

L. T. - SUNOCO, THURS., MARCH 28, 1935

LITHUANIA

The bitterest kind of feeling is flaring between Germany and Lithuania. The Germans grew increasingly bitter today over the death sentences imposed on Nazi plotters at Memel. And this has provoked responsive violent resentment in Lithuania. German crowds are staging demonstrations of anger. Lithuanian crowds are doing the same thing.

It seems like some spiteful destiny at work - timing this flare-up over the disputed town of Memel, so that it falls right in the midst of the international agitation over German rearmament.

GERMANY FOLLOW LITHUANIA

The British scene of the European crisis, presents a disturbed picture - nothing startling or definite, but all sorts of vague movements, procedures and intimations, that suggest dark anxiety. A special session of Parliament, declarations of Sir John Simon to the M. P.'s., conferences between Sir John and King George. The gathering of Parliament produced nothing illuminating, merely the statement that there would be no illumination. The Foreign Minister told the House of Commons that it would be obvious bad policy for His Majesty's government to make public the exact nature of those Anglo-German conversations in Berlin. In the stately phraseology of British Parliamentarism Sir John said he had nothing to say.

However, he did admit to the Commons that he and Hitler didn't see eye to eye very much, and that there were plenty of differences of opinion in the palaver at Berlin. But Sir John added that he didn't consider his meeting with Hitler a waste of time. He thought those Anglo-German conversations were indispensable to the preservation of international peace.

And then one new big act in the European drama was brought into imposing prominence - when Sir John went on to say the following:- "It is impossible to speculate," he declared, "on what may happen after the three power parley at Stresa next month."

That parley in the North Italian town of Stresa was arranged before the Foreign Secretary went to Berlin. It was planned as a most significant get-together, at which Britain, France and Italy would discuss facts that none of the three great western powers would do anything drastic until they had held the pow-wow they agreed upon. So, if there is to be any important action as a result of Germany's scrapping of the Treaty of Versailles, it will come - after - Stresa.

MOSCOW

The guarded secrecy and veiled intimations in London are repeated with deeper silence in Moscow, where Captain Anthony Eden, Lord Privy Seal of Great Britain, is conferring with Foreign Commissar Maxim Litvinoff of Soviet Russia. Captain Eden after having taken part in the Berlin palaver has gone on for some more palavering at Moscow. This has the Germans worried. Of course Russia didn't sign the Versailles treaty and has no legal kick coming about German re-armament but the very thought that London and Moscow might get together in some international line-up, is enough to give Berlin ~~and~~ the willies.

Now about the secrecy in Moscow -- along comes today's official Moscow statement. This illuminating declaration specifies the two statesmen talked for two hours. They discussed the effects of the Berlin conference on the status of international peace. We don't know what was said between Sir John Simon and Hitler. And also we don't know what is being said between Captain Anthony and Commissar Litvinoff on the subject of what was said between Hitler and Sir John. The Moscow statement continues with the announcement that the British and Russian representatives

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were in full agreement on all the points brought up. The atmosphere was exceedingly friendly. And they will talk some more tomorrow. That's the highly informative statement from Moscow.

POLAND

There doesn't seem to be any special significance in the resignation of the Polish cabinet. Of course, the international situation in those east European parts is mighty ticklish. And Poland occupies a decisive position. But the statement is that Premier Kozlowsky's resignation follows more or less automatically as a result of the adoption of the new Polish Constitution. That new constitution changes the form of government considerably, and the ministers have stepped out as a part of the general change.

Authoritative word is that the ministry which will take power under the new constitution will look a good deal like the one that has resigned. For example we are told that Colonel Josef Beck will stay right where he is and retain the portfolio of Foreign Minister. I don't know how important that is, I don't know who Colonel Josef Beck is. But then we go on to observe that another minister will keep his portfolio, the minister of War, and his name is Pilsudski. That does mean something. The old field Marshall, while a mere minister of War, has been the real power in the Warsaw government, Controlling the Army, he is

virtually a dictator. With Pilsudski retaining his portfolio, it means that Pilsudski will remain the boss.

So the resignation of the Warsaw government doesn't mean so much. It isn't much of a change.

MINES

In a spic and span office of the national capital, two men had a long conversation today. One was Donald Richberg, chief of the N.R.A. The other was a stocky, plump, burly necked chap of characteristically pugnacious features - John L. Lewellyn Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers. These two men, facing each other across a shiny desk, symbolized the fact that at midnight on Saturday is a critical moment in the affairs of great long pits underground, and the men who dig in these pits - coal miners.

Each year the mine owners and the union come to an agreement concerning wages and working time. This year's contract runs out Saturday night, and the business of working out a new one has not been going any too smoothly. The miners want a wage increase of fifty cents a day. They also want working time cut to a thirty hour week. The mine operators haven't been jumping at these terms. The Mine Union responds with the familiar threat - strike. That leaves it up to the National Industrial Relations Board of the N.R.A. The Labor Board is trying to bring about harmony, a line of procedure which has brought together the two

big chiefs themselves - the chief of the N. R. A. and the chief of the miner's Union. Their present negotiations will have the most decided bearing on events that may or may not happen, ~~xx~~ on the night of the coming Saturday, to strike or not to strike!

The prospect of a big strike always brings into the limelight the personality of the labor leader who directs the cohorts of the workers. So in Washington a bright beam has fallen on the grizzled head of John L. Lewis. His career has been typical of many a union chief. As a boy, he worked in a mine driving a mule. He became active in the Union, was appointed a delegate and attended all the conventions. There he attracted attention as a tough, hard fighter. Labor was impressed with the fervor and pugnacity with which he talked up the case of the miners. The late Smauel Gompers took a liking to him and made him something of a protege. He has been a significant figure for a long time now, and more so of late - since he heads a Union which has reached its high peak of membership under the

N.R.A. Before the coming of the New Deal, the depression had drastically cut down the members of the United Mine Workers. Unemployment conditions were sapping the strength of all the unions. But when the provisions of the N.R.A. labor clause went into effect, John L. Lewis, had the chance of his life to display his force of character, drive and vitality. He boosted the membership of his Union to record figures, and put it in a powerful position, bargaining with the mine operators. He was at the forefront in nineteen thirty - three when the President put forth the Coal Mine Code - and the mine owners signed it.

Students of labor affairs say that Lewis, while merely the president of the Mine Workers Union, is actually the power behind the throne in the American Federation of Labor. They say that William F. Green remains President of the A.F. of L. only because of the support of the miner chief, Lewis could unseat Green at any time, but the two men are fast friends.

This is the burly, forceful figure, leader of labor in the black pits, that today stands in the foreground again - as Saturday night, contract expiring time, approaches.

LIQUOR

Rum Row is back with us, bringing reminders of Prohibition days. We have been hearing right along about left over vestiges of the Dry Era still lingering on. The news hitherto has been about bootleg stills. Now its Rum Row. There is a connection of cause and effect between the two, between the plants which make illicit hootch on the land the ships that carry it in by sea. The disappearance of the bootleg stills have brought about the return of Rum Row fleet. The story from the Treasury Department is that the recent government drive has been eliminating, smashing up some forty illegal stills a day - an average of twelve hundred bootleg factories a month. And that's a lot. The clean-up of moonshine has been so drastic that the supply of lawless hootch has dwindled to a trickle and climbed forbiddingly in price. So the repeal era Bootleggers are finding it cheaper to buy alcohol from abroad. This has created a business opportunity for smugglers and so Rum Row is appearing once again. The Treasury Department reports that Rum ships are lying off the coast of New England, New Jersey, New York, Florida. And its the end prohibition story of small boats dodging around

and brining the contraband ashore. Coast guard officials say the rum ships are mostly from Belgium and Holland.

Once more its up to the government. Having smashed up illicit stills so promptly that job is now to smash the new Rum Row.

(BY COMMAND FROM PHILADELPHIA)

I've a correction to make this evening. Last night I made an error that certainly would appall folks who own stocks bonds and are interested in financial matters. In giving some of information from Moody's Investors Service, I cited some figures pertaining to corporate earnings. The term should have been cash dividends. It seems that I didn't know the difference between corporate earnings and cash dividends. But then I don't get any of either, so all you financiers can go ahead and laugh.

Turner.
Mar. 28,
1935.

ROSCOE TURNER

By the way, I'm on a jaunt around the country this week, and a moment ago I ran into another world traveler who recently brought more fame to himself and honor to his native land. I'm sure you haven't forgotten the name of the man who made such a grand record in that flying race half way around the world from England to Australia. Yes, Colonel Roscoe Turner. Here he is. (

Colonel Roscoe Turner and I happen to be at a banquet tonight and there are about a thousand gentlemen of the Sun Oil Company seated in front of us who just applauded. Colonel Turner is on a speaking tour and our sky trails have just crossed here in the Middle West. Tomorrow night Colonel Turner will appear twice in Cleveland to tell the thrilling story of his adventures in that flight half-way around the world to show the pictures, and few men have had more thrilling adventures than he has. And after this speaking tour Roscoe, well, then what?

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COLONEL TURNER: Well, I've got a lot to say, Lowell, but anyway I want to shake hands with you, it's nice to see you again. I hope

we meet more often. Well, I tell you, after dodging alligators and tigers in central India, I got lost down there, you knew about that, of course, - the whole world knew about it - but it wasn't any dishonor to get lost in that race, Scott and Black got lost trying to find Bagdad and I got lost trying to find Alahabad, and Parmentier and More got lost between Charlottesville and Melbourne, so as long as I got lost with good company, that's not bad.

LOWELL THOMAS: No, we're glad you're here. Now what next?

TURNER: Well, I have two more ambitions in flying - I want to do four hundred miles an hour in an aeroplane and I want to really circle the world at the equator. That's never been done you know.

LOWELL THOMAS: Why do you want to go around at the Equator?

TURNER: Well, of course, I mean - there have been great flights made and these long flights are very intriguing and all like that - but I mean, it's never been done and I like to do something that hasn't been done.

LOWELL THOMAS: O.K. Roscoe - fine work, and if you go around by way of the Equator, we don't want you to get lost in the jungles of Brazil or among the headhunters of Borneo, so you better use some Blue Sunoco and get there.

TURNER: Oh, that's very encouraging. I thank you Lowell, for the good advice, Lowell, and it's nice to see you, and if you come over tomorrow night, maybe you can give me some pointers on lecturing.

LOWELL THOMAS: I won't do that Roscoe, no such luck. Thanks a lot for coming, and, by the way -

JAFSIE

since the close of the Hauptmann trial we haven't been hearing anything much about one of its most celebrated characters -- the immortal Doctor Condon, the eloquent Jafsie. The verbose doctor has been living quietly in that "garden spot of the world," as he called it -- meaning the Bronx.

Now we hear something more about him. We hear of honors and dignities. Jafsie is being showered with glory in that "most beautiful borough in the world" as he described it on the witness stand. Those praises which he showered on the Bronx have brought their reward. The "Garden Spot" hails Jafsie as its most distinguished citizen. A street is to be named Condon Avenue. And there's likely to be a Condon Park, also an apartment house named the "Jafsie". And today we hear that the Bronx Chamber of Commerce by a vote of the Board of Directors and all the members, has elected Jafsie to honorary life membership.

Well, after all, the eccentric educator is the best press agent the Bronx ever had.

JOB

There are mighty few things that can impede the course of justice - at least there should be mighty few. The blindfolded lady with the sword is a severe character. And the wheels of justice grind relentlessly. But just the same, even the law cannot ignore the immense importance of a man getting a job, in these days.

It happened in the United States District Court in New York City, where Charles V. Bob and Frederick C. Russell are being tried on mail fraud charges. Charles V. Bob, by the way, is the man who jumped into fame some time ago by financing exploration jaunts, airplane flights of discovery in the Antarctic continent. He has got into difficulty since then. Anyway, the trial is on, has been on for four ~~xxx~~ days. Plenty of testimony was in, the proceedings in a critical stage - when a juror asked the court to excuse him from further jury duty at the trial. That was rather extraordinary. The juror said he had just been offered a job. He is Joseph Groman, a furrier. The judge asked if he could produce a definite offer of a job, and the juror happily produced a telegram reading, "Come to work at ten o'clock

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tomorrow morning." Thereupon, the judge halted the trial. Both the defense and prosecution agreed to a change of jurors.

Evidently getting a job was not to be sneezed at nowadays.

So the juror was excused and has gone to work and if I may be excused I'll day --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.