

C.I. - Lunoco. Tues., Jan. 14, 1936.

HAUPTMANN

Tonight it's completely, one hundred per cent - up to Governor Hoffman. Will he, or will he not, grant a re^eprive, a delay? After today's event, the fate of Richard Bruno Hauptmann is entirely in the Governor's hands. ^ROf course, today's event wasn't anything much. (It ^{was} ~~is~~ unlikely that the federal courts in New Jersey would intervene. Just the same, Hauptmann's lawyers worked with busy industry on a Writ of Habeas Corpus. A condemned man's attorneys always work that way, no matter how slim the chance may be. But the federal court has turned it down. Federal Judge Davis denied the appeal this afternoon.

^{H7} ^RSo what will the Governor do?) And also - what can the Governor do? Attorney General Wilentz, who prosecuted Hauptmann, claims the head of the State cannot commute a sentence, has no legal right to do it. So things are narrowing down more grimly for Hauptmann - as Friday draws near.

The prophecy that the Bonus Bill would pass the Senate with flying colors was strengthened today. The administration argued ~~in~~ against it before the Senate Finance Committee. Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau did the arguing, and his words were figures. He pointed to the ~~large~~ amounts of cash the government owes, and the sums it must raise. He estimated that if the billion dollars of bonus money had to be paid to the veterans it would boost the national debt to thirty-six and a half billion dollars.

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But all those figures made no difference. The Senate Finance Committee put its okay on the Bonus Bill by a fifteen to two vote. This okay sends it along to the floor of the Seante, where all the gentlemen in ^{the} togas will have a chance to cast their ballot for or against.

✓ Hughes.
Jan. 14, 1936.

HUGHES

Let's get along with the great coast-to-coast flight that's in the news today. I'm delighted to get to it. It was a smashing record-breaker, Los Angeles to New York, in nine and a half hours, clipping thirty-five minutes from the racing speed mark. That's a stunt to warm the air-minded cockles of any speed-loving heart. But I've got a special personal reason to be tickled, now that we've got round to Howard Hughes' blazing sky voyage. The reason has to do with vocal cords, larynx, or whatever it may be. What has speed in the sky got to do with these throaty matters? Well, here's the explanation. I made a two-hour speech over in Philadelphia, and I must have strained my vocal cords, adenoids, or something. Perhaps you've noticed it in my voice. So right now it's a relief to be able to take a vocal rest for a moment or two.

I wasn't thinking about that this afternoon when I called on Howard Hughes, fresh from his cloud-hopping triumph and asked him to tell us a thing or two about it on the air tonight. But now I'm mighty glad I did, because I can let him fill in for me on his own big news story, and take time out. So

I'm not even going to tell anything about you, Howard, no background sketch or anything. You tell it, tell how it happens that a millionaire movie producer is a record-breaking flyer.

HUGHES: Well, Lowell, it wouldn't seem so strange to pinch-hit for a director in a studio, or a pilot of a plane, but it does seem odd to come to the plate as a substitute batter in a news broadcast. But here goes -- I decided in the first place that I wasn't going to be an idle son of a wealthy family. You see, my folks struck it rich at oil down in Texas. I learned to pilot a plane when I was fourteen. Later I went to Hollywood and produced movies. The biggest one we made was "Hell's Angels." Then I got interested in aviation again. Now I've been making a couple of flights, and here I am.

L.T.: A young man with millions, determined not to belong to the idle rich - that's what you'd expect of a nephew of Rupert Hughes, the writer. Yes, the author of so many best-sellers is the uncle of Howard Hughes. At this point I should put in a

reminder about the breaking of the speed record for land planes some time ago. But you tell it, Howard.

HUGHES: It was last summer. I was fooling round with a special type of speed plane, something radical. I was putting her through her paces for a speed test. The fuel line clogged, and the next thing you know I found myself sitting in a California sugar beet field. I found I had a busted landing gear and a smashed propeller. I also found that I'd broken the land speed record. I had been hitting it up at better than two hundred and fifty miles an hour.

L.T.: That was a special speed craft. But your coast-to-coast flight today was in an ordinary stock plane?

HUGHES: Yes - a Northrup monoplane, built for fast mail service. She was pushed along by a nine hundred and fifty horsepower Wright-Cyclone motor. But there is this to say about it. A couple of years ago it would have been a racing

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motor. Today it's just a stock engine. That's how fast motors are advancing.

L.T.: Give us some of the high spots of the flight.

HUGHES: There were just two - two thrills. Everything was fine from Los Angeles to Santa Fe, New Mexico, but at Santa Fe I ran into blinding clouds. I couldn't get out of them, although I kept climbing and flew along at eighteen thousand feet. The cloud mass was so huge and dense, that it was blind flying for an hour or so. That wasn't so bad, if there weren't any ice - to slow me down. I kept watching to see if ice was forming on the plane. But it wasn't. So I knew I had a chance to beat the record. That was the first thrill - no ice!

L.T.: And the second?

HUGHES: That happened over Columbus, Ohio. I checked on the

speed I had been making between Indianapolis and Columbus, and saw I had been averaging two hundred and ninety-five miles an hour. That was the second thrill. Because when I found I was going that fast, I knew I'd break the record.

It was quite a grind, nine hours at the controls at racing speed. But I didn't feel it much, just a bit hungry.

L.T.: When I was over at your apartment at the Waldorf this afternoon, the bed showed signs of some heavy sleeping.

HUGHES: I guess I was a bit tired at that.

L.T.: My throat is a bit easier now, so let's go on with the next bit of news.

Good news from that shipwreck off the coast of Peru.

All day long the wireless buzzed with the dire peril of two hundred and ninety-five human beings, passengers and crew.

But the last word is --- everybody saved. The first distress signals gave the alarming word -- "drifting ashore and helpless."

The ship was the Chilean passenger liner, CANTIN. ^{TP} It ~~was~~ ^{is}

supposed that the vessels' steering gear might have gone out of commission. Anyway she was drifting on the reefs of the

Island of Lobos de Tierra -- doomed. So the story ends --

shipwreck, the sinking of the big South American liner, with everybody rescued.

LEACOCK

Thomas W. Lamont, second partner of the House of Morgan, presented half a million dollars to Harvard to found a chair of political economy. And one report is that they may select a humorist to fill the chair. That sounds cynically appropriate - a jokesmith teaching political economy. However, we observe that the comic man mentioned is a certain Mr. Leacock. To be sure, my friend Stephen Leacock is renowned as Canada's famous humorist. But his regular job all along has been that of a professor and scholar. He recently resigned as Professor of Political Economy at McGill University. He is the author of as many learned books as funny ones like, "Moonbeams From a Brighter Lunacy" and so on.

So far as his lighter writings are concerned, he confesses: "I often overstate a case for the cause of effectiveness. The only kind of statement worthwhile is an overstatement." As for truth, he believes that a half truth is a stronger argument than a whole one.

On the serious side, Stephen Leacock is entirely different. As a scholar he doesn't overstate. As a professor he doesn't go in for half truths.

KIPLING

Kipling has improved - a very little. Last evening the doctors called his condition "desperate". Today the word was "fairly satisfactory." But later he's still in the crisis. The most famous living English poet.

Mitchell.
Jan. 14,
1936.

BILL MITCHELL

I can feel my voice growing husky again. So, where is another pinch-hitter? How about you, Bill Mitchell? I'm glad I invited Bill to sit in here for the broadcast this evening, because he can tell a thing or two, and give me a minute off. He is famous for the work he does in the salvaging of human beings. Tell about it, Bill.

BILL: I suppose I am famous - among the bums. I'm a superintendent of a place down on the Ohio River, one of the principal crossroads for hoboes and wanderers on this continent. It's the Union Mission in Portsmouth, Ohio - the kind of a place that Pat Withrow has in Charleston. At Portsmouth a committee of laymen backs our mission, a committee headed by Homer Selby, shoe magnate. Our work is among the unemployed, derelicts, and just plain bums.

L.T.: What about the state of the nation - in regard to bums?

BILL: We are providing about ten thousand meals a month.

But things seem to be vastly better this year than last. Not so many young chaps on the road. Of course there are plenty who never work, and won't work. We put their clothes through the fumigator, give them a bath, a bed and breakfast, and then on they go again. One curious thing happened recently. An ex-millionaire stopped with us - down and out. For years he was on top of things financially, riding high, a magnate of industry, with a magnificent home, automobile, and yacht. Then things crashed for him, and recently we were taking care of him. That's the way life goes, Lowell.

L.T.:- While Bill Mitchell's away from Portsmouth, his preaching is being done by a young chap whom he got out of the local jail.

He had been in twelve times in one year. Oh yes, and Bill tells

me that this is the first time ^{Bill} ~~he~~ has been in New York ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ twenty-eight

years. The last time he came here ^{was} ~~with~~ the Fourpaugh Sells Circus.

He says the town has changed, and, so has Bill.

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BAKER

The Supreme Court has handed down another decree. It concerns a professor, not a New Deal professor but an absent-minded professor - so absent-minded in fact that he was charged with unbecoming conduct toward the highest tribunal and was threatened ^{ened} ^{to dine} with codign punishment.

A way back in Nineteen Thirty-Four, Professor Ralph J. Baker of Harvard ^{Law School} made an appearance before the nine justices and in due time received a check for Fifteen Dollars and Forty-Five Cents as part of his fee. No reply from the professor. The Supreme Court Clerk wrote him a letter about it. Still no reply. Another letter, and still another, but the professor remained silent. It looked as though he didn't think so much of the Fifteen Dollar and Forty-Five Cent check, and was insulting ~~to~~ the Supreme Court of the United States. That was followed by stern action. The Court ordered the professor to show cause within forty days why he should not be convicted of unbecoming conduct and excluded from practicing before the Supreme Court Bar. Now it develops ^{that} this was ~~all~~ a case of absent-mindedness.

The professor couldn't remember what he had done with the check.

Every time he got a letter he would start to search, but then

would forget, and wouldn't remember a thing about it until the

next letter arrived. The summons, however, jogged up his memory

effectively. He hunted and hunted until he found the check.

It was in a book among his professorial shelves of volumes.

The absent-minded professor had been using the Supreme Court check

as a bookmark. So he hastily rushed an apology to Washington,

and now the Supreme Court verdict is that the forgetful educator

^{is}
~~be~~ reprimanded, but not disbarred.

ENDING

At luncheon with Karl Freund, the art critic, and his friend, Captain Mifsud of the Island of Malta nobility -- one of the real Knights of Malta -- I heard an odd one. An American was being introduced to a famous Englishman. The Englishman was A.D.C. to Sir Geoffry Salmond, head of the Royal Air Force in the eastern Mediterranean at the time. The English officer's name was Major Cave-Brown-Cave. The first time the American heard this name ~~how~~ he was nonplussed, couldn't figure it out. So he said:- "Say it again."

"Cave-Brown-Cave."

"Well, press the flesh!" said the American, as he extended his hand, using that now out-of-date phrase which means "shake".

Then Major Cave-Brown -Cave remarked, "But what is your name, Sir?"

To which the Yankee replied, "my name is Home-Sweet-Home."