

Cowan

L.T. - SUNOCO. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1936.

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~~He~~ has been famous for his short messages. But the one that left the White House today is quite the most terse and laconic that even he has ever written. All he said was: "I recommend the prompt repeal of the Bankhead Cotton Act, the Kerr-Smith Tobacco Act, and ~~the~~ Potato Act." He offered no reasons, However, we all know that each one of those acts is now being considered by the Supreme Court. And since their ruling on the A.A.A., everybody has taken for granted that all of those three measures would be wiped out, as summarily as the A.A.A.

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Such was the sum total of today's news from the White House. But the grapevine reports have it that there is plenty of worrying around that mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue. Inflation of course is the big nightmare not only on the banks of the Potomac but on the banks of every river in the country. (The inflationists, headed by Senator Thomas of Oklahoma and Representative Patman of Texas, have a strong argument. By setting the printing presses to work, turning out money, they ^{say we} will avoid taxes. And, in an election year, every congressman hates to go back home and explain to the folks why their taxes are going to be higher.) In the House, the ^{assembled} inflationists already have [^] within three votes of a majority. Back of them too they have the voice and influence of Father Coughlin.

Against them they have a large, but disorganized opposition. That's what the Washington wiseacres say. ^{It has} ~~been~~ [^] shown that in every country where inflation had been enforced, the middle ^{hit a body blow -} classes are ~~wiped out~~ [^], that is, the salaried people, the folks of ~~modern~~ moderate means. Everybody knows what happened to them in Germany. But the trouble with ^{the middle class folks} ~~them~~ is they have no lobby, no strong body to fight their battle. [^]

SUPREME COURT

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Washington spectators often wonder what are the emotions of the United States Supreme Court on such occasions as today. For there was a banner crowd come to see the performance. Every seat ~~was~~ filled, in every corner of the room. Eager men and women, professional and lay, wanted to hear the fate of the T.V.A. Opinion after ^{on other cases} opinion was read by ~~one of~~ the courtly dignified justices. But anxiously as the crowd leaned forward, at each new ruling, they never heard those fateful words, "Tennessee Valley Authority."

What makes the tension all the more acute is that their Honors never vouchsafe any reason for not handing down a decision. Each in turn reads out the opinion which Chief Justice Hughes ~~had~~ asked him to write. But the dignity and ~~the~~ traditions of the court forbid any explanation to the crowd or the public. So Washington in particular, and the world at large, will have to wait on tenderhooks for another week. Maybe even longer, who knows? So there's a case where once again no news becomes news.

But that doesn't mean that their Honors did nothing today. They did hand down one ruling of real importance to police

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officers the country over, particularly Uncle Sam's police. A gentleman named Arthur Gooch had kidnapped a couple of police officers from Paris, Texas, and sneaked them over the line to Oklahoma. He was laid by the heels, tried in Denver, and convicted under the so-called Lindbergh Kidnapping Law. His attorneys complained that his action was no violation of that law. But, said the Supreme Court, on the contrary, it is, ~~a~~ ~~violation~~. Holding an officer to avoid arrest constitutes kidnapping in the meaning of the Act. Also, it is an offense to kidnap and transport a person for the purpose of preventing the arrest of a kidnapper. *Gooch must die for kidnapping the police.*

SILVER

There's considerable excitement in various parts of the world over the trade in silver. When Uncle Sam started buying millions of ounces, the price went up. So the rest of the world got into the market and sold ^{For Uncle} ~~his~~ large consignments. ~~of it~~. The principal seller was India. From Bombay alone two million ounces of the white metal ^{were} ~~was~~ sent to New York. And four million more are on the high seas.

But since that silver was sold, the tables have been turned. The price has gone ~~down~~ down. So now India is buying back what she has just ^{sent us,} ~~sold~~.

One consequence is that the white metal is once more in great demand for jewelry. Silver bracelets, necklaces and other trinkets have been popular in Hindustan for centuries. For a while ^{silver} ~~silver~~ lost cast when the price of the stuff became low all over the world. But now ^{Hindu} ~~wives~~ and sweethearts are once more demanding silver gewgaws. And since the Indian marriage season begins in May, there's prospect of a heavy demand, which will have its effects both in London and on the New York market.

GOLD

A crime story that reaches us from overseas is peculiar in two ways. First of all, because it comes from Africa, from Liberia, the little negro republic on the west coast. Second, it's a crime that is baffling the shrewdest minds of the C.I.D., the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

A shipment of gold boullion was to be made from Liberia to London. The bars of yellow metal were packed in twenty strong steel boxes. Naturally, the utmost precautions were taken. The shipment arrived at Birkenhead with the seals unbroken. A guard of police and soldiers protected the transfer.

When the shipment was weighed at Liverpool, each box was found to be exactly right. Likewise, when it arrived in London. But, Oh, what a surprise when the boxes were opened! Nineteen of them ^{okay.} ~~were all right.~~ The twentieth, however, contained nothing but nails and hammer-heads. It was the right weight but the wrong stuff. And the London bobbies are still looking for that missing boullion. *A trick that has been played before.*

LONDON

That's familiar news that comes from London!~ The poor old Naval Conference ~~is~~ tottering once more. This time it looks as though the French would be the walkers-out. And Chancellor Hitler ~~is~~ the cause of it all.

A few weeks ago everything looked hopeful, even after the Japanese made their exit. But now the Naval Agreement between London and Berlin has given France the jitters. And observers say that promises to disturb, if not end, the beautiful friendship between John Bull and France.

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There's still a chance that it may be ironed out. But to cynical spectators that Naval Conference has looked like a sick baby from the beginning.

LIGGETT

There was a sharp climax to the drama in Minneapolis today. I mean ^{that} ~~of course the~~ trial of Isador Blumenfeld, alias "Kid Cann", for the murder of Publisher Walter Liggett. It was a serious ordeal that the murdered man's widow had undergone. For the entire morning she had endured cross-examination by the defendant's counsel. The most sensational question that he asked her was, "Do you associate the defendant with Governor Olson's gang?" The prosecutor didn't like that question and objected. But the court allowed it. Mrs. Liggett's reply, though it wasn't exactly new, was sensation enough for any court. "My claim," she said, "is that the murder would not have been committed without Governor Olson's permission."

The climax came when Mrs. Liggett found herself unable to continue. Weeping bitterly, she tried to rest and recover sufficiently to go on. But even after a three-hour recess, her nerves seemed to give way and she collapsed.

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And-looking
~~We have to look~~ to Trenton, New Jersey, for developments in the older but even more sombre Lindbergh case. Again the

country ~~ix~~ has its eyes on Governor Harold Hoffman. He has not yet made public the name of the new suspect he has mentioned. *But,* ~~He~~ he has promised to reveal the identify of the mysterious "man with a handkerchief." When ~~he was~~ asked whether he had ordered the man's arrest, he ~~is still~~ ^{ed:-} replying: "Not yet." His explanation ~~of course~~ is that to move too hastily may spoil the case.

ROOSEVELT

Any writers who are out to win the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial prize, ~~established by Doubleday, Doran & Company, had better get busy.~~ For to get that twenty-five hundred dollars they've got to write the best book on any political, economic or social subject in American life. The deadline for manuscripts, *so Col. Ted R. tells me,* ~~is January sixth, Nineteen Thirty-Seven,~~ the anniversary of the great T.R.'s death, *a year from now. But,* ~~That's nearly a year away, but~~ a book on such subjects is not one that can be turned out off-hand in a few weeks.

The winning manuscript will have to pass a pretty severe test. *etc.* Doubleday, Doran [^] have certainly picked a knowledgeable board. Professor Roscoe Pound, Dean of Harvard's Faculty of Law, Doctor Dodds, ~~the~~ President of Princeton, Dr. Harold ~~Glenn~~ Moulton, President of the Brookings Institution, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, and the present T.R., Colonel Theodore Roosevelt -- between them all these magnificoes constitute a ~~pretty~~ formidable board of critics. So any man who win^s twenty-five hundred dollars from them *will earn it.* ~~would have done a pretty good job.~~

STARK

They're starting a new search for a missing aviator. I know about it particularly because the flying man who has vanished is a neighbor of mine up in Dutchess County. Over the week-end my neighbors were still talking about the disappearance of Howard Stark who two weeks ago took off from Rock Springs, Wyoming for Salt Lake City, Utah.

World famous as a blind flyer which he has taught all over the world, lately he has been employed by the Department of Commerce as an expert in that difficult branch of sky-navigation. Today I called up Eugene Vidal, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aviation, and he told me that the search for Howard Stark was starting in all over again. He said that it was quite likely the missing birdman had made a forced landing somewhere in the snowy spaces of the lonely, frozen West. There are many places out there where he might be isolated -- marooned.

The Stark family and the Stark neighbors believe that he will turn up okay. They've all kinds of confidence in his ability to handle himself on any flying jaunt. They say there's only one accident on his record, and that was the first time he

flew. He bought an old Jenny, without knowing much about the art of being a birdman -- took off. He crashed into a neighbourhood stone fence. He never had another crack-up after that.

And the folks up in Dutchess County don't believe that "Silent Howard" has come to grief now.

Now another expedition is being organized. The plane and the blimp that landed there yesterday only carried enough food for a few days. Eighteen hundred pounds of grub isn't much for fifteen hundred hungry mouths. But the Red Cross is on the job.

Incidentally the Tangierites were disappointed that the rescue fliers didn't deliver them their daily papers. Finally the commander of the dirigible -- Captain Varner Smith -- managed to find newspaper a day old. It almost produced a riot, because everyone of the fourteen hundred on the island were trying to read it at once.

There's a mild coincidence in the fact that a Captain Smith came to the relief of the Tangier Islanders. For it was a Captain Smith who discovered that island. Yes, Captain John Smith, playmate of Pocahontas.

WEATHER

These are tough days for people who live on islands - like those folks on Tangier Island in Chesapeake Bay. Yes, if it hadn't been for that blimp the Tangier fishing community would be like a party of Arctic explorers eating their boots.

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According to Author Negley Farson, recently returned from there, Tangier is an interesting place. Barely ninety miles from Washington, it has changed but little since Captain John Smith landed there in Sixteen Hundred and Eight. Originally, there were fourteen families, settlers from Cornwall. And today, so Negley Farson tells us, you can still notice traces of Cornish speech. Now what they want is corn-beef, and corn bread.

But Tangier has still another peculiarity. On that entire island there's neither a highway, nor a motor car, nor a horse, nor a jail. Some time ago, a sheriff from the Virginia mainland brought over a portable one-room prison. He was met by an island reception committee which tossed him and his jail into the usually damp but now frozen Chesapeake.

And then along came that cry for help from old Nantucket. Five days since that historic whaling center was in touch with the mainland. But today planes ^{flew} ~~were mobilized to fly~~ supplies to the thirty-six hundred Nantucket islanders. For them it was no novelty. Two years ago they were cut off for a fortnight. Now they've got 8 miles of ice around them.

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It isn't only islands that are feeling the effects of this continued spell. Waterways are clogged. And New England ports seem to be the chief sufferers. Buzzards Bay choked with ice. Uncle Sam's Coast Guard obliged to give up trying to keep the Cape Cod Canal clear. As a consequence boats from New York to Boston are skirting the Cape. Every liner entering or leaving Boston harbor has to fight her way through heavy floes. And the Hudson doesn't look like any canoing place either.

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It looks as though the believers in the ground-hog legend will have some substance for their credo this year. Any ground-hog foolish enough to poke his nose out of a warm, comfortable hole, yesterday, would have been a woodchuck chump. And if he didn't go back for another long snooze, ^{we} ~~he~~ ought to wash him out as a weather prognosticator.

At that, some scientists make rude and incredulous remarks about the good old ground-hog tradition. Dr. Reed Blair, Director of the New York Zoo, says his staff has been trying in vain to verify the legend for years.

This afternoon's snowstorm arrived a trifle ahead of time. The promise was that it should begin late tonight or tomorrow. But from the way it's starting in, this one is going to ~~am~~ make the others look mild.

Pennsylvania friends tell me they already have twenty inches of snow up in the Poconos. Some men who went up there for the skiing got caught in a storm and it took them three days to dig their car out. The worse the motoring the better the skiing. It snows and snows in the Poconos. And --

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.