

L. T. - Sunoco, Thurs. Sept 20 '34.

Good Evening Everybody —

If I were to ask the radio audience, take a regular poll of all you listeners-in, to find out what news story you would rather hear than any other, I know what the result would be.

The story you'd want to hear most of all would be -- that the Lindbergh case had finally been ^{solved} ~~broken~~. That a suspect in the case had been found, and ~~were~~ in the hands of the police. Well,

that seems to be the story tonight. ~~Yes,~~ **I** looks as if the Lindbergh case were being cleared up at last. There are the hottest kind^s of rumors, the most insistent reports, but that's not the half of it, not one-tenth of it. There's an official positive declaration by the New York City Police that they have found part of the money of the Lindbergh ransom.

Sen. O'Ryan of

An announcement from New York Police Headquarters

tells us of the arrest of one Richard Hauptman of the Bronx. He is an alien. He arrived in this country eleven years ago, surreptitiously, as a stowaway, and in this man's apartment the police recovered that tell-tale money of the Lindbergh ransom. Yes, they can identify it. They have on record the numbers of the banknotes that were paid to the criminal.

This money angle seems to be absolutely definite. But of course we remember that the actual kidnapping and the strange payment of ransom money thereafter were separate, quite different affairs. That money might have been paid not to the real kidnappers but to chiselers butting in and collecting.

Right now the man under arrest is being questioned at the Greenwich Street Police Station in New York. Commissioner Ryan, himself, is in charge, and a party of Federal agents are there. The rumors, so red hot they burn your ears, claim that the man confessed that he was one of the Lindbergh kidnappers, and has told the whole story.

So, one vital part of the Lindbergh mystery stands solved tonight, the payment of ransom. And the probabilities are that the police right now may be getting every detail of the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby, the deepest criminal secret of these years. Tomorrow's newspaper headlines will fill in the gaps - clear the doubts that still remain tonight.

I was listening to the yacht race at the N. B. C. this afternoon and the conversation went something like this:-

"Do you want to know the result of the yacht race?"

"Yes," I said, "but it isn't over, is it?"

The reply was:- "No, but you don't have to wait till it's over. You can have the results right now. At the half way make the Endeavour was leading by eleven hundred yards, more than half a mile."

Well, that did look like a cinch. Then later on the news came that the Endeavour, instead of winning, had lost the race.

In the second half, the Rainbow simply ate the wind. With a fine breeze filling in and ballooning the sails, she made up for all that lost ground. Badly beaten at the half way mark. she came in^a/flashing winner at the finish. The American defender beat the British challenger by a clean four minute margin.

That makes it two to one in favor of Captain Sopwith's Endeavour, and Harold Vanderbilt will go out there tomorrow with a flaming determination to make it even. ~~to Stephen.~~

After the lopsided sure thing cup races of the past, this ^{series} ~~is~~ certainly is a ^{delightful and exciting contrast.} ~~contrast, a hammer. What a race!~~

Political wiseacres have been spending a good deal of time sizing up the man who may be the eleventh Cabinet Member. The Cabinet at present consists of ten members. The Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Attorney General, Postmaster General, Navy, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor. The eleventh Cabinet Member would be a Secretary of Transportation. It isn't certain, of course, but President Roosevelt right now is studying the ^{plan to create} ~~creation of~~ a new department ^{to} ~~that would~~ do the work of the present Interstate Commerce Commission, look after Government relations with railroads, shipping, and other means of transport.

The man who proposed the plan was Joseph B. Eastman, now Federal Coordinator of Transportation. Mr. Eastman didn't make any suggestion ^{as to} ~~of~~ who might be named as the eleventh Cabinet Member. But, ~~now~~ rumor has it that he himself will be the choice, if the President and Congress should decide to establish the new department.

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^{All of which is} ~~so that~~ focussing plenty of political attention on Joseph B. Eastman, and, the verdict seems to be favorable.

~~"The most political newspaperman"~~ George Creel, once said of Eastman: "He comes close to being the kind of government official that people dream about." He's a big, strapping, blue-eyed Bostonian of fifty-one. An Amherst graduate. He was a social service worker, then a member of the Massachusetts Public Service Commission, and since 1919 a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He has turned down all sorts of big salaries to work for the Government.

strike

Today in a handsome country home on the Hudson an important conference was held -- meaning that the textile strike has reached the Presidential stage.

President Roosevelt in his home at Hyde Park conferred with Secretary of Labor Perkins, and Governor Winant of New Hampshire, Chairman of the Textile Mediation Board. The Secretary and the Chairman submitted reports, which the President proceeded to study in detail. No statement has been given out of what was discussed, ^{how} ~~for settling~~ the textile walkout ^{may be settled.}

On the fighting front in the textile areas there was still tension and turmoil, without any major flareups.

One significant strike move comes with the announcement that twenty thousand dyers have been ordered to stage a walkout on Monday, this to aid the textile strikers. Maybe the dyers haven't much clothing to dye, with the textile industry ^{in its} ~~present condition~~ ^{of} tie-up.

The Governor of Iowa is an active man these days, Busy with strike business. A farm strike is threatened in Iowa. A convention of the Iowa farmers union is considering the resolution to call a drastic widespread strike unless, as they phrase it, the Federal Government gives the farmers immediate consideration. The Iowa farmers are complaining about the Federal Farm Administration which they say has them in a straightjacket. So Governor Clyde L. Herring is trying to pour oil on the troubled farming waters, right after getting through pouring some exceedingly pacifying oil on the troubled electricity waters. ~~I am certainly~~ ^{I seem to be} getting my metaphors mixed.

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Anyhow, the lights went out in Des Moines last night. It was no accident or mishap. It was a strike. The employees of the electric light company staged a walkout. The whole city was plunged into profound darkness. But it wasn't so dark but that the Governor could make the boys see the light. The moment the lights flashed out he called the leaders of both sides, the company and the workers. Just before dawn the meeting came to

order in the pitch dark lobby of a hotel. I suppose they used candles and kerosene lamps to illuminate the negotiations.

Anyhow, the Governor delivered a speech with a punch. "If you don't settle this," he hammered, "the public will. We are not going to have this city pitch-black, hotels, hospitals, and business houses in darkness just because you fellows can't come to a reasonable agreement.

Well, it was still dark in the lobby of the hotel, and the candles and lamps were burning while the employers and employees harkened to the Governor's words and came to a quick agreement.

CHEESE

There'll be plenty of cheese for the unemployed this winter. The Federal Surplus Relief Corporation has just placed an order for almost three million pounds of the fromagenous edible, to be distributed among the jobless. Three million pounds, fifteen hundred tons of cheese. ^{So} ~~we~~ the boys will have plenty of cheese sandwiches, if the relief corporation will pass out some rye bread and a little mustard.

Henry Ford steps into the news picture tonight. The veteran monarch of motordom is famous for odd and unusual ideas, also ideas shrewd and sagacious. And now he marches forth with some sprightly opinion and criticism about the world, the nation and business.

First of all, Henry Ford scouts the notion of worrying too much about the way things are going in Washington. The National Capital is a beautiful city, but Henry Ford declares it isn't as important as most people believe. Some say that the politicians in Washington are saving the country. Others say they are ruining the country. And Henry Ford says they are doing neither one thing nor the other. What goes on in Washington is really of little importance, in his opinion.

"Laws do not save a country," he declares. "Life changes too fast for that." And he adds; "In fact, all they do in Washington is to give some valuable experience to a lot of officials down there."

That's what Henry Ford thinks of national politics, as he tells it in an article in the forthcoming issue of American

Magazine. Then he goes on to take a crack at some pet present⁻day economic ideas. Concerning that bugaboo of over-production, a surplus of goods, he declares:- "Surplus is really a blessing in disguise. It places pressure on the ingenuity of man to discover new uses for commodities."

And of course you'd expect Henry Ford to make some observations about finance. He's made plenty in the past, and is still as pungent as ever. He declares that finance will have to become a science and not a racket. Money, he theorizes, is part of our transportation system. It is designed to move goods. It is like a postage stamp. If a postage stamp doesn't carry a letter, or if money doesn't move goods, then it is a case of a broken down engine.

He sums it all up in an epigram of financial philosophy:- "The intention of money is not to make money, but to move goods." This speaks Henry Ford.

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In today's aviation news we find something of a puzzle. It was a magnificent flight; nobody denies that. But why was it made? A giant flock of eighty planes went winging in trim formation through the clear autumn sky. It was a beautiful sight to see -- only how come? That's what the people are asking out in eastern Asia.

The Japanese have sent a mighty air squadron winging from the Islands of Nippon across the sea to the troubled land of Manchukuo, and immediately suspicion was raised that the display of air power was a political gesture, aimed at the Soviet Russians across the border. Right in the middle of all the controversy, the battle flotilla of cloudland appears with significant timing.

But the Japanese foreign office says it isn't so. Tokyo explains that it is just a ceremonial parade in honor of the coronation of the Emperor Kang Teh of Manchukuo, the former Henry Pu-Yi. But, why is all the aerial ceremony so late? That's what is bothering practical statesmen. The coronation of the Emperor Kang Teh took place on March First, 1933, ~~done~~ over ~~with~~ a year and a half ago.

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Those are startling accusations against the German Nazis, accusations which are now being considered by the League of Nations. They concern that old familiar subject -- the Saar Valley, that land of coal mines which in January is to vote and decide whether it will go back to Germany or not. Geoffrey Knox, the red-faced Britisher who governs the Saar in the name of the League, declares that the Nazis are using some exceedingly cunning tricks, and are preparing for an armed revolt in the disputed territory.

It is an interesting setup as he tells it. The Nazis in Germany have been recruiting men in the Saar Valley, sending them to work in Nazi Labor Camps in Germany. Some sixteen thousand young Saar-Landers, as the natives are called, have taken advantage of the Nazi offer of jobs and are now in Germany. They have gone voluntarily to take jobs in those labor camps. There is no legal way to stop them.

But the jobs are just a blind. The labor angle just so much camouflage. The real purpose is something different. In those Nazi camps the young men from the Saar are put through a course of military training, taught how to use weapons, and

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how to handle themselves if fighting should break out. And Sir
Geoffrey Knox claims that it all amounts to this -- that those
Nazi-trained young men from the Saar will be all ready, all set,
in case of a Nazi Putsch in the valley of coal mines.

There's a bit of the odd and picturesque about the latest report of a revolutionary plot in Spain. A revolt was expected to break out. Police and the army were ready. The zero hour came but nothing happened.

The plot scare began when the police arrested an athletic coach of the University of Madrid, who was driving down the street with a truck. They found the truck crammed with arms and ammunition. Can you imagine Pop Warner, or Fritz Crisley of Princeton, or Lou Little of Columbia ~~lionzo stage~~ carting a ton or so of rifles and cartridges, all ready to start a revolution?

They say the Spanish athletic coach promptly broke down and confessed. And the report ^{is} that the conspiracy was planned by nobody less than Trotsky, the former Red Russian Commissar of War, now in exile. It sounds wild and woolly. Maybe the arrest of the athletic coach caused the plotters to call off the plot. Anyway, nothing happened.

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MARRIAGE

His Majesty, King George the Fifth doesn't seem to have so much trouble with the problems of ruling ~~his~~ ^{his} royal realm -- with the aid of Parliament, the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor and so on. But he does seem to be bothered by the problems of running his own royal family. The forthcoming marriage of Prince George is something of a headache for Papa George. He has called in Cabinet Ministers and Foreign Secretaries. He ^{has} radioed Prime Minister MacDonald in Newfoundland, and the conservative leader Stanley Baldwin at a French resort. But they don't feel like offering much advice. When it comes to bridesmaids, orange blossoms, trousseaus and wedding rings, they know a lot about foreign treaties, Parliamentary majorities and debates about the budget.

The problem is this: Shall the wedding of Prince George and Princess Marina be a full-fledged affair of State as prescribed by the book of royal etiquette? That costs a lot of money and right now England could ^{well} use any spare cash for the dole to the unemployed, and relief to the destitute.

On the other hand a private wedding would violate all

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the traditions surrounding the marriage of a first-class prince and a grade-a princess, and there wouldn't be any place for all of Marina's numerous royal relatives ^{from} ~~in~~ the Balkans, Germany and Denmark. If the royal relatives are not invited, that would be another breach of etiquette. So George the Fifth, King, Emperor and Papa, is trying to make up his mind, ⁻⁻⁻ which Queen Mary will probably do for him.

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Meanwhile, Princess Marina is performing the always tricky task of a prospective bride, visiting her prospective relatives-in-law-to-be. And they say she's doing a scintillating job of it. Like any clever bride, she is concentrating on her future mother-in-law. The story is, that the Greek Princess has been displaying quite a diplomatic interest in the Scottish Reel, the Highland Fling. Their Britannic Majesties go in heavily for things Caledonian. And who taught the Princess the Scottish dance? Why, Queen Mary herself. Yes, Her Majesty the Queen can dance the Highland Fling, ^{so} ~~and~~ she showed the Princess how to do it.

And so the most recent royal society note tells how

the royal servants threw a party in honor of the Princess,
and the sprightly Marina entertained them by kicking up her
heels to the ~~skirl~~ ^{ies bagpipes.} of the Caledonians.

And I'm going to imitate the sprightly
princess by kicking up my heels and saying
solong until tomorrow.

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