

L.T. - SUNOCO, MAY 31st, 1934 THURSDAY.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The radio - the air of this broad land - all day has been crammed with just one thing - the big doings of Uncle Sam's Fleet in New York. From the loud speaker has come one long stream of tidings and descriptions of battleships, cruisers, submarines, gold braided admirals, jaunty, hard boiled gobs, and the Presidential party, with the Chief Executive of the land reviewing the mighty sea power of which he is the supreme commander. Driving over the mountains of West Virginia from Greenbriar - and White Sulphur, to Hinton and Mt. Hope I could hear radios - booming from nearly every house. Apparently the whole nation has been tuned in today, listening to on-the-spot descriptions of the presidential review of the fleet.

But it hasn't been all warships and naval review in the world today. There are some other news angles. So let's get away from nautical festivities for awhile. I certainly am just about as far from nautical festivities tonight as it's possible to get. Tonight was the night that I was going to try and broadcast from the bottom of a coal mine. And that's where I am at this moment - six hundred feet under ground in the Whipple Mine, of the White Oak Coal Company, near the

town of Mt. Hope in the heart of West Virginia - seventy miles east of Charleston.

Miners call it being "down in the hole". But, then I'm used to being in the hole.

MINE

I can't help reflecting on that moody contrast this subterranean mine here, way down in the darkness and depths of the earth, and that gala oceanic spectacle in New York today, our High Seas Fleet on parade,

All around me are the tunnels -- 50 miles of them from which the coal is brought from distance parts of the mine, by small electric trains, eighteen hundred tons of it, a day. But, to keep it dry down here four times as much water must be taken out of the mine each day, eight thousand tons of water and eighteen hundred hundred tons of coal.

The ventilation seems okay, in fact better than many broadcasting studios I've known. A giant steel fan circulates one hundred thousand cubic feet of fresh air through the mine per minute.

And, to make it as safe as possible, non-inflammable powder is used for shooting down the coal; the miners use electric lamps on their fibre helmets, instead of the old time carbide flame; and white rock dust is spread all around, non-explosive rock dust, to keep that terrible black coal dust from exploding and blowing up the place, as used to happen so

often. Safety seems to be the watch-word of these mines.

The coal is hoisted up this shaft to that framwork which they call the tippie. And they wash it all off to make it as clean as possible, and spray it with Sun Oil "Coalkote" which further keeps down the dust and is a great help to those who consume coal.

Some of these gentlemen want to sing their favorite song:- "My sweethearts a Mule in a mine." But, we'll postpone that.

In the grand building of the Jay President Department
beside him a sturdy grey haired man whom he customarily
addressed as Chief. Well, who was it that was "the Chief" to
the President of the United States? It was Josephus Daniels,
our Ambassador to Mexico, who during those old war time
days was secretary of the Navy. Young Franklin D. Roosevelt
served under him as Assistant Secretary. So Josephus Daniels
is the President's old boss.
It was Secretary of Navy Daniels who as a former
Sunday school teacher and department official, struck a mighty

MINE AND FLEET

So it's down here in the black mine that the coal miners labor in the underground depths, while up there in the harbor of New York are the splendid fighting ships swept by the salt breezes of the sea -- navigating officers that shoot the sun and sailors that swab the deck.

The fleet has captured New York in a tumultuous welcome. And the gobs have captured the girls -- at least so far as feminine fashions are concerned. Girls appeared on New York's avenues today wearing middy blouses and gobs' hats and other finery smacking of the Navy.

In the grand goings of the day President Roosevelt had beside him a stocky gray haired mwn whom he customarily addresses as Chief. Well, who was it that was "the Chief" to the President of the United States? It was Josephus Daniels, now our Ambassador to Mexico, who during those old war time days was secretary of the Navy. Young Franklin D. Roosevelt served under him as Assistant Secretary. So Josephus Daniels is the President's old Boss.

It was Secretary of Navy Daniels who, as a former Sunday school teacher and Southern editor, struck a mighty

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blow for prohibition when he forbade the serving of rum rations in the Navy. He made the Navy dry. And thus he helped to bring prohibition much nearer. And his one-time assistant, Franklin D. Roosevelt is the man who has made the country wet.

Just an odd sidelight on that naval extravaganza in New York today.

TAMMANY FOLLOW FLEET

Another of the mighty men at that big Fleet review in New York was Postmaster General Jum Farley. But, they say it was not merely to see the ships that brought Jim to New York. It was also to see the leaders of Tammany. And thereby hangs a tale, the sorely twisted tail of the Tammany Tiger.

It was really President Roosevelt, before he became President who first twisted that formidable tail. The way that he, as Governor of New York, conducted the hearings into the doings of Jimmy Walker, put Tammany in a hole deeper than this Whipple coal mine. Jimmy resigned and went to Europe. Later Tammany lost the election for Mayor. And then -- no political patronage! So the resignation of the Tammany leader, John Curry, was a natural consequence and now the dope is that if the Tammany braves will choose a new leader approved by the White House, Tammany will be accepted into the good graces of the President once more. And that, say the grapevine correspondents, is the deeper meaning of the Postmaster General's presence at the pageant of the war ships today. Even from deep down here in a mine that sounds like deep political plotting.

Somehow the shade of Jimmy Walker still seems to hover over New York City and all that happens there. Where is he? He's in London. Viscount Castlerose, who writes for the London Sunday Express, tells of just having sat in a poker game with Jimmy, and by the way Jimmy took quite a sizeable pot from His Lordship. Then the Viscount goes on to say: "You might think the most popular Mayor of New York has ever known would be unhappy living in a little English hotel. "But really old chap I am telling you," The Viscount continues, "Jimmy Walker is happier than he has ever been. He has exchanged power for liberty. For one thing now he's never bored. Now he doesn't have to attend four banquets a night.

And now for some more news. From the close and confined depths of this subterranean pit, down here in the stygian dark of this black mine where there are so many electric lights that it's almost light as day, let's take a look at the wide open spaces of the West. The word from the West is -- dry, very dry, drought -- and more drought.

The situation beyond the Mississippi has grown so serious that cattle are starving by the thousands. This terrific drought is putting hundreds of thousands of farmers in the hole. Not only the grain growers but the livestock raisers. They are now in a hole so deep that the government is getting busy to relieve the situation.

The first thing the Federal Relief Administration did was to allot one million dollars to the farmers of Wisconsin to buy seed and six hundred thousand to buy food for the livestock. And tomorrow the government will begin buying up more than a million head of cattle. That ought to take a considerable burden off the shoulders of the farmers.

However, to make matters worse, the farmers out
to
there are now having ~~x~~ cope with a plague of grasshoppers.
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The better part of six states being afflicted by the pests. Apparently, no relief is in sight, except government relief - also railroad relief.

Governor Horner of Illinois has appealed to the railroads to cut down their freight rates on grain, so as to help the growers out.

At any rate, the plight of the farmer in the drought-stricken regions may make these coal miners sitting around me more content with their lot. How about it?

MINER:-

Right you are, Lowell. There at least are no grasshoppers down here in a coal mine. And, as far as droughts are concerned, while we are underground we don't know whether the sun is shining or whether it's raining. Nopé, not even a grasshopper would come down here. Only human beings.

STRIKE

Way back in March, General Johnson of the NRA issued this warning: "Raise wages and cut down hours or strikes will sweep the country". Let's see how good a prophet the General was.

The shipping industry is at a standstill. In New England and in the South the men in the textile industries are still threatening to walk out. The situation in the steel industry is still deadlocked.

In northern Ohio it's the electrical industry.

An article in this week's NATION declares that the signal for a general strike in northern Ohio may be given tomorrow night. The unions have called for a great torch-light parade and mass meeting.

However, we should remember that pretty much the same thing happened in nineteen twentyone. In that year the whole country was also swept by labor troubles. But we recovered and good harvest years followed. Maybe we're not much in the hole after all.

Sam Scott, one of the best known figures in the coal mining world, is sitting beside me. Mr. Scott are things any better in the mines so far as both miners and employers are concerned?

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Mr. Scott:-

We've had our difficulties too. But, for the time being they seem to be ironed out.

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L.T.:-

Here's hoping every other industry will be able to say the same before long! Here's hoping.

CUBA

The so-called terrorist campaign is still going on throughout Cuba. The Havana police are taking extra precautions to protect the life of Jefferson Caffery, the American Ambassador. There is particular anxiety about a mysterious green motor car which has been lingering in the neighborhood of the Embassy. The Sleuths believe it has been ~~waiting~~ hanging around for no good purpose.

Uncle Sam is still in the hole with the Cubans. The new treaty, which was expected to bring above a love feast, has brought us no popularity in the Pearl of the Antilles. Though Government officials are expressing the usual flowery appreciation, the people at large are still sore at us.

American businessmen in Havana express no enthusiasm over the treaty. Some of them declare it is "just another experiment." Others make light of it, saying that it will make no difference in our relations with the islanders.

Meanwhile, the Senate still has to ratify the treaty. There was a debate about it in Washington last night and our friend the Louisiana Kingfish, got in some choice characteristic

morsels. Most of his verbal brickbats were hurled at the heads of the bankers. If Senator Long doesn't quit attacking the bankers, he's likely to make them popular once more.

SIAM

The King of Siam is going traveling again and a lot of people would like to know why. Also the diplomats of the world are asking questions.

Says Prajatipok:- "It's on account of my eyes. I have to go to England, France and America to have them examined by the foremost oculists of the world." And his lovely lady, Queen Ram bai barni nods that this is so.

But, to this political observers are replying: "eyesight my eye" what the King of Siam is really going abroad for is to get England to finance a Siamese navy."

The interpretation is that Siam is afraid of Japan. As in the ~~Philipp~~ Philippines and in the Hawaiian Islands, an increasingly large Japanese population within King Prajatipok's domain. And the Siamese rulers are afraid that the Japs eventually will do that ^{to} country what they have done to Korea. "So", say the experts, ~~the~~ "King Prajatipok wants a strong navy for protection. And London seems to be the obvious place to go for help. British financial advisers and lawyers have been helping run Siamese affairs for more than a quarter of a century.

OGPU

A little while ago we heard that Stalin, the Red Dictator, proposed to dissolve the Ogpu, that terrifying secret police of Red Russia. And now along comes a singular story which purports to explain it all. They say there is one man in Russia of whom the Red Dictator is afraid. That one man is Yagoda, Yagoda the Terrible. He has long been second in command of the Ogpu. His superior was Menzhinsky, the head of the dreaded secret police -- a mild, pleasant fellow beside Yagoda, Menshinsky signed only thirty - five thousand death warrants. He was Stalin's man and did everything that Stalin told him.

Menzhinsky died recently, and Yagoda the Terrible is in line to succeed him. They say that Stalin several times has tried to remove Yagoda, but couldn't do it. One reason given is that the Ogpu has in its archives too much information concerning the Central Committee of the Communist Party. It has the goods on too many of the members. So Yagoda the Terrible stayed on the job, even in spite of the Red Dictator. And now the question is will he succeed to the supreme command

of the Communist Secret Police? Or will the Ogpu or will the Ogpu be abolished? They say Stalin wants it abolished to keep Yagoda from becoming its master.

Yagoda's father was a political exile, sent by the Czar to frozen Siberia. He himself, before the Russian Revolution, was one of the most desperate plotters among the terrorists. And today Yagoda the Terrible is the only man Stalin fears -- so runs the story from Red Russia, the land of the stories that keep one awake at night.

FIRES

Along with the drought and the heat wave comes another old, old American menace. Since the earliest settlers landed on these shores, there have been forest fires to fight every summer. But this year they are particularly devastating and they are raging over an unusually wide area. Five Canadian provinces are being ravaged by the flames, Whole counties are being burned up, settlers driven out of their homes, with the provincial and dominion governments doing their utmost to help them. In New Brunswick the government is sending a fleet of trucks with army tents, blankets food and what-not to the rescue of three hundred families who are homeless. In addition to this, the woods are a-blaze in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario and as far west as Manitoba.

South of the border, the same perils are raging. In Michigan, the fires are now under control. But from regions as scattered as Maine, New York, Wisconsin and Minnesota, forest rangers and C.C.C. workers are fighting day and night. More than a thousand of them are struggling in the Adirondacks alone. Some of the most beautiful country in America is being scarred by fierce fires.

The state and federal governments are doing all they can. For once a forest fire gets started, only superhuman efforts can stop it. Mother Nature has been playing us peculiar tricks this year, trying to put us in a hole apparently. But usually Mother Nature is not to blame. Man is to blame. Coming over these glorious mountains of West Virginia this morning, looking down on Greenbriar River, I saw a chap in a car ahead pitch a lighted cignarette stub into the brush. If we could all remember not to do that our gradually vanishing forests might be with us a little longer.

MINE ENDING

Here's a curious thing in connection with this mine broadcast which may give you a chuckle. Do you remember when aviators were superstitious about flowers, and wouldn't take flowers up with them in a plane? Well, coal miners have their pet superstition too. I brought a couple of ten year old boys along today, to give them a thrill, and two ladies -- one of them a leading business woman of the Shenandoah Valley, business manager and part owner of two daily newspapers in Staunton - Mfs. C.K.Brown. Ah, but ~~women~~ are not allowed in the coal mines. If a woman goes into one, and the miners know about it, some of them, often all of them, will refuse to work the next day. In some cases they refuse to go back to work for a week or so -- until the evil spell has worn off, I suppose.

So the two ladies came a couple of hundred miles in vain, they are up on top now looking down - outside looking in. For this is a man's world down here at the bottom of the Whipple Mine. The reason for the superstition, "I understand, is that usually when a woman visits a mine, something terrible happens soon after. And usually that something is an explosion. Yes, women cause explosions. And even though I am ~~xxx~~ hundreds of feet under the earth at this moment I know there will be sputtering and explosion in the N.B.C. control

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room, in New York City, if I don't hurry up and say

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW