

L.T. SUNOCO - APRIL 11, 1935

*Original
WBC*

Good Evening, Everybody:-

The same old Washington: the hum of the wheels of
Government and the buzz of gossip about Government. I've been
hearing it today because I'm here in the national capital. The
return of the President from his fishing trip has started affairs
in Government-town on a new stretch of dizzy, or I might say,
vertigenous activity.

WEST

Washington is not best known as a college town, but there's always plenty of gossip about professors along the Potomac here. Now so much as last year perhaps. Observers have been pointing to the fading out of the Brain Trust, those battalions of professors called in when the New Deal was young. They gave their learned all, and the nation was their classroom for quite some time. But recently the parade of the professors has been disappearing in the distance - via the Union Station. Many a collegiate prof has been seen shaking the dust from his feet as he boarded the Wabash Limited.

Writing in Collier's, George Creel explains that in the beginning the New Deal needed ideas. Professors are men of ideas. But now that the ideas have been provided, administrators are needed.

However all this may be, the President's latest appointment does not have such an unprofessorial look, such an anti-collegiate aspect. I mean Charles West, who has been made contact man between the White House and the Capitol. He becomes the President's liaison man in dealing with the lawmakers on the hill.

Charles West is a former Congressman, but then he also used to be a professor. His political career consisted of two terms in the House of Representatives, but he lost out last year when he ran for the Senatorial nomination.

His scholastic career cannot be so briefly told. He took a Masters degree at Ohio Wesleyan, then won a Carnegie Fellowship at Harvard, and later studied at the University of Naples in Italy. He became an instructor of political science at the College of Worcester, then at Tufts, Harvard, and Denison University. For the past fifteen years he ^{has} been a lecturer on international relations.

So you can't talk so eloquently of the twilight of the professors while mentioning ^{the fact} that the President has appointed Charles West to the exceedingly important political post of White House ~~personal~~ contact man, who tells the lawmakers what the President wants them to do, and tells the President what the lawmakers are likely to do.

RELIEF

Mr. Roosevelt,
~~The President,~~ busy at the White House with plans and personalities concerning the Work Relief program, will find food for thought in two bits of news that are being discussed today. One from New Jersey, the other from the West Coast.

The New Jersey disclosure *told us of those* ~~tells us~~ ten thousand unemployed who have turned down jobs during the past ten months because they would rather be on relief. Seventy per cent of these ~~jobs~~ were in the category of domestic service. Perhaps that's just another phase of the well-known antipathy for housework. Thirty per cent of the unwanted jobs were industrial and clerical. These facts of the jobless preferring relief to jobs, are made public by Russell J. Eldredge, New Jersey Director of State Employment and National Re-employment services. And he now goes on record in favor of a plan to make applicants for relief register first for employment. A job if possible, with the relief as a last resort. That plan is in effect in the State of Utah right now.

The West Coast news is of a rather opposite character. Out there the relief authorities have surrendered to a wave of protest climaxed by a woman on a hunger strike. Recently the

California Relief Administration has been taking a lot of
of people off the work-relief-rolls and putting them on direct
relief-- a dole. That's what caused the kick. Many of those jobless
objected to the dole and preferred to have a bit of labor along
with the Government money. The protest was thrust ^{into} the realm
of melodrama when Miss Lucy Craig, forty-five years old, went on
a hunger strike. She was one of those taken from work relief and
put on the laborless dole; and ^{Lucy} ~~she~~ didn't like it. "I'd rather
starve than accept relief money I have not earned," she declared.
So she announced she would refuse food until ~~she was~~ put back on
work relief. And she proceeded to do her hunger striking with such
earnestness and such a lack of nourishment that now the relief
authorities have ~~capitulated~~ capitulated. They not only put the
hunger-striking lady back to work but have done the same with a
thousand others who had been transferred to the dole.

Some places they want to eat without working. Other places
they'd rather starve than be idle. Contrasts like that point to the
intricate human and social angles that the President and his
Administrators have to face in putting into ~~an~~ operation the giant
machinery of work relief.

DUST STORM

One angle of the work relief bill is the focus of plenty of scientific thought in Washington -- the dust storm angle. ~~of work relief.~~ A sizeable chunk of that four billion eight hundred million is being devoted to the task of overcoming the looming menace of those tempests of dirt. The swirl of the desicated cloud is bad enough in itself, and it raises a threat of national, yes continental, danger. [Government scientists have

been telling us how a huge lot of western agriculture was a mistake, the cultivation of the prairies that should have been left as grasslands. They plowed up hundreds of thousands of

acres, and destroyed the grass. But that old prairie grass was precisely what had kept the interior of this continent from

We've been hearing that on all sides of late. It kept the soil from blowing in loose clouds.

But the grass was removed and now the soil is blowing, *as you know*

The way to check this is to restore the vegetation.

That's the plan of government experts. They intend to plant long strips of grass in the dust storm region, strips so placed that they will break the accumulating swirl of powder-dry soil.

They'd like to restore something of the old prairie, some of the old buffalo grass. But so much of that characteristic of American vegetation has been grazed to death and plowed up that they say the buffalo grass is about becoming extinct.

So the soil scientists are having to resort to other means, to other vegetation -- vegetation from far distant lands. And in the Department of Agriculture they are talking about that today.

The Literary Digest tells how Department experts have been over in distant Asiatic Turkestan, where they have plenty of desert -- also plants that thrive in desert conditions. These experts have now brought back more than eighteen hundred samples of seeds of Turkestan drought-resisting foliage in the Taklamakhan - and in the Gobi too. These are to be carefully nurtured and planted in our own drought areas. The attempt will be made on a major scale, to conquer dust storm conditions by filling the old prairie land with Central Asian plant life.

Which brings us to the fact that Uncle Sam has his scientific eye on *Aristida Pennata*. That's a botanical term for

the Turkestan plant which promises the best fight against the dust storm. It is tall, thick and bushy. It grows in the most arid deserts beyond Samarkhand. And it flourishes in loose, moving, desiccated soil. If the dust-storm wind blows hard enough, and the earth is blown away from the roots, and the plant itself is sent flying in the wind, -- that doesn't mean a thing to *Aristida Pennata*. The hardy plant, even if blown through the air for a long distance, will take root when it falls to the desert earth again.

So they believe that *Aristida* will make a conquest. It sounds like a Grecian beauty making a conquest of an Athenian merchant or of a Socratic philosopher. But it is scrub brush from Central Asia, out to vanquish Kansas - I mean the Kansas dust storm.

BONUS

Along Pennsylvania Avenue Favorite Sport Number One is trying to figure the odds on the bonus. It has been well known, repeated over and over, that Mr. Roosevelt will veto the two billion dollar Patman Bonus Inflation Bill if the Senate joins the Lower House in passing it. Now, the White House opposition takes a still more vigorous form. Last night Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader, had a conference with Mr. Roosevelt. They talked bonus. And when the Senator emerged from the stately mansion, he foretold the next presidential anti-bonus move -- a special message to Congress. In a strenuous manoeuver to block the Patman bill, the President will appeal for its defeat in a message to be read to the House of Congress, before the vote is taken.

CHERRY BLOSSOM

That just about rounds up the current whirl of political tidings here in the shadow of the big round dome of the Capitol. There are a few things of lesser importance, town gossip, personal notes - such as South Carolina azaleas paying homage to Washington cherry blossoms. The homage was paid by the Azalea Queen, crowned at this year's flowery festival in Charleston. She has arrived in the national capital to visit the White House and preside over the Azalea show put on by the Department of Agriculture.

And then the more festive of the Washingtonians are buzzing in anticipation of ^{Saturday} ~~Friday~~ night's Gridiron dinner at the Hotel Willard -- the Fiftieth edition of ^{political} that annual extravaganza of gaiety and satire where Presidents take it on the chin and laugh.

CONFERENCE

The story of the first day at Stresa turns a prediction into a fact. England's attitude toward Germany all along has been so mild as to provoke sharp French and Italian complaints. And the prophesy was that ~~for~~ John Bull's men would go to Stresa ^{dawdling with a} ~~with the~~ policy of non-belligerence toward Germany.

Today's ^{reports} ~~reports~~ of the three-power parley indicate that the diplomats from London have been doing just that -- putting the brakes on the more impetuous desires of France and Italy. There is no surprise in ~~this~~. The flicker of astonishment comes with the indications that the French and Italians are not ~~any~~ doing any fire-eating, but seem ~~ed~~ to be in agreement with the bland mildness of the British.

This is eloquently suggested by a statement of ^{French} Foreign Minister Laval ^{at the Isle of Breau,} ~~of France~~ at Stresa. He announces that he will make a trip to Berlin to confer with Hitler. This -- after all those ~~these~~ French complaints about Sir John Simon's friendly trip to Berlin.

But the larger development seems to lie in the probability that ~~the~~ Stresa ~~affair~~ will soon be over, with a

second Stresa taking its place -- the present conference enlarged into a second and bigger conference. Mussolini is already on record as saying that Germany should be invited to join. Today Poland and Russia were added as likely candidates for invitation. When today's meeting of the statesmen on the beautiful isle Elsola Bela adjourned, the minutes of the discussion were not made public. Naturally not. But just the same, word was had from the most reliable sources that the diplomats were working out a plan to have Germany, Poland, and Russia - Hitler, Pilsudski and Stalin join them and turn the three-power Stresa Isle of Dreams confab into a six-power pow-wow. The French demand seems to be no more severe than a German treaty violation shall be acted upon by the League of Nations.

All of these indications focus on a single meaning -- a policy of peaceful conciliation toward defiant Germany.

But there are contradictory evidences too, hints of sternly anti-German diplomacy. These concern the understanding between France and Soviet Russia, a reported military alliance that would hem the Teutons in on the East and West. Today's

report from Stresa is that the Little Entente is supporting the new Franco-Russian line-up -- Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania joining what is said to be a military alliance.

STRESA

It's ~~about~~^{almost} time now to say something about the beautiful old villa in which ~~the~~^{today's} grand international confab is being held. Any one of the old and historic villas of Italy is sure to have a romantic history. And that's shinningly true of the stately edifice on the little island of Lake Maggiore, fronting the town of Stresa. ~~Its~~ Its very name, Villa Borromeo, is redolent of legend. It was the country place of that aristocratic Borromeo family which provided the city of Milan with its favorite saint. In the great white cathedral of Milan you will find an astonishing tomb, a crypt with the walls and ceiling sculptured in a deep bas-relief of solid silver. And in a crystal coffin you ~~will~~^{there} see the body of San Carlo Borromeo surrounded by priceless treasures -- an immense emerald given to the saint by the Empress Maria Ter^asa of Austria, and a golden sceptre sculptured by Benvenuto Cellini.

And then -- the Villa Borromeo is tied strikingly to the flaming legend of Napoleon. The young Corsican conqueror lived there ^{with Josephine} during one of his ~~most~~^{Italian} miraculous campaigns. ~~that Italian~~

Memories of saintliness and of war tonight surround
the statesmen of Britain, France and Italy, as they sit at the
diplomatic table on the Beautiful Isle, Esola Bela.

SHIPS

Once more the story of ships in trouble, big trouble — but this time it's not so darkly tragic.

There certainly is big trouble, with the giant liner Aquitania on a mud bank in the harbor at Southampton. That was last evening's story. But the Aquitania is still news today. They didn't get her off the mud bank until this afternoon. All the passengers were taken off on tenders last night; and then through the dark hours and on through the hours of daylight, heroic efforts were made to get the vessel afloat. They unloaded cargo to lighten her. The surrounding water was blanketed with oil pumped from the ship's tanks, to quiet the sea beating around the stranded liner. Finally nine tugs got together, and with a tremendous straining at the lines, succeeded in budging the Aquitania. With a vast groaning and creaking they hauled her off the mud bank and slid her into deep water.

From Nantucket-way the ship story is one of really extraordinary trouble. When a tempest sweeps away that most famous lightship, sweeps her twenty miles away, then it's "blowin' up", as they say along the New England coast.

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The recent North Atlantic gales have torn the Nantucket lightship from its moorings, ripped it from its anchorage, and sent it drifting. ~~for twenty miles~~. Thirteen men are aboard. They don't seem to be in any special danger. Right now that beacon vessel which is supposed to guide mariners to port, is trying ~~to~~ to beat her way through heavy seas to New Bedford.

9 1/2

When a lightship is adrift, that's a lot of help to other vessels. When the Nantucket lightship is blown twenty miles down the coast -- it's time ~~to say~~ for a sailor to say: *Thank God!* SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.