



THE ROARING TWENTIES & THE GREAT DEPRESSION



At the end of World War I, people were sick of death and destruction and sacrifice. In 1920, Warren G. Harding ran for president on the Republican ticket, conducting a "front-porch" campaign.

What America needs most is a return to normalcy.



People liked the idea. Al Jolson, a popular entertainer, even wrote a song.

For the first time women were able to vote. Many voted for Harding.



Harding you're the man for us, you're the man for us.



He really looks like a nice person.

I know just what you mean.

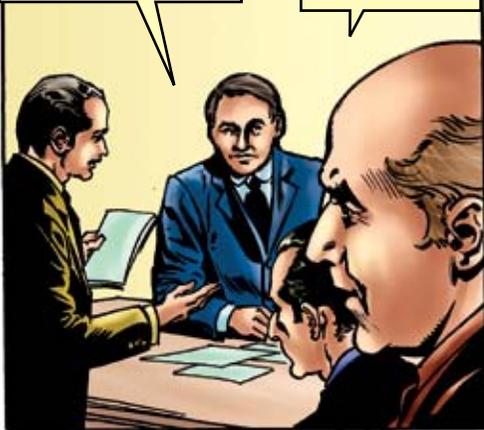
The workers marched to demonstrate their demands.



A new tariff act went into effect in 1922. Harding was interviewed by the press.

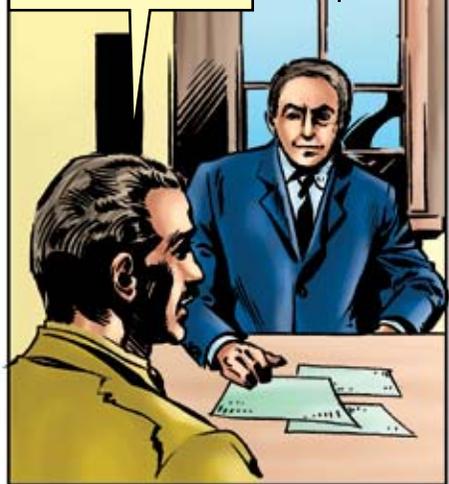
I believe it to be the greatest work in tariff history!

I understand it raises rates by 25%?



Did you know the *Wall Street Journal* calls it "one of the most selfish laws of the kind ever"?

Uh, no!

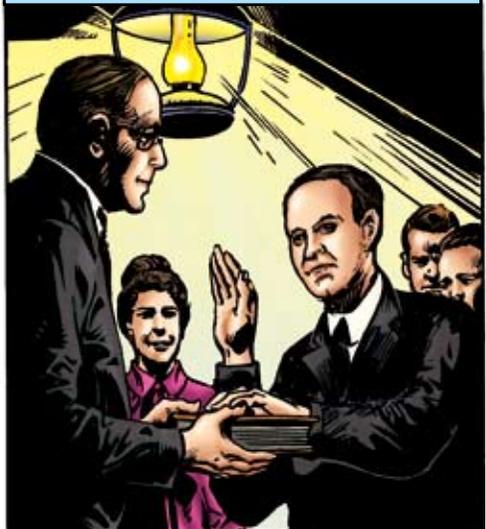


But already in bad health, during the trip President Harding collapsed and died on August 2, 1923. His return to Washington was as part of a funeral procession.



On August 2, Vice President Calvin Coolidge spent the day raking hay. He slept soundly that night until his father called him.

The new president's father administered the oath of office in the family sitting room.



Bostonians were terrified at the prospect of a police strike.

They say the city will be looted and we will all be assaulted!

Even worse, there's fear that all union men will leave their jobs in a general strike!



It's red agents and anarchists from Russia at the bottom of it—spreading revolution and striking at the very foundations of government!

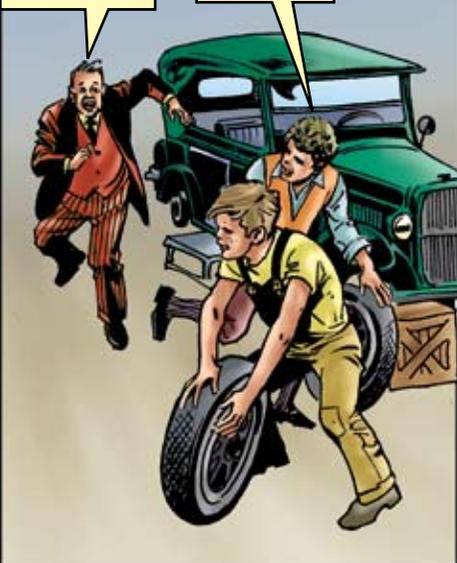


On Tuesday, 1,117 of Boston's officers walked out. In the early evening, there were only minor disturbances.

Spare tires were stolen from parked cars.

Stop! Stop, thief!

Buzz off!



A trolley car was stoned.

End of the line!

Everybody off!



By morning, the situation was under control. Governor Coolidge issued a proclamation essentially approving the mayor's action. But newspapers throughout the country carried stories of the strike, the disorders, and of Coolidge. He had become a great national figure. Elected vice president, he became president upon Harding's death.

To a child of the 1920s, there were many new things—for instance, radio.

Listen, the president.

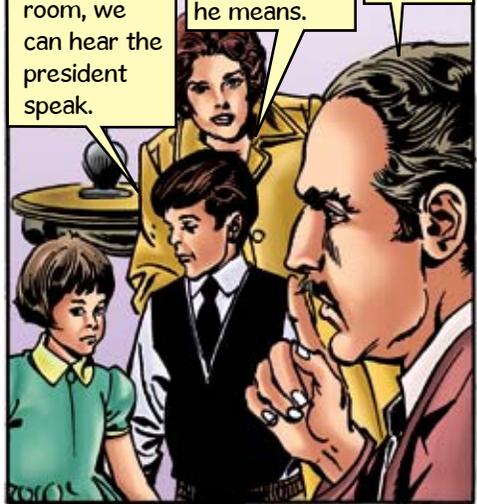
The business of America is business.



Here in our own living room, we can hear the president speak.

I don't understand what he means.

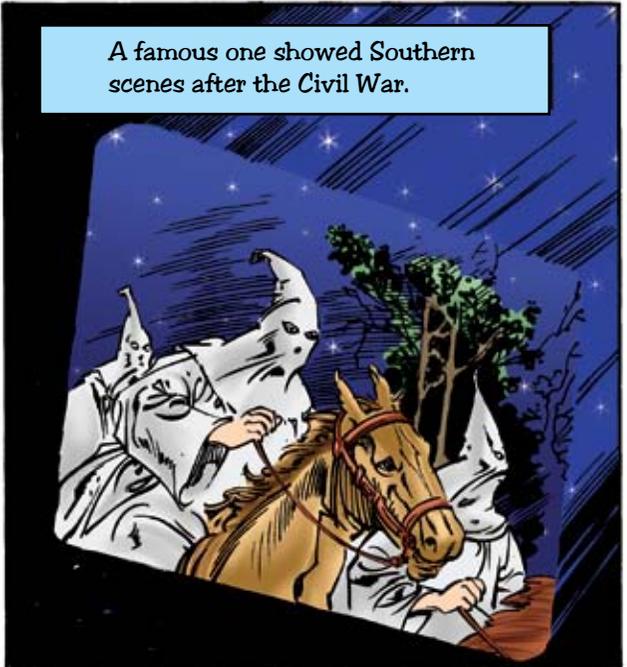
Sh! Just listen!



The movies were new, too!



A famous one showed Southern scenes after the Civil War.





The radio also was reporting similar news.

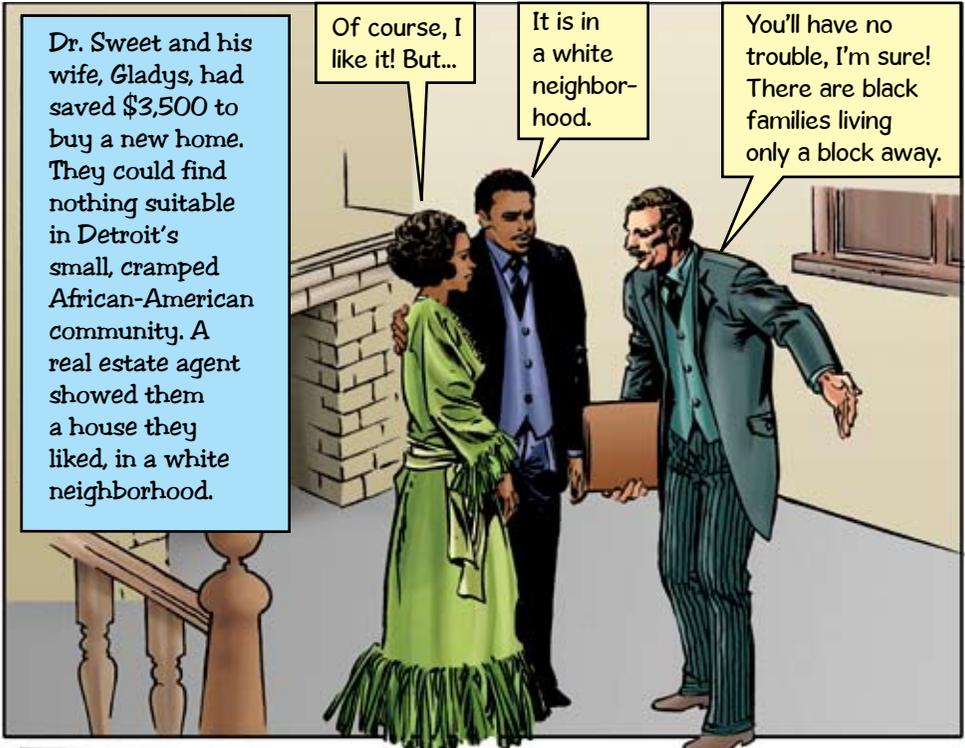
Yesterday in Georgia, a hooded mob of Ku Klux Klansmen stormed a jail and kidnapped a black man. Later he was beaten, tortured, and burned to death.



How can people be so awful?

I thought the Ku Klux Klan was something back in history!





Dr. Sweet and his wife, Gladys, had saved \$3,500 to buy a new home. They could find nothing suitable in Detroit's small, cramped African-American community. A real estate agent showed them a house they liked, in a white neighborhood.

Of course, I like it! But...

It is in a white neighborhood.

You'll have no trouble, I'm sure! There are black families living only a block away.

The Sweets spent their savings for the house, and moved in.

Oh, Ossian, I love it! If only people will let us enjoy it.

I have asked for police protection.

If they'll give us a chance, I'm sure we can show people we're no threat.



Our house and yard will be as well kept up as anyone's!

Dr. Sweet's brothers came to help and two of Gladys' friends.

We left the baby with her grandparents, but so far everyone has been pleasant.

What a lovely house, Gladys!

Work done, they sat down to coffee and cake.

What's that?

Something hit the house!

A rock had crashed against the side of the house.

There must be 300 or 400 people out there!

There're two policemen walking up and down.

Pulling down all the shades, making up beds on the floors, the group spent an uneasy night as an occasional rock was thrown. But nothing more serious happened, and the next morning the crowd was gone. Thankful, the Sweets went downtown to shop.



There's a man dead out here and another injured—shot!

But we fired high over their heads!



You'll have to come with us, all of you!

Don't worry, we'll straighten it out.

That was the story Clarence Darrow heard.

Everyone in the house has been arrested and held. Henry and Ossian Sweet are charged with murder.

Darrow arranged for Gladys Sweet's release on bail.

It is impossible now to prove whether the deadly shot came from inside the house or from a policeman's gun.



What are we waiting for? Let's get to Detroit!



You don't mean the case is hopeless?

Now let me tell you a little about that great American Frederick Douglass ...

Your honor, I protest! Mr. Darrow is not questioning the jurors. He is trying to instruct them.

I see nothing wrong with what Mr. Darrow is doing. He has as much right to select the jury as you, and the right to do it in his own way.



Turning the routine matter of jury selection into a school for social ideas, Darrow completed his choice.

Each lawyer presented his case. The jury deliberated. At last it returned to the courtroom.

The case is won or lost now.

Yes, the rest is just window dressing.

Have you reached a verdict?

We have, Your Honor.

