

L.T., SUNOCO - MONDAY, MARCH 26, 1934

ROOSEVELT.

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Tonight the limelight falls brilliant and dazzling on half a dozen figures in half a dozen of the world's great cities: President Roosevelt in the White House, Mussolini in Rome, Dolfuss in Vienna, and De Valera in Dublin and so on. Let's take them up one after another as they stand there in the white glow of the spotlight.

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We can begin with a broad smile, the White House smile. President Roosevelt gets the spotlight because of that auto-strike settlement. It threatened the well-being of all of us, and now that it is settled let's all smile along with the President.

There's a smile on the furrowed face of labor. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, welcomes the settlement with this exclamation: "It is a great step forward for the automobile workers." Well, it's only natural that labor should be pleased now that they have been granted the right to collective bargaining, -- the right of employees to organize into any group or groups they choose, and the establishment of an impartial board to settle disputes. The A. F. of L. president cries jubilantly that the old order is passing and the new deal is indeed at hand.

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—————→ The part the President played is indicated by Mr. Green's statement that the smile in the White House dominated the whole conference. It was the President's hand that lead the way.

And, now let's look toward the other camp - at the men who have organized and whose capital has financed the great motor industry. Alvin Mc Cauley, Chairman of the Board of the National Chamber of Commerce, head of Packard, has this to say: "We are very grateful to the President and to General Johnson that they have been able to find a settlement in accord with the principles in which we believe." That sounds like a smile too. <sup>P</sup>The automobile magnates seem satisfied, so there are smiles all around and these are the smiles that make you happy, because the settlement that pleases both sides is the kind of settlement that promises to say settled.

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## WIRT

The President and his administration have received something of a jolt from Dr. William A. Wirt of Gary, Indiana, famous in educational circles for his innovations in the public school system. Dr. Wirt has caused terrific hub-hub in Washington with his accusation that some members of "The Brain Trust" are out and out Communists and that they regard President Roosevelt as merely a tool for pushing ahead with an American Revolution.

The President's supporters in Congress are now talking about calling Dr. Wirt on the carpet, and, the Dr. replies that he will be only too glad to have his charges investigated by a special Congressional committee. And, he will even name the brain trustee who made the statement upon which he bases his charge of communism in the Brain Trust.

I have been looking for Spring, the springtime season of fresh buds and the new green of grass and trees, but I am having trouble finding it. A couple of days ago, up North, I said that Spring was with us, a couple of days later I had to take it all back and admit it looked like a hard winter. Where, ~~of~~ where was the Maiden called Spring? She certainly was illusive; but, the Villain still pursued her, without much success however.

So on Saturday I found snow and a sheet of ice in Washington, yes and in <sup>sunny, hospitable</sup> Richmond, Virginia. <sup>Then</sup> I jumped all the way South and now I'm at the southern tip of Florida -- in Miami. It ~~isn't~~ Spring down here. It's ~~the~~ balmy, blissful summertime with glowing days and moonlit nights and the gusty breeze of a glorious day in June.

So I have missed Spring all around. The gracious Maiden of the early green and fresh blossoms is still giving me the go-by. But I'll catch her yet.

MIAMI REPORT

Anybody who travels around the country these days is likely to turn into something of a reporter on economics. The old question is inevitable:- "how's business around here?" And any report on economics right now will have a fairly similar report for any section of the country:- "things are looking up."

During my recent wanderings in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky and the Middle West, it was the same refrain everywhere:- "things are looking up." But down here in Miami, and all over Florida, they sing it with a smile that won't come off.

Although ~~they~~ regular season is about over, trains from the North are still coming, in from two to four crowded sections, fifteen cars to the section. No doubt the long Winter up North has something to do with it. And, folks ~~who~~ have come down don't want to start home for fear <sup>when they get home</sup> the change will give them pneumonia!

Anyhow they all say this season has been better even than the boom years of 1924 and 1925 -- twenty percent better. (I hardly know whether to believe them. But I guess it must be so because they say it with a straight face and without trying to sell



you any real estate.) Automobile traffic shows up fifteen percent better than last year. Railroads, bus lines, air ways and steamship lines show an increase of fifty to seventy-five percent.

The result is a building boom <sup>that has reached</sup> ~~down here~~ a new all time record, topping even Florida's fantastic frenzied finance fandango of 1925.

The next big beam of the limelight does not focus its brilliance on a smile or any expression of mirthful joy. That white beam falls glitteringly amid the ancient marbles of the eternal city of Rome; and it singles out a stern face with a frowning brow. Yes, Benito Mussolini has a right to smile today. But he's not the smiling kind. He believes that a dictator of the iron hand and the teacher of an iron philosophy should have the quality of cast iron steel about the expression of his face. After all, his father was a blacksmith, which may be the reason why he is so partial to iron.

Yesterday's election in Italy<sup>is</sup> certainly the subject of timely reverberations and reflections today. The vote is all in; and it is ninety-nine percent Fascist. This means that ninety-nine percent of the registered voters in Italy went to the poles and voted for Mussolini. In all of the populace land of Italy only fifteen ~~percent~~ thousand voters stayed away from the poles and refused to give their approval, one percent.

There has been a good bit of ridicule about the Fascist way of voting both in Italy and Germany. Only government candidates are on the ballot. There is no opposition list of candidates.



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That looks rather foolish according to the usual way of doing things. But it's quite in line with the Fascist political policies. They complain that the complicated voting for complications for candidates on complex issues in so-called democratic countries leads only to confusion, trickery and coniving. So they call for a "yes" or "no" vote. Are you for the government, or, are you against it. The real indication of what is what is the number of people who go to the poles and vote "yes" as compared with the number who vote "no" or, who stay away. Of course there is the practical question of whether or not it's safe and sane to refuse to approve. But, that's not a part of the theory. There are a lot of things in this world that get left out of the theories.

Well, we smiled along with Roosevelt and I suppose that if we want to sympathize with the black shirts we should now frown happily along with Mussolini over his overwhelming victory.

## DOLFUSS

The third beam of lime-light falls on no brawny-giant-of-a-primieval-goliath. In fact, with all the brilliance of the spotlight, you almost need a magnifying glass to find diminutive dictator Dolfuss. But short and sawed off though he may be, he has just proclaimed the new Austrian Constitution. He kicks the Republican form of government out of the Viennese window. There has been a good deal of speculation, since the violent crushing of the socialists in Austria speculation as to what form of government Austria would drift into. Common opinion was that it would be fascist. And that is what it is, fascism of the Italian black shirt type. The former kingdom of the Hapsburgs now becomes a corporative state according to the Mussolinian model.

The land will be governed by five groups: A council of state nominated by the dictator; a council of culture dominated by the Catholic church; an economic council of the representatives of industry, banks, the learned professions and government servants; a council of the provinces consist-

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ing of the governors of the provinces. These four councils will select the fifth group which will act as a Federal Chamber of National representatives.

There was a great parade in the streets of Vienna; and then, the new constitution was adopted or rather proclaimed by Dolfuss and his lieutenants.

Let's look a bit closer at the little man in the big spotlight tonight, Dolfuss, the autocrat, stands four feet eleven, in high heels. In school the boys used to make fun of the little shrimp until they found he was a clawing, ripping pint-sized wild-cat. Later on he did more fighting, in the World War, on the Italian front.

That Italian front will never be forgotten by anybody who ever saw it. I remember standing there in those trenches blasted in the granite and glacial ice of the Alps and saying to myself that surely war had never been stranger or more terrible. But who could suspect that on the Austrian side there was a little soldier named Dolfuss, and on the Italian side a Corporal named Mussolini. Today both are



dictators. Mussolini, the teacher and Dolfuss his disciple. To the north in France was another Austrian, fighting in the army of Austria's ally. Germany - His name Adolf Hitler. Today he too is a dictator. But he and Dolfuss are in violent opposition.

One marked trait of the little Dictator of Austria is his devoted piety, and this is reflected in the importance which the Catholic church, the traditional church of Austria, has in the new constitution.

So, there is the dapper little man triumphant in the spotlight, tonight. Some people say he doesn't cut the right kind of figure for a dictator. It seems odd to have such a shorty for the autocrat of a Nation. Well, I don't know. Napoleon was only five-feet-two and he was quite a dictator, autocrat, an all around Grand-Master rolled into one.

## DEVALERA

It's a highly controversial beam of the limelight that shines on the exceedingly tall and gaunt and unsmiling man in Dublin. President DeValera of the Irish Free State, is moving heaven and earth to squelch General O'Duffy and his fascist Blue Shirts.

"You're trying to pull a Mussolini act on the Emerald Isle," declaims DeValera. "But the Emerald Isle is not green and gullible enough for that."

To which O'Duffy, the man in blue, replies: "Mussolini yourself. Who is it that wants to abolish the Irish senate? The next thing, you'll be trying to control the courts of the law."

The bitter feeling in Ireland is indicated by an attempt on O'Duffy's life. Somebody removed the rail joints from the track over which his train had to pass. Somebody hoped for an accident. But the loosened rail joints were discovered and the accident didn't occur.

## FRANCE

Here is another head of a Nation. But the limelight on him is wavering and uncertain. Premier Doumergue of France, is having his troubles. Riots over the week-end in the Cities of Tulon and Tours. Hundreds injured. France is seething with discontent again.

Premier Doumergue has the Communists on one side, the Royalists on the other, the fascists in the middle, and precious little glory and limelight for himself.

One hope for him is that three million French war veterans have promised to support him. Several days ago he was overheard to say that he didn't like his job and hoped before long to return to his country home, his books and his garden.

If the political crisis gets worse he may be back among his roses with his pruning shears even sooner than he has been hoping.

John Q. Public, is trying to slip into the limelight.

John whispers plaintively that he doesn't enjoy being a

possible target for fists, brick-bats and stone-bullets, when



## LAGUARDIA

It's not moonlight and roses, but limelight and bricks for Mayor LaGuardia of New York. The taxi strike on his hands is a trouble and a pain for him. Rioting has broken out again. The Mayor, wanting to do right by the working man, has taken the clubs away from the cops, but he forgot to take away the bricks and lead pipes of the rioters.

A whole brigade of taxi-drivers is still out, out on strike, out for trouble. And the Mayor is getting it from both sides. He has succeeded in pleasing nobody. The strikers accuse him along with the Regional Labor Board of the NRA of having betrayed them. The taxi owners are publishing full-page advertisements in the New York papers that the strike is backed and financed by the Communist party and they blame the mayor for the outbreaks of rioting and violence that have occurred.

And then your old humble and usually forgotten friend, John Q. Public, is trying to climb into the limelight. John whimpers plaintively that he doesn't enjoy being a possible target for fists, brick-bats and maybe bullets, when

ENDING

Yes, the limelight is shining tonight but none of it  
in particular around here. But whatever light there is, I'll  
climb out of it and say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW

LT in  
Florida.  
Mar. 27, 1934