

L.T. Sunoco, Thursday, August 30, 1934

HELLO FELLERS, all you boys -- yes, and you chaps who
used to be boys:

Here's something about Jesse James. You know how Jesse
James used to have his horses' shoes put on backwards, so the
posse would be thrown off the trail. The tracks the horse left
on the earth would seem to be going in the opposite direction.
~~Yes~~ That's one of the odd curiosities in the bandit legend
of the James boys.

But they say it was really true. From Port Arthur,
Ontario, comes the story of a man ^{reputed} ~~said~~ ^{been} to have the blacksmith
who put the horses' shoes on backwards for Jesse James. He has

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just died, George Kydd, ninety-two years old.

He was born in India in 1842. His father was a sergeant-Major in the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, stationed at the city of Cawnpore. Later on, the son served in that same regiment. The boy was fifteen years old when the Indian mutiny broke out -- and one of the most famous and pitiful incidents of that mutiny occurred at Cawnpore. Perhaps young George Kydd was a drummer boy in that far-off time, with Sir Colin Campbell, when the little bands of English, civilians and soldiers, fought for their lives, fought to hold the vast land of Hindustan for Britain.

After soldiering with his regiment in India, George Kydd drifted to America. He was a blacksmith on the old, stamping grounds of the James boys. Jesse James often stopped at his shop -- and on occasions like that the famous trick was turned, of putting the horses's shoes on backwards.

TEXTILE

Yes, the telegraph key has clicked. Its message has flashed -- and a fateful message it is.

Down in Washington, in a little room in an office building, three bronzed, burly men appeared early today carrying loops of wire and a box of mechanism.

"What's that?" asked the elevator man.

"Just a telegraph key," was the answer.

And the three linemen of the Telegraph Company proceeded to install their wires, mechanism and the clickety key.

The little room is the headquarters of the strike committee of the Textile Workers of America. The telegraph instrument was installed to flash the strike signal from one end of the country to the other; the strike signal that would call half a million cotton workers in twelve hundred mills and name the day for them to quit their looms.

Well, this noon, in the presence of the Union Leaders, the telegraph key clicked out its message, as the union leaders called the strike. They ordered the workers to quit on Saturday, day after tomorrow, just before midnight, at eleven-thirty P.M. But in some mills the workers jumped the gun and went out in advance.

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And so one of the biggest strikes in the history
of this country has been declared, in sheer magnitude the
largest labor battle since President Roosevelt assumed office.

~~Textile~~ Textile mills make cloth, and ~~other~~ ^{other} ~~factories~~ factories use the cloth to manufacture clothes. This takes us to the situation in the cotton manufacturing trade, where the employers have turned down the President's decree to to raise wages and cut working hours.

Nathan Straus , head of the NRA in New York, announces that unless New York cotton manufacturers conform to the President's decree and observe the NRA code rules, he will go into the courts and ~~execute~~ prosecute.

This would react in favor of the workers in the cotton manufacturing trade, who are threatening to strike. The bosses however, say they are not worried. They claim that only fifteen percent of the workers are willing to start a walk out.

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The rumpus in the N. R. A. continues to provide a lively theme for political comment, gossip, and inside stories. They say that it's "Robbie," who has been advising General Johnson to resign as chief falconer to the Blue Eagle. Robbie is a lady, young in years and small in stature, Miss Frances Robinson. Officially she is General Johnson's secretary, "stenog", but some describe her as the power behind the Johnsonian throne.

The General was inclined to take Robbie's advice *to resign* but the President summoned him for a conference. A third party at the conference was Donald Richberg, head of the National Emergency Council, who is General Johnson's chief antagonist. It was the old strategy of bringing two rivals face to face, threshing things out and having them make up and shake hands. Robbie didn't say for publication what she thought about it when Messrs. Johnson and Richberg, in the presence of the Chief Executive, dug a friendly hole and buried the unfriendly hatchet. *Ray was* ~~and~~ the General abandoned his idea of immediate resignation.

But no doubt Robbie approved when the General spoke Johnsonian words in telling how peaceable and harmonious everything

really was. "I am not," he snorted in his best parade fashion, "going to allow the progress that has been made thus far to be nullified by interests which are opposing me on any such silly protest that my administration has been irascible and in-temperate." And that's a sounding Stentorian sentence. You can almost see Robbie in the background clapping hands.

Yes, the inside dope from Washington tends to give that sprightly young lady more and more significance. And I imagine in the background, working with a quiet, deadly efficiency. When people ask her about her job, she's usually too busy to talk about it. She has never been very definite about where she was born or went to school, but probably her home was in Troy, New York. She uses very little powder, but lots of rouge -- just by way of a feminine note. She's five feet tall and weighs a hundred pounds. Yes, she's short and slight, but her ideas are tall and bulky. On the radio once she expressed some lofty aspirations:- "We all know," she broadcast, "that from Helen of Troy, the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, and Queen Victoria, all through the centuries governing women have had a part in

shaping the destinies of nations." Then she added, "In Washington you will find in nearly every government branch an able conscientious woman who really runs the office. She does the work and somebody else gets the salary and honor."

After that it doesn't seem extraordinary that gossip says that Robbie has a large finger in the steaming and bubbling N.R.A. pie.

Our own New Deal has its tricky alphabetic effects, but in Mexico they are going in for numbers -- or rather one number,--- eight,

Yes, the figure eight is the symbol of the New Deal which the President of Mexico is announcing.

President Rodriguez' ~~of Mexico~~ comes out with a plan of eight, eight, eight, eight -- four eights.

"We will have," he declares, "eight hours of work, eight hours of recreation, eight hours of sleep, and eight pesos a day for our four million workers."

Eight pesos comes to about four dollars. *Not so bad, in Mexico.*

So our American alphabet soup has its counterpart in the Mexican numerical *chili con carne*.

GERMANY

Over in Germany, the latest Nazi decree seems to be a blow in retaliation against the anti-Hitler action of the World Jewish Congress.

The new ^{mandate}~~order~~ is being distributed by the millions of copies. It forbids all relations between the Nazis and the Jews. A Nazi is forbidden to be seen in public with a Jew. No Jewish lawyer will be allowed to represent a Nazi in court, and no Jew is permitted to contribute to Nazi campaign funds, though why he should want to, I don't know.

At the same time, we have the word of James W. Gerard, ~~our~~ wartime ambassador to Germany, ~~and~~ who just returned from a trip abroad, that in Berlin, several prominent Jewish families have been made "Aryan" by decree, by judicial decision, proclaimed to be of the Aryan race.

"This has been done," explains Mr. Gerard, "because these rich Jewish families can be useful to the Nazis."

LEAGUE

That's an interesting move the League of Nations is making -- offering the Presidency of the League Assembly to Austria.

Hitherto, one of the Great Powers has had the honor. But now it seems as if Doctor Schushnigg, Chancellor of Little Austria will become the head of the international family.

One angle to this is that it would give the Doctor a rare chance to express his views on the Nazi situation. The Vienna government is eager to tell the League of Nations more and more about its complaints about Hitler and the Nazi Putsch. And what a chance the Chancellor will have as President.

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It's so seldom that romance ever has a logical angle that it seems worthwhile to tell how the beautiful opera singer fell in love with the banker and how it was all so sad, and now so happy. The prima donna is the daughter of a Russian countess and an Italian government official. The banker is Ellis Loeb of New York. ^{TP} The girl's parents sternly forbade the marriage because she is a Catholic and he ~~is~~ a Jew. And that's when two hearts were broken. The banker returned to New York and a little later the girl ~~went to~~ ^{fled to} London. Her father followed her and found her living in the deepest poverty. She was so disconsolate that he agreed to the marriage. The difficulty was the mother, who sternly refused her consent -- until the point of logic was made clear.

he said to his wife,
"You~~r~~ are a princess" ~~argued the father,~~ [^] "and I am a commoner, yet you married me. So, why shouldn't our daughter do as she pleases?"

So the mother yielded to the logic. There was an exchange of cablegrams with New York and now Banker Loeb is on his way to claim his bride. And all is gay and serene -- and quite logical.

PRINCESS

And now the story of another princess, though ~~different~~, neither gay nor serene. It is the case of a royal princess asking unemployment relief in Canada -- the dole.

She was Princess Alexandrōvna, and she lived in the winter palace of the Czars. She was scarcely more than a girl when Red revolution overwhelmed the throne of the Romanóvs. Her parents disappeared in the Bolshevik terror. She and her

She operated a machine gun in the war against the Reds.
brother escaped and enlisted in the White Army. Later she fled to Constantinople. There she married an Englishman and since then has called herself by her simple married name -- Mrs. Wildebank.

So now when she was stranded penniless in Ontario and applied for the dole, asking for free transportation back to England, she signed herself Mrs. Wildebank. But according to Canadian regulations she had to give a full account of herself, her history and antecedents -- and then it was revealed that she was Princess Alexandrōvna *of the Court of the Czars.*

Every night at the World's Fair in Chicago an old gentleman may be seen, dignified, smiling, cheery, benevolent. When anybody recognizes him he smiles like a *kindly* patriarch. They say his ambition is to be called "Good Old Sam".

Well, the day was when Good Old Sam was the gruff, snappish, domineering captain of Chicago industry. They called him "S. I." in accents of awe ^u those days.

Samuel Insull was contemptuous of popular opinion in the time of his greatness, But he's different now -- as next month approaches, and on the schedule is one of the greatest of legal battles; ~~yes, it's~~ the trial of Samuel Insull.

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Anyway, the former monarch, ^{of finance} out on bail, has grown ~~more~~ mellow and gentle -- often seen walking along the Chicago boulevards with his three-year-old grandson toddling ~~along~~ beside him.

AIR RACE

Tonight's aviation story goes something like this -- 'round and 'round in Cleveland, then on and on to Australia.

The speed fliers are all set for the big Cleveland sky whirl. They're loafing along through the skies to the Ohio speed city, and some will race wildly through the skies -- in the bendic Trophy dash through cloudland, from Los Angeles to Cleveland.

There'll be one especial feature in the Thompson Trophy Hundred and Fifty Mile speed flight. Wiley Post is entering that whizzing whirl with his old bus, the Winnie Mae, in which he made the solo circle of the earth. The Winnie Mae is a staunch old crate. Wiley admits she ain't what she used to be, nothing like as fast as some of the other racing birds she'll have to match wing against wing. But he expects to out down the disadvantage by flying so high that he will be able to double his speed in the rarified air, regular stratosphere stuff.

Some of the winners at Cleveland are expected to hurry over to England for the great London-Australia International Air Derby. Two of the leading American contenders in

that monumental hop will be Roscoe Turner and Clyde Pangborn, who have pooled their resources and will fly together. "Pang" is the only man to have flown both the Atlantic and the Pacific at their widest.

BASEBALL

And now let's have a nice long hiss -----ssssssss.
A hiss for Lou Gehrig, a hiss for Jimmy Foxx. Yes, and a hiss
for even Babe Ruth -----ssssssssss.

That what's going to happen, and the harder those
larrupers twang the ball, the more loudly they will get hissed.
When the Babe lines one over the distant fence, why the applause
will seem like steam hissing out a hundred boilers.

It all means -- that tour of an all-star baseball
team to the Far East -- to Japan. The Japanese go in for base-
ball in a big way, but they don't go in for our American way of
expressing approbation, clapping hands, stamping feet, and
hollering our heads off. The traditional Japanese way of
applause is a polite hiss, and the longer and louder they hiss,
the more polite it is.

So it will be "Banzai, Bambino" -- ssssss. But I
suppose those American baseball stars will get used to it. After
a little while in Japan they'll all be singing -- "Hiss Me Again."

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS -----

Seems like somebody around here is hissing me. Mebbe
they don't like that "Hiss me again" gag. I don't know if its

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a Japanese hiss or an American hiss -- so I'd better say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.