

L.T. - Sunoco - Mon. Feb. 19 '34

AIR MAIL

Good Eve. Everybody. -

Commercial aviation is having a laugh today. Because this was the day when the Army took over the air mail. And so far the joke appears to be on the army. Not that the military flyers didn't do well. ^{They always do.} But civil aviation came across with a grand piece of showmanship and gave the Army boys something to shoot at. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, World War Ace, and now a commercial aviation official, flew the last commercial airplane, and he set a new world's record. At the controls of the new T.W.A. Douglas air liner, with twin Wright cyclone engines, Eddie brought two hundred pounds of mail from coast to coast, from Los Angeles to Newark Airport in exactly thirteen hours and four minutes. The regular time for this trip is twenty hours. Rick cut it by seven hours. He was carrying not only mail but passengers and he made that record trip with only three stops for fuel.

The Army fliers had their troubles. They drew a stormy day. One ran into a blizzard near Mansfield, Ohio, and had to bail out, floated down with his parachute. His plane crashed.

At Newark Airport the stage had been set to give the first southbound army plane a big send-off. The place was jammed with reporters, radio microphones, news reel cameras and what not. And all that happened was nothing. Heavy fog and storm warnings made flying virtually impossible.

BROWN

Meanwhile a scene was being enacted in Washington, for which the folks ~~down~~ in the capital ^{and everybody} had been waiting ~~eagerly~~.

It was the appearance of Mr. Hoover's Postmaster General, Walter F. Brown, ^{came} before ^{the} Senate Committee, ~~the committee~~ that has been ~~sit~~ stirring up all the ^{hullabaloo} ~~noise~~ about airmail contracts.

Mr. Brown, who was known among the Washington newspaper men as "High Hat Walter", lived up to his name. He stood right up in meeting and flung out a bold, vigorous denial of all the charges that have been made. Perhaps the most striking thing he did was to show that of all the thirty-three airmail contracts only three have been awarded since nineteen twenty-nine; in other words, during the time he was running the post-office.

That would seem to dispose rather sharply of a general misunderstanding on the subject, ^{-- namely that the contracts had been awarded by Mr. Brown,} Mr. Brown then went on to declare most positively that there had been not a shadow of collusion or corruption or any funny business in the dealing out of those airmail contracts. And he pronounced the cancelling of those contracts as "a colossal injustice".

He answered quite frankly all the questions the

senators asked him about the stock he owned. All his financial transactions were described and put on the record. He admitted owning shares in the Pennsylvania Railroad, also in International Mercantile Marine.

Mr. Hoover's Postmaster General appeared before that Senate Committee of his own free will. Before testifying he signed a paper waiving immunity from prosecution. From what I learned, the general impression seems to be that he came through his encounter with the senators with colors flying, his head ^{aloft} ~~held high~~, and his hat as high as ever.

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NAVY

~~The government seems to be picking on the airplane companies~~
~~from all sides.~~ The Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of
Representatives took a shot at the ^{airplane companies} today. It adopted a
resolution calling on the White House to issue an executive
order, an order for the investigation of the ~~ix~~ income tax
returns of the airplane companies that have sold equipment to
the government. The income tax returns not only of the corpora-
tions but of their officials are to be investigated. And, it's
interesting to learn that the White House ~~had~~ asked the
Committee to adopt this resolution so ~~that~~ as to get congressional
backing for ~~this step~~ more investigation.

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KING ALBERT

Today was a day of mourning, yes and of eulogy. There is no end to the regret and the praise that is being spoken. Albert of Belgium had the double distinction of being a king and one of the world's most respected and beloved figures. You can study as far as you like in contemporary history and you will find nothing but good of Albert, King of the Belgians.

At the same time he was the kind of man who at the first glance gave you an impression of eminence and worth. I recall the time I met him, quite by accident, in the dreary mud along that dreary river, the Yser. It was during the war. I was up visiting the melancholy remnant that then stood for Belgium. King Albert ruled over the merest fraction of his kingdom, a small angle along the North Sea coast where the Belgians had made their last stand against the grey German horde that had overwhelmed the land of the Flemings and the Walloons. There, all that was left of the brave Belgian army was holding the line, the line of mud, the line of soggy trenches and dank, chilly dugouts. And they held it to the end.

King Albert was making his customary round of inspection, and I was taken to him as ^{one of the few} ~~the only~~ Americans in that sector. Of course we all ~~knew~~ the figure he ^{was -} ~~cut~~, tall, grave, yet amiable; serious yet good humored. The personal ~~ex~~ impression he gave was striking. As I shook hands with him and studied him, two words came into my mind -- "professor" and "athlete." ~~He~~ Yes, he seemed like an earnest, learned professor in his own university of Louvain. Yet yet you sensed the athlete in the tall, erect figure and the firm clean-lined face. And that ^{is} ~~is~~ no bad formula for a king -- professor and athlete. He lived that way, a studious ruler, an adventurous mountain climber.

And ~~this~~ he met his end, climbing up a craggy, treacherous wall of rock. He was climbing -- he was always climbing, climbing to heights of the spirit, climbing to the high dizzy plaes of the earth.

In the world today, the praise of the democratic monarch has sounded, like the grave tolling of a bell. Much has been said in his praise, yet more could be added -- so much more that it

seems useless to add anything.

He is succeeded by his son Leopold, a young man of eminent promise. King Albert faced endless difficulties during the war and in the troubled times thereafter. He handled them with an unflinching patience and skill. The young King Leopold too faces a hard problem -- the clamor of the radicals in Belgium, the antagonisms of the two races in that small country -- ~~in~~ the

Flemings and the Walloons. The question stands tonight, will ^{young} ~~he~~ _^

^{Leopold}

_^ be the wise and effectual king that his father was? And that

question will be predominant among the ^{glittering} ~~spangled~~ _^ dignitaries

of all the chancelleries of Europe who will assemble on Thursday

for the solemn, stately funeral of Albert, King of the Belgians.

Like every other baseball fan in the country, I am waiting anxiously in the hope of getting better news of John McGraw. The fighting little Irishman they used to call "Mugsey", and how he hated the name, is dangerously ill in a hospital in New Rochelle - fighting as ~~x~~ scrappy a fight as he ever fought on the diamond. He has been unconscious all day. Tonight he is struggling hard for his life. Along with the exception of Babe Ruth and Connie Mack of Philadelphia, John McGraw has been far away the most popular figure in baseball.

He built great teams. He developed great players. He made himself the "little Napoleon of the National Game." Whenever he was on the bench you could be sure those Giants would be in there fighting to the last moment, to the last inning, fighting to the last pitched ball. And now he's in there fighting, fighting while the Grim Reaper is there in the pitcher's box trying to buzz across the third strike.

COAL STRIKE

Here are two things that don't go together so well --- a cold snap and a coal strike. They've got them both in Chicago. Down went the mercury to eight degrees; and out went the coal delivery men, on strike. A general strike of teamsters and helpers. The president of the union claims that every coal yard in the city is tied up. Well, it's no fun to wake up on a freezing morning with an empty coal cellar.

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CLEANERS' STRIKE (Follow Coal strike)

Meanwhile New Yorkers are wondering whether it is going to cost them more money to have their pants pressed, and have the gravy spots removed from their vests. The ladies and gentlemen who perform this function for little Old Gotham are likewise on the warpath to get more money.

The cleaning and dyeing industry has for a long time been a storm center in this country. It was among the first industries to be a target for the worst forms of racketeering. It is believed that this was an important source of the huge sums of money once made by that widely known ~~resident~~ resident of Atlanta, Mr. Al Capone. But during the recent period of hard times things were comparatively quiet in those trades. Presumably the people employed on those jobs were glad to get almost any money. But it has been noticeable since the passing of the National Recovery Act that trouble has been showing its head once more. Presumably this is a symptom of recovery. At any rate, General Johnson has sent two of his ablest lieutenants to New York City to iron out - not the pants but the difficulties.

GOLD

Do you feel any richer today? No, I thought not. But just the same your gold continues to grow by leaps and bounds. Over the weekend fifty-two million dollar's worth of treasure was landed in New York. The Steamship President Harding brought five hundred and sixty-five cases of glittering gold. A lucky seventy-seven of them came from the Bank of France. Well, some of us may not have much money. But we've got a rich Uncle. And we all know what it means when somebody's rich Uncle dies. But Uncle Sam is a spry old fellow in spite of his white whiskers.

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PRICES

Another group of business men have joined those who have been fighting against price-fixing. Many leaders in the big industries are strongly opposed to the idea. They claim it helps the unscrupulous and does not help the consumer. And now the big mail order houses have added their protest. The Mail Order code provides for what is called price-posting. The Mail Order Association of America has complained to General Johnson that this will inevitably mean price-fixing in the long run.

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WOLF

Now for a chance for you to win a prize, by providing a bear of a name for a wolf. The director of the Fleishacker Zoo in San Francisco has been favored with too many visits from the stork. Within the last few weeks no fewer than forty-nine new babies have been deposited on its door-step, baby lions, tigers, elephants, leopards, antelopes, bears, and wolves.

It was not so much the cost of feeding these new additions to the family that's worrying the director of the zoo. It is the job of finding names for them. And today Mrs. Lupus, the wife of the Big Bad Wolf, complicated the situation by producing two additions to the family.

This is what stumps George Bistany, director of the Fleishacker Zoo. He says he has used up all the Wolfish names in the Zoological anthology. So he sends out a call for help. To anybody who will suggest suitable names he will give a prize. What kind of a prize? Well, you can take your pick from a baby bear, an infantile lion or an adolescent antelope.

WOLF

There's your chance to start a private zoo of your own. What would you call a wolf? What they used to call them in the old Wild West wouldn't do.

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WYNEKOOP

In the last few weeks we had almost forgotten about that Wynekoop murder trial in Chicago. Since her collapse in court brought the first trial to a sudden close, the aged Doctor Alice Wynekoop has been recovering her health in the Cook County jail. Her attorney says she is better now and preparations are being made for a second trial. The authorities have taken precautions to avoid the disgraceful mob scenes which occurred during the early days of the first trial. It is expected that it will take at least two or three days to complete a jury and start all over again to unravel the mystery.

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OUTLAWS

It's good to hear that Oklahoma, the state of our picturesque friend Alfalfa Bill Murray, is still on the warpath, an unusually vigorous warpath against crooks. In the neighborhood of Oklahoma City a force of no less than a thousand men has been mobilized by the authorities. It includes police, deputy sheriffs and national guardsmen. These embattled thousand have been conducting, ^{what} ~~but~~ must have resembled an old time rabbit hunt. They formed a cordon around a large section of Oklahoma east of Oklahoma City. The raid started from Muskogee, Stillwell and Sallisaw. This young army was commanded by the Sheriff of Oklahoma County. He drew his net so tightly that not a car nor an individual could get through the lines. Every road in the neighborhood was blocked. The result of all this was to round up twenty-one whom the authorities describe as outlaws. They didn't get any of national reputation but, they say, they got several exceedingly bad ^{actors.} ~~boys~~ These are being held for investigation in the hope of picking up information about more important characters.

~~This Oklahoma idea sounds useful. I wonder why ~~xxxx~~ other states don't try it on a similar scale.~~

BANDITS

Every now and then we hear of something which indicates that the good old dime novel was not so untrue to life. Take for instance the case of Chicago's new boy hero. He is twelve years old and his name is Louis Kyriazopulos. Louis' father owns an inn out in Melrose Park, Chicago. Business was going strong last night with upwards of a hundred cash customers in the place. In the middle of the festivities half a dozen bandits crashed in and had everybody, customers and employees alike terrorized, firing shots and raising general havoc.

Young twelve year old Louis was in bed upstairs. He was awakened by the row. He picked up a double barrel shotgun and looking through the window saw one of the robbers standing guard. Louis let go with one barrel through the window and like the northwest mouny, got his man. But he did more than that. He frightened those robbers inside the inn. They hastily scooped up twenty five dollars, all they could grab in their hurry, and rushed out to the cars waiting outside. As they were making their get-away, Louis let go with the other barrel. And later on the police found a car abandoned with indications that at least two of those bandits had been wounded. There's a

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got movie sequence for you. And here's a quick fade out.

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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