

L.T.- SUNOCO, FRIDAY, MAY 25th, 1934.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

There's a good deal of paradox in this present labor situation. On the one hand, figures gathered not only by the government, but by the American Federation of Labor, show increases in employment, production and payrolls.

Nevertheless, it is natural that President Roosevelt himself should feel much worried over the strike situation. The President is bringing all his influence to bear to get some action out of Congress on Senator Wagner's labor bill before the troubles spread any further. Washington hopes the bill may be rushed through committee before the night is over. The officials of the national labor board believe that this bill, with its bargaining clauses, will be invaluable.

Naturally, the eyes of Washington are focused principally on Toledo today. And it is interesting to observe that the man who is to try to settle this Toledo trouble is Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati, son of the late President Taft. Like most of the men in his family, he is a lawyer and incidentally one of the

prime leaders of the famous charter party that changed Cincinnati from the worst governed to the best governed city in America.

Mr. Taft has a fascinating, difficult, but ever so necessary job in Toledo. He's going to try to do with words what bayonets and bricks can never accomplish.

The principal results of the rioting in Toledo have been those tragic deaths and woundings, and some seventy five thousand dollars' damage to the plant attacked by the strikers. Every pane of glass in the plant attacked by the strikers was smashed.

There's a lot of indignation in Toledo about those killings. Of course it is terrible that men should be shot down by their own countrymen. On the other hand, when soldiers are being knocked down and wounded by stones, bricks and broken bottles, it would be superhuman if they didn't defend themselves.

While the National Guard of Ohio is keeping order in Toledo, the troops of Minnesota are on guard to keep order in Minneapolis. There Governor Olson has been working sleeplessly to bring both the striking truckmen and their employers together. And he assures us that a lasting peace is at hand there.

But meanwhile, three newspaper plants in Cleveland are being guarded by the police. The striking news boys have been making violent demonstrations.

On the Pacific Coast twenty thousand dock workers are still out. They may be joined at any moment by the pilots and sailors.

It is a troublesome situation for any government to have on its hands. The last President Roosevelt, the great T.R., had a tough job with the big Pennsylvania coal strike of nineteen hundred and three. But I doubt whether any president since Cleveland has had so many labor problems to contend with as Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The spectacle of reckless mobs fighting troops in the streets of American cities has excited and alarmed the country from one end to the other.

And there'll be the deuce to pay if on top of all this there is war in the steel industry. The unions say to the magnates: "Cut out the company union or you'll have a strike on your hands such as you've never seen before." And now one of the biggest

industrialists of steel replies in effect: "We'll keep our company unions."

This gauntlet was thrown down to the unions at the annual banquet of the American Iron and Steel Institute. Charles M. Schwab, the most colorful of all the steel moguls, announced his resignation as chairman of the Board.

The principal ceremony at the Steel Institute banquet was the presenting of the Gary Memorial to Eugene G. Grace, President of Bethlehem Steel. The man who threw the bombshell into the meeting is T. M. Girdler, Chairman of Republic Steel Corporation. The company union, he declared, was the best for both sides because only in that way could mutual interests be preserved.

Chairman Girdler, officially, was speaking only for himself. But it is generally understood that he expressed sentiments widely held throughout the steel industry.

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MASARYK.

There is one important European statesman who still believes in democracy and declares that the days of parliamentary government are not over. That statesman is Dr. Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, who has just been reelected President of Czecho Slovakia for his third term. Genuine democracies, says Dr. Masaryk, will outride the storm of dictatorships that is sweeping over the world.

It is interesting to recall that Czecho Slovakia's declaration of independence was first proclaimed from the soil of "the good old U.S.A.", as they used to say in the Army. What is more, Dr. Masaryk was in Washington attending a banquet given in his honor when he received the news that he had been elected the first President of his country. This latest election in the Czecho Slovak assembly means that he will remain President until he is ninety two years old.

There is a background of real American flavor to this eighty-five year old man. His father was a coachman on one of the estates of the imperial Hapsburg family. But what he learned in his childhood did not impress him with respect for imperial ideas. He made his way to Leipzig in Saxony where he studied in the

University. And there he met the young American girl whom he married. The legend is that he learned from her of our American ideals of equality.

A serious, lean faced man with a drooping white mustache, he has, throughout all these years, retained the admiration not only of his own country but of all others. He came to the United States in 1918 and promptly gained the confidence of President Wilson. It was due principally to his diplomacy and sincerity and to the respect in which everybody held him that Czecho Slovakia gained independence. In his own country he is called "Dear Father Masaryk".

CELEBRATIONS.

Happy birthday, Toronto! You are just one hundred years old, and what a blooming, vigorous city you are.

Yes, Toronto, a great Canadian metropolis, one of the mighty cities of the globe, is celebrating her 100th Anniversary. And what a stately celebration it is, with spectacular decorations, parades and gala festivities, dancing of Highland flings, the sweet melody of Welsh corristers, the marching of glittering regiments, and the martial scurl of the bagpipes.

So we're wishing Toronto a Happy Birthday - and, to Chicago another prosperous Century of Progress Exposition. The 1934 version of Chicago's blazing extravaganza will open tomorrow in the most stately fashion possible. The President in Washington will address the progressive people of the Windy City over the radio, and then there will be a pressing of buttons -- to set off the flaming, sky-leaping colors of giant fireworks. The button pressing will be just as spectacular in its way as the fireworks in theirs. Two buttons will be pressed, one in the White House,

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the other in an ice dugout down near the South Pole. The President will push one, Admiral Byrd the other. Dick Byrd keeping his lonely vigil in his ice hut, will press the button that has been all wired in preparation, and in Chicago a multi-colored blaze of fireworks will leap into the sky, and thus inaugurate the second edition of the Century of Progress, which is bigger, more spectacular and more thrilling than the first.

But that combination of the White House, the Polar Continent, and fireworks is only one feature. Another vivid and impressive affair will take place tonight -- over the radio. The General Motors Company is putting on an exposition, not of a century of past progress, but an exposition of the future century of scientific progress. Three hundred of the great industrial leaders of the country will gather, and then a selection of the foremost scientists in the country will picture the scientific progress that we may expect in the years to come. A radio program worthy of Jules Verne, and I have come out to Chicago to help the scientific proceedings along in my own ~~i~~ unscientific way.

I will tip you off to one thing -- you can expect sparks

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to fly when Boss Kettering takes the "mike" in his exceedingly scientific way. For Boss Kettering, in addition to being the master engineer of motordom, is also the premier humorist in the world of science. You can take it from Will Rogers, who said that in making an after dinner speech he would rather follow a nybody else in the country than Boss Kettering, because Boss Kettering makes the competition so tough.

A nyway, you can gaze into the crystal of the future on the radio tonight from nine to ten o'clock Eastern Daylight Time. But meanwhile, let's get back to the present.

DILLINGER.

There is now a reward of five thousand dollars for anybody who captures the killer John Dillinger. Five states have put up a thousand dollars each, - Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, and Minesota. There is no "dead or alive" offer. To get the reward he must be captured and delivered over to the law.

This news comes at an appropriate time. In East Chicago, Indiana, two more policemen have been shot down. They were traveling along the highway when they encountered a car carrying some four or five men. They ordered it to stop and the answer was a loud rattle of shots from a machine gun. The authorities believe the machine gun was operated by Dillinger and his mob, though there is no evidence to prove it. But the murder of the cops has given new impulse to the hunt for Dillinger. And the five thousand dollar reward ought to help. One policeman killed was the father of six children; the other the father of three. (Seems to me they ought to double or redouble that reward, and make it dead or alive).

MORE CRIME.

The New York Police Commissioner has been making an interesting checkup of the parole system, the system by which criminals are released from jails before their terms are up. Commissioner O'Ryan has discovered that within one year seven convicts who were on parole in New York alone, have since been convicted of some form of homicide. Eight others are in jail pending trial for either murder or homicide. What is more, in that same period, just one year, more than four hundred and fifty crooks let loose on society by the parole board have been arrested for some felony or other. These figures concern New York alone. Every other state has its parole board releasing dangerous criminals.

Facts like these make us think that the sentimentalists who weep over criminals might be better employed weeping over the criminals' victims.

CRIME WAVE

How can we stop this crime wave, all this kidnapping, bank robberies, killing of policemen and so on? Right at this moment that question is being discussed by millions and millions of people, discussed as never before. I have it put to me wherever I go, and I in turn ask the question of everyone else.

At the Book Cadillac in Detroit, I put the question to a number of men of national fame. One answer was given to me by a former cabinet officer, Roy Chapin, Secretary of Commerce under Mr. Hoover. He makes three suggestions:-

First, that we clean out undesirable lawyers who flourish on crime, and raise the level of the legal profession to what it is in England; that we speed up justice so that the criminal will be sentenced and on his way almost the day that he is caught; and third, that we have more capital punishment.

Many may not agree with this former Republican cabinet officer on the subject of capital punishment. But we will all

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agree so far as the crooked lawyers are concerned, and if we could only speed up justice that would help enormously. With our present system of government, how can it be done? That's the question!

Circuit Judge Miller of Ripley, West Virginia, says he has found the answer. In his court 23 men were tried for murder. All 23 were found guilty and sentenced in four days. And that's quick work.

HORSE, FOLLOW CRIME WAVE.

Here's a new crime. The story comes from Kentucky, the state of beautiful women and fast horses. It's the crime not of kidnapping but of horsenapping. A sportsman in Louisa, Kentucky, went to the stable one morning and found the horse gone. In its place he found a note which read: "You kin have your hoss back for five hundred dollars". He paid no attention. And the following morning he found another note in his stable, which read: "Will take two hundred and fifty. This hoss ain't worth what we thought he was."

This may not be the first case of horsenapping on record. But it is the first case I ever heard of where it's being done on the cut rate plan.

AMBASSADORS.

These are tough days for Uncle Sam's diplomatic service. In the first place, the reduction in the value of the dollar has inflicted the most cruel hardships on the diplomatic employees in foreign countries. And so far Congress has done nothing about it.

Now a cheerful Wisconsin Congressman proposes to end their hardships in a most drastic way. Representative Cannon wants to abolish all ambassadors. Says he: "What are ambassadors, anyway?" And he answers it with: "Nothing but errand boys and not awfully bright ones at that." Mr. Cannon wants to consolidate the functions of all ambassadors and ministers with the consular service. Among the consuls, he declares, there are no snobs or headline hunters.

Yes, we can pity the poor ambassador in this year A.D. nineteen hundred and thirty-four. Especially when you recall what a glittering and envied person he used to be.

COLORADO.

It is an interesting lady who proposes to run for the Democratic nomination for governor of Colorado. Miss Josephine Roche is known in the Rockies as "The Angel of the Miners". Though she is president of a mining company, they say she is the idol of everybody who works for her. Not only of the miners but of their wives and families. Incidentally, she's a close friend of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, which makes her naturally, a New Dealer. She was staying at the White House when she made her campaign announcement.

And the news from Colorado is that the professional politicians are plenty worried by this feminine gubernatorial aspirant. They are viewing her with alarm, fearing that she may chase them into the mountains.

BEAR

I have just heard that I'm going to lose my bear. Word comes through that private individuals are no longer allowed to own bears in New York State. And on the same mail comes another suggestion for a name for the bear. As things are turning out a prophetic name.

Dr. Jonas Morris of Audubon, New Jersey says:-

"Just call your bear 'Hangover', because he's always a headache", and SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

LT in
Shenandoah
Valley.

May 28⁷
1934.