southwest of Bilbao. That puts them almost within firing distance of the government forces in Santander. And - they are making practical use of the capture of Bilbao, working its munitions plants and operating the rich mines of the Basques.

EARLE

( For many months President Roosevelt's opponents have been predicting that we should hear of a "third term for Roosevelt" movement. And now here it is.) And who do you suppose starts it? Governor Earle, the first Democratic governor of Pennsylvania.) Since Mr. Earle smashed precedent by winning the election in that Republican commonwealth, some Democrats have been saying:- "Watch Earle, he'll be the next Democratic nominee for President."

It was on that account, said Governor Earle at Harrisburg this afternoon, that he issued his slogan, "a third term for Roosevelt."

"I'm tired," said he "of hearing the suggestion that I might be the next nominee of the Democratic Party."

The President himself has by implication repudiated desire for a third term. "I am looking forward to the day in January, 1939, when I can go back to Hyde Park and be an honest farmer once more." But nevertheless, today we hear - third term for Roosevelt! Is it a trial balloon?

## STRIKE

The industrial warfare doesn't look any more promising tonight. Charles P. Taft, Chairman of the Federal Mediation Board, talks hopefully. But in many parts of the steel area trouble is being averted only by National Guardsmen with fixed bayonets.

A fully equipped detachment of National Guardsmen arrived also at Canton, Ohio. The troops at Warren, Ohio, protected the movement of loaded railroad cars in and out of the Republic Steel plant today.

And into that situation, the C.I.O. threw an additional load of explosives. John L. Lewis has called a general strike at Warren! Six plants have been shut down already, and the Union leaders say all the others in the town will be shut tight by tonight. This was the answer of the C.I.O. to the movement of those hundred railroad cars in and out of the Republic Steel plant. Fifteen thousand men will be affected by that general strike.

The Federal government began to show a stronger hand today. Attorney General Cummings issued an order: "Arrest the six



pickets, the men who interfered with Uncle Sam's mail trucks at Youngstown and Warren, Ohio.

In Johnstown, Pennsylvania, a committee of citizens of the Chamber of Commerce started to get up a petition. They ~~want~~ want the Cambria plant of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation to be reopened. They are making a house-to-house canvass and ~~hope to~~ <sup>expect to</sup> get the signatures of as many as twelve thousand Bethlehem employees.

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And there's trouble in Cambridge, Maryland. Six packing plants, the mainstay of the town, ~~are~~ shut down, with two thousand workers idle. The city police attempted to disperse a crowd of pickets. They we<sup>r</sup>e assailed by a hail of stones which drove them inside the plants. Those cops are now besieged in ~~a couple of~~ the packing factories. And the Mayor of Cambridge has appealed to the head of the state police for help.

But the most peculiar strike situation of all exists in Pittsburgh, where all three newspapers are <sup>today</sup> shut tight as a drum. It's difficult to make head or tail of that walkout of mailers. I called up Paul Block, owner of the PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE, and he confessed he was also completely in the dark.

"Those mailers," he said, "have a contract that doesn't expire until January. They came to us without warning and out of a clear sky said: 'You pay us more wages or we strike!' They wouldn't even discuss it. Of course we immediately got in touch with the head of the typographical union of which the mailers union is a subsidiary." Then added Paul Block, "As you probably know, the typographical union ordered the mailers to go back to work at once on pain of losing their charter."

I asked Mr. Block whether he thought that curious outlaw strike on his and the other papers in Pittsburgh had been fomented by the C.<sup>+</sup>.O. Said Mr. Block:- "The mailers union belongs to the American Federation of Labor. But the men seem to be C.I.O. minded.

Mr. Block said he had hopes that those recalcitrant mailers would come back to work tonight. City Editor Forrest of the PITTSBURGH PRESS, whom I talked to over long distance, said: "Paul Block is more hopeful than we are."

He said it was quite a mysterious strike, leaning toward the C.I.O.



Editor Forrest went on to say that the leaders of the striking mailers couldn't be found anywhere, won't even talk.

The papers from small towns outside of Pittsburgh are reaping a harvest, selling copies on the Pittsburgh streets at premium prices. "We have a negro paper here called THE COURIER," said Forrest. "As you may imagine, they had pretty complete coverage of the fight last night. And this morning they were on the streets selling their papers at ten cents a copy, and selling them faster than they could print them. They never printed so many copies in their lives!"

AMERICAN

So another famous American newspaper goes to that bourne from whence not even a newspaper returns - the boneyard. The NEW YORK AMERICAN made journalistic history in its time. And never more than in the sudden and sensational manner of its demise.

It was no secret in the newspaper world that it was ~~the~~ William Randolph Hearst's pet. It was something like the prodigal son, more beloved of its father than the successful, profitable offspring. How many of his millions Mr. Hearst spent on his *journalistic* love-child only Mr. Hearst knows and probably even he would have to consult his auditors. One interesting story that has been told today is that in order to get the cash to run the AMERICAN, ~~the~~ Hearst sold most of his vast holdings in the great Anaconda Copper Mine. And, they say, if he had been in possession of that during the World War, he would have become the richest man in the world.

There's one extraordinary fact in the history of the NEW YORK AMERICAN. The rank and file of its writers have been those who interest and amuse people who like sensation, melodrama.

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It was on some of the lady reporters of the AMERICAN, I believe, that Will Irwin hung the epithet "sob sister." But side by side with these <sup>on the</sup> AMERICAN payroll there have appeared from time to time such names as those of Mark Twain, William Jennings Bryan, Stephen Crane, even such a heavy highbrow as Henry James. It was for the NEW YORK AMERICAN that Richard Harding Davis covered the coronation of Czar Nicholas of Russia. Stephen Crane was its war correspondent in the Greco - Turkish War. Ambrose Bierce was its Washington correspondent. And almost every great writer of our time. An amazing galaxy of great names in the American Pantheon.

It is claimed that the typographers got their notice a week ago. There were rumblings in New York today because of that announcement, rumors of labor trouble. The demise of the AMERICAN throws twenty-eight hundred people out of work. That's what happens when a famous newspaper shuts up shop.

What will undoubtedly happen is what has happened before when newspapers have been consolidated. The best men with the best features on the AMERICAN will be distributed between Mr.



the best features on the AMERICAN will be distributed between Mr. Hearst's other New York newspapers, the MIRROR and the JOURNAL.

Newspaper men agree that from a sheer practical business point of view the departure of the AMERICAN is logical. As the official announcement pointed out, Mr. Hearst has for years been competing with himself in New York since both the MIRROR and the AMERICAN are morning papers:- fighting his right hand with his left.

ESCAPE

Down in Texas, in the neighborhood of Trinity, a manhunt is being conducted on a vast scale. Armed deputies and rangers are combing the country with bloodhounds for miles around looking for those nineteen convicts who escaped from the Texas-State-Prison-Farm at Eastham. And so far the pursuit has been in vain. Since yesterday not a trace of those nineteen run-away felons has been found.

It is curious that on this day we should learn of the death of the man who led the largest jail break in the history of the United States. That is, ~~it was~~ the largest at the time. In 1910 a gentleman named Walter Berrigan, with four prisoners, overpowered the guards, sawed through the bars at Sing Sing, and made <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ get-away across the Hudson River in a rowboat. It didn't do Berrigan's four comrades much good.. They were soon caught. But for more than twenty years Walter Berrigan retained his freedom. He rode the rods all over the United States, bumming his way from town to town, and from state to state. In 1914 he enlisted in the Canadian infantry, went over-seas, and conducted himself so doughtily that he became <sup>an officer</sup> ~~a sergeant~~. After the war he went to

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work honestly as a house painter. Apparently he did pretty well until 1930. One night he strolled into a mission in New York City. It wasn't the gospel service he went in for as much as the free supper. But an inspirational talk he heard made such an impression on him that he came back night after night. Eventually he became converted and admitted to the superintendent of that mission: "I must confess, I owe the State of New York twelve years and eight months." The superintendent drove him to Sing Sing where he surrendered to Warden Lawes. He was put back in his old cell. In jail his good conduct and story appealed to Governor ~~Franklin~~ Roosevelt so strongly that he commuted Berrigan's sentence. After he got out of Sing Sing he went back to the mission ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> has been working there ever since. ~~This~~ <sup>#</sup> This morning Walter Berrigan was found dead in his bed <sup>as word comes</sup>

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of the big jail break in Texas.