

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

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Or maybe I should say -- "Play Ball!" That was the national slogan today, as the Big League season opened to the tune of hickory cracking against horse hides, with the thud of the ball in the glove, with runners sliding to base, and the roar of the crowd. A lot of you heard the scores on the air, but just to rehearse them as a sort of refrain:

Washington beat the New York Yankees in a pitching duel shut-out -- one to nothing. Champion Detroit smacked down Cleveland -- three to nothing. The Boston Bees, with their new name, lost to Philadelphia -- four to one. And those two ancient bitter rivals, the New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers battled it out to a Giant victory -- eight to five. Pittsburgh Pirates eight, Cincinnati Reds six; Chicago White Sox seven, St. Louis Browns six; Boston Red Sox nine, Philadelphia Athletics four.

That's what happened in response to the nationwide shout:- "Play Ball!" On with the game, and now -- on with the news.

CONGRESS

Back when the floods were raging, we realized one thing more or less vaguely:- There's something prosy about mere water damage and mud damage, something also ludicrous about bales of goods floating around in a store, and the job of digging mud out of the front ~~xx~~ parlor. Yet it all counted up to a tragic sum of human distress:- Tens of thousands of homes ruined, clothing and furniture destroyed, legions of small merchants, their stores washed ~~xx~~ out, their stocks of merchandise spoiled.

Such was the widespread, pervasive, almost unobtrusive tragedy of the floods. It comes to mind today with Congress taking action on the bill to provide fifty million dollars *for* flood relief, also tornado relief. The Senate passed the bill yesterday. Today the lower House gave its final okay and sent the measure to the White House for President Roosevelt's signature. The money is to be used as credit for financial rehabilitation. Hard-hit home owners and merchants will be able to fall back on the government for credit, and borrow to repair the damage of water and wind.

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Today is a big day for the political analysts and campaign soothsayers. They're always finding brilliant exercise of their talents when the President makes a speech -- especially a Jefferson Day address, with the summer of Presidential battle coming on. The election experts aren't having much trouble in doping out the inner meanings of Mr. Roosevelt's declarations to the twenty thousand young Democrats in Baltimore last night.

The word is -- jobs. The President mentioned it with emphasis and the dopesters are saying that it's to be his election trumpet call -- jobs. His campaign will bear down on the argument that industry is ^{not} providing enough employment, and ~~we~~ should provide more. He referred back to the N. R. A. He spoke of what a certain industry had done since the Blue Eagle passed out of the picture. Without naming the industry he declared it had increased working hours from nearly thirty-six-and-a-half-hours a week to nearly forty hours a week -- thereby cutting down the number of jobs *he said.*

And the President expanded the theme of "more

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employment" with the suggestion that wage earning work should not be done by those too young or too old.

"Limit the working age," said he, ^{to from} ~~between~~ eighteen and sixty-five."

That was a central proposal in a speech devoid of verbal fireworks and sword-swinging argument. Hence the expectation that down the summer campaign the word will echo--

jobs. The Republicans countered savagely — *seeing — saying C.C.C. Jobs — P.W.A. Jobs — electrifying Jobs.*

FINANCE

From politics we go to finance, from elections to stocks and bonds. That isn't such a long step. It reminds you of a swamp - you can't tell where the land ends and the water begins. The realm of government and the domain of money are pretty intricately tangled up nowadays - as is illustrated by the Securities Exchange Commission.

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Today one significant bit of news pertains to that same ~~Securities Exchange~~ Commission - the rumored resignation of its chief, James McCauley Landis, familiarly known as "Jim" and sometimes called "Chink". You can likewise address him as - "Professor". He is most decidedly one of those professors in the New Deal, who have been the target for so many anti-academic bricks. In fact, he's on leave of absence from Harvard, where he presided over the study of legislation. His leave of absence is up on June Thirtieth, and they say he's likely not to ask for a renewal. He'll quit bossing the supervision of stocks and bonds, and return to the scholarly ~~precincts~~ precincts of dear old Harvard. Jim Landis himself doesn't deny it. He says he hasn't decided, hasn't quite made up his mind.

When the New Deal undertook to put a regulating hand on the nationwide business of finance and industry, there was a growl of apprehension and protest in Wall Street, meddling with business. Any worried banker had only to look at the merest biographical sketch of Landis to have all his worries refreshed anew.

A brilliant career at the Harvard Law School. A favorite pupil of Professor Felix Frankfurter, one of those red hot young frankfurters of whom so many had been New Deal scare-crows for business men. And the personal appearance of Landis completed the ensemble - young, scholarly, with a peering, hawk-like face, and a cynical smile.

Yet what happened? The very reverse of the expected. There were some things about him that made him seem less like a professor than like plain "Chink" Landis.

He can do card tricks up to the standard of a vaudeville magician. He is a tough customer in a poker game. And Chink Landis can sit on top of a milk bottle with his legs

stretched out, and while so doing reach way out for a cigarette on one side and for a match on the other, and he can light the cigarette - all the while sitting on the milk bottle. Wall Street could not fail to be ~~xxx~~ reassured by an accomplishment like that.

These astonishing facts are merely the more diverting indications that the world of finance found the new securities chief entirely human, reasonable and well-balanced, especially on the milk bottle.

STOCK EXCHANGE FOLLOW FINANCE

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In Wall Street today the news brought another personality into the floodlight. That happens to be an appropriate word - floodlight. A year ago, when Charles R. Gay became President of the New York Stock Exchange, he declared a new policy. Before that the great securities market had been - reticent - nothing to say. The former President, Richard Whitney, seldom gave newspaper interviews. And then only when his secretary took them down in shorthand - as a precaution. But ~~now~~ with the angers of the depression storming at finance, something else was needed. So the new President ^{of the Street} declared: "I am anxious to throw the floodlight on the New York Stock Exchange." His idea was to speak freely about Exchange affairs, with a minimum of secrecy.

How has the open and above-board policy worked?

The answer is - that Charles R. Gay has now been nominated for a second term as President. And nomination means election. ^P He has a quiet and unobtrusive personality, conservative in business, charitable in private life. ^{There's} ~~He has~~ a twinkle in his eye, that lives up to his name - gay. He resides in Brooklyn, and remarks: "Some people wonder why."

ETHIOPIA

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Today Great Britain called upon its elder statesman. You can justly use that Japanese term to apply to Lord Tyrrell of Avon. The standing of Prince ~~Yoshi~~^{Saionji} in the affairs of Tokyo is hardly greater than the standing of Lord Tyrrell in the affairs of London. For many a year the shaggy, leonine old baron has been Number One diplomatic expert. During the years before the World War, he cemented friendship for Britain in official circles over here, and thus prepared the way for American entrance into the ~~World~~ War. ^P Whenever the London Foreign Office is faced with a particularly ticklish international question, Lord Tyrrell is called in for advice. So today, answering an official summons, he was in conference with Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin. He was called upon for counsel in the revived crisis between Great Britain and Italy.

It has been all too clear during the past week or so that relations between London and Rome had ~~like~~ begun to grow acute, perhaps more acute than they were months ago, when Britain threw her fleet into the Mediterranean - menacing Italy. Foreign Minister Eden is calling for drastic measures by the

League of Nations, more sanctions, oil sanctions, even the closing of the Suez Canal. On the opposite side, Mussolini is showing a more inflexible determination than ever, a more wilful boldness. It's easy to see why. Hitler's Rhine crisis has split France and England. As things are now, you can hardly imagine France joining Britain in a war with Italy. Paris is bitterly demanding British support against Germany.

And the Duce sees that the sanctions declared against Italy are weakening. Equador has dropped out, breaking the line. Those economic penalties seem to have accomplished nothing. They have not stopped the Italian drive in Africa. Instead of that, Mussolini is swollen with victory. His troops are driving swiftly into the heart of Ethiopia. Badoglio is promising to smash all the way to Addis Ababa. Mussolini announces defiantly that all Ethiopia will soon be conquered. Italian troops at Lake Tsana now. And Webb Miller, European Manager of the United Press told me today at the Waldorf that there is enough irrigable land between Lake Tsana and the Sudan to use up much of the water of the Blue Nile and drain it away from the British Sudan and Egypt.

Ethiopia is charging: More poison gas! Italy counters: We'll free the slaves in Ethiopia.

All of that gives the situation an ugly pair of show-down. It almost leaves London to answer the question -

to fight or not to fight.

That's the crisis which brought Terrell of Avon to Prime Minister Baldwin's countryplace, where he is passing his Easter vacation. What advice did Britain's elder statesman give? What did ~~the~~ he counsel England ~~should~~^{to} do in her quarrel with Italy? That isn't revealed officially, but the report is that Lord Tyrrell said - peace. He advised ^{the} Prime Minister to have the Foreign Office do everything it can to promote a settlement between Italy and Ethiopia. He opposed anything like a resort to force. He counselled against anything like - "provocation". "Don't provoke a war with Italy." *That's the rumor*

If this be true, it's an important intimation of - peace. ^WWhatever advice Lord Tyrrell gave, will be taken seriously in London - the counsel of the elder statesman, chief of one of Britain's most famous clans, a descendant of that Sir Walter Tyrrell who so many centuries ago shot an arrow through the heart of the red King, William Rufus.

In this country there's one person at least who will agree to all the glory ascribed to the clan of Tyrrells - an

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2. { old lady over at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Aunt Effie -- she's
the great aunt of Lord Tyrrell of Avon, the British Saionji.

In Los Angeles today a woman spoke up and said -- "I merely wanted to avoid publicity." She's the mother of Freddy Bartholomew, the boy screen star. Her disappearance last week made the headlines. Now she tells how she took an assumed name and went secretly out to the West Coast. She was just avoiding publicity, as she opens her fight in the courts to regain the custody of her famous son, and get him away from his aunt, Miss Millicent Bartholomew.

She hasn't seen Freddy yet, because his aunt has taken him into seclusion. They've gone into hiding -- also to avoid publicity. ^{FF} This is the latest in the almost fantastic success story of ^{the Little Lord Fauntleroy} ~~the son~~ who was born in London twelve years ago.

His aunt had a lovely country place and liked little boys. So the parents allowed Freddy to stay with Aunt Sissie for a short visit. The short visit turned into a companionship of nearly eight years standing. When he was four Freddy could recite all the nursery rhymes Aunt Sissie read to him. (Coached by her he recited a poem at a charity show, a poem about a London policeman.) And all the while the favourite book that Aunt

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Sissie and Freddy read together was "David Copperfield." On a visit to America they heard that Hollywood was going to produce the book as a picture and wanted a boy to play David, and she arranged for Freddy to try for the part. He was chosen out of ten thousand applicants!

Aunt Sissie coached him in the acting and taught him the lines. The story goes how they were making the sad scene of the death of David Copperfield's mother, and Freddy wasn't feeling a bit sad. So Aunt Sissie said to him: "Freddy, suppose I should die." That made the lad feel sad and the scene turned out to be a triumph of tears. And then came his other triumphs with Greta Garbo - and now in Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Meanwhile, back in England lived Freddy's parents and his sister, Hilda, a year older than he. Now his mother has come to claim him from the custody of his aunt -- the mother who vanished suddenly in New York has now reappeared just as suddenly in Los Angeles, saying she is just avoiding publicity.

What will be the end of this story -- this up-to-date tale of a Little Fauntleroy. What will be the end? This will be the end tonight -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.