

N.R.A.

Here's some word about a shot-in-the-arm, a shot-in-the-wing, I mean, for the Blue Eagle. Strong smelling salts recommended for the gasping bird. This follows the President's declaration. This morning the country was left still a trifle puzzled in spite of Mr. Roosevelt's statement the gist of which was that the N.R.A. would stay alive until April first of next year, and that only in a modified form. And, it would apply just to commerce between states. Congress would be asked to fix minimum wages and maximum hours, also to eliminate child labor in all industries operating over the state lines.

The President said he expected to keep up the N.R.A. organization in skeleton form, to gather figures, and show a year from now whether industry will have gained or suffered since that Supreme Court decision.

The President appeared to have thrown up his hands to some extent. But, the latest information from Washington puts rather a different color on the picture. President Roosevelt's

plan as expressed last night was obviously a stop-gap program. But this afternoon one of the presidential advisors came to bat with a new idea. The federal government has one unquestionable and unquestioned right. That is the power of taxation. A new idea is to use Uncle Sam's taxing powers to enforce the codes. So they say that might be a solution, from the Administration point of view. But how would it be received by out-and-out opponents of the N.R.A.? That's another question.

A fair guess would be that this latest communication from the White House is what is politically known as a trial balloon, throwing out a suggestion to see how it's received, and then act accordingly. The White House spokesman made a point of adding the statement that it has not been ~~xx~~ definitely decided to adopt this ingenious legal subterfuge. However, it was indicated that the idea might be submitted to Congress.

STRIKE

Toledo, Ohio, is up against another crisis. That strike at the Edison Company's plant has created a situation teeming with danger. When electrical workers walk out, they don't merely interrupt their own work. They throw thousands of others out of jobs. If ^{Toledo} ~~that~~ trouble isn't settled, every plant in the district will shut down, ^{no juice.} It will be almost equivalent to a general strike. Toledo is a live, busy city, full of industries. So the ramifications from that electrical strike will be like the effect of a heavy boulder thrown into the middle of a lake.

~~As the matter stands at present, the chances of a settlement are none too good.~~ X Madam Perkins, Secretary of Labor, has had one of her mediators, J. E. O'Connor, on the spot, trying to bring the men and the Company together. After days of effort, he was obliged to report failure. A gloomy outlook for Toledo and the surrounding country, *although the Edison Company is bringing in power from the outside.*

FLOOD

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And these are anxious hours for Kansas City, and all the region around it. ~~It is~~ threatened not by one flood, but by two. The people in Kansas and Missouri are fleeing as though from the advance guard of an invading army. The waters of the Missouri and the Kaw Rivers are sweeping down, inundating the lowlands, driving farmers and their families into the hills. They are evacuating their houses, loading all their movable possessions on wagons and trucks, ^{and} making for high country, with all the ~~xxx~~ speed they can. Death and disaster are being carried down by the raging torrents.

The only time we ever hear of the Kaw is when it acts up in this fashion. It has been twenty-five years since Kansas City was visited by such a disaster as is now threatening. Many of its industrial plants occupy the lowlands on the banks of the river. They will be inundated if the measures to avert the calamity don't succeed. Topeka is also on the danger-line.

KIDNAP

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Kidnap news comes from three places today. First of all, Trenton, New Jersey. There will be no big show when Bruno Hauptmann's appeal comes before the Court of Errors and Appeals. No special phone wires, no telegraph ^{keys,} ~~wires~~ no cameras in the court-room. The Court of Errors and Appeals is the highest tribunal of the State of New Jersey and it's judges aren't going to stand for any exhibition on June twentieth.

Then there's a decision of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn that also concerns Hauptmann. It means that Edward ^{V.} Reilly, the corpulent advocate who conducted that noisy and flamboyant defense at Flemington is out of luck. Reilly asked the Supreme Court to appoint a receiver for the monies that Mrs. Hauptmann has been collecting, to finance Hauptmann's appeal. The Supreme Court's answer is, "Nothing doing"! Those funds are being contributed solely to pay for the appeal, not to pay Reilly.

The next bit of kidnap news ~~is~~ is about the snatching of little George Weyerhaeuser. The latest is that Uncle Sam's men have the names of six persons who took part, ~~in that kidnapping.~~ And the unexpected feature ^{is that on the list are none} ~~of that is that they are not any~~ of the

notorious public enemies who have been suspected hitherto. They're all natives of the State of Washington. That's how the rumor runs. It follows hot upon the discovery of that Twenty Dollar bill. It was the first of the ransom money to come to light. It was taken in at the railroad station in Huntington, Oregon, for a ticket to Salt Lake City.

Federal men are expecting to have the criminals behind bars within ^{a few} ~~two~~ days. ^{And that'll} ~~That will~~ be a sensation if it comes off.

PITTS

An unusual human story with an apparently happy ending has turned sad. I mean the latest episode in the life of Alabama Pitts about which we talked a couple of weeks ago. Perhaps you recall that Alabama Pitts is the crack athlete of Sing Sing Prison.

Enthusiasts claim that old Alabam is an athletic marvel almost of the calibre of famous Indian, Jim Thorpe; so good at football that if he'd gone to college he'd have made the All-American. And - on the track he equalled college records. In baseball he hit five hundred. One hit out of every two trips to the plate - but on the Sing Sing eleven.

He had been engaged to play professional ball for Albany in the International League. His contract had been signed. When he was released from Sing Sing this morning he expected to go up the river -- to Albany, to report. But at the last moment the axe fell. The blow came in the shape of a telegram from Judge Bramham, President of the National Association of Professional Baseball Clubs. The Judge turns thumbs

down on any job for Alabama Pitts in professional ball. His reason. The engagement of an ex-convict would be against the best interests of the game. The Judge explained:- "We believe the public would resent the signing of this player in organized baseball."

It would be interesting to learn how accurately Judge Bramham has sized up public opinion. Here's what Warden Lawes of Sing Sing had to say this afternoon:- "I think the Judge's action is most unkind and shows a reactionary attitude." To which the New York State Commissioner of Corrections added:- "Judge Braham's action is most unsportsmanlike. Pitts was only a first offender and should be given a fair chance."

So Alabama Pitts left Sing Sing this morning, not to go to a well-paid and congenial job. He went without any definite idea of where he was going. He used to be in the navy and there he had a model record. Why couldn't he go to college?

GOLD

A story that has thrilled me particularly is that of the revival of some of the old mining centers in the West:- Camps that have been deserted, camps that for years have barely struggled along with one dilapidated saloon and half a Chinese restaurant. The camps that magazine writers describe as "ghost cities" are coming to life. A year ago they were existing on nothing but memories. Today they are almost as live as they were in the time of Bret Harte and Mark Twain or Tex Rickard.

How long is it since you have heard of Austin, Nevada? It's a little town on the Reese River. In 1863 thousands who expected to get rich quick overnight were rushing to Austin. In one year no fewer than six million dollars worth of bullion came out of its mines. The get-rich-quickers worked it so hard that they exhausted all the high grade ore. And - they had no time or patience for any other kind. So Austin faded. Modern science is on the job today with new processes of recovering the ore. The mines are open once more, men at work making money.

And the town of Mojave, California, is on the mining map again. Mojave is another Rip Van Winkle burg, awakened from a forty year's sleep. They've been celebrating a gold

festival in Mojave. Fifty thousand people came from all parts of the West. Sour Doughs from the Klondike, old timers from Mexico, veterans from the Coeur d' Alenes, men full of rich memories of Leadville, Cripple Creek and Crede.

But here's something more, a new gold strike - one that will make John Hays Hammond want to hit the trail again. This one is on the far away roof of the world. Rich deposits are being discovered in the high range of the Pamirs in Turkestan. For six months a group of prospectors have been digging, chipping and assaying out there, thirteen thousand feet above sea-level. I must say they are no pikers. They are not trying, as did some of the old-timers, to keep the news to themselves. They had a portable radio set with them. And over the air they've told the world the news of their strike. They tell us that they've found a lode with a gold percentage higher than any of the richest deposits in Siberia. So there's a new place for a new gold rush. But I wouldn't advise you to start buying your outfit and asking for passports. The chances are a hundred to one that Moscow will say that a gold mine on Soviet territory belongs to the Soviets and foreigners may keep out.

DERBY

A portly, respectable gentleman in a gray topper, smilingly led a horse past the grand stand at Epsom Downs, England, today. He took off his gray topper as he passed King George, Queen Mary and the bevy of royal princes and princesses, while a crowd of half a million cheered. The horse he lead was Bahram, this year's great Derby winner. The gentleman in the gray topper was no less a magnifico than His Highness, the Aga Khan, the spiritual head of millions of Mohammedans. Aside from that, he has an income estimated at a platry eleven million dollars a year. He ought to be able to make both ends meet, this year at least, because Bahram today won him Forty-four thousand dollars.

And that isn't all. His swift striding three year-old has now won seven big races. In fact he hasn't been beaten yet. Many sporting men will say that he's the greatest horse alive, though of course Americans will ask: "How about Omaha, ha ha?" It's worth remembering that there's one big difference between American and English race horses. Over here they're trained for

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shorter distances. The Epsom Derby is a mile and a half longer than any of the American standard tracks.

This is the second time the Aga Khan has won that Blue Ribbon of the turf. A horse he owned came in first five years ago. He had two other entries in today's race and one of them came in fourth.

One result of the race will be to split two and three quarter million dollars among a number of people in this country, but that probably is small compared with the millions sent across the ocean by those who didn't win.

R.C.A. FOLLOW DERBY

And thereby hangs a little human interest story. In one of the kitchens in Rockefeller Center they've been busily preparing for the opening of a new grill, the Rainbow Grill, which is going to open Friday ^{to help out actors.} ~~for the benefit of the stage relief fund.~~

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In the midst of the preparations, one of the staff disappeared, ~~he is~~ a young man named Oberle. Today the chef found out why Mr. Oberle had not showed up ~~and~~ to do his stint, which is peeling onions. Mr. Oberle had bought a ticket on Bahram, and today, he says, stage relief fund or no stage relief fund, he'll peel no more onions.

Among the men selected to be Public Health Officer on the Board of the State is Pierre Laval. The doctor, originally from the mountains of Auvergne has had the job before. The last time he held it was in nineteen thirty-one, and he was known as the youngest premier in French history. He was only forty-seven. Now, following the collapse of the four day old Bouleaux government last night, Pierre Laval was the last to follow when President Lecomte went far. The first reply of the man who had already risen from a butcher's boy to the highest

FRANCE

"If you work hard and eat your spinach, some day you may be president." That's what American parents are supposed to say to their young hopefuls. But what do a French papa and mama say to their offspring? It would sound more like this: "Mes enfants, if you fail to work hard and eat your potage de sante they'll make you prime minister." The most awful nightmare to which French statesmen are prone is the dream that the president has sent for them and asked them to form a new cabinet.

Among the men selected to be Public Goat Number One on the banks of the Seine is Pierre Laval. The stocky, swarthy little man from the mountains of auvergne has had the job before. The last time he held it was in Nineteen thirty-one, and he was known as the youngest premier in French history. He was only forty-seven. Now, following the collapse of the four day old Bouisson government last night, Pierre Laval was the luckless fellow whom President Lebrun sent for. The first reply of the man who had already risen from a butcher's boy to the highest

office in his country, was: "No, no! a thousand times no!"

This morning President Lebrun said: "Ah, come on, be a sport", or the French equivalent - which is - "for the honor of France!"

So Laval shrugged a French shrug and sighed a French sigh and said: "Well, if you put it that way --" Then he got on his bicycle and cried: "for the honor of France!" - and set about the job of rounding up colleagues. Paris, when it heard the news, heaved a sigh of relief. But not for long.

Everything is at sixes and sevens again on the Quai d'Orsay. Poor Monsieur Laval has not been able to collect a team. He found himself up against the same stumbling block that spilled poor Monsieur Bouisson. The Radical Socialists won't play ball. They won't stand for the financial dictatorship idea of saving the franc. After Laval tried it, former Premier Herriot tried it and failed. And now Monsieur Petri is having a shot at it.

Meanwhile, that franc is still on the toboggan. More and more gold is pouring out of the Bank of France. It's barely fifteen months since the Paris mob came within an ace of storming the French Houses of Parliament. The Deputies had a narrow

escape on taking a ducking in the none-too-clean waters of the Seine. Indeed, a couple of them who couldn't run fast enough, had the interesting experience of having their pants torn off by the crowd. And now, once more, a perilous hour for the third Republic.

Just a moment, here's a later word from the boulevards. Rioting did break out today. One mob attacked the officers of a leading French newspaper, "Le Petit Journal". Its editor had been pleading for a devaluation of the franc. The rabble stormed the offices and it would have gone ill with the editorial staff but for the timely arrival of a detachment of the Guard Republicaine.

Another mob swooped down on the headquarters of the Grand Lodge of the French Free Masons. Here, again, there were no casualties. The rioters were driven off.

Neither of these tumults was of major proportions. But they show which way the wind blows. The beautiful city of light on the banks of the Seine sees the darkness of doubt ahead.

And what do I see ahead? Nothing! So, --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.