

~~FACTORY~~

Good Evening, Everybody:

A ludicrous comedy took place in Chicago today, ludicrous though actually it is quite serious. It involves a dispute between the Chicago police and agents for the federal government who are assigned to the kidnaping investigation.

It all has to do with the abduction some months ago of Jerome Factor, that curious financier ~~popularly~~ known as Jake the Barber, whom the British authorities are exceedingly keen to ~~meet~~ in ~~connection with~~ his financial activities in London. You <sup>ll</sup> recall that Jake the Barber was kidnaped and returned to his family after suffering ~~severe~~ <sup>much</sup> hardship and pain. Well, it seems that he had been released upon his definite promise to pay a large sum of money after ~~his return~~ <sup>his return</sup> to the ~~basin of his family~~ <sup>basin of his family</sup>. The ~~authorities~~ <sup>authorities</sup> tapped his telephone wires and learned that he was preparing to pay ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> money ~~on a certain day~~ <sup>today</sup>. So the police dressed up a copper in a messenger boy's uniform and sent him out with five hundred dollars, to the meeting place appointed by the kidnapers. A force of three hundred municipal and federal officers had been planted nearby so as to catch the crooks when they

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appeared.

The messenger boy did his part, the kidnapers showed up in their car, and the money was thrown to them. The net result of it all was that the crooks got away and now the Chicago police and Uncle Sam's men are throwing <sup>away</sup> compliments <sup>- Bronx cheers</sup> at each other, passing the buck for the failure of their plan.

A further consequence is that the police have thrown a heavy guard around the hotel where Jake-the-Barber is living. They are afraid that the kidnapers will assume that Jake tipped them off, and that they will try to take vengeance by assassinating him *or kidnapping him again.*

N.B.C.

~~Good Evening Everybody~~

Our friend Nira - or Neera as some people want me  
to pronounce her name <sup>as just N. R. A. which the latest way --</sup> - at any rate, the National Recovery Act, is  
running through shoal water at present. (In the middle of the  
negotiations between the Nira officials and the employers and  
workers of the clothing industry, sixty thousand needle workers threw  
down their needles and walked out in New York City. Labor leaders  
say it is one of the biggest strikes ever pulled in Gotham, where  
the garment trade has always been a source of trouble.

The leaders of the strikers say they are protesting  
against sweatshop conditions.) My information indicates that both  
the Administration in Washington and Nira leaders in the New York  
area, are in sympathy with the workers.

General Johnson gave immediate instructions for  
investigation of labor conditions in the garment industry by the  
National Labor Board. Professor Leo Wolman of Columbia University,

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who is a member of that Board, was dispatched to New York to do what he can towards reconciling the two factions. Meanwhile Grover Whalen, former Commissioner of police, ~~now head of Wanamakers store~~ ~~in New York~~, and <sup>now</sup> Chairman of the New York N.R.A. organization, offered his services as mediator, and asked the leaders of both employers and workers to meet him.

The strike in this instance is against the jobbers who farm out the work. The strikers want a thirty hour week and a minimum wage under the provisions of the National Recovery Act.

Meanwhile Father Knickerbocker's police were on their toes ready to keep the strikers as quiet as possible. You would hardly expect needle workers to be pugnacious people. But the strikes in this industry have been among the most turbulent in the history of labor troubles. ~~So there's always extra work for New York's finest when these boys and girls go on strike. The trouble, they say, is usually fomented by the Communist wing in the Union.~~

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Things aren't any too peaceful in labor circles out on the Pacific Coast either, although the packing companies say they have the fruit pickers' strike in California pretty well licked. One large corporation employing thousands of pickers announces that it's going to pay a higher scale in compliance with the spirit of the President's Recovery Act.

At a ranch near Salinas, California, five hundred Filipinos made a lot of strike talk, whereupon they were immediately fired and Mexicans were hired instead. Most of the employers say that the strike can't amount to anything because there are so many workers available.

At the ranch in Tulare County where the strike began, the six hundred workers who walked out were replaced by new men. The employing company got an injunction from one of those California courts prohibiting the strikers from interference. Twenty-five state police are patrolling the ranch. Governor Ralph was asked to send the National Guard, but ~~he~~ refused, saying that it wasn't necessary.

The striking workers of this ranch were evicted from their homes which have been turned over to the newcomer. They were thrown out into the fierce sunshine ~~with~~ the mercury at 110 degrees.

At the same time I learn from Washington that Nira's affairs are not any too smooth in the capital.. In fact, General Johnson, the Administrator, started waving the big stick. He minced no words in exclaiming that there has been altogether too much bickering and argument among some industrial leaders, and what the country wants is action. These words were aimed particularly at the *moguls* of the steel industry, several of whom walked out on a conference in Washington yesterday when they saw William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor present *as labor advisor* to N.R.A. *Their behavior* ~~the workers~~ <sup>A</sup> was taken as a deliberate and intentional slap in the face of the Labor Union. So ~~the~~ <sup>Roosevelt</sup> President himself is now taking a hand in the argument. *He summoned two of the heads of the Steel Industry to a conference at the White House today.*

Furthermore, there's quite a battle going on about the adoption of the code for the automobile industry. Mr. Green, as Labor adviser to the National Recovery Act, has announced that he will insist on the rights of the workers to collective bargaining. In the code submitted by the industry, these rights are in many respects

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restricted.

On the other hand I learn that the various branches of the tobacco industry have signed the President's blanket code, and the transit and public ~~mm~~ utility units also submitted a code while the newspaper publishers ~~submitted~~<sup>offered</sup> a new and modified code.

In spite of all this argument about the steel industry, the steel mills are turning in new high records for production. This is attributed to increased demand ~~for~~<sup>for</sup> steel ~~for~~<sup>in</sup> brewery plants.

What is more, Postmaster General Farley gave out a statement today showing how the Foreign Air Mail service of the Post Office Department is contributing to the rebuilding of our commerce with Latin America. Mr. Farley states that his latest reports indicate conclusively that <sup>a</sup> renewed flow of trade between the various republics in this hemisphere is already under weigh. He claims this is a sign that <sup>the</sup> foreign commerce of the United States is reacting to ~~mm~~ the President's program for industrial recovery.

N.B.C.

## HOTEL

In Chicago a committee of hotel men passed a busy day wrestling with the problem of a code for the business of hospitality. George Wartman, Supervising Manager of the Gotham Hotel, in New York tells me that the situation is urgent. Guests are asking why the hotels are not under the Blue Eagle. They don't seem to understand how difficult it is to put such an intricate business under a ~~unif~~ uniform set of laws. Luncheon clubs have cancelled reservations and guests are insistently asking how come.

Mr. Wartman of the Gotham expressed the pious hope that the NIRA regulation will not create a situation whereby the chef will be right in the middle of a perfect filet mignon bordelaise when quitting time comes and will abandon his pots and pans and leave the job to a second chef, whose soul is not properly attuned to that particular filet mignon bourdelaise.

(Prosper)



COHAN

By the way, Nira is about to be celebrated in song. And the poet laureate who is doing it is no less a celebrity than our old friend, George M. Cohen. Old timers in the theatres will recall that among the first of George's best sellers were "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "It's a Grand Old Rag". So when Uncle Sam jumped into the World War it was perfectly natural that George M. should be drafted to celebrate that in song, and the result as everybody knows, was his rousing march "over There."

So now the officials of the N.R.A. have called on Mr. Cohen to write a song in praise of the New Deal. He always was a lightning worker and he's done the job already. He calls it The Grand Old National Game. You will hear it Sunday evening over this network at 9:00 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time. George will sing it himself. And I'm sure going to tune in at that hour.

N.B.C.

SLOAN

I have a letter on my desk from John Sloan of New York. To lovers of art Mr. Sloan is known as one of the most brilliant of living painters. But I never knew before that he was addicted to writing verses. He has sent me a little verse of his own composition.

First of all, he suggests that in future our friend Nira, ~~the National Industrial Recovery Act,~~ should be pronounced NEERA.

And here's Mr. Sloan's reason. He entitles his little verse "Souvenir", and the verse runs:

The Dollar is our God you see,  
And NIRA means Recovery;  
Prosperity -- each day we'll be  
NIRA my God to Thee!x

If that verse isn't exactly poetry, it is at least pretty near the truth.

Correspondence.

## RACE

This was the big afternoon of the year for all Americans who are keen on harness racing. They <sup>trotted</sup> ~~ran~~ off the Hambletonian, the blue ribbon event of the Grand Circuit at the track near the little town of Goshen, New York. I wish I could have been there to see it. Though running races get most of the publicity, many people think that trotting races have it all over them for being picturesque, and I am inclined to agree, ~~with them~~. For another thing, the harness race tracks are comparatively free from the touts and tipsters and all the other chiselers that swarm around even the best conducted of ~~the~~ running tracks.

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They had a monster crowd to see the fifty thousand dollar Hambletonian, the biggest crowd in all its history, and they evidently got their money's worth, because I hear that the third and final heat was a real thriller. The first heat was won by a mare named Mary Reynolds, driven by Ben <sup>Wile</sup> ~~Weller~~. The second ~~was won~~ by another mare called Brown Berry, driven by Fred Eagan. In the third heat Brown Berry, running way in the lead, stumbled and fell on her

knees. Mary Reynolds then sprinted forward and came in a full length ahead of the field, *winning not only the heat but the race and the fat prize.* ~~the race and the fat prize.~~

Incidentally, Mary Reynolds is owned by one of the Reynolds family, the tobacco millionaires of Winston Salem, North Carolina.

N.B.C.

MACHADO

Though Cuba is quiet today, the enemies of ex-president Machado in the U.S.A. apparently are by no means so pacific. Mrs. Machado, wife of the deposed president, with a party of sixteen other refugees, was on her way north today in a train bound for New York. Just as the train to which her special car was attached was approaching Philadelphia, an urgent message was delivered to Mrs. Machado. A special correspondent of the New York Evening Post reports that the message warned her of danger in New York. She was advised in fact, that political enemies of her husband, many of whom have been refugees in Gotham for the last few months, were laying in wait to take vengeance on Machado through her. She and her party consequently stopped hurriedly off the train at Philadelphia at eight o'clock this morning. The warning had reached the party of Cubans too late to arrange for a special police escort. But the Pennsylvania Railroad provided a heavy guard of its own police to ride on the train and protect Mrs. Machado. So when they reached the Thirtieth Street Station at Philadelphia

this guard of railroad police <sup>hurriedly</sup> escorted the refugees to the ~~Pennsylvania~~<sup>a</sup> ~~Hotel near by the station.~~ As soon as they were safely established ~~there~~ the police department of Philadelphia made arrangements to keep a close guard over the ex-president's wife and her friends.

New York Evening Post

REX

(Italians everywhere are pretty jubilant today. On top of the extraordinary achievement of Marshal Balbo's armada, there comes the feat on the giant Italian liner, the Rex, in busting the transatlantic speed record; thirty-one hundred and eighty-eight miles from Gibraltar to New York in four days, thirteen hours and fifty-eight minutes, an average of almost thirty knots.)

Branson de Cou, the globe trotter, was on board with his wife, returning from one of his annual jumps around the map. Mr. de Cou tells me the passengers were all thrilled over the race across the Atlantic.

In this connection there's an interesting fact concerning the master of the Rex, Commander Francesco Tarabotto. Commander Tarabotto who wears a beard of pretty much the same shape and color as Marshal Balbo's, has been at sea for thirty-six years. He made his first voyage at the age of nineteen and on that occasion it took him fifty-four days to go from Italy to Texas.

NBC

GERMANY

( A big political trial started in Germany today, the trial of the men whom the Hitler Government accuses of having set fire to the Reichstag, Germany's House of Parliament in Berlin. )

The trial is taking place at Leipzig in Saxony.

I learned from <sup>a</sup> wireless report, by way of London, that there are so many prisoners in the dock that the trial will probably continue until late in September.



## KISSING

As this is what our English cousins call the silly season, there may be no harm in my relaying the following information:

At Luna Park, Coney Island, there's going to be a kissing marathon next Monday afternoon. I've been asked to act as one of the judges, - not one of the kissers or kissees - but I am afraid that's one subject of which I am not such a hot judge, even though the management does guarantee the judges full protection against female competitors.

~~Any~~ Here are some of the rules laid down for the competition. Any competitor making advances to the judges will be thrown out. Any contestant caught eating onions before-hand is declares ineligible. Great Scott, I should hope so! How about garlic? Competitors will be allowed to close their eyes, but both eyes must be closed at the same time.

Biting in the clinches is prohibited. Well, well.

~~That~~ That gives me an idea. I think I'll go out now and do a bit of biting -- on some juicy beefsteak. And,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.