

L. T. SUNOCO, WEDNESDAY, August 7th, 1935.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

It isn't often that a bye-election in America produces so much excitement as the Republican victory in Rhode Island. Usually when an election is ^s over the tumult and the shouting die. But in this case the tumult and the shouting are only just coming to life. Until this morning the country at large was scarcely aware that Rhode Islanders in the First District were electing ~~them~~ a new Congressman. But that thirteen thousand Republican plurality has made everybody sit up and take notice.

Of course on the Democratic side the shouting

consists principally of alibis. The fact that this district flopped from the Democratic columns to the G. O. P. doesn't really mean anything. So say the Democrats. To which the Republicans reply: "Is that so? It's just a little foretaste of what's going to happen to you fifteen months from now."

The alibis are plentiful. Charles R. Riske, the new Republican representative was a former head of the American Legion. Part of his platform was a ~~new~~ demand for the immediate payment of the veterans' bonus. Then again, that district is a textile center. And in such regions the A.A.A. processing taxes are necessarily ~~very~~ unpopular. Those are fair samples of Democratic alibis. Most observers refer to it as a clear cut contest over plain unequivocal issues. At any rate, it heavily concerned President Roosevelt and his New Deal. The losing Mr. Anthony Prince asked to be elected because he was for Mr. Roosevelt and his policies. The winning Mr. Riske said: "' am agin' the President."

So, now that we get a clear look at the picture, it looms up as really exciting landslide. Actually the

victory was just as big a surprise to the Republicans as to the Democrats. The best the G. O. P. leaders had hoped for was to cut down the Democratic majority, thereby demonstrating a decrease of confidence in the Administration. To have captured the seat by such overwhelming figures was way beyond the fondest G. O. P. prayers.

The state of mind reported in Washington ^{tonight} gives us another interesting ~~ix~~ slant on this spectacular defeat. It so happens that this was the day for President Roosevelt's bi-weekly press conference. The White House Correspondents questioned ~~Mr. Roosevelt's~~ ^{F. D. R.} rather gingerly about his reaction to the catastrophe in Rhode Island. He passed it off with an expansion of the famous Roosevelt smile. In other words ~~he~~ dismissed it lightly.

To some observers the smile appeared to be a little bit strained, as though it had been stretched a bit far. The grapevine telegraph ventures the suggestion that the President's lieutenants had not kept him properly informed about the crisis in Rhode Island. To keen, observing eyes, Mr. Roosevelt did not seem to have been aware that his

policies and his acts had been under fire in that ~~the~~ election.

At any rate, he pooh-poohed the idea that the vote registered

an emphatic, resonant disapproval of what he has done.

Meanwhile, many Republican leaders throughout the country believe they have a new Presidential candidate, a sure-fire winner. As everybody knows, ^{the candidate} ~~the~~ problem has been keeping the G. O. P. bigwigs awake for many a long night. So Robert H. Lucas, former executive director of the Republican National Committee, undertook to solve it. He took a poll of party leaders all over the country. He wrote, telephoned or telegraphed them, asking:- "Whom do you think we should nominate for President in 1936?" To which a large number of them replied:- "Charles ~~and~~ Augustus Lindbergh."

Well, if next year's convention nominated the Flying Colonel ~~for~~ the G. O. P. would surely have a popular candidate. And they would also add to Lindbergh's extraordinary versatility:- Aviator, man of science, research assistant to Dr. Alexis Correl, and statesman.

The picture is by no means impossible but there's just one drawback to the idea. I'm afraid those Republican leaders have omitted to read the Second Article of the Constitution. ~~of the United States.~~ If they do this they will ~~read~~ learn that the President of the United States

must be at least thirty-five years old. And Colonel Lindbergh was born February 2nd, 1902, which makes him only thirty-three years old.

However, ~~is it's not such a bad idea to put on file.~~ He would be kept from being President because of the crime of being young.

The Washington scene was enlivened today by the re-entry of Handsome Pat Hurley, President Hoover's Secretary of War. The @bonair Pat appeared before Senator Black's committee, the committee that's got its pitchfork working on Washington lobbies. Mr. Hurley ~~mx~~ added to the drama of the occasion by getting annoyed. He was sore, and he thought he had reason to be. He first complained vociferously because the committee's subpoena servers had searched his Virginia estate yesterday, looking for the missing H. C. Hopson of Associated Gas and Electric. He described the proceeding as "a disgraceful outrage." Then he added, "You're just singling me out because I'm a Republican." He made this remark several times, and each time one senator or another shouted him down. Then Mr. Hurley said, "I'm a goldfish in a bowl. You can see me from any angle."

At another stage in the proceedings he shouted at the heckling) ~~heckling~~ (senators, "You gentlemen are all ~~just~~ behaving like prosecutors!" Chairman Black banged his fist on the table. Senator

Schwellenbach of Washington put in his oar. One senator after another took a crack at the Adonis of the Hoover Cabinet. All they actually got out of him was the fact that as a lawyer he had received a hundred thousand dollars in fees from Associated Gas and Electric in the last three years, since his association with the government.

All in all, Mr. Hurley gave a good show. He was facing tough adversaries. Many of the Senators on that committee are, like Chairman Black himself, ex-prosecutors and hardened cross-examiners. But they met their match.

ROGERS

I'd like to have been on the airplane that took off from Seattle, Washington, at a quarter past one this afternoon. The pilot, Wiley Post, the passenger good old Will Rogers. You can bet there will be a lot of fun on that voyage. It isn't a spectacular stunt though as a matter of fact it will be exceedingly interesting. One-eyed Wiley and Two-Lung Bill are bound for Russia. They aren't aiming at any records. They're going to make it by easy stages. They made no rigid plans. Probably their first stop will be, Juneau, Alaska. Wiley goes on to Siberia to chase tigers. Bill will sojourn in Alaska.

HIKERS (follow lead)

The thrill of the day - the cold chill story in the news, concerns the plight of those two people perched helplessly on mountain ledges in the Yosemite. One of the spectacular adventures of the year. There they are, perched on narrow slices of rock, unable to climb up or down. And, though it is mid-summer, Miss Lorimer of Massachusetts and Norman Pate of California were marooned at an altitude in which the cold was biting. Fierce winds roared down on them trying to snatch them away from their hazardous, slippery perches. All this made the work of the rescue party more difficult.

The rangers, themselves were in considerable danger. They had to climb up to the top to a precipitous cliff, clinging by their finger tips and carrying a complete Alpine outfit.

The rangers finally lowered ropes from the top of the cliff to the marooned pair. They sent down notes telling the the young man and woman how to secure themselves with the ropes. Then, one of them the woman was lowered to a point of safety. At last reports the man was still on the ledge, injured. But no doubt they'll rescue him.

Of course the ideal ending of the story would be

wedding bells. Too bad: Facts are so often taking the joy out of life. The young heroine of this thrilling experience is engaged to another man, not to her companion in distress. At least that is the latest report. But who knows what effect those hours of fear and suffering on a mountain side may have.

At any rate they have been through an adventure ~~that~~ they ~~will be able to~~ talk about for the rest of their lives.

GERMANY

The newest sidelight on the German scene shows municipal authorities in various parts of the Fatherland in a novel sort of competition. The city fathers of the towns are fighting with each other to see who can devise new ways of picking on the people the Nazis don't like. For instance, the alderman of an obscure burg in Westphalia has forbidden the Jews to ~~buy~~ real estate, to play on the public recreation grounds, or to bathe in the municipal baths. ~~Child~~ Jewish ~~children~~ merchants are not allowed to exhibit at the public fairs. Their children are barred from the public schools.

As all travellers know, the health resort is the principal summer industry of Germany. One such watering place in Bavaria has issued an edict that no Jews will be allowed to drink the waters or take the baths.

5
The city fathers of a place in Silesia decreed that to buy anything from a Jew is treason to the German people. In that community no mechanic can get a job who associates or does business with Jews. ^RThe list is almost endless. In Essen the heart of the steel country, a Jew was arrested for keeping company with so-called

Aryan girls. He committed suicide by jumping out of the third story window of the court house.

In Coblenz a Catholic saw posters on the walls which denounced his faith. He tore them down. Now he is in jail.

These activities in the provinces have had one effect that the authorities don't like. They have driven numbers of refugees into the large cities, particularly Berlin where they feel they will be better protected. So the Berlin police announce that measures will be taken to stem this tide.

The one hopeful bit of news from Germany is that a big harvest is in sight. That will relieve distress. And thereby it will help to moderate the campaign of Schrecklichkeit.

FRANCE

"Uneasy rests the head that governs France." Premier Laval woke up this morning with new grief on his hands. Just as the disturbance of yesterday seemed to be settled. Just as the workers had apparently been pacified, trouble broke out again in the shipyards of Brest. The men building the new battleship "Dunkerque", had gone back to work this morning. All of a sudden, to the general astonishment, they again threw down their tools and quit. They shouted at the government representatives: "Assassins! You have broken your promise!"

As a matter of fact they had returned to their labors on the definite understanding that no troops should be posted at the shipyard. After they had been on the job a couple of hours, when they learned that troops, although invisible, were concealed around the yard. Also, that police and Republican guards were only a short distance away ready to be mobilized at a given signal. This infuriated the men so much that there was a fresh outbreak of yesterday's rioting was imminent.

~~threatening but went back to work.~~

^{Then}
~~However,~~ trouble broke out in a new place.

At the Port of Le Harve the great French liner Champlain, ~~was~~ was all ready to sail for New York. Passengers were aboard, almost all the baggage was stowed away and the gangplanks hoisted. ~~Then~~ Then the crew struck. This was another protest against the wage cuts decreed in Premier Laval's economy drive. The strike was ~~quite~~ an orderly one. But ~~it~~ it was tough on the passengers because even the ^Shefs, scullions and waiters walked out.

The crews of the Normandie and the Lafayette have walked out too.

VICEROY

A paragraph from London brings to light a singular question. The question is: "Who do you suppose is the most absolute ruler in the world today?" Is ^{he} Stalin, is ^{he} Hitler, is ^{he} Mussolini, is ^{he} the Grand Lama of Thibet?

The answer is not any of these. The potentate who exercises the most absolute rule over the greatest number of subjects is His Excellency, the Viceroy of India. The fact becomes news because we have word of the appointment of a new Viceroy. The Right Honourable, the Marquess of Linlithgow is to succeed the Right Honourable, the Earl of Wellington as virtual soverign of ~~some~~ ^{some} three hundred million people.

There's a peculiar paradox to this office. A Viceroy, of course, functions in place of the King. But the Viceroy of India has infinite ^{by} more power than the king whom he represents. The Most Noble, the Marquess of Linlithgow will exercise an authority that His Majesty King George the Fifth would not dream of attempting.

The new Viceroy is a tall, slender Englishman,

8 1/2

with dark hair and an iron jaw. He's forty-seven years old.

And ahead of him is a job even more formidable than that of

Governor General Warren Hastings. ^{To} Lord Linlithgow falls

the task of putting into operation the New Federation Of All

India. That is, the new status of John Bull's domain in

Hindustan, as ^{set up} ~~erected~~ by the latest bill passed through

the Imperial Parliament.

It is a complicated affair, enough to daunt an

ordinary man. But the Noble Marquess has an inside track.

He was chairman of the joint committee of both Houses of

Parliament which turned out that bill.

~~For~~ ^A glamorous job, being Viceroy of India.

It has made statesmen and it has broken them. Any man who

can hold it and keep his head -- well, to paraphrase Kipling:‡

If you can do that, "you'll be a man, my son."

9

9 1/2

And as Kipling didn't say: -
solong until tomorrow.