

FUAD

Lots of American news tonight. But first one foreign item. It happens to be important.

There's sorrow this evening in the shadow of the great pyramids. And the politicians are worried. The King, who has been the balance wheel of Egypt is dying. The newspapers are holding a death-watch outside the royal palace in Cairo. The latest reports of Fuad Pasha, monarch of the Nile are without hope. The successor to the Pharaohs and Ptolemies is in a coma, sinking.

When he dies, any hour now, ~~xx~~ his throne goes to Farouk Pasha, a sixteen year old schoolboy, a British cadet at Woolwich, one of the West Points of England.

Ahmed Fuad Pasha has been in a peculiar position. The WAFD, the turbulent partisans of "Egypt for the Egyptians" have long accused His Majesty of being too pro-British. And yet he has done more than any other individual, more than all his ancestors put together, to restore the prestige, and cultural glory of that old civilization along the Nile. He

founded the University of Egypt, sponsored the Egyptian School of Painting, the School of Music, the Egyptian drama. He's been one of the foremost influences in keeping within Egypt the antiquities of Egyptian art and history. I knew him during World War days, visited at his palace in Cairo, and knew him as one of the guiding spirits of the royal Egyptian School of Geography.

Fuad Pasha is an illustration of how a man can become king in ~~spite~~ spite of himself. His own inclinations were toward science. Actually he is himself a scientist of considerable distinction. When he was a youngster there seemed little likelihood of his ever ascending the throne. He had plenty of older brothers, so he was allowed to educate himself in the things that interested him rather than the things that befitted an heir-apparent.

His father was that picturesque spend-thrift, the Khedive Ismail Pasha. When he was forced to abdicate in 1879 his son, the present king, Admed Fuad Pasha went with him into exile and passed his boyhood in various European schools.

Finally he became king. But there has been trouble ever since, but Fuad in one way or another has managed to paddle his canoe through the political rapids without casualties to himself. Fuad has been the balance between the Nationalists and the British. His death, when it occurs, will leave an awkward gap, a further opportunity for rows and rioting in that riotous land.

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ending. The two disabled freighters that called for help on the high seas are safe. By the time the United States liner Washington reached the British freighter St. Quentin the fury of the high seas had abated. # The captain of the St. Quentin told Captain Steadman of the Washington: "Thanks for your trouble, but we'll be all right now that the wind's gone down."

Meanwhile the motorship ~~Pil~~^{all}sdski, the pride of Poland, had reached the Swedish freighter, Ivanhoe, five hundred miles south of Newfoundland. The officers of the Ivanhoe sent a radio message to their ~~British~~ Polish rescuers that they could wait until tugs came out from Nova Scotia.

There's much todo just now in the tennis world.

The business of the day is picking the racket virtuoso who will try to bring the Davis Cup back where it came from.

In the center of the fighting is a little fellow no higher than five feet four, known to the fans as Bitsy Grant. There's almost as much scrapping in that sixty-four inches of his than in any two ordinary players. At one time and another Bitsy, whose real name is Bryan, has beaten nearly every ranking player in the U. S. A. His specialty is pulling matches out of the fire that seem ~~to be~~ hopelessly lost. He did another one of those stunts ^(yesterday) ~~today~~ at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

He had lost ~~x~~ two sets in a row to red-headed Donald Budge.

The red-head was walking all over Bitsy with his usual slashing, smashing, killing game. With the score two to nothing against ~~him Bitsy dug in his toes and started lobbing, hitting them way~~

~~up. Whenever Budge came to the net for a kill Bitsy would~~
~~ease a crafty one past him down the side lines.~~ ^{him he} He turned the match into a pat-ball game, threw Budge off his usual driving style, and got his goat. ~~And right then and there Bitsy the~~

That's how the Giant Killer does his stuff. He gets every ball that's hit to him, no matter how hard. Just keeps on patting it back until the other guy slams it out or into the net.

In beating Donald Budge today, Bitsy put himself in line for that Davis Cup Team. For Budge happens to be the Number Two player of America, second only to Wilmer Allison. In that fashion Bitsy won the Mason and Dixon Championship.

MAYOR

The folks in Danville, Virginia, the big tobacco market town, have been busy today, saying "Many happy returns" to the mayor. And they sure have reason to congratulate him. Danville, Virginia, has the oldest mayor in the United States. Mayor Harry Wooding is ninety-two and within a couple of months he will have been mayor forty-four years in succession. That's some record! Even beats the famous Carter Harrisons, father and son of Chicago, both put together.

Next month he's going to run for another four year term of office. Will he win? He says "There'll be no opposition."

He goes on to explain in his gentle Virginia fashion: "Once there were two fellows running ~~agx~~ against me. One's in the lunatic asylum, and the other went back to his business. That's the only time in forty-four years anyone has tried to get my job."

Mayor Wooding gave an excellent explanation of his success. His political philosophy is simple. As he puts it: "I let people tend to their own business and I tend to mine. I have been doing that for ninety- years."

VIRGINIA FOLLOW MAYOR (Sun Oil Must)

Danville isn't the only place in Virginia with an anniversary. This is annual Garden Week in the Old Dominion. There's nothing lovelier than the South in Spring. And in Virginia it's made the more beautiful by the Garden Club which opens up some of the famous old homes and gardens of the state. For instance it has devoted its resources to restoring historic gardens such as Stratford, the home of the Lee Family, and the Manse where Woodrow Wilson was born in Straton.

About every other month or so somebody raises the cry: "Uncle Sam is defenseless." And that's followed up by the charge:- "The Panama Canal would be a cinch for any enemy coming from the West." Meaning, of course, Japan.

Well, the navy is going to try out that proposition. The gobs and their officers are starting tonight on a war game. They're going to test those defenses on the Western end of the Panama Canal. They're going to work out what is described as: "Navy Problem Number Seventeen." Last summer they worked on Problem Number Sixteen. That was the manoeuvre with Uncle Sam's men-of-war stretched out in a huge triangle from Panama to Hawaii, from Hawaii to Alaska.

It sounds like a formidable armada that's manoeuvring in the Pacific tonight. A hundred and fifty men-of-war, four hundred and fifty airplanes, ^{which} that's the force ^{calif.} that took off from the bases at San Pedro and San Diego. Among those mighty floating fortresses are twelve new cruisers and four great aircraft carriers. The problem they will work out ~~is~~ ^{rested} on the theory that war has already gone on for sometime,

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that Uncle Sam has been forced to abandon ~~at~~ Hawaii and other outposts in the Pacific, and that ~~He's~~ making a desperate stand to protect the Panama Canal and the Eastern Coast of the United States. ^{maybe} from the attacking forces of Pitcairn Islanders.

The plans are all, of course, most secret. The manoeuvres are being carried out under the command of Admiral Joseph B. Reeves, the cincus, ^{which} ~~is~~ means Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet. These will be his last manoeuvres. When they're over Admiral Reeves retires in favor of Admiral Arthur J. Hepburn, recently named ranking sea officer of ~~the~~ Uncle Sam's first line of defense.

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Some inventors are always taking the joy out of life for the watchdogs of Uncle Sam's Navy. Congress was just getting ready to spend a whacking big pot of money for new warships, new super-super dreadnoughts. Among them were two fighting Leviathans thirty-five thousand tons each, to cost a little matter of a hundred million dollars per pair. A sub-committee of the House was just getting ready to okay the appropriation. ~~That was a ticklish job enough when everybody is talking economy.~~ ~~The total of the Navy's budget for 1937 was to be five hundred and forty-nine million dollars.~~ At the eleventh hour came disquieting news. Somebody has contrived to make a Leviathan shell that will penetrate the thickest armour of a leviathan ship. It's a projectile that will whiz-bang-slap through twelve-inch armour plate, pierce it even before it explodes. It will first put a hole in that armour almost big enough to drive a bus through and then go bang with ferocious effect. The worst of it is, said the members of that sub-committee, this ~~ship-~~destroying shell wasn't developed in any of Uncle Sam's arsenals. It was made on the other side of the Atlantic.

That gives the gentlemen of the House good reason
for a pause. Such a show could knock the spots out of the
~~floating~~
biggest ~~floating~~ monster that Uncle Sam owns. So they are
asking, why tie up a hundred million dollars in super-super
dreadnoughts when a single shell could knock either of them
into junk?

That ties up our Naval Construction Program. Congress
is going to look before it leaps into the Navy building race.
They've called in Uncle Sam's experts. They are going to let
those experts tell them what's what, what about these new
fantastic-sounding weapons? And that meeting will be exceedingly,
superlatively secret.

SUPREME COURT

When the Supreme Court of the United States speaks ex-cathedra that's always news. But sometimes it is also news when the Court declines to speak. That's what happened today, no decision on that important Guffey Act that controls the coal fields. It means a tremendous lot to the Administration. Many fond hopes are pinned on that ~~measure~~^{measure}. If the Supreme Justices let it stand, the Government will be able to establish a control, along the lines of the NRA, over the men who mine and sell our soft coal.

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Chief Justice Hughes and his learned colleagues have already taken longer to discuss that case than any other of the weighty suits that have come before them. It will be fifty-four days next Monday since the lawyers finished talking. Everybody expected that the ruling would be handed down today after the Court's two weeks' recess. It didn't take nearly that long for the gentlemen of the robe to throw out the NRA and to put the kibosh on the AAA. But they consumed sixty days upholding the TVA and almost as long to decide in the Government's favor for the historic gold clause.

So, curiously enough, the President's partisans feel encouraged by this delay in the Guffy case. If ~~xxxx~~^{it's} taken the Court that long to prepare its ruling they say that means probably a favorable ruling. That is, favorable to the Administration, though the coal operators won't like it.

However, the Court did hand down one decision that was welcomed by the Government. That was the lawsuit in which stockyard operators had protested that the Secretary of Agriculture was exceeding his powers in fixing fees, stockyard fees. But the Court overruled the protest. The Secretary was well within his powers, they said.

TAXES

We have two more days to wait before we learn about taxes.

The House has made up its mind. That is to say, the Ways and ~~Mmr~~ Means Committee, where according to the Constitution all taxes have to originate, has done its stuff. Then the Senate has to have its say, and its Finance Committee has been scratching its head through heated secret sessions. We assume they've been heated. All we actually know is that a stream of specialists from the Treasury and financial sharks have been parading before the committee, explaining and ~~and~~ analyzing the bill, giving advice. Barring accidents the arguing will be dragged into the open by Thursday. And then we ought to know more definitely what actually is likely to happen. The bill proposes to reduce corporate taxes as a whole. On the other hand it will levy a heavy impost on corporation surpluses. Congress rang with Republican denunciation of that scheme of taxation today.

And, if Senator LaFollette has his way, we'll all pay more income tax. This is almost an annual plea from the

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gentleman from Wisconsin. He comes to the mat once more with his oft-repeated suggestion that exemptions should be lowered to only fifteen hundred dollars for married people, eight hundred for bachelors.

The tax anxiety seems to have been reflected in Wall Street today. The Stock Exchange was flooded with selling orders. Some stocks dropped as much as nine points. The bears were so strong that the ticker once or twice was five minutes behind-hand.

Let's hope the new taxes won't leave us in the same situation as Mr. Abraham Bunghea of Potosani in Rumania. Mr. Bunghea, who is a waiter, received an order to appear at the office of the Income Tax Collector. He obeyed the order all right but he caused a young riot in Potosani. Mr. Bunghea entered the presence of the tax officials dressed in little more than a fig leaf. The collectors promptly jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Bunghea was either a nudist or goofy - or both. They called the cops, hustled him into a straight-jacket and dragged him to the bughouse. Days passed before that

distressful waiter got a chance to tell his story. Neither a nudist nor a madman was he. He had just paid his last income tax before going to the chief collector's office. And that tax had taken everything he had -- including his shirt.

And that's everything I have and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.