

C.T. - Sunoco. Friday, March 27/35.

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W.C.P.

There was sudden and unexpected activity in Washington today - a bill hastily introduced. The N.R.A. is being discussed and investigated. The President himself asked Congress to study the Blue Eagle with a view to changes and improvements in preparation for renewal. And it had been supposed that the subject of N.R.A. renewal would not be brought up until the law-makers had completed their discussions and meditations.

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But today Senator ^{Pat} Harrison of the Senate Finance Committee stepped forward suddenly with a bill to extend the N.R.A., with some modifications, for two years. What's the reason for all the haste? The Senator took this quick action upon receiving a warning from Donald Richberg, the N.R.A. head, that strikes are brewing in four big industries and may pop at any moment. N.R.A. renewal is needed to deal with these threatened walk-outs.

The Washington dispatch does not state what industries these are, but there are four of the nation's leading trades which of late have figured in the news in connection with ~~the~~ threats of strikes. These are textiles, automobiles, steel and coal. Last night I told about the strike possibilities in

the coal industry after the expiration tomorrow night of the
 - with the miners demanding a 30-hour week,
 contract between the operators and the workers. Add this to the
 news references from time to time about prospective walk-outs
 in the other three big industries - and it redoubles the
 meaning of today's action in the Senate: - the abrupt
 introduction of an N.R.A. renewal bill because there are
 strike threats in the four major industries.

PRISONER

In the news there's a story of an arrest in New York which is a curious indication of how various branches of the law ~~fail~~ fail to get together sometimes. It's rather a farce-comedy of non-cooperation.

The curious case turns up in the course of a drive against food racketeers in the Metropolis. The official in the case is Deputy Commissioner Michael Fiaschetti of the Department of Public Markets. Well Mike was making some arrests in the artichoke racket and corralled a chap who bears the euphonious name of Muskie. After putting Muskie in the cooler, Mike proceeded to look up his record, and that's when the astonishment began. It turned out that Muskie was wanted on a Federal grand jury indictment dating back to nineteen thirty-three. At that time Muskie was serving time in jail on another charge.

He should have been turned over to the federal authorities for trial when he was released. But nothing of the sort. He was turned loose and the federals were not informed. They looked for him but couldn't find him. Sometime after that, the cops picked Muskie up again on a criminal charge. They couldn't convict him this

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time. And once more the federal authorities were not informed. Altogether Muskie's record includes eleven arrests. Yet he was pursuing his artichoke business, in trouble and out - and all the while Uncle Sam was looking for him.

No, the various agencies of the law were not working together so smoothly.

There's a real note of alarm in the news from Eastern Europe. When nationalist groups begin demonstrations against another nation, it's always ticklish business. Dispatches from the frontiers of Germany and Poland give a hint of mob demonstrations on a surprisingly large scale. When crowds go on a rampage all along an extended frontier for hundreds of miles - that begins to sound dangerous. Who did the demonstrating? Why, the Poles. Polish crowds all along the line gathered in riotous throngs, surging, shouting "down with Germany!" and howling ^{ing} their defiance across the border into Germany.

The ~~xxx~~ riotous scenes of ~~the~~ hostility were witnessed from the northern end of the German - Polish line to the southern extremity - from Lithuania and Danzig to Czechoslovakia.

We've heard rumors of an agreement between Poland and Germany, rumors since denied. Today's outbreaks make it look as if the denials were quite correct. The Polish outbreak of anger is said to be aroused by reports that Germany has designs on the Danzig Corridor.

TP Meanwhile, the German religious problems are aggravated today by reports that many Catholic priests, monks and nuns have been arrested by the Nazi authorities, on charges of a plot to smuggle money out of Germany - which is against the law.

~~GOOD NIGHTS~~

ITALY

Today's news makes it clear that Mussolini isn't letting the threatening tangle in Europe distract his energies from Africa. Troops continue to stream out of Italy on ships bound across the Mediterranean for the Suez Canal and down the Red Sea. And once the regiments land on the shores of the Italian colonies of Eritrea or Somaliland, they are immediately sent into the interior -- to the troubled frontier section. With these sustained and methodical movements the Italian forces in Africa have increased to a formidable magnitude and power.

Another indication that Mussolini is not abating in his intention to have things settled his way down there in the tropical lands is the establishment of a unified military command in Eritrea and Somaliland. A commander has been appointed to direct the military affairs of both colonies and --

it is significant that the Duce has selected an outstanding personality for the job. It had been thought that black-bearded formation - flying General Balbo might get command. But now we've learned that it's general Emilio Debono. He is first of all one of the dominant chiefs in the Fascist Party. He was a colleague with Mussolini in the march on Rome. Secondly he is a colonial expert, former Minister of Colonies. General Debono is sixty-nine years old, a grizzled veteran-soldier. His army career has been specialized in colonial military activities, campaigning in wild lands.

Meanwhile, we hear some more uproar about Europeans helping Abyssinia. The Italian newspapers claim that Germany is giving military aid to the King of Kings, providing him with weapons, munitions, and military instructors to train his troops. This is denied by the semi-official German News Agency, which counters with charges that it's the French and Czechoslovaks who are helping Abyssinia. The German News Agency declares specifically that French and Czechoslovak munitions firms have been openly soliciting Ethiopian business and that a well-known French armament firm is delivering munition ~~and~~ artillery, to the army of the ^{King of Kings.}

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The Chancellories of Europe are busy preparing for that most significant international pow-wow at Stresa. And, Stresa also is busy preparing - mighty busy. Mussolini has sent out the word that the meeting place of the statesmen shall be worthy of the August deliberations. So, Stresa is getting all shined up.

It's one of the most beautiful sites in the lake country of North Italy, a village on Lake Maggiore. It has lovely gardens and villas, but is not such an up-to-date modern town - that is, it isn't now, but it soon will be.

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On Mussolini's orders, an army of workmen has invaded the railroad station, where the diplomats will alight from their trains. They've almost torn the railroad station down. They are facing it inside and out with gleaming white marble, the famous Italian marble of Carrara. And, Stresa is having a new main street, The one important thoroughfare of the sleepy village is being paved with shiny asphalt, an up-to-date highway.

The conference will be held in a renowned villa on Isola Bela. That means Beautiful Isle. It's a stately old villa on a tiny island facing the town. Tradition has it that Napoleon once lived on Isola Bela.

But it isn't only beauty that Mussolini is thinking about. It's safety first. The Italian police are making the most elaborate preparations for the conference, guarding against any possible attempt ~~ix~~ at violence on the persons of the assembled statesmen. Several hundred Carabinieri, Fascist militiamen and secret police, will throng the village of Stresa as the conference begins. And, they'll keep an especially sharp watch on visitors from Germany.

CRILE

At The Cleveland Clinic today, Dr. George Crile, the famous traveller, hunter - and, surgeon of course - showed me a collection he has made of the vital organs of the creatures that inhabit this earth. And there was a startling difference between the size of the brain of the crocodile, for instance, and the brain of man. An eleven foot croc has a brain about the size of a half-dollar. While your brain is as large as a grapefruit. And here's hoping the statesmen who attend that Stresa conference will know how to use ~~theirs~~, and will find a way to ~~guide~~ steer mankind along trails that lead to an era of peace.

BELGIUM

Rather paradoxical, doing a thing with the intention of accomplishing its opposite. But that seems to be part of the Belgian train of thought as the little kingdom goes off the gold standard. It's been coming for some time now, with the most vivid indication; now it's happened - Belgium abandons gold. The authorities at Brussels believe that their action will help to bring about a general European financial session, which will stabilize all currency. The reasoning here is that the other gold countries may have to follow the Belgian example and depart from gold - in which case general confusion of currency would become so drastic that the nations would feel they'd better get together and do something about it. They might feel impelled to call a conference and work out an agreement for stabilization all around.

Beyond that line of reasoning there's the pressing fact that the Brussels government was involved in the greatest financial perplexities. And there wasn't much they could do except cut down the value of the Belga. So cut it down they've

done - devalued it to a point not exceeding thirty percent of its previous value. Money cut down to thirty per cent -- that's quite a devaluation.

Meanwhile, the usual consequence are flaring - a buying spree. Just as the cut in the American dollar in the early days of the New Deal boosted buying over here, so it is in Belgium - people hurrying to purchase land, automobiles, clothes. They figure that possessions of that sort are more solid and substantial than the Belga on its way down.

While the American newspapers are featuring the Sweepstake winners, ~~particularly Mrs. Ray Gold of New York, who wins more than a hundred and forty thousand dollars on her ticket~~ let's ^{there seems to be} ~~observe that there is~~ plenty of wailing and gnashing of teeth among the betting fraternity in England. When a favorite loses badly, there's always plenty of heart burning. When the favorite is put out of the running at the second jump, why that's a sensation. Of course, the renowned British race, the Grand National, is a steeplechase affair. The horses not only run, but jump. Golden ^{Miller} ~~Miller~~ was the heavy favorite, a nine to four favorite. The bettors played him heavily to win the vaulting dash down the course with its thirty hazardous jumps. ~~But~~ Golden Miller made ~~one~~ only one of those thirty jumps. At the second barrier he fumbled his vaulting leap. He fell ~~and~~ and was immediately disqualified. The winner was a rank outsider, a twenty five to one shot - Reynoldstown. He was ridden by his owner, Major Noel Furlong. Furlong is a good horsy name for a horse owner. ~~He~~ Second place went to Blue Prince, while there was a bit of American glory as a horse from our own shores copped third place - Thomond.

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It seems as if all England was there at the Grand National, commoner and titled nobleman. The guest of prime and distinguished honor, was England's royal horseman, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

The subject of racing points to a birthday party at Lexington, Kentucky. A horse birthday is seldom a matter of news. But the Nag in this case is - Man-O-war. He was eighteen years old today. A patriarchial age for a race horse. Man - O-war is now retired on a Blue Grass farm in Kentucky, where they *are* celebrated his birthday, ~~today~~ recalling stories of his triumphs as the greatest of all the running ponies.

HAMMOND

Sitting in his corner suite on the twenty-third floor of a New York sky-scraper hotel tonight, is one of the unusual men of our time. A man whose name is a legend to the ends of the Earth. As he looks down from the ^Walor^f Towers, instead of seeing that traffic jam on Park Avenue, that stream of cars, I imagine a stream of exciting, vivid memories is passing before his mind's eye. And what memories!

Sixty years ago football and baseball captain at Yale. Son of a Fort~~ty~~-Niner he studied mining engineering here and abroad - and then went to the top of the world-of-gold, with a rush:- California, Mexico, South America, the hot republics north of the Isthmus, and then to South Africa to join Cecil Rhodes the engine builder. Mixed up in the Jameson Raid in the Transvaal/ Caught. Sentenced to death by the Boers. Released when he paid a fine of more than a hundred thousand dollars.

Sure, you've guessed his name. Who could it be but John Hays Hammond ? Confidant of the monarchs of the Earth. The man who sought for gold and generally seemed to find it. Washington offered to make him ambassador to this country and that. ^{He declined.} In the

days of Taft pointed to as the man behind the President of the United States. At one time, I believe, the highest salaried man in the world. And, doubly fortunate in that his son has added cubits to the family fame.

The world's foremost gold miner. Being a gold digger myself - not the Broadway variety - but raised around and in gold mines, I have followed the adventures and career of John Hays Hammond since I was a youngster. And now, as he celebrates his eightieth birthday he brings out a two-volume autobiography - this man who, in Africa, found King Solomon's Mines. Yes, what memories to look back upon from the mountain top of four score years!

MAIMONIDES.

Read

All over the world, tomorrow, there will be celebrations in honor of a man who lived eight hundred years ago. Moses Maimonides, the great philosopher and physician of the Middle Ages. He was a Jew who flourished in the civilization of the Saracens. He was personal physician to the ~~great~~ great Saladin, chivalrous antagonist of Richard the Lion-hearted. Maimonides was one of the pioneer thinkers in the philosophy of the medieval times.

HEART BALM

Yes, it's balmy spring time, but it's not so balmy for the ladies of New York State. The heart balm is out. Unexpectedly today Governor Lehman signed the drastic McNaboe Bill, forbidding anybody to sue for breach of promise, alienation of affections or seduction. So hereafter the New York girls had better see that they get that circlet of gold or platinum placed gently on the finger next to the little finger of the left hand. The bill goes into effect on May twenty-eight, so if any of the ladies want to enter suit against the boy friend, they've got two months to do it in. After that, there may be all kinds of balm in Gilead, but there won't be any balm in New York State.

Maybe I'm beginning to sound a bit too balmy. So --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.