

FLOOD

Today a feeling of happiness surged at Cairo, Illinois where only flood has been surging of late. People looked at graded marks, marks reminiscent of yard-sticks: river gauges, showing the height of the water. Yes, they looked with cheery faces, because they saw that the water had dropped - a mighty small drop, a mere fraction of an inch. Two one hundredths of a foot, to be precise. But that was the first fall of the water, in Cairo since the flood began. Always it has been up and up, until a record crest of more than fifty-nine feet was reached last night.

(The engineers say that the deluge and the river may possibly rise again, some small bit, during the next few hours, but they believe that today's fall of the water means that Cairo is definitely saved.)

That transfers the flood story further down the Mississippi. The next points of crisis are Hickman, Kentucky, and New Madrid, Missouri, both guarded by levees of the billion dollar flood protection system. In these places too, the water shows slight signs of receding.

Still further down the river, below Memphis, Mellwood, Arkansas, is facing a time of anxiety tonight. The dike there is based on uncertain foundations of sand, and it's shaky. So men there are working feverishly tonight to brace the wall against collapse.

In the whole stretch of the lower Mississippi, the situation may be summarized quickly: - The Army engineers believe the levee system will stand the test, stand up against the roaring flood water, with the crisis moving from place to place, as the deluge flows down stream. It's expected to last for two weeks more.

Another conference -- the fourth since yesterday. It's in Detroit. So you can guess what it's about. Once more General Motors and ~~the~~ ^{leaders headed by John Lewis} Union are trying to talk out an agreement. They're

~~is~~ in the midst of a debate right now with Governor Murphy of Michigan promoting a settlement as hard as he can.

There's no ~~possibility~~ positive word of what has been transpiring behind closed doors. ^{But} One hint is that the conference is still snagged over that problem which has been the crucial one all the time -- whether the United Automobile Workers' Union shall do the talking for all the auto workers, non-union as well as union. ~~There's no solution to that.~~ The report is that the conference has dropped that thorny issue temporarily, and gone to the discussion of other points -- with the likelihood that the problem of bargaining will finally be compromised. One supposition is that General Motors may finally recognize the union ~~has~~ the voice for bargaining, but that the union will concede what amounts to an open shop. ~~It's all mere rumor -- with, however, an insistently hopeful ring.~~

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 except the announcement that no agreement has been reached.

Governor Murphy has ordered the National Guard to be on

the vigilant lookout to stop any possible violent disturbance in the strike area. That's strategy on the part of the mediating governor. He's afraid that a clash and an outbreak might upset the negotiations. A rowdy riot might unsettle the tempers of the negotiators and call off the peace parley.

Meanwhile, General Motors has postponed its intention to ask Judge Gadola for a writ to evict the sit-down strikers. The judge has already ordered them to vacate the factories. The company had planned to ask his honour to compel them to do it. But that's been delayed.

However, here's one 100% cheerful piece of strike news:-
the maritime workers on the Pacific Coast have gone back to work.

The United States Senate today ~~g~~ began deliberations on a problem as important as any that you could pose before that high law-making body. The problem!-- what is to be the federal government ~~policy~~ policy on unemployment? ~~The debate, which began today, is sharpening the question, clarifying the issues and calling for a decision.~~

There are two phases of fundamental importance. First-- shall unemployment relief be a temporary or a permanent task of the federal government? Shall the government deal with unemployment only when it's acute enough to be a national problem, or shall it do so all the time? Secondly-- shall the government have full control or only part control of unemployment relief? Shall it handle the job a hundred percent, or shall it shift relief back to state agencies, with federal funds helping the states?

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The power in the Senate that has been dirving this question to issue is what they call "the economic block," a group of Senators who look upon colossal spending with a sceptical eye. In today's four hour debate ^{they} raked the new Deficiency Bill

over the coals, the bill that would put up nine hundred and fifty million dollars more for relief. The economical senators charged that, with money going out at this rate, no progress was being made in the ~~business~~ balancing of the budget. So they demand that the federal ^{policy on} unemployment shall be decided upon, clearly and definitely.

Senate leaders are inclined to think that an unemployment policy can not be defined until there has ~~xxx~~ been a census of the jobless, counting them up, seeing how many unemployed there really are. It is known that the President is in favour of just that -- a census of the unemployed.

invitation. The commander, however, must send a launch to fetch him aboard. But if the skipper of the warship is a mere captain, then he must call on the Consul, and the Consul must return the call within twenty-four hours.

Today's book-of-etiquette-White-House order declares that there is too much entertaining on these disputed commander-consul visits -- too many toasts to the President of the United States. Champagne foams in the glass, when non-foaming coffee in a cup would do quite as well, with a couple of sinkers on the side. To back his up, the President commands that hereafter all visits by American warships to foreign ports will be considered informal, except when special orders are given to the contrary.

So now you know who's going to play in whose back yard - also how much playing is to be done.

RETAKE

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In Washington the President settled a world shaking problem today, a problem both naval and diplomatic. You might summarize it this way; "Are you coming over to my back yard to play or am I to go over to **your** back yard?" It sounds childish, but then a lot of great affairs of statecraft sound the same way when you divest them of their high sounding language. Take today's problem. It goes this way - if a United States warship puts into a foreign port, shall its commander pay a visit to the American Consul General at that port? Or, shall the Consul General, board ship and visit the commander?

~~It seems that~~ **T**here ~~is~~ has been a lot of fuss and fuming about that - with warship commanders and Consul^s Generals in hot arguments about who should visit whom.

Now the President, taking upon his shoulders the mantel of Emily Post, has issued an official decree - and here **it** is: if the commander of the visiting warship has ^{the} rank of commodore, the Consul must do the calling and he must do it within twenty-four hours after he gets the

invitation. The commander, however, must send a launch to fetch him aboard. But if the skipper of the warship is a mere captain, then he must call on the Consul, and the Consul must return the call within twenty-four hours.

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ELLIS ISLAND

The man without a country is a tragic figure, though humor has a way of creeping into the most sombre drama. On Ellis Island there's a man in a lugubrious plight. Yet the story can be catalogued under the heading of -- comedy, tragic comedy.

Louis Comiskey was a clothing worker, who plied a deft needle on cloaks and suits. He was a member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

Several months ago a party of his friends went to Europe, sailing on the Normandie. Louis went to see them off. You know what those "bon-voyage" parties are, full of laughter and gaiety and heart-felt au revoir. Louis Comiskey, the clothing worker, tells of what happened in a phrase of affecting simplicity he just took a nap, a short nap. When he awakened, he discovered that he not only had seen his friends off, but he had seen himself off also. There he was on the high seas. He went through his pockets, and found he had forty cents.

On the trip over, his friends took care of him. ~~But~~
When the Normandie ~~immigrant~~ reached France, they landed --
but Louis Comiskey had no passport. Forty cents! ~~but~~ no pass-
port!

His devouring ambition was to sail right back to the shores
of the U. S. A. but when the French immigration authorities asked
where he was born, he was compelled to say -- Poland. He had
never been naturalized as an American citizen, only had his
first papers -- and that wasn't enough. So for two weeks,
while they debated his case, he heard that one word -- Poland.
And they finally sent him to Poland -- the clothing worker and
his forty cents.

But, Poland wouldn't receive him. The immigration author-
ities there first put him in jail, and then deported him back
to France. Louis Comiskey was seeing a lot of the world on forty
cents.

The French, to get rid of him, put him on a ship bound
for the United States, and Louis Comiskey was disembarked at
Ellis Island -- where he is in detention right now. He has

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made his appeal to Washington, asking to be allowed to enter the country and return to his cloak and suit job as a member of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Maybe the answer from Washington will be "yes," and maybe "no."

Anyway, it's tough to be a man without a country on forty cents.

RESCUE

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Far to the north, the ice is jamming down from the Arctic, great floes and bergs. And it has hit the eastern and northern coasts of New Foundland. This winter hitherto has been unusually mild, almost balmy. Old-timers along the rocky shores were saying they hadn't seen such a warm winter in many a year. But now, suddenly, frosty storms have swooped down from the North Pole, and the ice is jamming upon the shores, great masses filling Notre Dame Bay and White Bay. And that brings us to the weather drama of the tiny village of Fleur de Lys.

There the old-timers live by fishing, but last summer a spurt of mining activity began, digging for minerals. Mine workers flocked to Fleur de Lys, and winter found the number of inhabitants greater than before. ~~The same~~ A supply steamer was on its way with provisions for the expanded population, but, now that ^{this} blast of winter has swooped down ~~and~~ Fleur de Lys is ice-locked. The supply steamer cannot get through, ^{and famine threatens.} held up by the ice. So today the word came ^{they are getting help} ~~help~~ by the sky route. A Canadian government plane took off with provisions for the village - in a venture of rescue.

Here's a good place to relate the old line - about it being an ill wind that blows nobody good. The ice drift from the Arctic brings some good along with it:- seals!

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As the floes break ~~loose~~ loose from the ice pack, seals are on them and drift south. And they are hunted by the fishermen of the New Foundland coast. ~~The~~ unusual quantity of ice that has descended upon the northern villages, has also brought an unusual quantity of seals. That's the good that the ill wind has blown.

LINDBERGH

An interesting visit that was promised is not taking place - Lindbergh calling on Mussolini. It was reported that they were to have met tonight for a chatty evening. It would have been a birthday party, because today Colonel Lindbergh is just thirty-five. It seems incredible he's so young after so much accomplishment and fame. However, Lindbergh and the Duce are not meeting tonight.

Instead, the Flying Colonel had a get-together with Marshal Balbo today, the Governor of Libya, who happens to be in Rome. The two aviators talked Trans-Atlantic reminiscences, recollections about Lindbergh's historic flight to Paris, and about Balbo's own formation flight across the Atlantic, ~~to Rome.~~

The reason the Lindbergh-Mussolini visit isn't happening, is because the Duce tonight is attending a reception to his son and his son's fiancé. ~~Vittorio Mussolini is engaged to marry Orsola Buvoli. She's blonde, but she's also poor. Rome has been gossiping how Mussolini's son might have married wealth and rank, but he chose a penniless bride.~~

BASEBALL

When a baseball player wins the annual honor awarded by the baseball writers, he must be the hero of mighty deeds on the diamond. There's Tony Lazzeri for example, second baseman of the New York Yankees. Tony, as I've mentioned, has been selected by the scribes this year as their hero in the American League. Once he almost eclipsed Babe Ruth. Eclipsed is right - he almost put the Sultan of Swat in the shadow, a deep shadow.

The story is related by Joe Williams, who puts the thrills and laughs of sports on the pages of the N. Y. WORLD TELEGRAM and the Scripps-Howard newspapers. Joe Williams tells how several years ago, in the glory of the Babe Ruth era, the Bambino fell into a hitting slump. For days he couldn't get the ball out of the infield. Babe tried everything, including an eye-wash. Before every

game he doused his eyes with a powerful solution given him by a doctor, hoping to wash out the cobwebs and see the ball better. Tony Lazzeri observed this for a while. On the quiet he sneaked the Bambino's bottle of eye-wash, emptied it, and filled it with water.

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Not long afterward, the mighty hitter was dousing his eyes again, and didn't notice any difference. Tony said to him: "Say, Babe, does that do your hitting any good?"

"Sure," said the big Bambino, "it's wonderful."

"If you don't mind, I'll try some," said Tony.

"Sure," answered the Babe, always generous. And he handed ~~it~~ over the bottle. Whereupon Tony put the bottle to his lips and drank it.

"Hey you crazy fool," yelled the Babe, and he knocked the bottle out of Tony's hands. "You're not supposed to ~~xxx~~ drink that; it's poison!"

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Tony pretended to be worried, and the Babe was worried. He expected his pal to drop dead at any minute. And he was more and more puzzled when Tony, instead of falling down

in agony, galloped out on the field, played a fast game around second, and lined out a hit the first time at the bat. The Babe's eyes were popping out of his head. He was figuring that maybe it was he who was wrong. "Maybe you're really supposed to drink that medicine, instead of putting it in your eyes." The Babe had another bottle of the stuff and might have drained it, which would have put him into a permanent eclipse, into the deepest of shadow. So Tony told him the joke.

That's Joe Williams' story of how Tony Lazzeri almost eclipsed Babe Ruth, which brings me to the time of my eclipse and, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.