

(L.T. FOR SUN OIL COMPANY - FRIDAY, February 23, 1934)

Good Evening, Everybody:-

Thousands of dispatches flashing over countless wires from all over the globe. And that's no exaggeration! I'm in a maze of telegraph instruments tonight, with telegrams literally floating through the air. This is a central nerve center of America. I'm broadcasting tonight from the central operating room in the Western Union Building in New York. They call it the Multiplex Trunks room, because this is the terminus of the great trunk telegraph lines that go to every city in the country and all over the world.

As a matter of fact I am rather bewildered. Instruments chattering away, revolving wheels, telegrams sliding on belts overhead, operators dashing here and there -- and girls on roller skates sliding around as though this were one huge skating rink. The girls are on roller skates for speed -- to get about quickly and flit along with telegrams from one part of this immense room to another.

Gathered around the microphone is an interesting group, a cross-section of the world of the telegraph, from the President of the concern to a snub-nosed messenger boy; a crack operator, veteran of the clicking key; an engineer who does wizard tricks with electricity; a supervisor oozing efficiency; and lastly -- Millicent, our girl friend here, on roller skates. Millicent is the darting damsel, the gliding girl girl who has been assigned to help me with the broadcast this evening, to fetch telegrams from the San Diego operator or the Memphis wire, and bring them here with the speed of roller skates.

Here she comes sliding now, waving a yellow piece of paper. What have you got, Millicent?

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MILLICENT:- Hot stuff from Washington!!

WASHINGTON

Hot? It almost burns my fingers. President Roosevelt is facing a political rift within his own family. It's all about the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution doing away with child labor. This has been

one of the pet aims of both the President and his lady. What must have been their astonishment when the adoption of this amendment was opposed by none other than their eldest son, James.

And this seems to put young James Roosevelt in a tough spot. We all know that James is politically minded. He helped his father in the Convention and the campaign. And, it is said he would go into the game on his own if he were not the son of the President.

Supposing he were elected to office and took the same side as his father. Everybody would say: "Oh, he's just a carbon copy of his Dad." As a matter of fact, we learn that he is nothing of the sort. But, if he opposed his father, what would people say then? It's not easy being a President's son.

Since he came out against the child labor amendment in Massachusetts James Roosevelt has had a talk with his father. That's the word tonight. Said he: "We had a discussion about it today." When asked whether the discussion

had led him to change his mind, young James said,  
emphatically "No."

## AIR MAIL

The air mail story tonight is by no means cheery. The weather has been rotten. So far five army fliers have been killed, either directly or indirectly as the result of the mails, one late this afternoon, on Long Island. And the problem is worrying Congress considerably. The Government is reported willing to permit the Air Transport Companies to put in fresh bids for the air mail contracts. On the other hand it appears that the leaders in the House are in favor of fixing the rate at two mills per pound per mile. The rate under which the mail has been carried so far was more than twice that. So it can readily be seen that there is a wide difference of opinion.

The question is: How can there be bidding for a contract when the rate is fixed?

Postmaster General Jim Farley made an interesting remark on this subject. He was dedicating a new post office in Durham, North Carolina. The Postmaster General said: "I am sure everybody understands that the Administration has no desire or intention to work an undue hardship on any

employee of the commercial air lines of the country, or upon the stockholders of these airways. Legislation and plans are being worked out as rapidly as possible and I feel certain that when the public is in possession, as it will be, of all the facts involved, the policy of the Administration in annulling these contracts will be thoroughly understood and our action approved.

The President at the White House this afternoon stated that the Administration was working on plans to return the right to carry mails to the private air lines. He expressed deep sorrow for the army casualties that have occurred.

## INDIAN BUREAU

The next job of house cleaning on President Roosevelt's program is going to be an inquiry into the Indian Bureau. They say, "Lo, the poor Indian, he has been systematically plundered." Colliers comes out with a scorching article about it. It charges that "There has been a steady misapplication of funds, breach of Trusts, confiscation of land, neglect and actual cruelty. A cool billion of the Indian's current cash has been made magically/<sup>to</sup>disappear from right before his eyes, while at the same time his land holdings have shrunk miraculously from 133 million to less than forty-seven million acres.

"What became of all the money is one of the mysteries of Washington." No precise data exist. In forty years there hasn't been an administration in Washington that gave a whistle about what happened to the poor Indian."

## SALARIES

One thing the New Deal seems likely to accomplish is to help us to find out a good deal about our neighbor's business. The Federal Trade Commission has been examining the payrolls of all of the big corporations whose shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. A full report of their financial affairs will be sent to the Senate next week.



R. B. White.  
President, Western  
Union.  
Feb. 23, 1934.

INTRODUCTION TO MR. WHITE

I'm simply dizzy with telegraphy this evening.

I spent part of the afternoon going through this giant plant here. I've seen everything from a telegram coming off the wire from Eastern Asia to the giant machinery.

I'm dizzy with multiplicity and magnitude, staggering distances, staggering numbers. For example, the number of telegrams the Western Union has sent in its history. That must be a fabulous figure. Let's ask Mr. R. B. White, President of the Western Union. How many telegrams have you folks handled, Mr. White?

FOR MR. WHITE

A lot. A deuce of a lot. In one year alone we take care of two hundred million messages. And that means plenty of words. We average five hundred million words a month.

Fourteen billion, four hundred million words have flashed over our wires in the last three years. And we've been in business seventy-six years.

We are approaching the trillion mark.

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L.T. A trillion words! That's as many words as a Congressman would say if he talked at full blast ever since the Pharaohs built the pyramids. A trillion words! That makes me dizzy than ever.

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MR. WHITE: And, Lowell, it's increasing every day. More telegrams are being sent. For example, the radio is responsible for thousands and thousands of words coming over the wires. That's the way listeners explain their likes and

dislikes -- when they are impatient.

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L.T.           When I make a mistake, Mr. White, that's when I get the telegrams.

MR. WHITE:    In our business we call them -- "applause telegrams." The first "applause telegrams" were received by Cyrus W. Field seventy-six years ago when the trans-Atlantic cable was laid.

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L.T.           Getting back to magnitude -- how many telegraph poles have you got? I have always been interested in telegraph poles. "one-tie two-tie, telegraph pole." That's the song of of the tramp.

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MR. WHITE:    All right -- since you seem to be telegraph pole minded:- We have two hundred and seventeen thousand miles of pole-lines, and since there are forty poles to a mile, that makes a grand total of nearly nine million telegraph poles.

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L.T.           No wonder I have so much trouble dodging them with my car. And now, Millicent, let's have the next telegram.

L.T.           MILLICENT, what's next? Oh yes, Central America.

SANDINO     A menacing cloud is hanging over Central America. There is a threat of savage disturbance in Nicaragua. And the reason is - Sandino. It is possible that his assassination will throw Central America into a turmoil, and just as everybody thought the difficulties down there had been ironed out.

For several years the name of Caesar Augusto Sandino was almost as well known in the United States as that of Pancho Villa. In the eyes of many Americans, General Sandino was nothing but a bandit. In the eyes of others he was, on the contrary, a brave enemy. An editorial in the New York Evening Post tonight points out that Sandino declared that he was fighting principally against the occupation of his country by American troops. "As soon as the Marines leave Nicaragua," he declared, "We will lay down our arms."

He was as good as his word. As soon as the Marines were withdrawn, Sandino ceased to fight.

The way he was killed has shocked the Americans against whom he fought. He had a safe conduct from President Sacasa, yet government soldiers took him and his brother and

companions and executed them as mentioned last night.

The question is - will this ugly affair lead to the upsetting of the agreement which was made before our Marines were withdrawn?

Many of those who once described Sandino as a bandit are now calling him a martyr.

## LEOPOLD

A lot of people have been asking me the question: "What sort of a chap is the young man who today was crowned King Leopold the Third, King of the Belgians?" It is rather difficult to give a biography of a young man who, practically speaking, has no history. He's only thirty-two years old, and, hitherto he has been over-shadowed by the enormous prestige and personality of his father.

Nevertheless, the young King's popularity was second only to that of King Albert. He's just as democratic, simple and sincere. And his insistence upon enlisting in the army when he was just a boy of thirteen gave him a place in the hearts of the Belgians that he has never lost. Nor did he strut around in a Lieutenant's uniform with aides and a guard to protect him. He joined up as a private soldier.

Young King Leopold was educated both in Belgium and Eton College, in England. Later on he served in the Belgian Senate, learning something about public affairs. Like his father he also made a study of Colonial administration,

for the Belgian colonies in Africa are exceedingly important such as the Great Belgian Congo. He has two hobbies. He likes machinery, is mechanically inclined; and he's a fisherman.

Here's one instance of his simple ways. When he went to Sweden in 1929, courting the Princess Astrid, he didn't go in state. He traveled in ordinary day coaches, in order not to attract too much attention.

He and his Swedish Queen, <sup>A</sup>strid, have two children, a little girl six years old and a baby heir-apparent, Prince Baldwin, three and a half.



## WORLD'S FAIR

Chicago is on its toes again. It is now a foregone conclusion that there will be another World's Fair. The Illinois Legislature has passed a bill and all it needs now is the signature of Governor Horner, and they say that is a cinch. The measure was passed without a dissenting vote. Lloyd Maxwell, nationally known Chicago advertising man of the firm of Roche, Williams and Cunningham, told me a week ago that this would happen. He said the fair had been a huge success.

One thing this news means is jobs for seven thousand five hundred men. One week after the Governor puts his John Hancock on the bill, this army will be on the job. They will not only put the old buildings in shape but build a lot of new ones.

By the time the gates are open on June first more than five million dollars will have been spent, five million in addition to the thirty-five millions already laid out.

What is more, Henry Ford is going to put a million dollars into a building which will house his own mammoth exhibit. And that alone means jobs for six hundred men.

General Motors will also spend another million. And ten foreign villages are to be constructed on the midway at a cost of a million and a half.

## KIDNAPPED

A verdict has been brought against the Roger Touhey gang in the Middle West. And what a verdict. Guilty - and then some. Out in Chicago it is up to the jury to say not only whether a man is guilty but what punishment he is to have. Touhey with his gang go to prison for ninety nine years. I understand that this means that the question of letting them out on parole cannot even be considered until they have done, each of them, thirty three years of it.

There was some ironic amusement over the tale one of the gang told on the witness stand: That Jake the Barber had not been kidnapped at all, but that he had bribed the gang to fake a kidnapping so as to keep him out of the clutches of the English law. The jury didn't think much of this yarn. Mr. Jake-the-Barber may be as bad as the British authorities say he is, but that has nothing to do with the kidnapping case.

The Touhey gang has been described by all law officers as the worst in the Middle West.

## AZORES

And now about an interesting chap away off on a distant isle. Mr. White tells me of the Western Union traffic director at Horta in the Azores, the cable crossroads of the world, also the aviation crossroads of the world. His name is George Mackey, and he has been in contact with all the famous trans-Atlantic flights that used Horta as their base - Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, General Balbo, the ill-fated de Pinedo and the rest. He entertained Ruth Elder and George Haldeman on that flight of theirs several years ago when they dropped into the Atlantic near the Azores.

But the aviator that George Mackey remembers best is the one he never saw. He was Urban Diteman of Billings, Montana, who took off alone from Newfoundland, bound for the Azores, five years ago. Mackey got a letter from George Haldeman asking him to be on the lookout for Diteman. When the message came from Newfoundland that he had taken off, George Mackey was all set to give the daring flyer a fine reception. Mrs. Mackey had a special dinner ready -- with an extra chair at the table. The sky voyager was due --

then overdue. The whole day went by. Darkness settled.

A storm blowing. They still hoped he would come in. The Mackeys were waiting. The extra chair was still at the table.

Logs were burning in the fireplace. The wind howled. And the rain beat down. They waited all night, waiting for the

roar of his motors above the roar of the storm. He never

appeared. Nothing was ever heard of him or his plane. To this

day at the Mackey home in the distant tropical isle of Horta

the extra chair is still waiting for the guest from the sky -

who did not come.

At every great institution you will find a number of classic jokes. So here at Western Union today I've proceeded to collect several classic telegraph stories. Here's one of them:-

A fair lady asked a weary telegraph operator:-

"John, what is the definition of love?"

To which the hardboiled telegraph operator replied:-

"Love, lady, is the tenth word in a telegram."

Yes, that's a good way to end a telegram, and the best way I can think of ending a broadcast is -- key --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.