

DERBY

Tonight's news from Epsom Downs, England reminds us of a quotation from the Gospel, according to St. Matthew: "For whosoever hath to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." For the second year in succession, the winner of the derby, is His Highness, the Aga Khan, one of the richest men in the world. The third time for this mystical Eastern prince, whose person is sacred to millions of Mohammedans, - the third time he has walked away with the blue ribbon of blue ribbons on the turf. As though that weren't enough, another of his three horses came in second.

There's an interesting fact about Mahmoud, the winner. He's the son of Blenheim, the gallant horse that won for the Aga Khan six years ago. Mahmoud did better than his sire. He set an all time speed record for that difficult course with its heart breaking turn around Tattenham Corner.

And there's a poignant bit of human interest in that victory and that record. Several years ago, one of the top-notch jockies of both the English and the French turf was a little fellow named Charlie Smirke. He hadn't ridden as many winners as

Steve Donoghue, the kingpin of them all. But Charlie was up among the leading jockeys of the day, with the richest owners competing for his services. One day, just as he was weighing in after booting his horse home first, there was a cry of "foul". Charlie came up before the stewards of the Jockey Club and they set him down for a term of years. They are awfully tough and strict, the stewards of the English Jockey Club. It wasn't until two years ago, that Smirke got his licence back. And he had hardly had it back before he got a mount in the Derby and came home first atop of a horse called Windsor Lad, owned by another Eastern prince, the Maharajah of Rajpipala. He not only won, but smashed the record. Now, today, two years later, with Mahmound he breaks his own previous record.

Half a million Englishmen raised their voices, not only for plucky little Charlie Smirke, but for the stout, brown, white haired man with the dark, heavy rimmed glasses, His Holiness and Highness the Aga Khan.

The Aga Khan is popular in England. He has the rare distinction of having been elected to the Jockey Club, the most

exclusive of all clubs next to the Royal Yacht Squadron. The English haven't forgotten what a tower of strength he was to them in the World War. In Nineteen Fourteen it was touch and go whether the Germans would not be able to stir up a religious war in India. It was the Aga Khan who squelched it. More recently, when Mr. Gandhi, with his Swaraj movement, became a serious threat to the power of the British Raj in India, the Aga Khan lined up his Mohammedans on the side of the British.

## SHIPS

This has been quite a day in the shipping world. Over in Hoboken, opposite New York, Polish-Americans were celebrating the arrival of the motor ship BATTERY. That's Poland's newest Trans-Atlantic liner. She left her home port on the Baltic, Monday. One of her passengers was His Excellency, Count George Potocki, the new Ambassador from Warsaw to Washington.

Though the BATTERY is the pride and joy of Poland's mercantile marine, she was built by the Italians, and Poland paid for her not in money, but in coal; something new in maritime economics.

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And, **A**t half past eleven this morning, at Southampton England, Captain Sir Edgar Theophilus Britten, shouted the command: "cast off!" A few minutes later the largest power plant afloat was steaming through the Needles. R.M.S. QUEEN MARY, eighty thousand tons of her, was on her maiden voyage to the U.S.A. This month's issue of FORTUNE, tells us some fabulous sounding facts about the new queen of the seas. Her turbines generate a force of two hundred thousand horse-power. That will

enable her eighty thousand tons to slip through the waters of the Atlantic at thirty-four knots, a speed hitherto achieved only by the crack battle cruisers of His Majesty's Navy. It is going to cost around eighty thousand dollars in fuel alone, by the time she returns to Southampton. *for the round trip.*

And so <sup>*today began*</sup> ~~begins~~ what may be another race, a race for the blue ribbon of the seas. Will the QUEEN MARY break the record held by the NORMANDIE? Marine officers and steamship officials are always reluctant to announce that they are after a record on a maiden voyage. But it's no secret that before long they hope to establish England's new floating monster as the fastest ship afloat.

But there's another question. How long will the QUEEN MARY be queen of the seas? ~~According to FORTUNE,~~ <sup>**T**</sup>he German line is already talking about building a fleet of four ships capable of averaging thirty-six knots; ~~that's~~ two knots faster than the QUEEN MARY. They won't be as large as the Cunard White Star giant. They'll only be some thirty-two or thirty-four thousand tons compared to the eighty thousand of the latest ocean giant.

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The launching and building of the QUEEN MARY has precipitated a great argument among shipping men. There's a hot debate <sup>as to</sup> whether ships of that size are ~~really~~ practical. Her builders have made her that large for the sake of speed. But an English commentator declares that so much progress has been made recently in hull design and machinery that it's possible to build a ship carrying just as many passengers just as quickly as the QUEEN MARY, but of considerably less tonnage.

FILENE

Left-handed compliments are still being exchanged between Edward A. Filene, merchant prince of Boston, and the big wigs of the United States Chamber of Commerce. ~~Everybody will recall that~~

On Monday Mr. Filene announced his resignation from the Chamber, which he helped to found, announced it with a bang. ~~With~~ With his resignation, he handed the Chamber several caustic remarks.

Harper Sibley, President of the Chamber, came back at him sharply.

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He said: "Mr. Filene hasn't been a member of the Chamber for several years." To that Mr. Filene replied: "If that is so, why was I appointed ~~being~~ a delegate from Boston to the annual meeting of the United States Chamber this year?"

To people who know this small, gray, ruddy Bostonian, his action is not much of a surprise. Throughout his career, he's been a most unusual character in the top reaches of big business. As long as thirty years ago, he tried to give his business to his employees. "It's my ambition that they take it away from me", he said. He gave them constitutional powers which would enable them to govern themselves, manage the business, and

finally get possession of the company. He was bitterly disappointed. The consequence of his act, he said, was that all the employees ever used those powers for was to get a few minor privileges such as shorter hours and a half holiday.

When the muck-raking game in the popular magazines was at its height, Filene decided that Boston should get its share. So he invited <sup>writer</sup> Lincoln Steffens, ~~the first and leader of the~~ ~~muck-rakers~~, to come to Boston at his, Filene's, expense, to investigate the city thoroughly and write up its corruption. Steffens did just that. To the huge disgust of most of Filene's fellow magnates of the Back Bay, he anticipated Henry Ford in advocating a five-day week and high wages for employees. At seventy-four, he is as keen of mind and as sharp of tongue as ever.

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ZIONCHECK

— we've all been wondering —  
I've been wondering -- just what sort of a chap is this  
mirthful Congressman Zioncheck. It would be amusing to see him  
in action at close range. I had a chance this afternoon -- with  
Lew Lehr, the newsreel funnyman.

The idea was -- a presidential nomination, as a bit of  
nonsense. Lew ~~Lehr~~ for president on a hilarious platform. Less  
brain<sup>s</sup> in government. Cut paper dolls, not salaries. Less money  
for cabinet puddings. No promises made, no promises kept. More  
fishing and fewer loans.

Truman Talley, ~~producer~~ of Movietone said -- "I wonder  
whether we could get the <sup>cavorting</sup> Congressman to make the Lew Lehr  
nomination." It seemed doubtful whether even so rollicking a  
law-maker would participate in so absurd a farce. They asked  
Representative Zioncheck, and he said -- "Sure, half the people  
in the country don't know what they're talking about, and Lew  
Lehr knows less than that, ~~so~~, he'd make an ideal president."

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The ~~Movietone~~ studio was decorated suitably for the  
nomination -- with a horse eating hay out of a grand piano and  
candidate <sup>Lew</sup> ~~Lehr~~ Lehr cutting paper dolls. A line of goofy comedy  
had been devised for Congress<sup>man</sup> Zioncheck. The question was --

would he cut up in the wild and wooly way they wanted? The answer is -- no. He was wilder and woolier.

He picked up a fire extinguisher and said: "May be there's a drink in this." And then squirted the extinguisher chemicals on everybody in the studio.

He rode in on a bicycle. They told him to park it next to the grand piano. Instead he tossed it on top of the piano -- with a crash bang on the keyboard. Then the ludicrous law-maker nominated Lew Lehr for the Presidency on a Zioncheck platform: Sound money on a bass drum -- boom, boom. Zioncheck to be made an admiral, so that he can go fishing more often. Candidate Lew Lehr provided a treasury platform when he called the Congressman Zine-a-check.

By the time the high jinx was over the studio engineers said they'd have felt more at ease if the Congressman had worn a strait jacket.

This is a factual report of a newsreel afternoon with the Congressman from Washington. Form your own conclusions.

Kuhn.  
May 27, 1936.

Along with this cut-up comedy of the Congressman, I ran across a story of a very different kind -- the Jersey forest fire, which the wild thunderstorm put out this morning. I was talking to Jack Kuhne, the <sup>Movietone</sup> Flying Cameraman, who shot sky movies of the giant blaze of the pine woods. He told me some things so vivid that I've brought him along to tell them into the microphone. You were saying, Jack, that you tried to fly over the towering smoke cloud.

JACK KUHNE: Yes, we tried to, but couldn't make it. We climbed to eight thousand feet, but the white clouds of smoke were billowing still higher. We didn't climb any higher, because it got so cold I had trouble handling the camera with numb fingers.

L. T.: But, I suppose you found it hot enough when you flew low over the fire.

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JACK: Too hot. We came down as low as we dared over the flames, sometimes within fifty or sixty feet. The blast of burning hot wind seemed like the blaze itself. The ~~was~~ *roar* of the fire sounded above the thunder of the motor. In the whirlpool of heat and air currents the plane bumped and danced like a rubber ball. The flames leaped two hundred feet high, dancing and flickering -- the <sup>t</sup>wild blaze of burning pine. The smoke nearly choked us sometimes, but it was ~~an~~ almost perfumed, like incense -- pine smoke.

L. T.: And if you had had motor trouble -- it might have meant a forced landing in the forest fire. That would have been a ~~shopping~~ *firey* ending. But did you see any of those narrow escapes, as you looked from the sky?

JACK: We saw at least thirty burning houses. And we flew over five trucks racing down the road, with the flames *rushing* ~~racing~~ to trap them. In dozens of places we saw arms of flame reach out, circle around and meet each other -- traps

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of fire. It was devilish to look at from above.

L. T.: Jack tells me that the weirdest of all were the dust spouts. In sections burnt over, black, just ashes, the heat currents made whirlwinds that sucked up black dust -- and swirled high. There would be a dozen of them at a time, black whirling spouts <sup>running</sup> ~~rising~~ around in crazy zig-zag paths. And that gave a final touch of the eerie and grotesque to a terrifying scene of inferno.

BEATTY

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This afternoon I investigated that odd story about Clyde Beatty, the animal trainer; Beatty arrested by the Pittsburg S.P.C.A. on a charge of cruelty to animals! At the hearing in court he pleaded guilty to save time and trouble, paid his fine of twenty dollars, and walked out. Nevertheless, he denies that he has ever been or could be with any safety to himself, cruel to those big cats. He has been in the game fifteen years, and never before was arrested, for spanking a lion or chastising a tiger.

Do the men who train wild beasts rule them by terror and violence? A moment ago I asked Dexter Fellows of Ringlings. "This Way To The Big Show", that's his new book, and he ought to know. The answer was:- "Not on your life! It wouldn't be safe for them if they did! Although the trainer must show who is master."

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Clyde Beatty insists that it's by patience that the lions and the man-eating tigers are persuaded to go through their paces. He cracks a whip to get the <sup>animal's</sup> ~~animals~~ attention. He says it's difficult for a normal wild beast to concentrate. When the whip cracks, the tiger or lion immediately looks at

the man who has made the noise. The pistol serves the same purpose. It's loaded with blank. And the trainer fires above the brutes' heads, either to the right or the left.

Clyde Beatty and Ed Anthony in "The Big Cage" tell one interesting story of an encounter with an officer of the S.P.C.A. Clyde was doing his act down south. A man in a box kept shouting at him. Beatty couldn't make out what he was yelling. Finally, one of the attendants told him the man was a representative of a humane society. And the words he was shouting were "Come on out here, come on out here!" Clyde's reply was: "You come on in here! This cage is my office!"

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And s-l-u-t-m.