GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

at any time since the first of the year. The City of Lansing,
Michigan, was virtually in a state of siege this afternoon.

The Automobile Workers Union called what they described as a
general labor holiday in Michigan's capital. It was a protest
against the arrest of eight of their pickets. The principal
intersections of Lansing were blockaded with cars. Traffic was
virtually at a standstill. The Lansing State Journal was almost
obliged to suspend publication. A delegation of strikers
entered the office and notified its publisher to shut down his
machines. Later, however, an official of the C.I.O. rescinded

Today's strike news is as ominous as it has been

There was a monster demonstration in the heart of the City. As several large stores had been obliged to close, also

the order and the paper was able to get out its afternoon editions.

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several factories, the streets were filled with idle workers.

The Union was particularly incensed because one of the pickets arrested was a woman. The was apprehended in the middle of the night and thrown into jail, so the Union claims, leaving her three young children alone in the house. Late in the afternoon, the people arrested were released on bail.

There was a distressing and surprising development in Detroit today. Homer Martin, President of the United Automobile Workers, announced that they would demand a new contract with General Motors. Martin appeared to be in a decidedly belligerent mood. He issued a vehement denunciation of "landlords and other robbers who", he claimed, "were trying to sneak up prices. We will not only refuse to pay rent but we will build our own homes, run our own stores and do all our own business if they keep up this funny stuff."

Meanwhile, a grand jury was investigating the beating of Union organizers outside the Ford plant in Detroit on May Twenty-Sixth. Edsel Ford announces that he will gladly appear before that grand jury as soon as he returns to Detroit, which will be soon.

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There are two stories about the ending of the strike at the Ford plant at Richmond, California. The C.I.O. Union claims that it won. The Ford representatives deny that the C.I.O. Union had been recognized as a bargaining agent for Ford workers in California.

In the Steel strike, the Union appealed to President
Roosevelt to intervene. This, of course, was not unexpected.
The appeal came from eighty Union locals in Indiana, members
of the C.I.O. "Please act to bring the steel strike to a

peaceful end," they pleaded. The President promptly turned the
matter over to Secretary Perkins and the National Labor Relations
Board.

Outside Chicago, steel workers at Indiana Harbor staged a mass demonstration.

There are seventy thousand steel workers on strike in seven states.

Governor Davey of Ohio as yet has not replied to the appeal of the railroads to send troops. They claim that the situation in the Youngstown district is virtually a state of tiot.

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The strikers are preventing the railroads from carrying out their obligations as common carriers. That's the railroad side of it.

In Washington, Meanwhile, Senator Bridges of New Hampshire is becoming indignant. What aroused him was the report that strikers had prevented the delivery of Uncle Sam's mail, packages containing food, to workers in the picketed steel plants. "If these reports are true," said the New Hampshire Senator, "this is a disgrace to the United States and the Postal Service." He promptly introduced a resolution calling for an inquiry by a special committee of the Senate.

Altogether, a blue Monday in the labor world.

When J. P. Morgan gives an interview, that's news, no matter what he talks about . J. P. returned from England on the QUEEN MARY this afternoon, and for one of the exceedingly few and rare times in his life, talked to a committee of four reporters. What's more, the boys had the hardhood to ask him questions on the most mementous topic. It was the topic that President Roosevelt brought into the news last week, income tax evasion by the rich. Said J. P. Morgan: "If the government lost four hundred million dollars through income tax evasions, that's the fault of Congress."

Then he continued: "It is not right to fabricate illwill out of this issue. Anyone has the right to do anything
as long as the law does not say it is wrong," added Mr. Morgan.
And he said further: "Income tax problems should not be treated
as a moral issue."

Then with particular emphasis, he declared: "It is no pleasure to pay taxes. You don't do any more than you have to.

You do only what you are compelled to by law. It is just as bad to pay too much as it is to pay too little." Then he said: "If

Congress makes stupid mistakes it is up to Congress to remedy them. It is not up to us taxpayers."

T.T. Morgan, incidentally, admitted to a Senate

Committee quite freely four years ago that he had paid no income taxes to Uncle Sam in either Nineteen Thirty, Nineteen Thirty-One or Nineteen Thirty-Two.

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RETAKE

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When the hand of fate strikes down youth and fame -- that's the classic tragedy. (We may recall those years ago when Rudolph Valentino died, and the new world of the movies had it orgy of sentimental grief. Not since then has a Hollywood star died so great and so young -- until today. Jean Harlow, the first of the platinum blondes.) She made the pale gleaming of hair a national fashion, and silly girls went platinum who were born with black of the raven's wing. Now Jean Harlow, at the height of youth, fame, fortune, and beauty on the screen, passes from the picture -- .the pictures. (Stricken with a sudden illness she died xx suddenly.

She soared among the stars scarcely more than half a dozen years ago, with a dazzling gleam of platinum in the film and flicker constellation. Then A new kind of beauty with a tantalizing fling -- and she could act. Shequickly became the most famous film beauty of her years. Sudden film

-- and now a sudden passing.

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Scotland Yard, headquarters of Greater London's police force, is on its toes today. A young woman has disappeared, and she's not only young but beautiful, and as the society editors would say, well connected. In fact, she's the fiance of the society editors of a quite famous family, young Michael Asquith, grandson of the first Earl of Asquith and Oxford. The young woman's name is test—eye.

Diana Battye. She is not only a social celebrity but has worked in pictures.

so melodramatic that one rather wonders whether the fine Italian hand of a press agent isn't somewhere around the corner. However, let's see what they are. First of all, for a considerable period she has been receiving anonymous letters. So much was divulged by her closest friend, who is a real Viscountess, Lady Long.

Miss Battye had been the guest of the Viscountess Long. On the night of Coronation day, Miss Diana Battye appeared at Lady Long's house, with a wounded forehead. She explained that the cut had been inflicted by a razor in the hand of a strange man. However,

she would not permit her hostess to call the police. That was on the night of May Twelfth.

On the afternoon of June first, she made two telephone calls and left Lady Long's house so hurriedly that she
didn't take either her hat, gloves or bag. Since that time no
word or sign has been received from her.

Today Scotland Yard is trying to pick up the trail of the missing society beauty of London.

It is supposed to be a cardinal rule of politics the world over that statesmen should never display a sense of humor. So what are we to think of Japan's new Prime Minister. Listen to what he says about himself: "I am really not capable and not worthy to be Premier," he said. "I am a humble person a job that is too wast for my poor qualifications.

Then he added: "My wife rules me with a hand of iron.

She will not let me eat anything raw, not even our favorite

Japanese Shashimi," (which is raw fish and a great delicacy
in Japan.) "She will not even let me have a cup of tea between

meals."

So says Prince Fumimaro Kenoye, who for a week now has been the Mikado's Prime Minister.

All of which seems to show that in Japan it isn't against the law for a Prime Minister to have a sense of fun. Indeed, they say that quite recently went to a fancy dress ball dressed as Adolph Hitler. Incidentally, his son, Prince Fumakata, is on the Princeton golf team.

As for his political aims, Prince Kenoye says: "If I

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if I can weld the whole nation into one peaceful family with the Emperor as the father of the household, I shall be content."

— except that my wife rules me with an iron hand!"

and ferocious attack by General Franco's war planes. No fewer than sixty three of them rained a torrent of bombs on the suburb two miles from the besieged city. A distinguished spectator watched the spectacle from a nearby hill-top; Archduke Otto of Hapsburg, Pretender to the Austrian crown. He looked on while the bombers, backed up by Rebel Artillery, thrust this latest attack on the Basque capital. This was the first aggressive movement under the new insurgent commander, General Davila, who succeeded General Mola killed in an airplane crash.

Premier Mussolini passed the day showing his navy to

Hitler's chief war lord. It was an imposing review that

Field Marshal Werner von Blomberg witnessed with the Duce.

A hundred and fifty warships with more than seventy submarines.

No other nation, the Italians say, can mobilize so many undersea ships at such quick notice.

While the Duce and the German War Minister were holding that naval review, Chancellor Hitler was bestowing a decoration upon Premier Mussolini. The Grand Cross of the German Eagle, the highestorder in Germany, was the honor conferred. It was also awarded to Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law and Foreign Minister.

Another romance in high circles! But it probably won't result in anyone's exile. The central figure of the latest love story to catch the news is none other than the potentate known to the world as Josef Stalin. At any rate, that's the story in a Parisian newspaper. The steely dictator of the land of the Soviets is taking unto himself a second wife. He has been a widower three years and now has fallen in love again.

The lady's name is Irene Sediova. Like the bridegroom, she's an important Soviet official. But not as important as he. And it was in her official was capacity that she met the Number One Red Man. She used to be the wife of an officer in the Soviet army, but divorced him. Thereupon she got a job in the Soviet Department of Heavy Industry and became one of its principal functionaries. And, so the story runs, the Dictator one day called for a technical report from that Department. The functionary who drew it up and delivered it was Madame Sediova. The Soviet head found, perhaps to his surprise, that she was not only intelligent but easy to look at. And the consequence, as we hear from that Parisian paper, is that a marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place.

One of the most famous sentimental paintings in the world represents an Alpine snow-covered pass, with a traveler lying exhausted in the snow and a big St.Bernard dog saving his life.

Most people are familiar with that piece of near art. The whole world over the St.Bernard dog has stood as almost a symbol of doggie faithfulness and courage. But today we hear those famous shapes fellows putsches are being destroyed. It was just a couple of weeks ago that a little ten year old girl was skiing in the hills near that classic old St.Bernard Monastery. For no apparent reason and to the amazment of everybody, one of the monastery's trained animals sprang upon the little girl and killed her.

Needless to say, no one was more shocked or horrified than the St. Bernard monks. The child's father, a doctor, proposed to start legal proceedings against the Monastery. But the monks assured him that they would stop breeding those famous dogs.

Indeed, they have already killed several of them since the tragic

killing of the little girl.

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we occasionally hear of strange and unusual crimes. About the strangest and the unusualist - if I may be permitted the word is one reported from Rockland County, New York. Some miscreant or miscreants contrived the theft of a thousand trees, maple trees. The mere act of digging them up was quite a job. They were not only uprooted but carried off, and the gang who did it left no trace. behind them. The authorities of Rockland County, New York, are somewhat at a disadvantage trying to find a gang bold enough to steal and hide a forest. One irreverent soul has been rude enough to suggest that the sheriff should hire himself a flock of trained woodpeckers as bloodhounds. 4 8-l-u-t-m.

In the many happenings of this sometimes naughty world,

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