

L. T. - SUNOCO, THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1935

HOLMES

It is sad to have to relate that Oliver Wendell Holmes, former Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, is a very sick man. The report comes that he is critically ill at Washington. Oxygen tanks have been taken into his house. In another week he will be ninety-four years old -- a venerable patriarch of the law. Son of the famous poet, he was a young Harvard man in the Civil War. He ~~xx~~ became a captain and was wounded. After that, he rose with a never-failing distinction to the highest judicial post in this land, -- now gravely ill.

ROOSEVELT

The President is back in Washington, tackling the most difficult situation that has confronted his Administration thus far. Mr. Roosevelt is faced with the thorny complexities handed him not only by Congress but also by the federal courts.

The giant Work Relief Bill is still very much in the realm of doubt, pushed about here and there by the recalcitrant lawmakers. The President has begun conferences already with leaders of Congress. It is supposed that he is going to read the riot act to them.

There is some talk that the Riot Act is likely to be combined with an offer of a compromise, and that Mr. Roosevelt will show himself ready to accept some of the substitute proposals that have been advanced:- scaling down that four billion, to two billion, for example.

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There are plenty of other observers, however, who scout the compromise theory and say the President will not compromise an inch and that if Congress ^{does} ~~die~~ not ~~heed and~~ toe the mark, he will talk to the nation about it -- in one of those radio fireside chats.

The line of presidential approach to the troubles the federal courts are raising for him is ~~accompanied~~ quite different - naturally. He cannot appeal to the voters against a court decision. The major point at issue is that verdict about which we heard yesterday, ^{when} ~~with~~ Judge Nields denounced ~~the~~ collective bargaining Clause 7-A, as unconstitutional. If it stays unconstitutional, why the whole labor angle of the N.R.A. will be on the rocks. And there is still another, a later ~~federal~~ court decision. Judge Dawson, in the Kentucky federal court, declares that the code regulating the coal industry is illegal. On the basis of yesterday's and today's news, the jurists seem bent on tossing the whole N.R.A. into the ashcan of unconstitutionality.

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But the President and his advisors place their faith in the United States Supreme Court. They are appealing on up the line against the unfavorable decisions, with the expectation that the highest tribunal will overrule the lower courts. They believe that

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the Supreme Court will in a practical way sustain the government in these vital N.R.A. questions just as it did in the case of the gold policy.

Vanderzilt.

Feb. 28,
1935.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

There are a few places in the world where you are likely to meet almost anybody, where the whole world seems to stream through. And one of these is here at Rockefeller Center -- Radio City. You meet people you haven't seen in ages, and say -- "Come along, let's have a chat."

So here in the studio I have Percy Waxman, one of the editors of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. Mrs. Waxman beside him. And here at my elbow is Max Schuster, the publisher, and Cornelius Vanderbilt^{Jr.}, one of his authors who has just written: "Farewell to Fifth Avenue", a book that is making quite a stir.

We've been having a chat about the latest society adventures of the great great grandson of that Commodore Vanderbilt who founded the blue blood Vanderbilt clan.

Young Cornelius has just made a tour of some of the socially exclusive gilded haunts of this land of ours. That's right, isn't it, Mr. Vanderbilt?

C.V.: Yes, out there in the stockyards in Chicago, I called on bricklayers and truck drivers. In St. Louis, in the railroad yards

I hob-nobbed with switchmen. And I spent a weekend with the cotton choppers of the Louisiana river bottoms.

L.T.: Well, what are those social registerites thinking about politics these days?

C.V.: A truck driver in Ohio told me the people out there were all thinking about the latest thing Father Coughlin said. In the southern cotton fields they're talking about Huey Long. In southern California Dr. Townsend is the man of the hour.

L.T.: We're all interested in high society, the Four Hundred. They are in a position to know things.

C.V.: One day, half a dozen years ago, I met a garage mechanic on the great American highway. At that time nobody, not even my friend Jim Farley, had any idea that Franklin Delano Roosevelt would ever become President of the United States. Yet that garage mechanic wanted to make me a bet that the next President would be -- "that guy Roosevelt in New York." He'd have won some Vanderbilt money, which certainly would have tickled him.

L.T.: (aside) Apparently this Vanderbilt philosophy is actually Farewell to Fifth Avenue and -- hello to the great American highway.

So they're talking about Huey Long, are they?
Well, they're all talking about him today.

The latest Kingfish announcement is causing all sorts of speculation. There has been plenty of talk of the possibility of Huey entering the presidential lists in opposition to Franklin Roosevelt. Some have been saying he was getting set for a Democratic ^{insurrection,} ~~insurrection~~ and might draw plenty of votes from the President -- thus giving the Republicans a chance. Huey has just let that sort of talk go on simmering.

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But now he stands forth in the Louisiana state capitol and makes a declaration that completely revises the situation. He announces that in Nineteen Thirty-six he's going to run for the governorship of his state. Won't try for the Senate again. Whereupon the curious bystanders asked him what about the Presidency? Huey answered in a cryptic, noncommittal way: "That'll ~~be~~ come later," he observed.

Most political sharks this evening are sizing up the new ~~Kingfish~~ Kingfish development -- this way: they figure that

Huey reasoned he can't get anywhere by opposing President Roosevelt in Nineteen thirty-six. He might ~~fx~~ cause plenty of ructions. He might hurt the President politically, but it wouldn't help Huey Long to any great extent. So he's looking forward to Nineteen Forty, when the road presumably will be open for a free-for-all race.

How does that affect the Kingfish decision to abandon his senatorial toga in Nineteen Thirty-Six? The answer advanced is that the ways of the Senate cramp his style. In Louisiana he can do pretty much as he pleases. There is nothing to hold him. But the United States Senate can keep a pretty severe check on its members if it wants to. It has the right to decide whether a lawmaker shall be allowed to sit in its august midst. So the Kingfish is always in danger of stubbing his toe, or rather his royal fin in the Senate. As Governor of Louisiana, however, he would have free play. He is perfectly sure he ~~fx~~ will be elected. And, by taking state office in Nineteen Thirty-Six, he could keep himself in the political picture until Nineteen-Forty- rolls around.

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That seems the most plausible line of reasoning, although there ~~are~~ some who say that the Kingfish decision to retire from Washington and go back to Louisiana means that he has given up hope for the presidency. But that only provokes laughter from people who know Huey. They say he has the White House ^{bug} as firmly ~~in mind~~ as he did when he first mentioned his presidential ambition^s -- that time when everybody nearly fell over laughing.

MINNESOTA

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There's nothing like being dramatic to emphasize a point. That's what Henry Ward Beecher thought when in preaching an anti-slavery sermon he took an escaped slave girl into the pulpit with him. And the same thought has occurred to a farmer^s in Minnesota.

At the State Capitol in St. Paul the legislators were confronted with the problem of doing something for the distressed farmers. ~~While they were in going into the~~ *They were in formal* when session, they were confronted with the spectacle of a Hereford cow, three hundred pounds underweight, a skinny feeble pig and a thin under-fed horse. It was an exhibit brought in by farmers to prove that the State Farm Relief had been inadequate. It wasn't enough to meet the situation after the drought crisis of last summer, when the crops were burning in the field^s and food for livestock was destroyed over ~~for~~ thousands of square miles. The Minnesota lawmakers looked at the melancholy sight of the cow, pig and horse. *And —* The State Senate promptly passed a bill to distribute half a million dollars worth of livestock feed in the drought areas. And the State Assembly okayed the bill by a ~~an~~ unanimous vote.

ALABAMA

So Alabama votes for prohibition. It looks like a
decidedly dry victory in the vote concerning the State Dry Law.

And Alabama is one of the states that cast its ballot for repeal.

Nationally wet and locally dry -- that's the contradiction.

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POST

It seems strange that there should be anything so base as a scandal in the lofty realm of aviation. Can it be that ace pilots might be jealous of each other, and have hard feelings? Could it be that one pilot would do another ~~pilot~~ a dirty trick? And the answer from the middlewest echoes -- "yes".

Wiley Post is ^{now} in Kansas City, after his ^{attempted} ~~proposed~~ coast-to-coast record-breaking flight that did ~~not~~ get ~~so~~ far. Remember how Wiley started out from Los Angeles to achieve dizzy speeds and distances in the stratosphere and was next heard from a few hours later in the Mohavé Desert, not so far from where he started?

Well, today Wiley gave his version of the affair. He says that the reason his flight ended almost before it got started -- was villiany, black villiany. He explains that somebody put nearly two pounds of steel filings and powdered emery in his motor. So the ~~xx~~ motor stopped, shortly after he got into the air. With two pounds of steel filings and powdered emery in ~~the~~ bearings, it's a wonder the motor ever started. ^{It} But who ~~did~~ the foul deed?

Wiley hasn't mentioned any names. He merely gives a general identification. He says it was another pilot, a comrade aviator, a brother birdman. Dirty work at the cross-roads of the sky!

AVIATION

Those spectacular Wiley Post charges about steel ^{filings} and powdered emery certainly are the theme of conversation at a gathering of aviators this evening. The high fliers are assembled at the White Horse Inn in New York, and there's an angle to that.

F. William Zelcer is Commissioner of Aviation for the City of New York. He is also owner of the White Horse ^{Inn}. So he has installed a headquarters for aviators, crammed with signs, tokens and mementos of flying.

The opening took place this afternoon, when Mayor LaGuardia presided over a gathering of some of the most distinguished fliers of the land, such as Frank Hawks, Eddie Rickenbacker, and Jimmy Doolittle. Bill Zelcer is an amateur aviator. Last year he won the National Championship among Sportsmen pilots. ^{The other day he} gave that permit for the Blue Sunoco combined airplane and automobile flight at Floyd Bennett Field, and ^{such a} says he did so because of the real technical value of ^{the} novel aviation experiment.

Commissioner Zelcer tells me of the plan the LaGuardia administration has ^{for} getting Governors Island for a central

Metropolitan airport. He explains that years ago New York State gave Governors Island to the army for purposes of military defense. But the island has long ceased to have any military importance whatsoever.

That Governors Island plan would result in an amazingly well-situated airport -- a ten-minute ferryboat ride from the Canyons of Wall Street. And a new subway is to be constructed that would include the Island on its route.

Commissioner Zelcer tells me there is only one other American city with an airport as well situated. Kansas City, where it's almost in the center of town.

NAZI

Reports from Germany are hinting of a new attitude of the Nazi State toward the Jews. Hitler's anti-Semitic policy seems to be on its way out. And the reason is economics. Anti-German boycotts in various parts of the world have worked havoc with the foreign trade of the Reich. And those boycotts are exceedingly determined affairs. Only recently here in the United States American Jews reaffirmed their pledge not to buy German goods.

The effect of the German economic system has been such that the Nazis are said to realize that they must ease up on the Jewish people in Germany. Dr. Schacht, the powerful Minister of Economics, is said to be the leader of those who regard Nazi anti-Semitism as exceedingly bad ^{business} policy. ~~in an economic sense.~~

HONOLULU

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Tonight there's almost a state of siege in paradise, that paradise of the Pacific which is so lyrically acclaimed by its own Chamber of Commerce, [^] ~~and the pineapple people.~~ Honolulu, of course. The other evening we had a good deal about freak weather and weird storms. But the ~~freak~~ freakiest and weirdest of all seems to have come about, when those languorous South Sea isles ~~were~~ caught in the grip of a cold ~~snap~~ ^{swept by floods,} and blasted by giant hail storms. [^]

The trouble began with three days of terrific rain, ~~deluge~~ the deluge downpour of the tropics. Floods swept Honolulu, turning the city into a lake. Radio calls warned people to clear out of their homes ~~in~~ flood threatened areas. And now comes a sudden drop of temperature, frosty cold -- so strange in that balmy climate. And the hail storm ^{with great pellets of ice} ~~has chunks of ice as big as three inches of ice.~~ ~~Great pellets~~ as big as three inches in diameter, came pouring out of the sky. Four people killed and many injured under the pelting of the massive missiles of ice.

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With floods, frost and hail, the city became disorganized. Disorders threatened to break out. So the siren screamed in the famous ~~ex tower~~ ^{tower} of Aloha, which means welcome. But the siren wasn't

shouting welcome. Its call was "to arms!" ~~It was~~ ^{As} if some invading enemy were steaming into the harbor. ~~But~~ The soldiers were being called to keep order in the fantastic turmoil of the elements.

So Honolulu tonight is under guard of soldiers, policemen and firemen -- every available man. They are on the job to protect property after the devastation of the storms. They have orders to shoot looters on sight. Yes, in paradise it's -- well, not

paradise. ^{uh---} A stormy night m'lada, in the land of Aloaha, which means - welcome. And here it's not aloaha. It's solong 4-t-m.