

L.T. - SUNOCO. TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1938.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

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Let's begin with the latest news - the great horse race has been called off. The hundred thousand dollar match between Sea Biscuit and War Admiral, on Decoration Day, will not be held. It was cancelled today by the owner of Sea Biscuit. That's the word from Belmont Park.

This follows insistent reports that all was not well with Sea Biscuit, the speedy thoroughbred making a poor showing in trial runs - something wrong. All this turns out to be true. Tonight's official explanation is - something wrong with those thoroughbred legs that have carried Sea Biscuit to so many a win. The sadly disappointed owner put it this way: "Sea Biscuit's legs have been bothering him and he hasn't been able to train properly. This morning it was planned that to work him might endanger him permanently, and we decided to withdraw him from the race."

**Tex**

They say it's Charley horse, an apt malady for a horse to have.

It's a pity - for the Sea Biscuit-War Admiral racing duel promised to be a classic to recall the days when Zev beat Papyrus and Man-of-War out-ran ~~Equipoise~~ <sup>Epinard</sup>. But it's called off.

CZECH

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Next, let's take the most important news of the day -  
Czechoslovakia. The crisis grew worse during the past twenty-four  
hours. After easing up for a day or two, the war peril is tense  
once more.

( The Henlein-Hodza conference was broken off today.  
It was a triumph for the peace-making powers, Great Britain ~~especially~~  
especially, when the Nazi chief of the Sudeten Germans went to  
Prague for negotiations with the Premier of Czechoslovakia. They  
discussed compromise ideas for pacifying the three million Germans  
in the land of the Czechs. But the negotiations did not last long -  
stopped abruptly today.) The official statement is that there's  
nothing to be alarmed about. It's all because Henlein had to  
leave Prague to attend to some private business, and the  
conversations will be resumed. The rumor is, however, that they  
weren't getting anywhere - with Henlein demanding as a first  
condition that Hodza must call ~~off~~ the military forces the Czechs  
mobilized on the German ~~front~~ border for the elections last Sunday -  
their surprise move of armed defiance.

Today, immediately upon ~~its~~ interruption of the



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Henlein-Hodza talks, the German Nazi press broke into fierce denunciations of Czechoslovakia. The Nazi papers were quiet for a day or so, giving the peace negotiations a chance, but now they've started in again - blasting. And that doesn't sound as if Henlein just had to go off somewhere on business. Moreover, there are new reports of German troop movements on the German-Czechoslovak border - right after the peace talk broke off.

All of which brings the crisis to new tension and doubt.



MEXICO

In the Mexican state of San Luis Potosi, the revolt is stretching out in guerilla warfare. Today, a brother-in-law of the Rebel chief General Cedillo, was killed. He was a Mexican deputy, and the story goes that he was given a pass of safe conduct by President Cardenas to join Cedillo. He went to his brother-in-law's ranch, now in the possession of government troops, and there a sentry challenged him - to which he replied "Viva Cedillo!" The Cardenas troops immediately opened fire and shot him down.

It might appear from this that the victim made a mistake and thought he was confronted by Cedillo troops - otherwise it seems like plain suicide, if the story is true at all.

WAGE-HOURS

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The south was beaten in Congress today. On the battlefield of the Wage and Hour Bill, southern Representatives made <sup>a united</sup> ~~an added~~ attempt to put an amendment to the bill, which would provide differentials for the south. The big southern complaint is that the Wage-Hour scheme of minimum wages and maximum hours would be a deadly blow to southern industries, where wage rates are lower than in other parts of the country. Southern industry flourishes because they don't have to pay so much for labor down there. So, if wage standards are to be legislated, they ~~want~~ want them to be made lower for the south. And today they fought tooth and nail for an amendment to that effect - but were defeated - Congress voted down the idea.

~~It's amendment time in Congress, all sorts of changes are being proposed in the Wage Hour Bill. They're being debated right now.~~

ICKES

I've heard a lot of criticism of Secretary of the Interior Ickes. Many enemies of the New Deal have attacked his political philosophy and condemned his official actions. But the critics haven't anything to say tonight - they're silenced by the sweet music of romance, the chiming of wedding bells - and astonishment. What can <sup>the</sup> baffled critics have to say when a sixty-four year old Secretary of the Interior marries a twenty-five year old titian-haired Smith College beauty? That's rather more of an accomplishment than ~~being elected president~~ <sup>an appointment to the cabinet</sup> and a lot more fun. It's what you'd call - a New Deal.

It was all kept a secret, all on the inside - if not interior. Miss Jane Dahlman of Milwaukee sailed for Europe several weeks ago, visting her uncle, John Cudahy, United States Minister to Dublin. No notice was taken of her departure. - she was not a public figure. Then Secretary Ickes, right after refusing the helium to Nazi Germany, sailed for Europe on the NORMANDY last Wednesday. Still no public notice, which was astonishing, since the Secretary is very much <sup>of</sup> a public figure. It was <sup>such</sup> ~~all~~ a well kept secret, <sup>that</sup> ~~so~~ even the political insiders in Washington were



astonished when the cable flashed the news today - the wedding  
<sup>the</sup> of Secretary of the Interior and a beauty forty years his junior, —  
in Dublin.

There's a moody turn of drama in this romance. The Secretary met the girl seven years ago, when she was eighteen and in school. There was a family relationship between them by marriage - for Jane Dahlman's elder sister was the wife of Harold Ickes' son. The son died in Nineteen Thirty-Six. The Secretary's wife was killed in an automobile accident in NineteenThirty-Five. Family grief darkened the days of the Secretary of the Interior. So that's the moody background of his marriage today to the younger sister of his son's wife.

It's the first Cabinet marriage during the present administration - though the aged Senator Walsh of Montana was appointed Attorney General at the Roosevelt election, and ~~married~~ then got married. He died before he could take office.

Dublin is a quiet <sup>lovely</sup> ~~little~~ city, and <sup>a</sup> no more pleasant place could be selected for a wedding. It was a quiet ceremony, in a Presbyterian church, though Presbyterian churches are not so numerous in Dublin. The Secretary and his bride departed for a

honeymoon to the romantic south of Ireland, where the River Shannon flows, and the lakes of Kilarney are mirrors for the sky.

Romantic indeed, although some of those critics may say that Secretary Ickes had better keep away from the Blarney Stone, he's eloquent enough already.

HARLAN

The courthouse at London, Kentucky, is ~~stuffed~~ grim and tense these days; ~~They're~~ trying ~~that~~ Harlan County mine war case, <sup>and</sup> there's grimness and tenseness in the mere mention of bloody Harlan. Today the court room was dominated by what might have seemed like a ghost - a ghost of comedy. Will Rogers back on earth, cowboy Will and his drawling, grinning wisdom.

The chief counsel for the defense of the forty-four individuals and nineteen corporations on trial, is Charles Dawson. He used to be a federal judge, but he resigned from the bench because he disapproved of New Deal legislation. <sup>Now</sup> The army of defendants are being tried for <sup>coal mine</sup> ~~mine-war~~ violations of the New Deal Wagner Labor Act. The most striking thing about the counsel for the defense is his ~~striking~~ resemblance to Will Rogers, a dead ~~wringer~~ wringer for the homespun philosopher and humorist.

So at the trial today, you'd have thought it was Will <sup>in</sup> ~~Rogers~~ <sup>Person</sup> addressing the jury, opening <sup>for</sup> the defense. ~~HERE~~ But the address did not consist of cowboy wisecracks and flashes of homespun humor. Counsel Dawson was telling the jury that the case must be confined to the government charge of conspiracy, QUOTE

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conspiracy to deprive employees of their rights under the Wagner Labor Relations Act UNQUOTE. That's the indictment, <sup>declared</sup> ~~the claim~~ of Will Rogers' double, <sup>and</sup> ~~that~~ there must be no consideration of other matters - such as murder, kidnapping, gun-play.

"I want you to understand," he told the jury, "that you are not trying these defendants for killing anyone, for kidnapping anyone, for shooting into anyone's automobile." By this he inferred that such acts had been charged against the defendants, ~~but~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~were~~ not at issue in this trial. Then he proceeded to tell how a party of ~~deputies~~ deputy sheriffs went to protect a non-striking miner and they were ambushed by union men - three of the deputy sheriffs killed.

Yes, the address to the jury was most unlike Will Rogers. You'd hardly expect <sup>humor</sup> ~~it to be~~ at a Harlan County mine-war case, though ~~the~~ <sup>is</sup> ghost of the cowboy humorist did seem the dominating figure in the <sup>feud-country</sup> ~~mountaineering~~ court-room.

The way things can happen in those mountaineering regions is illustrated by another story from Kentucky today. It was circus day in the mountain town of Beattyville. And a couple of

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deputy sheriffs went to the circus to arrest a man. When they found him, pistols were immediately pulled and the shooting was started. Two men ~~were~~ killed, including the one they were trying to arrest. Six ~~people were~~ wounded; the two deputy sheriffs, three members of the circus crowd, and one of the circus men.

Just about the worst place for a gunfight, shooting it out at the circus.

POLICE

There's a Pennsylvania lady who's pleading - she prefers the danger to the protection. Every place she goes the protection goes with her - like Mary and her little lamb.

The danger is sinister indeed, Communist threats - red menace. Mrs. Margaret Palmer is chairman of the Pennsylvania Board of Motion Picture Censors. In that capacity she suppressed a film called "Baltic <sup>Deputy.</sup> ~~Deputy.~~" It's one of those Soviet dramas, with comrades, revolution, and the Red flag - all according to <sup>the</sup> Stalin party line. Mrs. Palmer says she banned it because it was a subversive rabble rouser. Thereupon, she received threats against her life from rosy Red comrades. She reported this to Governor Earle, who assigned a state policeman, to guard her with incessant vigilance, accompany her everywhere. This, complains Mrs. Palmer, is worse than the Red menace.

"Everywhere I go," said she, "he's right on my heels in uniform. I'm embarrassed to death."

Yes, it does sound embarrassing, the state trooper at the lady's heels. It might look as if she were under arrest - a terrible thing for a chairman of the Pennsylvania Board of Motion Picture Censors.



"It embarrasses me so," wails Mrs. Palmer, "that I'm staying in my room as much as I can."

And even then the state trooper stays camped outside her door - which might give the impression of a ~~RE~~ raid or something like that.

Mrs. Palmer is <sup>today</sup> in Washington to attend a wedding, state trooper and all. "The climax," she wails, "was when he told me he would have to go to the wedding with me. That was just an impossible situation. He couldn't wear his uniform at the wedding. That was socially impossible. He finally agreed not to wear his uniform. I don't know what he is going to wear. Maybe he can rent a formal dress. I do know I am going to be embarrassed to death."

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The police at the wedding! I'll say it's embarrassing!  
So no wonder Mrs. Palmer has sent a plea to the Pennsylvania Governor, begging him to call off the protection - and leave her all by herself, just a lone woman facing the red menace.

SPANKING

Well, Tommy Bradley got spanked. But how? That's the question in the New York newspapers today. Tommy was arrested for having a lot of fun on the subway, skylarking all over a subway train. And the judge ordered Tommy to be spanked - by Tommy's mother. Any mother will know <sup>that</sup> <sub>A</sub> spanking a husky sixteen year old boy can be a problem - it hurts his dignity more than anything else.

(However, Mrs. Bradley, a tall, gray haired Irishwoman, said she'd obey the judge, and spank Tommy. But how? That was the question right from the start.) The judge decreed that the maternal spanking should be done with a paddle, a paddle with holes bored in it, That, many of us will remember, is the kind of paddle that makes an impression, raises welts. <sup>Just</sup> ~~That's~~ what the judge demanded <sup>he</sup> ~~she~~ told Mrs. Bradley to spank Tommy with the ~~wholly~~ holey paddle and then bring him back so that the judge could see the welts as proof.

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Today we have the news - yes, Tommy was spanked. But how? That question now rings with legalistic and juridical importance. For today Mrs. Bradley spoke up with defiance. Challenging the magistrate of the court, she said that Tommy is a good boy. So she refused to spank him with a paddle that had holes in it,

refused to raise welts to show the judge. That's no way to treat a good boy. She said she had spanked Tommy and told how - showed how. Mrs. Bradley illustrated the spanking by patting herself with three light slaps, placed just where she had spanked Tommy. And with that she defied the court, challenged the might of the law. And New York is faced with a spanking legal problem.



NUTMEG

The birth of a newspaper is an important event, if not exactly blessed. So what would you call the birth of a nutmeg? It should be nutty, and it is, *and isn't.*

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Today appears <sup>the</sup> first issue of one of the most singular adventures in journalism, a sheet called the ~~NUTMEG~~ CONNECTICUT NUTMEG, printed at New Canaan, Connecticut, and edited by some local neighbors. The neighbors happen to be folks such as Heywood Broun, Westbrook Pegler, Gene Tunney, John Erskine, Rose Wilder Lane, Ursula Parrott, Stanley High, Faith Baldwin, George Bye, Quentin Reynolds, *Deema Taylor,* ~~Cornelius Vanderbilt,~~ etc. These leading lights put their combined genius together in a concoction of country news and rural laughs.

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In the first issue, I perceive a striking departure in journalism, not a woman's page, but a man's page. It's conducted by John Erskine who, having studied the subject of women from Helen of Troy down the line, asks: "Why should they be the only ones to have a page?" So the man's page appears, with fashion hints, home suggestions, and masculine problems.

One bit I notice tells of a man who stopped smoking, because smoking always made him so good-natured with his wife.

*More about the Nutmeg letter.*

MEASLES

59 Pattonsburg, Missouri. Laid up with the measles, quarantined  
in his home with the childhood malady - John Johnston, aged ninety.

No, not nine. Ninety!



LEG

At Richmond, California, Louis Canonica was at the hospital with a broken leg. He was discharged from the hospital today, started home, was hit by a truck, and now is back in the hospital with two broken legs.

+ a-l-u-t-m

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