

L.T. - SUNOCO. FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1937.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

This afternoon I called up Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and asked: "How about it, is the story true?" I was rather bewildered - about that reported march of six thousand miners into the Pennsylvanic city of steel and strike. One report described the trooping of the miners into Johnstown, shouting and singing and establishing picket lines around the Republic Steel plant there. It was a positive statement, with precise details. But another report was just to the contrary - and declared categorically that there was no sign of any march of the miners into Johnstown. I was dizzy with the clashing impact of those two complete contradictories - Yes and No.

So I phoned Johnstown, called police headquarters, there - where they certainly should know whether the city had been invaded by an army of six thousand miners. The police official I spoke to said -No. Not a sign of the six thousand. If they had staged their invasion of Johnstown, the police knew nothing about it. So I suppose we'll have to let it ride at that, and say that the burden of the evidence seems to indicate no miners.

There was a march today ^{however} at that other strike-haunted town with ^{the} similar name - Youngstown, ^{in Ohio.} It was a march back to work. The State Troops were ordered to protect the non-strikers entering factories. ^{And} the Mahoning Valley of Ohio witnessed the beginning of the back-to-work movement. Five ~~hundreds~~ hundred returned to Youngstown sheet and tube. Soldiers were on guard there, and the picket line had almost vanished.

The local C.I.O. director declared today: "The strike is still on, and we can expect to continue striking with the assurance that the men will win."

47
In the Canton, Ohio, area, the spirit of strike violence was affirmed by four bomb explosions. The explosions did little damage and soldiers opened fire on an automobile from which the bombs were tossed.

But for the most part, things were quiet in the strike sectors, and ~~streams~~ streams of workers entering factory gates presented a picture of - back to work.

PLOW

Today a ghost village has awakened to a sudden revival of life. Today Grand Detour, Illinois, becomes a scene of gay activity. For there they are celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the steel plow. Those of us who are accustomed to the farm take our steelplows so much for granted that we hardly imagine there ever was a time when no such thing existed. Yet the first steel plow the world ever knew was created at Grand Detour, ^{Illinois,} just one hundred years ago today.

48

The story tells of Major Leonard Andrus of Vermont who went West, seeking an ideal place to pioneer a village. He found it on Rock River, in Illinois, where a French fur post had been. The French trappers called it Grand Detour. So the Major brought in settlers and founded his village. And there quickly came a crisis. He found that while the soil was exceedingly black and rich, it could not be worked with the ~~any~~ ordinary plows of those times, plows of wood and iron. Farming was impossible, and it looked as if the settlement would have to be abandoned.

Then the Major had an idea - make a plow of steel. Wouldn't that solve the problem? He tried it, made the first

steel plow out of the blade of a sword. And it worked. He put up the first plant for the manufacture of steel plows - the beginning of a new great industry.

After some years, the plow factory was moved to a more central locality, and Grand Detour became a ghost village. It still is, except for today - the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the steel plow.

PLANE

Many an old timer will have a vivid recollection of the name of Archbold, John D. Archbold. The time was when that name made large headlines in the news of industry and Government. Archbold was a dominant magnate of Standard Oil, great in wealth, and much in controversy.

49
Today the name flashes once more into the headlines -- Richard Archbold this time. And it's a case of aviation news. Today a grandson of the Standard Oil magnate made the first coast to coast flight by Sea Plane. He flew from ~~San~~ San Diego, swinging south to the Gulf of Mexico and then to New York. It took him seventeen hours.

The Plane is said to have cost a quarter of a million dollars, and is intended for a broad scope of adventure -- Wings over the wild places. Young Archbold, who is twenty-one, is a research associate of the Museum of Natural History of New York, and he plans a scientific pioneering flight over New Guinea. He's to leave for that isle of dark barbarism late in the summer. He'll be accompanied by a party of Museum ~~xxx~~ scientists. They plan to penetrate by sky into the remote recesses of New Guinea, and there to gather museum specimens ~~xxx~~

of the animal and the plant life -- strange beasts and
birds and flowers.

FOREIGN

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Today in the British House of Commons, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain sounded a slogan - keep cool. In discussing the crisis in the Spanish affair, the new peril of a general war, his advice was - Let's be cool-headed. I suppose that's exactly what England will do, but among the M. P'S. - the hot-heads promptly got hot.

The laborites shouted demands that his Majesty's Government should do something decisive about Germany and the Spanish Left Wingers. They called for Britain to bring the whole thing before the League of Nations; Stop the Fascist Nations from helping Franco; Allow the Left Wingers to get more supplies. The rival M. P'S. were almost at blows with each other. Speaking for the Conservatives, Sir Archibald Southboy struck at the Radicals with a stinging declaration. "Many of those," said he, "who now desire intervention in Spain were not disposed to take any active part in behalf of Democracy in nineteen fourteen."

That was a telling ~~ix~~ jibe at the Radicals, Pinks and Reds who during the World War were ardent Pacifists, refused

to fight, were dead set against any War. Today in England, it's those ~~radical~~ Pacifists who are shouting for strong measures to be taken against Germany and Italy and in favor of the Spanish Left Wing. In other words - War.

Prime Minister Chamberlain admitted frankly that the situation is grave - with a serious threat of the Spanish Civil Strife spreading into a general European conflict. He declared that his ~~His~~ Majesty's Government work with stubborn determination against the possibility of any such calamity.

He discussed the case of the LEIPZIG - the German charges that a Spanish ~~First~~ Left Wing Submarine fired two torpedoes at that Cruiser. Chamberlain hinted that he thought it possible there had been no such attack at all. The German officers, said he, were convinced that they saw indisputable evidence of a Torpedo Attack - but they may have been mistaken.

With that, the Prime Minister spoke in mollifying fashion about Germany. He said that no Nation could stand by and see its Warships put under attack, and added that under the circumstances he thought that Berlin had acted with praiseworthy restraint.

2

One disturbing paradox of the crisis comes in what we hear about Germany and Italy. From Berlin and Rome the announcements continue to be reassuring - still insisting that the Fascist Nations do not intend any stroke of retaliation against the Valencia Government. That would seem to be that. Yet, all sorts of worry is expressed about what Germany and Italy are likely to do - what sort of stroke they're planning. They say - "We are not going to do a thing." ^{But} ~~and~~ the anxious echo is - "What are they going to do?"

Of course, there's another question to be asked - what will the Spanish Left Wingers do? Suppose they make another attack on German or Italian ships? Who knows what might happen then? So behind the worry and anxiety is the lurking thought that, while Germany and Italy may not take any action as things stand - they may be planning something drastic and dramatic, if they are attacked again.

53

One feature is an order that Mussolini has given to his Warships off the Spanish Coast. They are commanded to lie just outside the three mile limit, and protect all Italian Merchantmen in those waters. If there's any sign of

a trading vessel being molested by the Left Wingers, the Warships will go into thundering action.

So that creates a tense danger of an incident and a crash - all the more dangerous with Flotillas of Warships massed in the Mediterranean, French and British battle craft watching the German and Italian.

I came across one novel idea today, something that's interesting to apply to all this news of crisis. It's an argument that right now the Spanish Civil War, instead of increasing the danger of a general conflict of the Nations, is diminishing that danger. The reasoning goes this way - as printed in the current ~~issue of the Magazine~~ Fortune:- The modern Dictatorships, ~~xxx says Fortune,~~ have been emboldened and bucked up by the idea that modern weapons can deliver a swiftly overwhelming attack. ~~that~~ Tanks, Planes and ~~Motrix~~ Motorized Artillery can hit so hard and fast that they ^{should} can win in a short campaign. The Fascist Dictatorships, with their powerful organization, are able to launch themselves into war much more quickly than slow moving Democracies can do. But, on the other hand, they couldn't last out in a long, exhausting struggle. So you see

54

the reason why the Hitlers and Mussolinis have put so much emphasis on Ultra-modern Technology of War. The new weapons might enable them to win a swift Victory, and get it all over- with in a hurry.

That's the way they've been figuring, says the writer in Fortune. Then he points to what has happened in Spain. There modern weapons have not produced a swiftly, decisive attack. The advantage is not with the attack at all. The defense has the bulge. The War comes quickly to a stalemate, a long drawn out exhausting affair. The article declares that both Germany and Italy have been throwing their latest weapons into the Spanish struggle partly as an experiment, to try out the new Technology, and the experiment has proven ~~that what~~ they were all ~~believed was~~ wrong. The latest ~~class of~~ War Planes and Motorized Artillery ~~does~~ not produce a quick decision for one side or the other. And they do produce a ~~It results in the~~ kind of War which the Fascist Nations could not support, could not endure. So the conclusion is - that the experiment of the Spanish Civil struggle has taught the Hitlers and Mussolinis - that they'd better remain at peace.

FOREIGN

Something to keep in mind, as day by day we hear of war
crisis in Europe.

... I collected a host of bear
stories. The kind the old mountaineers tell -- roaring, rolling,
cockeyed and extravagant, tall tales of grizzlies and Kodiaks.
Like the one about a man being pursued by a bear across the frozen
river in a blizzard. ... and the chase continues on and on, till
the man is about to faint in boiling heat under a blazing sun.
The ~~story~~ ^{story} on the end being - that the bear chased him from
December to July.

So I had an eye of interest for the bear story in the
news today - but it's no laughing, rollicking whopper. It's grim
and dramatic, it's no whopper at all. A tale told of the people
of the north - a frightful ordeal in a lone, isolated cabin in
the forest.

Edward McDonald is a veteran warden of the Canadian
National Park. His station was in the northern side of Alberta.
That's grimly country, and the big fellows are fierce and
ferocious. Eight days ago two grizzlies showed up at McDonald's
lodge station, and tried to attack him. He took refuge in the

BEARS

54

Traveling about in Alaska, a few years ago, amid the rigors of the northland - I cultivated a taste for bear stories. The kind the old sourdoughs tell -- roaring, rollicking, cockeyed and extravagant, tall tales of grizzlys and kodiaks. Like the one about a man being pursued by a bear across the frozen river in a blizzard. And the chase continues on and on, ~~it~~ till the man is about to faint in boiling heat under a blazing sun. The ~~crack~~ ^{snaper} ~~line~~ on the end being - that the bear chased him from December to July.

So I had an eye of interest for the bear story in the news today - but it's no laughing, rollicking whopper. It's grim and dramatic, it's no whopper at all. A true tale of the perils of the north - a frightful ordeal in a lone, isolated cabin in the forest.

Jasper —
Edward McDonald is a veteran warden of the Canadian National Park. His station was in the northern wilds of Alberta. That's grizzly country, and the big fellows are fierce and formidable. Eight days ago two grizzlys showed up at McDonald's lonely station, and tried to attack him. He took refuge in the

cabin, waited for them to clear out - which they did not do for two days. They prowled around, day and night, growling with menace - and keeping the warden a prisoner.

57

Finally, they disappeared, and McDonald prepared to go about his woodland duties. From the cabin he telephoned to the National Park's headquarters that he was setting out on an inspection tour of Isaac Creek; a remote section, and they needn't expect any word from him for a few days. Then he mounted his horse and started for Isaac Creek. He had ridden a mere two hundred yards from his cabin, when the two grizzlies appeared again. They came crashing out of the brush and charged the horse and rider. The horse reared and plunged with mad fright and threw the rider. McDonald dashed to the ground, beneath the stamping hooves of the maddened horse. He was desperately trampled, badly injured, bones broken. There he lay, an easy victim for the grizzlies. But the bears had their eyes on the horse, and went after the terrified animal plunging blindly into the thicket. Nothing more was seen of the grizzlies.

McDonald couldn't move - his hip was shattered. He knew he could expect no rescue party to come searching for him

when he was found to be missing. Because - hadn't he just told headquarters that they need expect no word from him for days? His only hope lay - in the telephone, if he could get back to his cabin and phone for help. The cabin was a mere two hundred yards away, but he could only crawl an inch at a time, ~~with that fractured hip.~~ So he began dragging his broken body across the rough forest ground. First - to a nearby stream, for he was parched with thirst. That took him long hours, although it was only a score of feet away. He put his face in and swallowed water, and that ^wstrengthened him a bit. He kept on to the cabin, struggling, creeping, dragging himself along. It took him three days to get to the cabin. — 200 yds away!

58 1/2 There, it took him three days more to get to the telephone. The phone was up on the wall, and he couldn't raise himself. He crawled about the cabin, gathering boxes. He piled these on top of each other, until finally, with terrifying effort, he was able to drag himself up on top of the boxes, and get to the telephone. He called headquarters and in a faint, gasping voice told them. Then he collapsed back on to the floor, waiting for the rescue party to arrive.

Tonight, Edward McDonald is in a hospital where the doctors are patching up his injuries.

And while on the subject of hospitals - I hope you all have a grand time motoring this week-end. But keep in mind the Blue Sunoco Safety Campaign - take it easy - and ----- SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.