

It seems like a lack of that fraternal college chum spirit -- in today's headline court decision. President Roosevelt is a Harvard man. And so is Federal Judge John P. Nields of Wilmington, Delaware -- both alumni of dear old Harvard. But today Judge Nields handed his fellow alumnus at the White House something of a set-back.

It all concerns that famous Weirton Steel Company case. The judicial alumnus said: "Unconstitutional and void", and he was referring to that renowned Section 7-A of the N.R.A., which was put into effect by the Presidential alumnus -- the collective bargaining clause.

The federal government for a year has been trying to make the Weirton Company put the administration idea of collective bargaining into force among its employees. There has been a battle through the courts, with ^{Washington} ~~the administration~~ trying to get an injunction to compel the Company to toe the mark. It has been up before Judge Nields, who today, with the scratch of the pen, tossed the government's case out of court. He not only denied the injunction, but ruled that collective bargaining clause 7-A is unconstitutional.

This of course is a major industrial issue, and the federal authorities will lose no time in taking an appeal to the higher courts, with the prospect of the Supreme Court being called upon to make another decision that will touch the very heart of the New Deal. The Weirton case is only one of several similar lawsuits revolving around the collective bargaining clause. Today's decision is all the more important because it has a bearing on ^{the} these other cases -- and on the whole set-up of the N.R.A.

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N.R.A.

And the Blue Eagle is on its way to that general inspection and overhauling which has been promised. The President's recommendation for an investigation and revision of the N.R.A. is getting action in the Senate. The only question now is whether ~~there~~ ~~is~~ or not there should be two separate inquiries. There is talk of one being conducted by the Senate Finance Committee and a second one by a judiciary committee. Indications are that the judiciary group would specialize in monopolistic angles, and direct the inquiry along the line of whether the National Recovery ~~act~~ tends to help monopoly and squeeze out the little fellow.

Higgins.

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INCOME TAX

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If I seem a bit nervous tonight, it may be because I'm scared. ~~Because~~ In the studio here there's one of those fire-snorting dragons that might frighten not only little children, but also big business men. The Income Tax Collector! But I don't see any sulphury flames shooting from his nostrils. In fact he seems altogether jovial and jolly. And that's not so surprising, when you think of him merely as Joe Higgins of the Holy Cross Track Team. Yes, the same Joe Higgins who some years ago made a habit of winning track titles, and on one occasion won a bitterly fought race against that other mighty Joe -- Joie Ray, for years the world's king of runners.

Later on, fleet-foot Joe Higgins became Lieutenant Joe Higgins of Uncle Sam's air corps in the World War. Flew ~~in~~ planes over the battle lines in France.

After that he became the Honorable Joe Higgins, five terms a lawmaker in the New York State Legislature. More recently President Roosevelt appointed him Internal Revenue collector --- from Thirtieth Street to Canada. And that makes him Dragon Joe Higgins. A jolly dragon who won't bite you as he speaks through the microphone.

MR. HIGGINS:- No, I won't bite. I'd just like to remind everybody that March fifteenth is the day.

L.T.:- Internal Revenue Collector Higgins has just been telling me that the question uppermost in the average mind is -- "Am I required to file an income tax return?" How about that, Mr. Higgins?

MR. HIGGINS:- That's the commonest question all right. And here's the answer. If you are single and have a net income of as much as a thousand a year, you are required to file a return. Also, if you are married and have a net income of as much as Twenty-five hundred a year. These are net incomes, wages or net profits. As for gross income, the total amount of money you take in -- if that comes to five thousand a year, you are required to file a return, no matter what the net may be.

L.T.:- I notice that people are frequently confused about the exemption they're entitled to.

MR. HIGGINS:- Yes, it's all clearly outlined on the statutory form, but still there is confusion sometimes. The exemption is one thousand dollars for a single person, or for a married person who is not living with his or her spouse. For married and living with spouse, the exemption is Twenty-five hundred. And this same Twenty-five hundred is allowed to any single person who, during the year, was the family head, contributing to the chief support of one or more members of his household. The exemption for dependents is Four Hundred dollars for each person supported, when those persons are under eighteen years of age or incapable of self-support because of mental or physical defects.

L.T.:- You were telling me, Mr. Higgins, that our benevolent Uncle Sam is always willing to help people make out their returns, and advise them on their tax problems.

MR. HIGGINS:- I wish people would take more advantage of that benevolence. Uncle Sam is really quite a kindly gentleman, who likes nothing better than to stroke his whiskers, snap his Red, White and Blue suspenders, and explain income tax puzzles to the

tax-payers. All you have to do is to take your data to any Collector's office or to Internal Revenue representatives stationed in banks, office buildings and department stores. They're there to advise you and help you make out your return.

L.T.:- Now, by the way, Mr. Higgins, here's a point in my return. But, but I forgot. This is a broadcast, not a tax conference. So let's go ahead with the news.

It's about taxes!

GASOLINE (Follow Income Tax)

A birthday occurred this week, which some motorists noticed. Sweet Sixteen -- or perhaps Sour Sixteen, according to the way one is hit by the gas tax. It is just sixteen years since Oregon imposed the first tax on gasoline, and then the tax spread all over the country. The original rate was a cent a gallon, to build roads, but that was soon boosted and twisted. Until today the tax in some places is as much as twelve cents a gallon.

The revenue was a million dollars that first year, in Nineteen nineteen. Last year American motorists paid a tax on their gasoline to the tune of seven hundred and thirty million!

The original idea was to use the tax on gasoline to build and repair roads for the automobiles that use the gas -- all fair enough. But that logical restriction didn't last long. Now the gas tax pays for about every sort of thing you can think of.

It's curious and painful how heavily taxation has been brought to bear on the motorists. It is estimated that Mr. Average Automobile Driver pays motor taxes of one sort or another for a total each year of twenty-seven per cent of the value of his car. And some of it goes to support fish hatcheries!

FLOWERS

The prize goes to Texas, the floral wreath for flowers, also for ^{the fancy} Buffet supper table. *

At the big Flower Show here at Rockefeller Center there ^{has} been a competition between various states. Today the battle concerned the most perfect way of using flowers to decorate a supper buffet table. And the Wild West along the Rio Grande won, flowery cowboys from out where the long horn used to ~~reign~~ range. The flower champs.

SHIP

Three ocean liners today fought their way through ~~the~~ stormy seas to a specified position of longitude and latitude on the ocean. When they got there, they found nothing, nothing but the ~~dreary waste of rolling waves~~ dreary waste of rolling waves -- a tragic waste, after the ~~the~~ wireless messages ^{which} ~~had~~ had been received.

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Last night a series of distress calls came from the British freighter Blairgowrie in mid-Atlantic, with a crew of twenty-six aboard. The liners EUROPA, the AMERICAN BANKER, and the BLOOMERSD ~~ijk~~ went charging to the rescue, with the distress signals still crackling on the wires. But the signals became weaker, and finally ceased altogether. The liners reached the designated point. It was dark. They could see nothing. Day broke. And still they could spy no sight of the BLAIRGOWRIE. They circled widely, searching! -- nothing! So the supposition is that the unfortunate vessel foundered with all hands aboard. Still no wreckage ^{or tell tale} floating ~~tell tale~~ sign was found, and there is just a bare possibility that the BLAIRGOWRIE is still afloat -- somewhere.

FIRE

A fire broke out five days ago. It raged Saturday night and Sunday. But it's news today. That's because there is such a rigorous censorship in Moscow.

Everybody in the Soviet capital knew a big fire was on. Moscow burning! Napoleon back again! Not quite. But bad enough. Every piece of fire apparatus in the City went clanking across Red Square. Finally the flames were put out and little more was thought about it. But today there was a sensation in the shadow of the Kremlin -- as the news was released. The Communist authorities lifted their iron censorship long enough to give brief but dreadful facts about the disaster. Twenty-nine lives lost! It was a blaze in a Soviet factory, a factory crowded with workmen. A wild panic, a deadly trap. Falling walls in Moscow.

FIREMAN

Our Fire Department story over here in Uncle Sam's domain is not quite so tragic. A terrific alarm sounded in South Hempstead, Long Island. The siren shrieked as if the whole town were in flames, as if all of Long Island were about to burn up. And then, a magnificent Four thousand Dollar fire engine went roaring through the streets.

No, South Hempstead was not burning up. It was just the Fire Department that was burning up. They weren't doing right by the South Hempstead smoke-eaters.

They have a volunteer fire department out there, and the city fathers proceeded to appoint a new fire chief of whom the Fire Department did not approve. They protested, but that didn't do any good. So they proceeded to express their grievances in a louder and more graphic way. They sounded the fire siren, ~~which~~ ~~then~~ tied the whistle down, and let it toot. They took that Four thousand Dollar fire engine out into a field, where they scraped off the handsome painted lettering.

The trial is scheduled for May seventh. A whole batch of the volunteer smoke-eaters and their families and friends who ~~w~~ are accused of taking part in the revolt of the firemen.

BABE RUTH

There's a suggestion of the good old iron determination in Babe Ruth's announcement today. He ^{declares} ~~said that~~ he will be the manager of the Braves next season, leader of the team in the field. And the Babe added that his main ambition all along has been to become a manager in baseball. Yes, he reiterates that determination, and he seems to be having his way.

The supposition is that the present manager, Bill McKechnie, will be promoted ^{next season} to the post of General Manager of the ~~Club~~ Club's affairs.

So as it stands, the Babe is slated to be the assistant boss of the Braves this season and complete boss in 1936.

Everybody in baseball seems to be happy over the solution of the Babe Ruth problem, and that's easy to understand.
x If the home run hitter of the ages had been refused satisfaction and allowed to depart disgruntled from the world of hits, runs and errors, it would have left a rather sour impression among the fans, because nowadays a baseball fan ^{nearly} always means a ~~baseball~~ Babe Ruth fan.

HAUPTMANN

Echoes of the Hauptmann trial continue to reverberate in the news. It certainly does make one stop and wonder, as a report comes from Boston, a report headlining - "More Ransom Money Found." Yes, the news is that another Lindbergh ransom banknote has turned up. It was found in money taken in for tickets by the American Airways Company. Somebody bought a sky-ride ticket and paid for it with one of the telltale bills.

Hauptmann in the death cell at Trenton and ransom money still appearing!

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And then we have another one of those glaring *incongruities* ~~incidents~~ so familiar in that most famous and also most tragic case. Of course it's not unusual for a lawyer to say nice things to a jury when he pleads with them, and then to say something altogether different about that same jury after he has lost the case. You might expect something like that in the Hauptmann affair, and here it is.

Here's what ~~xx~~ chief defense attorney Edward J. Reilly told the twelve men and women, good and true, when he summed up

in the Flemington courthouse: ~~XXXX~~ "You are all broad-minded, honest, industrious and fair people", he beamed on them. "You are intelligent and smart", And he continued on and on in that flattering vein.

But here's where attorney Reilly ~~now~~ says in an address to the Lions Club in Brooklyn: "Bruno Hauptmann will never die in the electric chair", he declares. "He should have been tried before a jury of intelligent men -- like you gentlemen in this room."

It seems that the intelligent person is always the one you're talking to. And then Mr. Reilly added a detail or two about the Flemington jury. "One of the women jurors", he said, "had a tremendous appetite and ate tremendous meals. How could she return to the jury room after lunch, without being dull?"

Yes, Mr. Reilly, maybe she couldn't think so well when she was hungry. Maybe she needed food for thought.

And by the way, Mr. Reilly, I hope you want mind if I go out and get one of those tremendous meals-- and s-l-u-t-m.