

L.T. - SUNOCO - FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1936

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Everybody who has been to Quebec - can imagine the picturesque scene on Dufferin Terrace this afternoon. (In the shadow of the Chateau Frontenac, overlooking that superb, incomparable view of the St. Lawrence River, Franklin Delano celebrated the first official visit of an American president to the Dominion of Canada. Somewhat to the astonishment of his huge cheering audience, the President's speech was delivered partly in English, partly in French. The French part of it was appropriate since a considerable portion of the crowd that jammed the ramparts of Dufferin Terrace and the square, all the way back to the City Hall, were French Canadians.)

Addressing the Governor-General, the Right Honorable Baron Tweedsmuir, Mr. Roosevelt started his speech with a protest

He had read in Canadian papers that when he came to Quebec, he was to receive all the honors customary upon the visit of a foreign ruler. And said he to Lord Tweedsmuir: "Your Excellency, something within me rebelled at that word 'foreign'." Then he explained: "I have been in Canada often, but never before have I heard a Canadian describe an American as a foreigner." I can tell you positively that in the United States we don't consider Canadians foreigners."

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The President then gave another illustration of the unique relations between the Dominion and the States. "It is not only," he said, "that undefended boundary three thousand miles long without a single fort or garrison. Quite aside from that, every year hundreds of thousands of Americans visit Canada, and hundreds of thousands of Canadians visit the States, without ever thinking of a passport." He added the sage remark that this unique situation proved definitely how peace can be preserved between countries by "frank dealing, cooperation and the spirit of give and take."

*and the Prime Minister, the Right Honorable Mackenzie King*  
After the speech-making, Lord Tweedsmuir entertained

the President at a ~~historic place.~~ It is the famous Citadel of

Quebec, the summer residence of the Governor-General.

BLACK LEGION

Sensation followed sensation today in the first Black Legion trial in Detroit. The trial of itself is sensational enough. For one thing, the six defendants waived their right to a jury, preferred to take their chances with the judge. The specific offense charged against those six Black Legionnaires is that they ~~ix~~ kidnapped and flogged a fellow member. His offense was failure to attend the meetings of the Legion.

~~All such details are gruesome enough.~~ <sup>But</sup> ~~Mr.~~ Duncan McCrea, Prosecutor of Wayne County, Michigan, made a revelation today that cast the other horrors into the shade. One ~~page~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ object of that deadly organization, he declared, was a conspiracy to kill all the Jews in Detroit. The mechanism of the plot was to spread typhoid germs. These were to be inserted into the milk and cheese delivered to Jewish residents of the world's automobile capital.

<sup>Prosecutor</sup> ~~Mr.~~ McCrea added that the conspiracy never was executed. The man who made this confession to the prosecutor said it was he who had foiled it. He objected to the idea, thought it was dangerous and threatened to inform the police if his fellow

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Legionnaires made any further gestures in that direction.

Nevertheless, he said, a number of members of the Black Legion were warmly in favor of this ghastly plot.

WEBBER

In Passaic, New Jersey a hospital nurse drew the sheet over the face of a patient. Neither she nor any of his neighbors in Passaic knew that the retiring, modest fellow who had lived among them for 23 years had been an actor in one of the most sensational episodes in the annals of American criminology. The dead man was an ex-gambler known as Bridgie Webber:- one of the men responsible for the murder of the gambler, Herman Rosenthal, one of those whose confessions sent to the electric chair a New York police lieutenant, Charles Becker. That case literally turned New York upside down - politically. It procured the first defeat the redoubtable Tammany Hall had known in 12 years. It put a reform government in the New York City Hall for 8 years. It sent Charles S. Whitman to the governor's mansion in Albany.

Probably if the murder of Hymie Rosenthal had occurred 20 years later it would have caused hardly a ripple. But in the year 1912 even the hardest boiled New Yorkers were shocked when they read in the morning papers that a man had been called to the sidewalk from the restaurant of a terderloin hotel and mowed down by the bullets of four hired gunmen who then made

their escape.

And when Police Lieutenant Charles Becker head of the famous Broadway strong-arm squad was arrested as having instigated that murder there was literally no end to the uproar of indignation.

All the conspirators sooner or later were laid by the heels. Charles S. Whitman then District Attorney had little difficulty convicting the assassins themselves, drugged, befuddled bravos who had merely executed a stupid crime for a paltry wage. But it took two trials to send Lieutenant Charles Becker to the chair.

As a matter of fact I happen to know quite a few people including the newspapermen who covered both trials and who to this day do not believe Becker was guilty. They said he was framed, and that the gambler Bridgie Webber who died in Passaic yesterday perjured Charles Becker into the execution seat to save his own skin. However, that view was not held by the jury nor by the various courts.

Becker went to his death in Sing Sing. By way of tragic coincidence last night was the 21st anniversary of the night when the public executioner turned on the current. And on that 21st anniversary Bridgie Webber lay dying.

The crucial parts of the District Attorney's case against Charles Becker were the confessions of not only Bridgie Webber but of gambler Jack Rose, a strange dispassionate figure, as hairless as a billiard ball. People who were present at the trials still recall with a shudder the flat deadly tones of his voice as he uttered from the witness stand that damning confession. The most ruthless cross-examiners at the New York Bar hammered at Rose and Webber. But not one of them was able to shake those self-confessed murderers in any single material detail. For their confessions implicating Becker, they escaped scot-free themselves. Jack Rose took to the lecture platform and made considerable profit out of his notoriety.

Bridgie Webber fled to Passaic where he lived in obscurity, not one of his neighbors realizing his identity.



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To a Deputy Police Commissioner in New York he once wrote:-

"I wouldn't cross the river to Manhattan for all the gold in the sub-Treasury."

SPAIN

A note of grim humor enlivened the story of the Spanish Revolution today. (The charges that Italy had been giving comfort and assistance to the rebels became so loud that it was no longer possible for them to be ignored in Rome. The Italian government issued the customary and formal denials. But unfortunately, the ink was not yet dry on the paper when an accident occurred. A giant Caproni plane crashed in Morocco, fell and were dashed to smithereens. And, it was carrying weapons and munitions to the Spanish Rebels.) And when the French authorities searched the dead bodies they found papers identifying them as Italian subjects. They carried not only civilian passports but Italian military papers.

Not only that -- but one other similar Italian ~~plane~~ plane made forced landings without injury. Its pilot and crew, eleven of them, were arrested by the French. The authorities of French Morocco believe that still two others crashed. It is assumed that all these planes were part of a fleet of ten airships flying to Spanish Rebel headquarters in Morocco, carrying arms and munitions of war.

Everything would have been lovely, the Italian Fascisti could have helped their Spanish pals without a thing being discovered or a word being said, ~~but~~ but for a sudden violent wind. Coming from nowhere, it descended upon those Italian airplanes with their contraband of war. It forced two of them to land and converted others into tangled masses of wreckage on the Moroccan coast.

All of which creates an awkward situation. The investigation being made by the French is still in a formal and official stage. That is to say, up to now France has no definite information that the Italian pilots and crews were carrying those munitions to the Spanish rebels with the knowledge and consent of the Italian government. Premier Mussolini has ordered an inquiry ~~of~~ on his own hook.

But that of course may or may not be just a gesture.

( If it should be established beyond reasonable doubt that the Spanish Fascisti are being helped by the Italians, the French Communists will undoubtedly retaliate and retaliate openly, at least to the extent of rushing arms and munitions of war across the border to the Spanish red forces. )

At this moment Spain is literally ringed around with warships from other countries. Italy, France, Germany and Great Britain all have their men-o-war off the Iberian coast. And in all the armies and navies of Europe leaves have been cancelled, officers and men are standing by prepared for any eventuality and there's talk of a three power intervention.

For the benefit of those who have friends or kinsmen in Spain, it is possible now to reassure them definitely that they needn't worry. All Americans who wanted to leave Madrid have done so. A few of them preferred to stay. Sixty-three of the colony at Madrid, reached the port of Valencia where they found Uncle Sam's cruiser QUINCY awaiting them. In addition to those sixty-three, thirty reached other ports or places of safety. In our Madrid Embassy, most of the remaining staff are Filipinos. But elsewhere in the capital a hundred or so Americans have decided to stay where they are and take their chances with

the revolution.

Just what those chances may be isn't easy to say right now. The final, crucial battle for the possession of the capital may ~~be joined~~ <sup>come</sup> at any moment. Preliminary skirmishes have already begun. Government aviators started bombing the insurgent troops, sheltered in concrete trenches barely thirty miles from Madrid.

The government has called out the military classes of Nineteen Thirty-Four and Thirty-Five, which up to now have been on leave.

In Madrid even women and girls have been conscripted <sup>to fight.</sup> ~~to fight.~~ ~~military services.~~ A symptom of the unrest prevailing at the seat of government is revealed by the resignation of the Minister of Police. His job was promptly taken by a deputy of the extreme Left, a Communist as Red as they make 'em. That's taken to mean that the Popular Front government is going to put the spurs into the counter-revolution with a rigid and relentless hand.

The casualty list continues to mount into appalling totals. Without a single pitched battle, it is estimated that in thirty hours, three thousand men have perished. The probable fate of Madrid is a matter of ~~grave~~ anxiety. Loyalist aviators on reconnoissance have brought back word that the Rebels

have not only built themselves cement trenches, but established huge cannon and mortars from the Krupp factories in Germany and the Skoda plants in Austria, on concrete platforms. With these big berthas they are preparing to shell Madrid from a safe distance.

Hitherto, the Hapsburg Bourbons, the ex-royal family, have held themselves aloof from the revolution. Alfonso issued a formal statement that it was none of his doings. Today, however, his ex-Royal ~~Highness Don~~ Highness Don Carlos, *of the royal family* openly and formally joined the Rebel forces. He crossed the border from France and made his way to Rebel headquarters at Pamplona.

DIPLOMAT

For some time past Uncle Sam's State Department has been afflicted by a mystery. Visiting diplomats <sup>have</sup> puzzled the officials of our Foreign Office by references to a representative whose name was completely unknown. There was much questioning and scurrying around. Who could this mythical and unknown ambassador be? The mystery was solved today and brought into the cruel glare of the spotlight. The mysterious diplomat in question was self-appointed, a volunteer. He decided that the State Department was making a mess of things. So he undertook to establish world peace by personal negotiations. To this end, on his own responsibility, and quite unknown to ~~others in~~ the State Department and the White House, he called up foreign ambassadors by long distance. On one occasion he even called Geneva on the trans-atlantic phone and talked to the private secretary of the Right Honorable Anthony Eden.

*mysterious self-appointed diplomat*  
The gentleman's name is Abe Pickus. By occupation -

well, we'll let him talk for himself. Here is what unofficial ex-ambassador Pickus says on his own behalf. <sup>He says: -</sup> ~~I quote his own words~~

"I was born in Russia, in Eighteen Ninety-One and came to Cleveland

in Nineteen Ten. I spent fifteen years in the lumber business and in Nineteen Twenty-Six went into oil. Today I am president of a corporation which distributes gas and oil. During the World War I served overseas and was wounded. As a veteran I am interested in what is happening in other countries. One morning I read in the papers that Japan and Russia might go to war. So I telephoned the Japanese Ambassador in Washington and wrote to the Russian Ambassador. Later I called Captain Anthony Eden at Geneva, Switzerland, and talked to his secretary. Recently Colonel McIntyre, Secretary to Roosevelt, informed me I had no right to negotiate any treaties."

The thing that now stymies Mr. Pickus and his venture in diplomacy, is a ~~ix~~ law providing a penalty of two years imprisonment for private citizens who undertake to pinch-hit for our State Department. So this ex-Ambassador Pickus is likely to say ~~ix~~ solong for two years, while I say --

SOLONG UNTIL MONDAY.