

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

I suppose a sense of humor is a wonderful thing, but it can go too far. There's a story in the news today that makes me realize what a dangerous thing a sense of humor can be. Ever so often, too often in fact, I get a call-down for some wisecrack or mild joke of which I have been guilty on the air. People write in and say: "Don't be frivolous, don't be facetious about serious things." Well I can only say that I'm as solemn as an owl compared with that jokester in today's news.

In the metropolis of New York stands that great frowning prison, the Tombs, as ill-omened as its name. In the bright summer sunshine a German band was playing on the sidewalk outside, just at the foot of the grim walls. There were a couple of big horns, and another horn not so big, and a clarinet. The horns went "~~xxxx~~ oompah-oompah", and the clarinets "tootled" away. That German band loudly played a soulful melody, the

languid strains of "The Prisoner's Song". And that's when the trouble began.

Inside of the Tombs seven hundred prisoners broke into wild commotion. They howled and yelled with jeers, ~~and~~ ~~eat-calls~~. They screamed through the bars, ~~on the windows~~. They took off their shoes and beat on the bars. The noise could be heard for blocks.

But still the German band played on, louder than ever. The horns boomed and the clarinet shrilled in the plaintive melody that goes with the words: "If I had the wings of an angel, O'er these high prison walls I would fly."

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No wonder the prisoners hollered and howled and banged away at the bars. Somebody was making fun of them. Maybe somebody was trying to break their hearts. And the uproar grew louder than ever. Maybe there might have been a prison riot -- maybe an outbreak of mutiny.

A warden hurried to the German band. "Stop that," he shouted, "stop playing that."

"Ve can't stop," explained the leader of the band.

"Somebody gif us a dollar und a half to come <sup>hierunter und</sup> ~~come~~ play dat  
song."

Yes, some jokster had given the German band a dollar ~~xx~~  
and a half to play the "Prisoner's Song" beneath the walls of the  
Tombs.

Well, if that's a sense of humor I'll be a Gloomy  
Gus. I won't try any joking in the news tonight. "Life is real,  
life is earnest", as the poet says. And I'm the Sunoco Gloomy  
Gus of the Air, tonight.

*Here's a*  
~~And now another~~ serious story. It concerns one of the most critical spaces on the map -- Eastern Asia. We understand, of course, that the independence of the Philippine/s' will alter the whole political situation out there. The question has been asked repeatedly -- can the Philipinos, by themselves, reserve their independence? That adds a large element of importance to the news from Manila that the Philippine authorities are planning a powerful army.  $\pi$  It will number at least fifty thousand men, and will be equipped right up to the minute with modern armament. The present Philippine Constabulary and Philippine Scouts will probably be the nucleus around which the new military establishment will be built. Both the Constabulary and the Scouts have been built up by the American military authorities out there -- American training, American equipment and American officers. It is expected that many of the American officers might want to remain in the Islands and join the new army. They will be given every opportunity, and will be favored when the commissions are handed out.

BABY

It's hard to be a Gloomy Gus with this next bit of news. In fact, it's impossible. The most ill-natured face in the world would ~~be~~ break into a broad smile of sympathy and gladness. The kidnapped baby is back at Hartsdale, New York, the Connor Baby that has been missing for four days.

That twenty-four month's old child vanished into blank mystery. And there was the usual frantic search by the parents, by the authorities, by the whole community. There was something unusually pathetic about it all, with a family of small children asking for their baby brother. Prayers were offered up at churches. And Governor Lehman of New York, and his wife went personally to the Connor family to console them and if possible help in the search.

But the child could not be found. The case sank into the dull horror of a kidnapping crime. But this afternoon the Connor Baby was found. The bulletin describes the child as unharmed, well-fed, and smiling. ~~It is understood~~ He could not have survived for those four days if he had been merely strayed or lost-- without food or water. Presumably somebody did kidnap him, and then set him free -- afraid of the consequences.

Any kidnapping <sup>affair</sup> ~~case~~ is grim and dishartening to thousands. When it's a small child, people simply grit their teeth. The kidnapping of Charlie Ross those many years ago is still a living legend. And it looked as if the case of the Connor baby might turn out that same way -- unsolved, a tragic blank, infinitely sad.

But now Baby Connor has returned -- and there's a smile for you, a smile for us all, especially those ~~of us~~ who are parents.

## RATTLESNAKES

In the far-western state of Washington things are gloomy -- for the rattlesnakes. Near Coulee City there's a vast exodus of reptiles. The rattlesnakes are moving out by the thousands. And the reason is -- blasting.

They are building a big dam ~~out~~ there, and also a lot of roads. In doing this they are shooting an awful lot of dynamite. And the rattlesnakes don't like the noise. It hurts their ears. The naturalists say they are also annoyed by the shaking of the ground. That's why they are leaving.

So here's a word of gloomy warning. Don't do any blasting in your neighborhood because if you do it will drive the rattlesnakes away.

COTTON

If there's anything to kill anybody's temptation to joke and laugh, it's a lot of figures, so let's begin with five million two hundred and forty-three thousand, nine hundred and thirteen dollars and fiftytwo cents. That's the amount of money the ~~YANK~~ government has paid to the Louisiana farmers for the cotton control program. The farmers got the money for plowing under some of their crops, in addition they have gained twenty million dollars more because of the increase of cotton prices, and now they are expected to pocket twenty million dollars more from further increase in cotton prices. This is according to figures given out by the Louisiana State University. And it's an example of better conditions that are said to prevail throughout the cotton-growing South.

It's a lot of extra money for the farmers, with which they will be able to buy stacks of new pitchforks -- also a few radios, tennis racquets and streamline cars.



TAMMANY

The political news from New York tells how Mayor La Guardia did a deed of civic justice with a baseball. It seems that a bunch of kids were playing baseball in a vacant lot, where batting and throwing the ball was forbidden. The cop came along, chased the kids away, and grabbed the ball. That was all according to law, save that it wasn't one of those common two-bit or fifty cent pieces of junk. It was a regular dollar-and-a-half Big League baseball. <sup>7P</sup> So the boys appealed to the Mayor, saying that no officer of the law ever in the course of his duty had the right to confiscate a dollar and a half baseball. And the Mayor agreed. Somehow he couldn't get the confiscated spheroid back, maybe the cop's kids were playing with it in that same vacant lot. So he got one from Colonel Jake Ruppert, the benevolent owner of the Yankees.

The kid nine called at the City Hall, where the Mayor made a speech and handed them the ball. The boys went away, rejoicing, to play ball in that same vacant lot no doubt, while the Mayor sat in his office, meditating upon the new developments of Tammany Hall -- the choice of a new ringmaster for the

Tammany tiger.

Fiorello La Guardia seems to have wide political ambitions. That would appear to be indicated by his recent coast to coast broadcast of the accomplishments of his administration. And we may see a stirring political battle between the chunky little Italian Mayor and the tall fighting Irishman who now leads Tammany -- James J. Dooling.

He's a battling Tammany district leader, used to the rough-house and wild politics in New York. He was born and bred to the political ways and strategies of Tammany. His father was a big old time Tammany leader, and when he died young Jimmy succeeded him as the heir to the leadership.

Yes, it all reeks of Tammany and rough-house , and of machine politics in New York. A biographical note on Jimmy Dooling has many refreshing contrasts. He was a flashing athlete in college, a football and baseball star at Fordham. His nose is a bit out of shape, <sup>smearred over his face.</sup> He had it broken so often playing football. And then they tell of the wild slide to third base

*When* he beat the ball and broke his leg. He has a war record, as a lieutenant in the trenches in France, also a scholastic record -- at one time he taught Latin and Greek in Fordham. Quite a broth of a boy is Jimmy Dooling.

And quite a broth of a boy is Jim Farley. The selection of Dooling as the new leader of Tammany is a decisive triumph for Postmaster Farley. He was starving the Tammanyites -- no Federal jobs unless they came to terms. Jimmy Dooling had the O.K. of the master of the Post Office and the master of the jobs. So his selection lines Tammany up with genial Jim, the administration and the New Deal.

## GERMAN DEBT

Uncle Sam is insisting on getting what's coming to him.

The Secretary of State has addressed another communication to the German Government, in this second message it says just about what the first one did -- only more emphatically.

The Berlin government went ahead and declared a moratorium on its foreign debts. England protested and demanded that British investors in German securities should be paid. The Germans came to an agreement, saying -- yes, they would pay the interest on their British obligations as it fell due. Whereupon Washington spoke up and demanded:

"We want the same favorable treatment that the British are getting."

That was several weeks ago and since then no reply has come from Germany. So now the Secretary of State has repeated the demand. This second message ends with blunt emphasis.

"The American government," it reads, "must request an early indication on the part of the German government of the measures which it proposes to take."

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American investors hold about six hundred million dollars worth of German government bonds. Why shouldn't they get the same treatment as Englishmen who hold similar bonds? I suppose the turmoil over in Germany has delayed an answer to the American demand.

## STRIKE

Somehow I can't be such a Gloomy Gus about things out in California. Of course, the strike is in a state of tremendous tension, with the great city of San Francisco ~~franked in~~ clutched in a grip or iron. It's almost like a beleaguered town in the grasp of war, with soldiers on guard, military uniforms, naked bayonets and the other menacing panoply of armed strife.

But the Californians seem to be taking their difficulties good-naturedly, though the great general strike has certainly up-set their routine of living. The tie-up of transport *-- except on San Francisco Bay.* has put people on roller-skates, Business girls are skating to work; and society girls, short of gasoline for their automobiles, have been skating to debutante parties.

There <sup>has</sup> been a run on chocolate bars and cookies, with people stocking up on these dainties in anticipation of a food shortage.

Sporting goods stores report that they are selling more fire-arms than they ever sold before --not to the strikers, but to ordinary citizens who are afraid of general disturbances.

You would think a prosperity wave had struck the city <sup>if</sup> ~~as~~ you listened to the panhandlers. Instead of asking for the usual dime, they're demanding fifty cents, and if you inquire in a tone of horror, "fifty cents? How come?", the panhandler will explain that he wants to join the longshoreman's union. Of course, the longshoremen are not working, and the panhandler doesn't want to work anyway. His idea in joining the union is to get free meals at the strikers soup kitchen.

One barber-shop displays a sign:- "Closed for the duration. I've gone fishing. Why don't you?" Other barber-shops are closed with the sign:- "Out of soap."

STRIKE - 3

About the most startling development today seems to have been a raid on a Communist meeting, by the police and the National Guard. With pointed machine guns they jumped in on the Communists and took away two hundred prisoners.

Governor Merriam of California has ordered food to be moved in by trucks, and ordered the trolley cars to state running under guard. This indicates clearly enough that the State government is determined that the strike shall not reduce San Francisco to any great condition of distress.

In a way, the most ominous news comes from parts outside of San Francisco -- from all over the country. It has been predicted that the Frisco general strike would intensify labor unrest from one coast to another, with a wave of strikes. And, this seems to be the case.

Union labor has walked out at Oakland, Berkely and Alameda, across the bay from San Francisco, and labor tension throughout California. Then in the Middle West, in Minneapolis, six thousand truck drivers are out today and the troops were called out.



There's a textile strike in the South, Alabama.

Twenty thousand workers out.

In Houston, Texas, the police are on guard at the docks -- another longshoreman strike, in which three people have been killed. Another Texas walkout concerns women in the pecan shelling trade. Eight thousand demanding higher wages.

In New England the labor trouble is in the hat industry. Hat factories in Connecticut are closed.

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We seem to be approaching a climax of that spread of labor unrest which has been increasing for a year or more. Some attribute it to the liberal policies of the New Deal. Others explain it as an inevitable consequence of economic recovery, and point out that the working man, relieved of the hopelessness of the depression, is in the mood to press his demands. That would seem to tie the San Francisco general strike and the labor difficulties throughout the country to the general movement of the times -- all of which makes it more serious than mere sporadic outbursts would be.

The officials of the administration are sharply aware of this -- President Roosevelt in particular. He is out at sea a thousand miles off the coast of Mexico; supposed to be fishing off Clipperton Island. But I'll bet he's neglecting his hooks and line and sinkers. An incessant stream of ether waves is flashing between Clipperton Island and the city on the Potomac as the government heads in Washington keep the President informed of the labor crisis. Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor sits at her desk, in Washington, in ceaseless radio communication with the President, out there on the Pacific.

It's all mighty serious news. But why be a Gloomy Gus. It'll all work out some how probably for the best. And may the best man win. But that's getting frivolous again. So I guess I'd better day, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.