

L. T. - SUNOCO, MONDAY, APRIL 8, 1935

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Well the President is home again. Landed in Florida today and boarded the train at once for the North. But he isn't stopping at Washington this time. For a personal reason a sad one, he's bound for New York. To attend the funeral of his cousin Warren Delano Robbins, Uncle Sam's minister to Canada.

When the President turns around again and goes back to Washington he will find plenty of problems on which to exercise his statesmanship. Perhaps the most important of all will be to fend off the strike threatening among rubber workers. If the men who make our tires should decide to walk out it might put a crimp, for the time being, in the motor industry. This would happen, if it does happen, just as Detroit has particular reason to rejoice. The output of automobiles has risen to the same point where it was five years ago, in 1930. People are buying cars and

the goose honks high for the motor folks, IF those tire makers don't strike.

But that isn't all of it. Madame Secretary Perkins of the Department of Labor and her satellites are afraid that a strike in the rubber industry might be contagious. For the pot is boiling among brewers, textile workers, steel workers and coal miners. Madame Secretary has her trouble-shooters in various parts of the country working hard to shoot the troubles before they get going in the key industries of the nation.

The passing and the Presidential signature today on that four billion eight hundred million dollar relief bill seems to have bucked things up all around. The news from Pittsburgh is that steel production is moving up. The big plants are working forty seven per cent capacity. Of course that's still only forty-seven percent; but, it's more than it was. The big iron and steel men are optimistic. They feel that the spending of all this money is sure to mean a substantial increase in steel construction.

8- In Canada our neighbors have reason to feel cheery.

The price of copper has gone up in Toronto and in Montreal
wholesalers, retailers and manufacturers are reported to be
smiling widely.

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GAY

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There's a big change in the New York Stock Exchange, a new president. For five years this important post has been held down by Richard Whitney, a partner of the house of Morgan. He has had a stormy time of it, in the last twenty-four months. During that period the Stock Exchange was under fire as never before in its frequently stormy history. The climax occurred when Washington established the Securities Exchange Commission, thereby directly laying the hand of Uncle Sam on Wall Street.

there's importance in the report today from
So ~~it is significant that today~~ the Committee on Nominations.

~~reports the officers who will serve next term~~ The new president of the New York Stock Exchange is Charles R. Gay. ^{HP} The character and reputation of Mr. Gay are also significant. He has earned a name for being conspicuously rigid in his ethics. Over in Brooklyn where he lives, he has, in a quiet, unadvertised way, done a great deal of public spirited work. On Wall Street he has made a particular point of never speculating and confining his functions as a broker to executing the orders of his customers. He not only hasn't speculated but has never done any promoting.

Outside of this, ~~th~~rough he has held his seat on the ~~Stock~~

Exchange for twenty-four years, his colleagues know little about him. They say he's a poker faced fellow, sawing wood and saying nothing. Such is the man who will be President of the Stock Exchange for the next five years.

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Condolences to the New York Times, and to the newspaper profession in general, for the death of Adolph Ochs - world-famous as the Times publisher, - the man who made it.

CONNECTICUT FOLLOW LUDENDORFF

Ah, here's a celebration. And what a celebration!

The three hundredth birthday of Connecticut, the good old nutmeg state. It was in 1635 that it was founded.

Until I learned this, I didn't know that three hundred years ago Connecticut reached as far off as Springfield, Massachusetts. And to the southern shores of Long Island. Later still a charter from King Charles the Second, the merry monarch, named the South Sea as the western limit to the colony. Connecticut people claimed even as far west as Pennsylvania and Ohio. It took a lot of squabbling to whittle those nut-megers down to the five thousand square miles of Connecticut today.

UNCLE SAM'S ARMY

We've been hearing much of late of the tremendous armies being built up by other countries. So it is reassuring to learn from Washington that Uncle Sam's military tycoons have a few tricks of their own in reserve. There's the new tank that can race over open fields at sixty miles an hour. The experts say one result of this will be goodbye to cavalry. Of course, we've been hearing that for years, and I notice the mounted men are still going strong.

One thing that will make these tanks even deadlier is cannon. Not machine guns, but mechanically fed cannon, able to fire a hundred shots a minute.

The artillery sharks have also produced what they call a stratosphere gun to send shells fifty thousand feet into the air higher than any planes can fly with comfort.

We also learn that our naval factories are turning out a new long range piece that will knock your hat off at twelve miles.

MACDONALD

The illness of Captain Antony Eden, His Majesty's Lord Privy Seal will oblige John Bull's Prime Minister who is not in any too good health himself to jump into harness and take up his job. Last week I had occasion to mention ~~that~~ it was expected that Ramsey MacDonald would retire as Premier and avoid as much work as possible. But since Captain Eden is so ill that he cannot go to Stresa the Prime Minister himself will accompany Foreign Secretary Sir John Simon to the big conference with the French and Italians.

This puts a sudden change into the English political scene. Captain Eden appeared to be on the crest of the wave. In fact his recent activities ~~and~~ prominence led the British to see in him a future Prime Minister or at least a foreign secretary. It had been rumoured that Sir John Simon was anxious to return to his enormously rich legal practice. It costs a lot of money to be a cabinet minister in England. Although the salary would be considered large here the expenses are ~~enormous~~ *huge.*

The doctors say that the handsome young Captain Eden
overtaxed his health at those conferences at Berling and Warsaw.

He has overstrained his heart and must stay in bed for a month, which is not much fun.

All over England Eden is known as Europe's best-dressed man. He is only thirty-seven years old, tall, but rugged with the fair pink and white complexion supposed to be typically British and also the typical mustachios of the Guardsman. His career has been extraordinarily rapid. He is the son of a baron, a descendant of ~~the~~ Lord Baltimore, yes the same Lord Baltimore who founded the good old ~~ex~~ Maryland free state. He graduated from Christ Church Oxford with honors in Oriental languages. He was only seventeen when he went to war and rose to the rank of Brigade Major with a military cross. His first venture in politics was when he ran for ~~Parliament~~ and defeated the Countess of Warwick. On top of that he married ^{the Countess!} ~~his~~ step-daughter. He ~~is~~ has been in Parliament ever since. He was picked for right-hand man ~~to~~ ^{his} Sir John Simon because of ~~an~~ ~~extraordinary~~ ~~clear~~ ~~mind~~ and ~~an~~ ability to cut the knottiest problems. ^{He And} There is a rough picture of a man we may hear of some day as John Bull's Prime Minister.

DANZIG

It's interesting to observe how people are seeing, in the election returns from Danzig, a defeat for Reichsfuehrer Hitler and his Nazi party. They won only a sixty per cent victory, to be sure. Nevertheless, a victory is a victory, and sixty-forty is a majority not to be sneezed at. Many a presidential election in the United States has been won by a far far far smaller margin.

People are calling it a moral defeat for the Nazis because they failed to gain the eighty per cent majority they had expected. And they had hoped to win a two thirds majority in the lower house of the Danzig Free State legislature. That would have enabled them to pass an amendment radically changing the constitution of Danzig, making it into what they call a totalitarian state.

On the strength of that, the anti-Hitlerites think they see cause to jubilate. Nevertheless, the Nazis polled a great many more votes than they did at the last election. What is more, they have forty-four out of seventy-two seats in the Diet, -- a handsome working majority!

It was a hard-fought, exciting election hard fought in every sense of the word. Ill-feeling was at a high pitch.

Not only in Danzig itself but in places far removed. A German Nazi was shot in Poland and a Pole was beaten up in Danzig. Pistols cracked and cudgels flew in Brentau. The Poles claim that a band of Nazis entered the home of an employee of the Brentau Gas Company, and beat him up. Shots were fired and when the smoke cleared away it was found that the young son of the house was shot in the chin, while one of the Nazis was ^{wounded} ~~shot~~ in the stomach, ~~seriously wounded~~.

GOERING

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There's going to be a big show in Berlin ~~the~~ day after tomorrow. But it will be social, not political. I should say it's going to be a mixture of both, when General Herman Wilhelm Goering, Air Minister, Prime Minister of ~~Re~~ Prussia, and Hitler's right hand man, marries the beautiful Emmy Sonnenmann, the star of the Prussian State Theatre. All the bells in the German capital are being polished to ring in the celebration of the big Nazi ^{mogul's} ~~wedding~~ wedding. It's going to be a show such as hasn't been seen under those Lindens, since the Ex-Crown Prince was married. But there's a thrifty note to this one, which was lacking under the reign of the Hohenzollerns. The spectators are going to have to pay, all the way from eight dollars and a half to thirteen dollars, for standing room. However, it's for a good cause, as the proceeds will go to the Winter Relief Fund.

The day's festivities will start with German bands ~~and~~ playing as the best German bands can, serenading General Goering in his garden. There will be an aerial display when squads of the ~~Fatherland's~~ Fatherland's crack pilots will manoeuvre overhead during the ceremony. And Goering's best man will be the Reichsfuehrer, Adolf Hitler himself.

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There has always been a decidedly romantic note in Goering's life. Even during the days when he was getting a reputation as being a man of blood and iron, his devotion to his first wife, a Swedish baroness, was a legend throughout Germany. She died in Nineteen thirty-one, and her grave became a shrine for everybody in the Nazi party, especially the League of German Girls. For three years the strong-handed Goering lived in solitude, mourning his first ^{Frau.} ~~wife~~. But for the past year his attentions to the beautiful blond Emmy Sonnenmann became noticeable. He transferred her from the playhouse where she was acting to the Prussian State Theatre, of which he is Ex-officio Director. His act was approved by the Berlin public, because Frau Sonnenmann soon won the overwhelming approval of ^{her} ~~the~~ audiences. So altogether this wedding is a decidedly popular affair and the cries of "Hoch!" will be echoed wherever German is spoken.

CIRCUS

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wish I were in Bermuda -

It has been chilly and raw here in New York today, with a dash of sleet and even a few flakes of snow, but just the same, there are signs of spring in the offing - signs of the circus anyway. The grand extravaganza under the big tent opens its countrywide swing in New York this week, and circus time this year has something special about it. They're going to devote the proceeds of the first night to a home for old circus performers. This is a sawdust ring charity sponsored by a club called the Circus Saints and Sinners, which in turn was founded by one of New York's high-pressure publicity men, F. Darius Benham. ~~Freddie Benham~~^{He} used to cover circus stories when he was a reporter on the old New York World. That's what got him interested in the melancholy plight of many of the dazzling trapeze performers and ludicrous clowns.

Today at ^{the} Hotel Gotham I was talking to Freddy ~~Benham~~ and to Dexter Fellows, the king of circus space grabbing. And those two ~~mighty~~ magnificoes of publicity were ^{talking} of how, in the winter just passed, a famous clown of old was found in a city doorway. He was nearly frozen to death. Years ago he was a ludicrous lord of laughter and mirth. Now, half frozen in the doorway, he was holding

a dog underneath his coat, the only friend he had left. Was he trying to keep the dog warm? Or, was he trying to keep himself warm with the dog?

Then Freddy told that classic of circus stories, of how a man went to a psychiatrist in Paris and said to the doctor that he was depressed, suffering from a chronic and apparently incurable melancholy. The doctor considered his case and gave his prescription; told him to go and see Grimaldi, the famous clown.

"You need something to make you laugh, to feel gay," said the physician. "Something merry and light of heart. So go and see Grimaldi."

"But", responded the sad faced patient: "I am Grimaldi!"

GIPSON

The prize comedy of today comes in a story that might easily, and almost did, end in a shocking tragedy. It's a story of a battle that took place in the air, two thousand feet above Long Island.

The hero, or rather the heroine, is Miss Annette Gipson, the aviatrix who organized the annual air-race for women only. She took a pupil, a man, up in her plane at Roosevelt Field. She gave him a fifteen minute lesson, and then prepared to land. As she did so, the man became panciky, clutched the controls and froze to them. The plane was about to slip into a deadly spin, but Miss Gipson, using every ounce of strength she had, managed to straighten it out. She flew around for a while to give the man time to get hold of himself. When he seemed to have recovered she started down once more. Again he clutched the controls and nearly brought about a crash. Again Miss Gipson was forced to use all her strength and to pull her out.

She tried it once more, but a third time he prevented her landing and nearly smashed the plane.

By now it was getting dark; and the fuel was running low. So when she made a fourth descent, and the panciky pupil

GIPSON

repeated his antics all over again, Miss Gipson decided it was time for stronger, sterner feminine measures. She detached the fire extinguisher, and hit him. He fought back, landing a punch on her nose and almost pulling her hair out. At the last moment, when a final crash was imminent, she made a final swing and brought the fire extinguisher down on the man's head. She knocked him cold. After that she was able to make a perfect three point landing with no damage, but a flattened nose, a black eye and the loss of a large handful of hair. The man was unconscious but was soon revived. Just to show what kind of a sport she was, she took him in her car to the railroad station and put him aboard a train. And she refused to give him away by telling his name.

She wouldn't say any more, and neither will I, and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.