

TAXES

The pink slip is making the senators see red. We knew of course that the bill ending income tax publicity would have tougher sledding in the upper house than it had in the lower. The representatives voted decisively to toss out the pink slip, but now that the bill has gone into the Senate all sorts of heat is being generated.

When the subject came before the upper house, two senators of the liberal wing immediately made counter proposals. Senators LaFollette and Cousins demanded that instead of abolishing the income tax publicity, income taxes themselves should be boosted. Bob LaFollette of Wisconsin suggested that taxes on incomes over four thousand dollars a year should be raised from four percent to six percent. He says that would put half a billion dollars a year into the government coffers.

However, that tax boost proposal is not getting many cheers from the Senate majority. They don't like it.

The LaFollette proposal will certainly give business men a headache, so here's a bit of headache powder from Secretary

Roper of the Department of Commerce. He announces that the Administration is contemplating no more taxes at present -- that is, unless Congress passes the bonus bill. In that case new revenue will have to be raised. But no bonus bill, no increased taxes. Secretary Roper explains that as the Presidential schedule now stands enough money is coming in to finance things without slapping on any further imposts.

FARMER

The other day we had a break in the cotton market because of a rumor that the government was going to shut down on its loans to cotton farmers on their crops. This evening the news seems to run contrary to that rumor.

The Secretary of Agriculture handed a set of figures to the House Appropriations Committee today, which called for Congress to vote a total of some seven hundred million dollars to be expended during the next fiscal year. In presenting his agricultural department bill, Secretary Wallace divides the seven million dollars this way -- One hundred and twenty-two million for the regular activities of his department and five hundred and seventy nine million as funds for the A.A.A., and that seems considerable farm relief.

AVIATION

Two spectacular airplane flights are in prospect. One is Wiley Post's long scheduled stratosphere hop from Los Angeles to New York. A couple of weeks ago, Wiley tried it but was forced down in the desert. He said some one had put powdered emery and iron filings in his motor. Now he is all set to try again and if everything is okay, dawn tomorrow will be the time.

The other flight is the one about which there have been so many hints. The army air corps in California, is up to something all right. The dope seems to be that midnight tonight is likely to be the time for a huge Douglas monoplane to take off for Honolulu.

Yesterday Captain Albert Hegenberger went on a mystery hop for six hundred miles over the Pacific. (He was the first man to ever make that flight.) Some thought he was off for the Hawaiian Islands yesterday, but no, he came back. The secret of it all is a robot pilot with a new type of radio compass, called the Fairchild - Kruisi type.

The army is not saying anything definite, but rumors

AVIATION - 2

are not that the new equipment will be used on a plane flight to the Paradise of the Pacific. And midnight tonight may be take off time.

MORRO CASTLE

The Morro Castle is traveling on the Ocean once again.

The disaster ship was finally floated today. For months they have been trying to get the fire scarred hulk off that famous beach at Asbury Park, where the burning ship went aground. They have been using the power of storm and tide to move her. Today the high tide came in with a sweeping volume. And at last the Morro Castle was pulled free. A tug dragged her into deep water.

They are taking ^{her} ~~the ill fated ship~~ to Brooklyn. They started towing her this afternoon. At Brooklyn, the Morro Castle will go into dry dock, where officers of the United States Navy and of the steamboat inspection service will inspect the wreck. After that, the Morro Castle will be sold. It appears that the vessel can be put into seaworthy condition again. They say it is unlikely, however, that she will ever be used in passenger traffic again. It would take a hardy voyager to want to sail aboard the ship that was the Morro Castle of the dreadful sea fire.

GREECE

The royalist issue is rapidly crystalizing in Greece. It was implicitly understood throughout the Hellenic Civil War that the Athens Government was Royalist in sentiment, and that the Venizelos rebels consisted of republican and radical elements. So now we hear from the Athenian Minister of War, that as soon as things become a little more normal, the Greek public will be given a chance to express its opinions on the subject of a King. Meaning that there'll soon be a Greek election to decide whether or not to restore the Monarchy.

Some of the observers say that not only are all the government ministers in favor of bringing the King back, but that seventy percent of the population feel the same way about it. So it looks as if a man who is traveling in India just now may soon have a throne offered to him. He is former King George of Greece, who was dethroned in nineteen twenty four. Since then he's been traveling around - Now in India.

AUSTRIA

A delayed act of a last year's drama was played out in Vienna today. It's an echo of that tragic Nazi Putsch in Austria last summer which resulted in the murder of Chancellor Dolfuss. Today a Vienna court passed sentence on a personage who bulked so large in those revolutionary events -- Doctor Anton Rintelen Austrian Ambassador to Italy -- the man they called King of Styria.

You will recall how the Nazis staged their futile uprising, seized the ministers of the government and killed Chancellor Dolfuss -- And how a further sensation was created when Doctor Rintelen was arrested. Austrian ambassador to Italy, he was accused of having been a secret instigator of the revolt against his own government. He was a man of immense wealth and power. His properties in the province of Styria were vast. That was why he was called the King of Styria. In his prison cell he shot himself. Badly wounded he recovered. He was held for trial.

The trial has been long delayed. Time and again it was postponed because of Rintelen's plea that he was ill and not recovered from his self inflicted wound. But now the authorities have waited no longer and the court has pronounced its sentence.

It is a verdict of life imprisonment for the man who was so powerful - the man who had been king.

GERMANY

The general concensus of opinion among the experts is that nothing will happen in that latest International tangle concerning Germany's air force. France is saying that the Versailles treaty has been violated. Nobody seems to be denying that. But then the former Allied Powers have known about it all along. They have been aware for years that Germany has been building up a fighting air force, although that's forbidden by the treaty.

It was a secret only in the most formal sense of the term, and the only difference at the moment is -- That the Hitler Government now comes out in the open and admits what everybody knew. I am no wise man of International affairs with inside knowledge or occult intuitions. Yet I know about Boering's Blue Boys and told about them on the air many months ago -- How the iron fisted Goering, dressed in his fancy uniforms, had organized German aviation clubs in snappy blue uniforms, and how these supposed-to-be sky jaunting sportsmen were really war fliers, trained for possible battle. That Goering should be organizing an under-cover German sky fleet was only natural. He himself

was one of the Kaiser's sky fighting aces during the World War.

The French complained from time to time that the Blue Boys were a violation of the treaty, but the fact that it was all supposed to be a secret provided a good excuse for not starting any inconvenient trouble. Now the Nazis have gone merely a step further, with Goering announcing to the world that his Blue Boys and their planes are actually a military air force. And by inference he inquires. "What are you going to do about it?"

Paris answers with a loud protest and some manoeuvres by the League of Nations are in prospect. France is calling upon England and Italy to stand beside her against German aircraft violation of the treaty. The subject will be prominent when Sir John Simon makes his delayed trip to Berlin. It appears that his scheduled series of talks with Hitler are finally to take place.

No doubt Sir John will find smooth diplomatic ways to keep the Blue Boy question from causing any sort of crisis.

QUEEN

In Paris the chamber of deputies has just voted to double a woman's pension. It is decidedly unusual for the supreme law-making body of France to take time out for special action on one single pension. But then the woman is an ex-Queen. And the story takes us to some remote bits of tropical land, which might perhaps be called -- The Islands of Vanilla.

The Cormoro Islands are in the Mozambique Channel, between Madagascar and the African mainland - down Zanzibar way. They are rich bits of land which produce many things - especially vanilla, the bean that produces the fragrant flavoring for our cakes. One of the islands is called Moheli, and years ago the Lordship of Moheli fell by inheritance ~~xxx~~ to a girl princess. She was a comely young queen, quite brown and tropical, as the people of the islands are. It was thought best that as a full fledged Monarch she should learn something of the ways of European civilization. The French were predominant in those parts, and she went for a bit of schooling to the Island of Reunion, just off the shore of French Madagascar.

She was received with Royal Honors there -- a file of

French soldiers drawn up at salute. The soldiers were Zouaves. They wore the sprightly Zouave uniform so familiar in those days - the snappy cap and the baggy red trousers. The young Queen from the Islands of Vanilla gazed in admiration. She thought she had never seen such fetching warriors before, one in particular, a dashing young Zouave whose trousers seemed redder and baggier than any other, and who curled his mustaches in the smartest Parisian fashion. The girl queen fell in love then and there. She felt she couldn't live without that Zouave, and he, on his part was not unmindful of the dignity of a queen, even though a trifle dusky. Like Huey Long his motto was, "every man a king! Why not?" So they were married.

It might be supposed that the young couple then ruled as King and Queen of Vanilla, but not at all. The Zouave was doubtful about giving up his military post and his prospects of promotion, for a more or less doubtful Kingdom. The Queen said, "In that case I will give up my throne". So she gave her Island Kingdom to the French Republic. And the Queen of Vanilla became mere Madame Camille Paul. In return the Government of Paris gave

her a pension of two hundred dollars a year. Soon after the pension was raised to three hundred dollars a year. Presently the red trousered Zouave took his Queen and wife back to France with him, and there they lived for years - quite comfortably.

But it's the old story - the depression. An investment or two went to the bad. And presently the former Queen of the Islands of Vanilla, now an old woman, had nothing left except that ~~the~~ government pension. But she could hardly live on three hundred and thirty dollars a year. She appealed to the government in Paris. And now the Chamber of Deputies itself has taken ~~the~~ action, and doubled her pension. A gallant French gesture in behalf of a dusky queen who had given up her Vanilla throne to become a mere Madame Zouave.

LAWD

Here's one headline that is inescapable - De Lawd has gone to the Green Pastures. Yes, Richard B. Harrison, the patriarchal negro actor, died today. He had recently come back from a long tour and returned crowned with honors. But he was weary and old, seventy, having worked himself to weariness. Of his end he was certain. He rejoiced with an unshakeable feeling that he was indeed going to those green pastures beside the still waters in the promised land.

For De Lawd was no mere trooper playing a part. He believed that Marc Connelly's play was divinely inspired, and that God had selected him to speak the Holy words through the medium of the theatre. Before each performance, he achieved a state of grace by meditating prayerfully for half an hour, and every time Gabriel's strident cue resounded, "gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah", the old actor broke into a cold sweat of supernatural elation.

Richard Harrison began life in London, Ontario, as the son of fugitive slaves. He became a bell hop in Detroit Hotels. He became stage struck and went to a dramatic school.

Then, for a while, he made a precarious living by giving Shakespearian readings to negro audiences in Canada. But the drama seemed not to be his destiny.

So he became a pullman porter on the Sante Fe running between Chicago and Los Angeles, and for the next forty years he remained a pullman porter, alternating with odd jobs and ~~wandering~~ wandering about in the South.

Five years ago Marc Connelly found Harrison directing negro church festivals in Harlem and immediately saw him as the lead for the play "Green Pastures". After that Harrison not only played De Lawd, but he so identified himself with the part that he became -- De Lawd.

FASHIONS

This afternoon the rehearsal for a fashion show was held, and the girls had to do a lot of practicing. The models are flying ladies. The fashion show is being staged by the Association of licensed women flyers and the lady aviators parade on the platform, not in helmets and goggles, but in silks and fineries and furs.

Amelia Earhart is one of the mannikens. She'll be wearing something long and stately I suppose. Last night I saw her in a long and luxurious mink coat and America's No. 1 woman flier never looked lovelier. And then there's Fay Gillis, the parachute jumper. I suppose she'll wear a big fur piece around her neck to give that familiar feeling of a parachute on her back. I am told that the ladies of the sky are so used to sauntering around aviation fields, in their bulky, ungraceful flying suits, that they find it difficult to achieve that sinuous grace and lilting step of the fashion model. But they have the gift of stick-to-itiveness, and if they are determined to be sinuous, determined to lilt, they'll lilt. And it's time for me to lilt away from this microphone, and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.