

N.R.A.

The victory of the veto has deflated the bonus inflation idea, and seems to have inflated the Blue Eagle. That azure fowl, which has been beaten black and blue of late, is quite a bit pumped up this evening. Seems almost young, and spry, a baby blue fledging once more. The old bird is all puffed up, flapping its wings, screaming: "twenty-one, twenty-one!" Not that it's of age. Its life has been extended for twenty-one months and a half.

The word from Washington is -- that President Roosevelt and the leaders of the Senate and House got together and came to a tentative agreement according to which the N.R.A. will be renewed for twenty-one months and two weeks after June 16th. That's a compromise of course. The White House wanted two years. The Senate was willing to grant not more than ten months. The arithmetic of twenty-one and a half leans toward the White House. It's almost two years. And it will carry the National Recovery Act right on through to the end of President Roosevelt's present term of office.

A more extended account of the new agreement tells of

rejuvenated  
certain changes in the ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> N.R.A. Price fixing is out. The N.R.A. will have jurisdiction only over the kinds of business that ~~are~~ interstate in character, participating in interstate commerce. Industries that operate only within the borders of a single state will not come under the jurisdiction of the new-born, or rather newly hatched Blue Eagle. The President scores another point, with the Congressional leaders agreeing to give N.R.A.-extension the legislative right of way. They'll clear the track for the ~~new~~ <sup>cobalt</sup> ~~bird~~ <sup>bird</sup>. They will let other legislation wait while the necessary N.R.A. debating and voting takes place.

17  
All of this follows a set of vigorous moves by the American Federation of Labor. Yesterday ~~the~~ President Green ~~walk~~ of the A.F. of L. in addressing nearly thirty thousand members congregated in New York, called the cohorts of labor to do battle for N.R.A. extension. And today he repeated his demand before an audience not quite so large, but even more significant -- the House ways and Means Committee. He warned the Committee that if Congress should grant only a brief extension like ten months, nation-wide labor-unrest, strikes and disorders would follow.

And Gen. Johnson adds his plea for the bird he used to boss!

But the real power and influence that did the trick is labeled with the initials of F.D.R. The new N.R.A. extension follows significantly on the heels of the Roosevelt veto victory. It follows right along with what is described as an upward swing of White House power. And in political circles the dope is that the President's bold and stubborn stand on the immensely dangerous bonus question has bucked up his prestige and strengthened his leadership in Congress. With the Patman Bill he dropped his conciliatory methods and started to crack the whip. And Congress has responded to the rising tide of executive prestige.

Just how significant this is may be gauged by the interest the latest American political move is exciting in Europe. The "London Daily Telegraph" is treating it as an important phenomenon. Douglas Williams, the "Telegraph's" American correspondent writes in his English newspaper that the mood of the President has suddenly undergone a complete transformation. "Roosevelt appears to be inspired by new fighting spirit," writes Douglas Williams. "He has abandoned the attitude of wavering and compromise that has marked his policy for the last six months, and seems again his old dominant self."



BONUS

That Roosevelt fighting spirit flared once more today, in the bright hours of the Washington afternoon - when the President again stepped forward with that whip-lashed word - veto. He told the world, the congressional world in particular, that if the soldiers' bonus or any other legislation is tacked on to the Social Security ~~Bill~~ Bill, he'll veto <sup>that. It</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>has</sup> been talk of tacking ~~the~~ veterans' money as a ride <sup>re</sup> on other bills. The Social Security Bill, for example, <sup>x</sup> those Old Age Pensions, Unemployment Insurance, and so on. That's the proposal made by Senator Clark of Missouri, the threat to make Social Security include the soldiers' bonus. <sup>Well,</sup> No sooner said than controverted. From the White House comes swift intervention. The President gives Congress his idea of what ought to be done. He tells them that the biggest thing they've got to deal with is the Social Security Bill. . That and only that, nothing tacked on. If the Clark bonus rider is attached - veto.

49

Meanwhile, the veterans themselves are having many a word to say - including some words of threat of another bonus march on the national capital. Remember that Washington invasion of the bonus expeditionary force in the time of President Hoover? One of



the leaders of that original B.E.F. was R. W. Robertson. Today he's threatening to become a leader of a second B.E.F. He told newspapermen today that a nationwide march of veterans on Washington is being organized right now. He declares that thousands of former soldiers will join, and proclaims - "They mean business". There's a real possibility that a bonus march may get under way - during these "poppy days", for the veterans.

However, among political leaders in Washington the belief seems to be that nothing much can be done about bonus legislation during the present term of Congress.

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Congress passed the huge Navy appropriations bill late today.

Veterans' affairs will be amply discussed in Massachusetts this weekend - at the Grand Convention of the New England Veterans of the Fifth Division of the A.E.F. That stormy petrel of military aviation, General Billy Mitchell, is scheduled to make a slashing address, in which he'll tackle the subject of the national defenses of the U.S.A. And when Billy Mitchell tackles anything, it stays tackled, *until the War College tackles him.*



Several weeks ago we heard of French threats against German aviators who might fly over the great fortifications defending the Eastern border of France. Today there was a flurry of excitement on that perilous<sup>s</sup> border. A German plane flew over and landed in French territory. It came roaring out of German skies. It swept over those French fortresses, went circling around, as if scouting the work that's being done, the building of those subterranean strongholds of steel and high explosive. There was all sorts of excitement among the people on the ground. Then suddenly the German plane swooped low, and landed. The pilot in the cockpit saw angry peasants running toward him, peasants swarming from everywhere. He tried to start his motor and take off. But the angry French country people were on him too quickly. They seized him and dragged him from his plane. They hustled him about and then hurried him away to the gendarmes.

Rumors flashed far and wide, rumors of what the German plane had been trying to do along that closely guarded frontier. Why had he circled in the sky above the forts, and why had he landed? But it all turned out to be -- nothing much.



The police questioned the German flier. He said he was Adolf Bauer, a twenty-two-year-old student pilot. That he had got lost in a fog. He had <sup>wandered across</sup> ~~went to~~ the border without knowing it, and had landed because he was so hopelessly lost he hadn't any idea where he was. The French authorities seemed to find the explanation entirely plausible and the word is that the straying student pilot will be sent across to Germany, with warning not to do it again.

ABYSSINIA

52  
After Mussolini had shouted a loud "no", he uttered rather more softly - "maybe yes". Today witnesses ~~an~~ an alternation of proposal and counter-proposal in the Italian-Abyssinian dispute.

It began with a proposal ~~laid before~~ <sup>by</sup> the League of Nations *to appoint a commission to settle the dispute between the King of Kings and ~~with~~ the Duce. ~~rejecting that~~ Proposal ~~rejected~~ <sup>by Mussolini.</sup> outright.* He didn't add much comment while doing so. Plenty of

comment had been provided a few hours previously in a speech, with Mussolini declaring in his most fiery Italian that Italy would tolerate no interference from outside nations. "We march straight ahead", he shouted. "We don't turn back." So he was in a mood to say "No" when the Lion of Judah made a few suggestions.

53  
But right on top of that, the Duce came back with a compromise suggestion of his own. And the League of Nations is considering it right now. The descendant of the Queen of Sheba is also considering it. We are not told in any detail what the terms are, but it has to do with that vexed problem of the security of borders of the Italian colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland. It couldn't concern much else, because that's the question on which Rome is laying every emphasis. The Italian demands are narrowing



down to ways and means of restraining the wild Abyssinian tribes from going on the warpath. Rome says the ~~Emperior~~ Emperor of Ethiopia can't hold those hordes of wild spear-swingers in check. So maybe the Italians will have to do it. These are familiar contentions. And it's along the line of diplomacy to suspect that Italian ideas of keeping the Abyssinian tribes under control inevitably include notions of getting control of stretches of Abyssinian territory *or big trade concessions.*

The feeling in Geneva is one of - take it easy. The League statesmen don't feel there is any great need of haste. They have all summer to conduct the measures of the diplomatic dance. That's because of the belief that nothing can happen till autumn. The rainy season in East Africa doesn't come to an end, until September. No large military moves are possible during the teaming tropic <sup>*al downpour.*</sup> ~~season~~ So rainy season means peaceful season. And they can negotiate and counter-negotiate, propose and counter-propose - all through the good old summertime.



Today's royal wedding presents a handsome couple, a tall, dark bridegroom and a tall, blonde bride. They stood at the altar surrounded by stately Scandinavian ceremony in the six hundred year old pro-Cathedral of Stockholm. Marriage vows were exchanged between Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark and Iceland, and Princess Ingrid of Sweden. He's thirty-six, and she's twenty-five. <sup>π</sup> He's a sailor, a captain in the royal Danish Navy, and has spent much of his life at sea. He is also a musician, an accomplished pianist. He likes to combine seafaring and music by conducting the navy band. <sup>π</sup> She is the European Princess, most frequently reported engaged. ~~and she~~ Quite a sportswoman is Princess Ingrid. Well educated too, in music, painting, sculpture, sewing and cooking. Democratic, at home, anywhere, from the royal throne-room to the royal kitchen.

Tonight the ~~Crown Prince of Denmark~~ Danish Crown Prince is taking the Swedish royal Princess back home to Denmark. ~~They~~ They're sailing aboard the Danish royal yacht.

With Svenska punch - skål!

## GYPSIES

24  
The Gypsies are swooping down on the town of ~~The~~ **The** Three Saint Maries-by-the-Sea. That sleepy little sea~~port~~ is on the Mediterranean coast of France, and legions of Romany, wanderers from all over the earth, are converging in a pilgrimage, not on foot or on horseback, but in a weird assortment of automobiles, wheezy, <sup>4-</sup>wobegone old flivvers, and also a few brand-new expensive American cars. They make a world-wide trek every year to the town of ~~The~~ **The** Three Saint Maries-by-the-Sea, to do homage to their patron saint, who is called <sup>not</sup> Saint ~~Maries~~, but Saint Sarah.

It would take a scholar to tell precisely just what the religion of the Gypsies may be, but we know of an old tradition, ~~which~~ which goes this way:- the ~~Three Saint~~ **Three Saint** Maries-by-the-Sea of the little French coast town were women of Palestine who had known the Saviour, one of them in fact was Mary Magdelene. For some reason or other they landed there in France and they were accompanied by a black servant who likewise had known the Saviour. The black servant was named Sarah, Saint Sarah, and tradition says that she was a Gypsy.

So once a year the quaint old town becomes a cosmopolitan



center where every language on earth is heard. Gypsy campfires flicker by night in the surrounding hills. They hold a fair with feasting and dancing and the antics of clowns and acrobats. And all ends with a solemn religious rite. The gypsies troop in procession to the Eleventh century church, where the relics of St. Sarah are displayed. Then they march down <sup>to</sup> the seashore, where the Archbishop blesses the Mediterranean. Just why the Mediterranean Sea should be blessed at the feast of the gypsies, the story does not tell, but it all happens every year at the town of the Three St. Maries-by-the-Sea.



TALL STORY

*Ann*

*Send copy  
to Gov. Brann, &  
to Fred Robinson*

So far as I know, all these items we've had tonight are true, but now we come to one which certainly should inspire me to tell a lie - and a big lie. Because this is going to be a weekend of whoppers in Maine. Governor Louis J. Brann is staging a monster fishing and tall story extravaganza at Moose Head Lake. It will be an orgy of prevarication, <sup>---</sup> and that's no lie. <sup>^</sup> Some of the most distinguished statesmen in the land will be there, making false statements - although I don't see why they have to go to Moose Head Lake to do that. The statements of a statesman frequently make a tall story book seem like a volume of uncontrovertible truths.

<sup>7</sup> Secretary of War Dern will contribute a few warlike whoppers; Jesse Jones, head of the Reconstruction & Finance Corporation, will tell some financial untruths. And the Governors of the New England states will be there to provide that rare falsifying flavor of old ~~x~~ New England. Also Admiral Dick Byrd, who should be able to tell some exceedingly tall ones about sliding up and down the South Pole.

All this is entirely true, although a big lie might be more appropriate, so I'd better call the attention of those fibbing statesmen in the Maine woods to an incident that occurred last summer.

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It is told in <sup>my</sup>~~the~~ new edition of the Tall Story Book, how a disastrous forest fire in those Maine woods was narrowly averted.

A king snake was chasing a rattlesnake, and the rattler was fleeing so fast that the friction set the grass on fire. The king snake, following right along behind, was perspiring so copiously, that the moisture put the fire out.



ENDING

58

There's an element of danger in that new loud speaker for the President - a recently devised amplifier, far more powerful than any other magnifying, voice-booming mechanism. The need was indicated when the President addressed the mass meeting of farmers on the White House lawn, <sup>the other day.</sup> The loud speaker system wasn't powerful enough to make his voice heard at the edges of the great gathering. So presidential Secretary Steve Early appealed to the Navy, asking if the Navy couldn't provide bigger and better amplification for the voice of the White House. Then the fact was disclosed that naval experts, in conjunction with engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, had just completed a new and more powerful type of loud speaker. It's an amplifier of such blasting volume that it might be used on ships for rescue work in fogs, for the shouting of commands over long distances. It will hurl the voice and its re-echoing for a mile. So the White House immediately ordered one. And hereafter, whenever the President addresses a vast throng, his voice will carry to the last hanger-on at the edge of a crowd a mile away.

8 1/2

But those stentorian loud speakers will not be released to



59 the public. It would be too dangerous. A government official explains that politicians all over the land might get hold of those lusty-lung loud-speakers and boom and blast people out of their beds a mile away. *And, for fear I may be blasting some*

*of you out of your chairs here's my last boom*  
~~something like that, as I boom~~  
for this week:—

9 1/2 SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.