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L.T. SUNOCO - MONDAY September 3, 1934

Ladies and Gentlemen -- My friends and fellow citizens!

That's the way to begin a speech, isn't it? And it seems like the proper way to start into the news on a day when we hear about so many speeches. Today is Labor Day -- so-called because nobody labors, also because a lot of people make laborious speeches about labor.

Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler made a speech denouncing radical economic ideas. He said all the talk about the ~~xx~~ maldistribution of wealth was a lot of nonsense.

~~But~~ Perhaps the most striking speech we hear about this Labor Day comes from a former democratic Assistant Secretary of War -- Colonel Henry Breckenridge, who served under President Wilson in wartime days. He is also attorney for Colonel Lindberg. He fires a hot volley of verbal shot at the New Deal and all its works, public and otherwise, this by way of announcing himself as a candidate for the United States Senate. He is going to run on an independent ticket, though some of his supporters are telling New York Republican leaders that, as they are looking for a candidate for Senator, they couldn't do better than to nominate the former Democratic Assistant Secretary of War, who is 'agin' the alphabet soup from A to Z. The Republicans have not as yet uttered any loud and cheery "Yea."

~~But~~ Upton Sinclair, the Socialist who has captured the Democratic party in California, takes a fling at the conservatives and prophesies the end of our ~~xx~~ two party system. "Liberals and

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Conservatives," says he, "Will take the place of Democrats and Republicans." He's for the New Deal, but he wants it bigger and still newer, *everything on the up and up!*

But that's enough of a speech about speeches; ~~plenty of words about words, so~~ let's see what people have been doing.

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~~Let's see~~ I was talking about Upton Sinclair, ~~wasn't it~~

And that takes us to the tragic case of Tom Mooney's mother.

In all the bitter controversy about the prisoner who has been in grim San Quentin Prison for all these years, there was one point about which there was no disagreement. The friends and the enemies of Tom Mooney, Labor radicals, capitalistic conservatives, all agreed ^{in praise of} ~~about~~ the white-haired woman of eighty-five, who lived for just one thing -- the release of her son, ~~from~~ prisons

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She fought one long bitter battle to clear him of guilt in the San Francisco Preparedness Day outrage. She was received at the White House by President Roosevelt. Some of the greatest legal minds of the ~~continent~~ ^{continent} went across the ~~country~~ ^{continent} to carry on her fight. Radical organizations seized upon her as a symbol of martyrdom.

A few days ago ^{Candidate} Upton Sinclair announced, as one of his first declarations of policy, that if ~~he were~~ elected, he would free Tom Mooney, ~~and~~ ^{of California} The Republican candidate for Governor made a promise too. ^{Mr. Merriam said to} ~~He told~~ Mrs. Mooney: "I will consider a pardon if

elected."

It must have seemed to her that the fight was nearly won, that there was every prospect of seeing her son a free man once more. But now she has died. And this seems to have a dark fatefulness, the classical irony of one who in the certainty of victory doesn't live to see it.

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STRIKE

It's still pretty hard to size up the big textile strike. The New England mills ~~are~~ closed down on Labor Day anyway. So the effectiveness of the walk-out isn't clear.

But, It isn't a scheduled holiday in the South. So, we can tell more about it down there in Dixie. In the Carolinas, forty-two thousand textile workers were ~~idle~~ idle today. The strike gatherings are taking on ~~more of~~ the evangelical fervor of a prayer meeting. The first violence, the first outbreak of trouble is reported at King's Mountain, North Carolina. Some of the plants there were trying to keep open with a force of nine hundred non-striking workers. The union men resorted to force and compelled the nine hundred workers to quit their looms.

Than at Boaz, Alabama, five men were arrested in a minor skirmish.

At strike headquarters in Washington, all was quiet today. Francis J. Gorman, the nattily attired leader of the textile workers, declares that the strike will be one hundred percent effective, although this is categorically denied by the mill owners.

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We will have to wait until tomorrow, the first general working day under the ~~the~~ strike, to see how things are going. The whole nation will watch its newspapers tomorrow, keeping tabs on the biggest strike in ^{an} industry, ~~the~~ that this country has ever had.

INTRO TO BASEBALL

Yes, it's Labor Day, with little save recreation and enjoyment stirring in this land of ours. The papers are playing up the more festive aspects of the news. Here's a story to which the New York Herald Tribune gave two columns on the front page and the N.Y. Times something similar; today, so I suppose I'd better give it a minute or two.

It's about that brilliant victory scored by President Roosevelt's administration on the baseball field.

BASEBALL

~~A brilliant victory was scored yesterday by President Roosevelt's Administration.~~ There was plenty of victory, also plenty of Administration -- including the White House Correspondents, the photographers, the Secret Service, the Brain Trust, the Presidential Secretariat, and the Chief Executive, himself. It was that baseball game between our local team of Saints and Sinners and the White House Correspondents.

Captain Fred Storm of the United Press took the day's honors for that good old baseball quality -- indignation. Did he beef, when our pitcher tossed a low one about a half inch above the plate and Fred kept his bat on his shoulder with a smile of contempt, but the umpire roared:- "Strike three, you're out!" And Fred let-out a vociferous hollar as he retired to the bench.

But it was the photographers who were the long sharp thorn in our side, the demon cameramen assigned by news and picture services to cover the President. There was Joe Caneva, A. P. photog, who went after a fly, barely got his fingertips on the ball and held it. Joe had glue on his fingers, and something under his hat

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because he made a double play unassisted. Just too many photographers!

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Major Jarvis, chief of the United States Secret Service umpired and George Drescher also of the Secret Service, pitched a couple of innings -- mostly bases on balls. Being a Government sleuth, he couldn't find the plate. There was just enough secret service to make things pleasant.

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But, there wasn't enough Brain Trust. Colonel McIntyre, the President's secretary, in his managerial orders said he was putting the Brain Trust in to help out the brawn trust, only he couldn't tell which was the brain and which was the brawn. But anyway, we had both brain and brawn against us. And it was the brawn that licked us.

Federal Relief Administrator Harry Hopkins, textile storm center in the present strike crisis, missed two easy grounders in the field, and at bat popped an infield fly. And he jumped every time the umpire yelled:- "Strike!" They benched the Relief Administrator and sent in some relief.

Professor Rex Tugwell, the mightiest professor of them all, took his economic theories into the pitcher's box and

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had 'em smacked all over the practical lot. In a inning and a half we got nine runs off him, and it looked as if we had the game sewed up.

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But there on the side-lines was the President of the United States, master minding all the time! With one of those flashing decisions worthy of the Roosevelt tradition, he ~~yanked~~ ^{yanked} Pitcher Tugwell. Not Schoolboy ~~Rose~~ ^{Rawe}. Just Schoolmaster Tugwell ~~and~~ sent ~~him~~ to the showers. The Under Secretary of Agriculture tossed the ball down disgustedly, in regular big league manner, and strolled dejectedly to the bench. Just another pitcher knocked out of the box. The President is going to farm him out to Omaha, the Western League, for more experience. No, there just wasn't enough Brain Trust. And, all together too much President. Then the Chief Executive did a crucial piece of master-minding which really won the game. It was a real John J. McGraw stroke -- you know how the Little Napoleon of baseball used to win a game by riding the opposing players? That's just what the President did, a Big Napoleon.

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There was one of our ⁱⁿ⁻fielders who was playing his head off, playing a whale of a game -- Casey Hogate, three hundred pounds of him. Casey, publisher of the Wall Street Journal, on second made a brilliant defensive play. One of the photographers hit a line drive square at him and nearly knocked his head off. But Casey swiftly threw up his hands and skillfully deflected the ball, which rolled out into center field. It was a defensive play all right. And Casey was hitting too, smacking the ball with all his weight. And you should have seen his majestic three hundred pounds running the bases!

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And now we come to what President Roosevelt said to Casey. "Is it true, Mr. Hogate," he asked gayly, "that you have to hit a home run to get to first base?"

And with that the publisher of the Wall Street Journal began to think. In the field and at bat thereafter he was plunged into profound thought. Having ^{to} hit a home run to get to first base -- just like Wall Street under the New Deal. Casey thought so hard about it that it spoiled his game.

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And then the nerve-tingling, breath-taking ninth inning! Score twenty-five to twenty-one in our favor. A new

pitcher went in for the White House. A sinister figure with a sinister black mustache, and a sinister glint in his eye.

Eddie Roddan, Washington Correspondent for the Hearst papers.

He had a game leg. He limped out to the pitcher's box and

shut us out. They came to bat. Again the sinister black

mustached, limping Eddie Roddan sent a terrific line drive

past me ^{to} ~~in~~ right field. That's how they won, twenty-six to

twenty-five.

The honor of the Administration saved by a

crippled Hearst man.

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AVIATION

Doug Davis has won again. He's the speedy unknown who won the Bendix Trophy in the dash from Los Angeles to Cleveland in the ~~Cleveland~~ Air races. Now he ^{'s victor} ~~has won~~ again.

In today's big speedy race at Cleveland, he outdistanced everybody -- three hundred and six miles an hour, though that's not official, but it was two miles faster than the record held

by Jimmy Wedell. So to the names of Jimmy Wedell, Jimmy Doolittle, Frank Hawks, Roscoe Turner and the other annihilators of space, destroyers of distance we ~~are~~ now have Doug Davis.

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SALVATION

Now for a look at Salvation Army affairs.

There had been a lot of controversy, talk for and against the Booth Dynasty, the descendants of that famous General Booth who started the Salvation Army. At the last world convention the Booth Dynasty was overthrown with the election of General Higgins as Commander-in-Chief. This time the Booth Dynasty made another big for power -- or rather two bids. One by Evangeline Booth, who was opposed not only by the Anti-Booth Party, but also by her own niece, who was campaigning for herself.

But, Evangeline Booth won out. Her election as Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army is a triumph for the American wing of the Army, because Miss Booth lives at Hartsdale, New York. She's sixty-two years old, but her red hair is only slightly touched with gray and she remains slim and athletic. And she spends her spare time riding horses, and writing hymns.

AUSTRIA

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Let's go back a few weeks to the time of the Nazi putsch ^{in Austria} ~~in Vienna~~, with Italian troops massing on the frontier, and lively possibilities of Mussolini's soldiers marching into Vienna. Well, we now hear that Italian intervention was even more likely than we thought at the time. ~~A German newspaper tells us it was all in the cards. And the newspaper is the personal expression~~ of the powerful Nazi Vice-Chancellor, Goering ~~declares~~ declares that Mussolini and the murdered Chancellor Dollfuss, had it all arranged between them, that the Italian Army could enter Austria any time, to block off the Austrian Nazis, if they seemed to be getting the upper hand.

Goering's political writer goes on to say further that Il Duce was all set to have Prince Von Starhemberg become head of the Austrian Government, after the assassination of Dollfuss. But President Miklas of Austria quered that plan by acting on his own account ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ appointing Chancellor Schuschnigg.

And Goering has further inside information to offer-- to the effect that Mussolini is now after the scalp of the Austrian President. His plan is to force Miklas to quit his

job, ~~so~~^{so} that Prince Von Starhemberg ~~will then~~^{can} be made Regent of Austria, virtual dictator. ~~^~~[^] I don't know how much there is in this Nazi prognostication, but there are rumors that the Austrian President is not so pliable as the Black Shirt Dictator at Rome would like. They tell how the peasant-born Miklas on one significant occasion pulled a very large handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his nose and remarked:- "They want to make me like the King of Italy. His handkerchief is all he is allowed to poke his nose into."

~~That humorous wheeze is going around in various forms, of which the version of the President of Austria is one.~~

RAILROAD

Blow the whistle and ring the bell! Now for a batch of railroad stories. One tells how over in France an engineer and fireman hopped off a locomotive and sat down beside the tracks to eat luncheon. Suddenly, for some unknown reason the locomotive began to back. It gathered up speed, and running backward went racing down the track -- with the engineer and fireman vainly trying to catch it. It ran right into the busy Gar de'l Est in Paris. A loud crash, bang as the run-away train on which they were, smashed into a couple of passenger coaches. Fifty-four people injured, none fatally.

In the South American Republic of Chile it was the case of a young man who seemed to have been drinking some of that Chilean wine. He saw a locomotive and said:- "Caramba, I'll run that thing." He pulled a lot of levers and switches. The next thing you know the locomotive went plunging through a brick wall. Tonight the young man is pulling, vainly, at the bars on the window.

Our third railroad story tells of a mighty brave man. I know what I'd do if a bunch of Chinese bandits poked

their guns at me and said: "if you make a sound you'll be killed."
I'd keep still.

But not so with that nervy Japanese over in Manchuria. He and a group of fellow prisoners were in the hands of Manchurian bandits. A couple of the prisoners were Americans.

They had been captured when the bandits wrecked a train on which they were. That's the old Far Eastern idea of holding people for ransom.

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The bandits were sneaking along in a forest with parties of Japanese closing in on them. They warned their prisoners to be silent under pain of death. But one of the prisoners, a Japanese, heard the sounds of the searching parties and he yelled at the top of his voice:- "Here we are." He was immediately shot down. The soldiers closed in with a rush and after a sharp fight rescued the prisoners and exterminated the bandits. The prisoners were all unharmed except for the man who had shouted. And he was not dead, ^{only} ~~but~~ seriously wounded.

WEDDING

Come seven, come you seven brothers and come you seven sisters. It will be the biggest negro wedding on record, at the Cosmopolitan Negro Baptist Church, Washington, when seven brothers named Cobb will marry seven sisters named Riley, in one simultaneous ceremony.

There will be only one minister to pronounce the seven-fold words that will unite the seven couples, but there will be fifty seven bridesmaids and fifty seven ushers. And the rejoicing will be seventy times seven, and then it will be seben come eleben -- and, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.