

FOOD

Good appetite, folks. I guess the food supply isn't so bad. At any rate there doesn't seem to be any reason for alarm in figures given out by the Department of Agriculture. What they tell of the food supplies of the nation seems to bear out the official statement that there will be no real shortage.

The figures that reveal the state of Uncle Sam's cupboard show a general decrease -- less food supplies than last year. But last year our food supplies were in general, appreciably above the average for the past five years.

For example, we had nine hundred and twenty-six million pounds of meat in storage last year. This year we have seven hundred and eighty-five million pounds. The five year average is eight hundred and twenty-six million -- last year somewhat above average, this year a little below, only a little.

Milk products also show a drop, but poultry and eggs are about the same.

Our wheat supply of course, has dropped, but most of the other vegetable food crops remain steady.

The prices show a sharp increase. The Dun and Brad

street weekly index shows figures like this: 1.75 represents price of food in August 1932; 191 represents August 1933, while for August 1934, the figure jumps to 2.28.

In other words prices were going up right along, and the drought seems to have given them an extra boost.

I suppose the picture to be painted now is a life-size portrait of the Blue Eagle at the head of the board of directors table. Yes, the Blue Eagle wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses with a black ribbon, and a big cigar in its beak -- just a big executive.

That picture would fairly express the new status of the N. R. A., which is to become an organization for outlining economic policies and supervising business trends. It won't have the job of enforcing ~~them~~<sup>codes</sup> anymore, or of persuading business firms to agree on regulations to be adopted. That will be left to the National Emergency Council. The new N. R. A. Board will formulate policies, which the Emergency Council will carry out, with any ~~carrying~~<sup>crack</sup>-down that may be needed.

The personal slant concerns General Johnson, who, as we've been hearing, is slated to abandon his role as the lord-high-bugle-blower for the Administration. The General will retire to comparative quiet after <sup>as</sup> a strenuous and flamingly active <sup>a</sup> career as you'll find in the history of American politics. He has done his immense job with an uproarious vigor and effectiveness. Now, instead of running a one-man show, he'll

be a member of the new N. R. A. Board, probably chairman --  
conferring on policies, with the National Emergency Council  
doing the cracking-down.

If Euguene R. Black thought that by chucking up his job he'd have a quiet vacation, he's much mistaken.

The lanky Georgian resigned as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, and the President has accepted. ~~his resignation~~

*in addition to his returning*  
But, ~~he will return~~ to his old job as Governor of the

Federal Reserve at Atlanta, ~~and on top of that~~ the President has appointed him as liaison officer between the Administration and the banks of the country. He'll be a sort of go-between assigned to increase cooperation between the bankers and Washington.

It's an important job that will exercise all the tact and judgment of the lean, long-legged Georgian with the big nose, big ears, big mouth, and big sense of humor.

BANKS

The banks are promising cooperation in the Home Renovation Campaign. There are a few misgivings here and there, but the bankers say that whenever it is a safe and sound policy they will lend the home improving money, for which the Government takes part of the responsibility.

As an article in Colliers tells us there are 4,000,000 men in the building trades out of jobs -- and 12,000,000 homes in need of repairs, including mine.

## KIDNAPPING

Nearly every kidnapping mystery follows a pattern and comes to a stage of rumours, surmises, dark guesses and wild reports. Every slight incident, even the most casual ~~and~~ and meaningless, acquires a portentous significance.

Canada's sensational kidnapping case has already reached that stage today. There are rumours of swarthy men appearing on the scene, reports of fingerprints identified, surmises of gangsters and rum-runners, whispers of contacts with the kidnapers, tales of mysterious telephone calls.

That rumour stage is only too pitifully inevitable, with the inhuman suspense that is always part of that inhuman crime of kidnapping. For the relatives of the victim, <sup>the tension is</sup> ~~attention is~~ simply shattering -- all the more so <sup>now</sup> because of the medical aspect of this Canadian affair.

The kidnapped man had been under the doctor's care for heart trouble. <sup>And</sup> You know the familiar physician's advice in cases like that; "No agitation, no excitement." <sup>And</sup> there's the excitement of being snatched by criminals and the ~~agitation~~ that piles up inside of the victim as he is held ~~day~~ after day.

KIDNAPPING - 2

The central fact is, that John S. LaBatt, wealthy Canadian brewer, kidnapped and held for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is still missing.

mean the Canada has ever had.

The Ottawa Evening Citizen tells of a search of "The Pines". This is a thousand acres of wooded land, a tangled thicket which might provide the kidnapers with an ideal hide-a-way. La Batt was snatched on a road nearby.

The Ottawa Citizen goes on with information about the kidnapper's note, signed by "Three Fingers Abe," and attached to the steering wheel of the victim's car. The contents of the note have not been disclosed, but a spokesman for the LaBatt family declares that the message was "so fantastic as to be almost unbelievable." Those are his words.

The gist of the note is, however, a threat of death if there was an appeal to the police.



ADD KIDNAPPING

The Canadian newspapers are playing up the case in a way that reflects the astonishment of the people of the Dominion -- for this is the first kidnapping of a man of large means that Canada has ever had.

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A tale of devious politics and plotted revolution is related by Colonel Batista, head of the Cuban Army.

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He declares that the big fiesta staged by the ABC party last June was really intended to be a revolutionary movement to overthrow the government. That spectacular ABC parade, as you may remember, turned into an orgy of killing and shooting. Batista claims that Doctor Saenz, former secretary of the Cuban treasury, and one of the leaders of the ABC, came to him and asked him to take part in the new revolution to overthrow President Mendieta.

"He invited me to form a Fascist army," declares Batista, referring to the fact that the ABC party is more or less of a Fascist affair.

This blaze of charges is Colonel Batista's reply to the challenge to a duel, which is the reigning sensation in Havana. It was Doctor Saenz of the ABC who invited him to a bout with swords or pistols, mortal combat.

AS for <sup>that mortal combat</sup> ~~the duels~~, Batista dismisses it scornfully, saying that he is "not interested in silly talk about duels that cannot possibly be fought."

SF

The Japanese have refused once more to set free the seventeen Soviet Russians they have under arrest. We get a few details of the charges against the prisoner.<sup>s</sup>

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Significantly enough, these Russians were officials and employees working on the Chinese-Eastern Railroad, about which Tokio and Moscow have been wrangling so long.

The Japanese accusation, which is inclusive and complicated, declares that these Russian~~s~~ railroad men were in cahoots with the bandits, and helped in several bandit attacks on Manchurian and Japanese military trains. And they were also plotting, says the indictment, an attack on a Japanese special military mission.

From Moscow comes the report that the Mikado's men are arresting more Soviet railroad employees all along the Chinese - Eastern line. The Communists take this as a strong hint that the Japanese soon intend to take full control of the railroad, down to the last switchman, and do it under cover of martial law

So far as any anti-Japanese plot is concerned, the Soviet officials claim that Tokio is merely trying to make it appear that the Soviet railroad men <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ responsible for the

SF

epidemic of murderous banditry and disorder along the railroad

-- just blaming it on the Russians.

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They say he got away with half a million rubles in four years. Several months ago, charges were brought against him in a local court, but just to show how little he thought about that, the heir of the Mingrelian princes went on a pocket trip, during which he spent one hundred and twenty-eight thousand rubles.

But now Koba is facing the central tribunal of Red Justice at Moscow, where justice is frequently not so arbitrary.

## RUSSIA

The newest graft scandal in Moscow is more flamboyant than usual. It presents the picture of a fantastic swindler, quite in contrast to the glum, solemn mood of the Communists.

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SWASTIKA

A significant sign is seen in Germany right now -- or rather the absence of a sign, the absence of a flag. When Hitler took power he abolished the German Republican flag and resurrected the old imperial black, white and red of the Kaiser, and put it beside his own Nazi swastika banner. So in Nazi Germany the two flags floated in the breeze together, the imperial colors and the swastika.

Today <sup>only</sup> ~~one~~ one of them remains: - ~~And it is~~ the swastika.

Following the death of Von-Hindenburg, who was a staunch monarchist, Hitler has banished the old ~~imperial~~ emblem of the German Empire. And the swastika flies alone.

Remember that sanctuary for all crawling and flying things we heard about a couple of weeks ago? Remember the queen of Brown Sea, the benign English lady who established an island asylum for the birds and the bugs?

Well today her strange kingdom is smoking and smoldering. A three day fire has devastated the island. The old stone castle was saved, but the maze of other buildings timber shelters where the birds nested and the bugs lived under the logs -- all that has gone up in flame and smoke.

GOLD

A romantic mining story comes along, with two Americans getting ready to open a<sup>n</sup> old Roman gold mine.

Near the modern Portugese village of Villa del Rei are some ancient gold diggings, the site of one of the richest mines of the Roman Empire. History relates that the Caesars took twelve million dollars worth of precious metal from the glittering quartz there. The two Americans, one an engineering, and the other an old-time prospector, have <sup>obtained a</sup> ~~got a~~ concession, and they claim that with modern equipment they can bring up two thousand dollars worth of ore a day from that El Dorado of the Ancient Romans.



In a New York hotel they're putting up a plaque to commemorate an important event -- also a singular coincidence. The event is the independence of Poland. The singular coincidence goes this way:-

On January 8th, 1917, two men met in a room in *the* Hotel Gotham and talked long and earnestly. One was Paderewski, *as the world's greatest pianist.* in the height of his glory, <sup>λ</sup> The other was Colonel House, then a man of mystery and President Wilson's personal agent. Colonel House called on Paderewski in his apartment at the Gotham to discuss the future of Poland.

Just one year later, to the day, on January 8th, 1918, President Wilson announced his Fourteen Points. And the Thirteenth Point called for the independence of Poland on precisely the terms that had been agreed upon by Paderewski and Colonel House.

*56*  
*in a New York hotel,*  
So now, <sup>λ</sup> with all sorts of dignitaries present, they're going to unveil a plaque commemorating the talk ~~in a~~ *that* ~~New York hotel room, which~~ reshaped distant destinies in Central Europe.

BEEBE

At last reports nobody seems to know just what they saw, the glittering, glowing fish observed from Dr. Beebe's bathysphere. At first they thought they had discovered an under-sea jewelry store, and then they guessed it was a Christmas Tree fish.

Dr. Beebe and Otis Barton were sinking three thousand and twenty-eight feet into the depths of the sea, down there in Bermuda waters -- for a world's record. They saw what looked like a twenty-foot diamond necklace tearing past the widow of the bathysphere. It was a big fish studded brilliantly with tiny sparkling lights -- some sort of eerie phosphorescence far down there in the cradle of the deep. Nobody had ever seen an incandescent fish like that before, and no wonder -- because nobody had ever dived that deeply into the ocean before.

At any rate the Bathysphere dived deep and luckily no water got in --- because a bath in a Bathysphere for Messrs. Beebe - Barton would mean a total washout.

## CANDLES

The candles glowed and glittered today just as brilliantly as had been expected. The wedding of the candle-maker's daughter was solemnized as resplendently as the newspapers had announced.

Papa Ajello is the greatest candle-maker in the land. His daughter, Virginia, is the light of his life, the wax candle of his life.

The king of candles has made candles for kings and Presidents, and Queens. The biggest he ever made was a great Caruso memorial candle, which weighs one ton and will burn one day a year, on All Saints Day for eighteen hundred years in the Church of the Madonna of Pompeii at Naples.

So Papa Ajello's little Virginia was married today. And the church in the Bronx was filled with the radiance of two hundred and ninety-eight great tapers -- also the perfume of candles. Because each was scented, and as it burned it gave off a fragrance of Orange Blossoms or Lilies of the Valley. So, there was light mingled with perfume at the wedding.

## INDIANS

The Indian runners are not running, they are riding -- back to their tepees, or their five room bungalows. They found the concrete trails of the Paleface too hard for the aboriginal dogs.

12 They ran all the way to Washington, those Redskin runners, with three kernels of corn for the President. It was a six hundred and fifty mile relay run to Washington, one man running all the time. His companions, thirteen braves, followed in a motor bus. They took turns ~~of an hour~~ <sup>an hour</sup> of sprinting, each -- carrying the three kernels of corn.

9 It doesn't sound like such heap big running. It sounds more like heap big Blue Sunoco. But anyway the last of the relay runners, who bears the poetic name of "Bird-Lying-Down", delivered the three kernels of corn to the Great White Father at the great White House, and then went to the Willard wigwam where "Bird-Lying-Down" lay down to rest up.

This all concerns a grand pow-wow by the Tuscarora Tribe at Fort Niagara to celebrate an old-time treaty of peace among the Indians. The three grains of corn were the symbol of peace,

INDIANS

a token of good-will, sent to the White Father, 650 miles on foot -- but mostly by motor bus.

And now I'm going to do some heap big running to my tepee to meet my squaw and papoose and solong until tomorrow.

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