

WASHINGTON

What's to be inferred from the President's striking declaration today? Mr. Roosevelt has now put it up to us - to the nation. He calls it a dominating question, to be settled in the next five or ten years. But does it mean that he himself intends to start something important toward settling that question?

Anyway, the President has spoken. He has made his appeal to the nation. Ever since the blow of the Supreme Court knocked out the N.R.A. last Monday, the gentleman in the White House, in spite of his p^{ro}found concern, has said nothing, or mere enigmatic phrases. But the White House silence was broken today -- at the Presidential press conference.

Mr. Roosevelt began his discourse to the newspapermen with a sweeping and drastic statement. He said outright that the Supreme Court decision, tossing out the N.R.A., had likewise cut the ground from under the agricultural adjustment administration,

Sheet 13.

(WASHINGTON)

the Federal alcohol control, and the Securities Exchange Commission. If the one were unconstitutional, so were those others unconstitutional. The whole new deal program threatened.

48

The most important verdict the Supreme Court of the United States has handed down since that historic Dred Scott decision in the middle of the last century, which did so much to bring the nation to civil war. That's what the President called the Blue Eagle decision. It takes away from the United States government, said he, all of its authority over the industrial life of the nation, over commerce and over farming as well. And, according to the President, the Supreme Court decision puts government regulation of interstate commerce back into the days of the horse and buggy.

Sheet 14.

(WASHINGTON)

Then speaking to the newspapermen, in grave impressive tones, Mr. Roosevelt posed the problem as he sees it: ^{do} The social and economic life of the United States to be regulated by the federal government? or is that regulation to be done by forty-eight individual states? It is up to the people to decide, he said. They will be called upon to settle it in the next five or ten years. He called the issue clear-cut and non-partisan--whether the nation wants a strong federal government, supervising industrial and social interests, or forty-eight state governments doing the job.

The President spoke to the newspaper men for an hour, in a tone indicating that he considers the Supreme Court N.R.A. decision a turning point in our national life. And all the logic of inference echoes:

Sheet 15.

(WASHINGTON)

49
"What ^{is} he going to do about it? Will Franklin Delano Roosevelt take action to begin the process of deciding the problem?"

All ~~of~~ this is ^{of} a more beguiling interest because of the bewilderment of thought apparent in Washington.

No plausible plan appears to be taking form, appears to be gaining any dominant support in administration circles-- no single plan for choice between two or three alternative plans. Instead there ^{is} a whole flock of ideas drifting around. Proposals of such variety and oddity as to indicate that the political magnificoes don't quite know what to think. There's talk of going over the Supreme Court's head and continuing the National Recovery Act in spite of the nine lonely old men. There's talk of putting the N.R.A. into the constitution as an amendment. And some are suggesting changing

Sheet 16.

(WASHINGTON)

our fundamental law in such fashion that if the Supreme Court decides that a law is unconstitutional, why then Congress might re-enact the law and declare it to be constitutional. Another proposal is to deprive the Court of the power to outlaw any act of Congress. It all dramatizes the fact that the decision stands as such a powerful barrier that nobody can agree how to get by it and everybody is thinking up different ways.

50

The President's declaration today magnifies the dilemma by putting the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Federal Liquor Control and the Securities Exchange Commission in the same category as the N.R.A.--outlawed by the Supreme Court. If the administration and its supporters are agreed to save the N.R.A. they are of course just as eager to save those other New Deal agencies--eagerness multiplied several

Sheet 17.

(WASHINGTON)

51
times over. ^R And right along this line they are pointing to a referendum vote concerning wheat. The department of agriculture has staged a poll by mail asking wheat farmers how they like the A.A.A. The question was framed this way: "Are you satisfied with the wheat adjustment program and would you like to have it continued?"

Ballots were mailed to half a million farmers. The result, as now reported in Washington, is overwhelmingly in favor of the A.A.A.--nearly seven to one, four

hundred thousand to sixty thousand. Only one state

said "no"--New Jersey. Many of us may not know that

New Jersey is a what-growing state. It isn't so much of a one. There are a hundred and thirty New Jersey ~~wheat~~

wheat farmers, and they voted seventy two to fifty eight against the A.A.A.

Sheet 19.

(LABOR-FOLLOW WASHINGTON)

The labor situation is still seething in the wake of of the ~~new~~ Supreme Court decision. now there's talk of trouble on the Pacific coast. The longshoremen in San Francisco and other ports are said to be getting ready to tie things up again, ~~as they did last summer.~~ Union leaders and department of labor officials are urging the dock workers to hold off, ~~and delay, and not flare up with a big strike right now.~~

The unrest among the soft coal miners of Pennsylvania is taking the form of urgent demands by the Union leaders, asking the president to push through the Guffey bill. This bill, proposed by Senator Guffey of Pennsylvania, would make coal a public utility, like gas and electric power, thus making the black fuel subject to Federal legislation. The mine operators are one hundred percent against the idea, saying there will be the hand of government thrust into business.

(END ITEM)

547P CST

Sheet 20.

(JOHNSON -- FOLLOW LABOR)

With all the public repercussions it would be astonishing if there were not a private repercussion or two. There is--and it's repercussing, or rather just cussing between those two old cussers, General Johnson and Donald Richberg. It was Johnson, by the way, who, in the early Blue Eagle days, insisted that Donald Richberg, a progressive Chicago lawyer, should come to Washington and play a big hand in the N.R.A. Later on, as we know, Richberg supplanted Johnson, amid all sorts of growls from the cavalry general.

Now, with the N.R.A. under Richberg's command taking a lethal wallop from the Supreme Court, the president had the general come to Washington for a conference on what to do about it. They say Donald Richberg didn't like it at all. ^{All of which} ~~That~~ would be in accordance with old anatagonisms--antagonism sharpened by Johnson's

Sheet 21.

(JOHNSON--FOLLOW LABOR)

observations on events that preceded the N.R.A. debacle. The general says the Schechter Poultry squabble was a poor case to take to the supreme court. Richberg had originally intended to try out the legality of the N.R.A. with another case concerning the Belcher Lumber Company. But he dropped lumber and preferred to take his chances on chickens, with ^{what} ~~the~~ result we all know. So Johnson has been blaming Richberg. And with the President injecting the General into the N.R.A. dilemma-- the old Johnson-Richberg squabble is flaring anew.

(END ITEM)

Sheet 22.

(FRANCE)

Tonight's news from Paris, Bouisson trying to form a cabinet, [!] that's ^{the} mocking anti-climax to the *latest* drama of French politics, ~~played up for a week or two.~~

The drama--Flandin, giant premier, demanding dictatorial powers to save the Franc. Flandin calling upon the deputies to give him supreme control in the financial crisis. And now--Bouisson trying to form a cabinet.

The intervening action had all the flare of French parliamentary ways--Flandin with his broken arm in a sling, pleading with the Deputies. Flandin breaking down in an emotional crisis, and the deputies icy cold in the face of all the pathos. How cold those Frenchmen can be, chilly, ironic. So, instead of getting the dictatorship, Flandin had to get out. A staggeringly

Sheet 23.

(FRANCE)

heavy vote against his ministry.

2
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They say the veteran Parliamentarian Bouisson, sixty years old president of the chamber of deputies, is unlikely to form a ministry. His friends say he doesn't even expect to succeed.

Meanwhile that financial crisis in Paris continues unabated, worse and worse. Gold is streaming out of the country. There are runs on banks, gold runs, people drawing out the yellow metal and carrying it away, bars of it wrapped up in paper. Will France be able to stay on the Gold standard? The enemies of gold took a dominant part in the overthrow of Flandin.

(END ITEM)

406P CST

EARTHQUAKE

There's a frightful concentration of disaster in the earthquake story from India -- the city of Quetta, in Baluchistan, absolutely wiped out, with an enormous casualty list. The figures are flashed from 20,000 to thirty thousand people killed, two-thirds of the entire population, including forty-three men of the British Royal Air Force. The stone barracks of the air corps collapsed.

The city of Quetta lies on a lofty plateau surrounded by mountains and deserts of desolate Baluchistan - north of the Arabian Sea, west of India, south of Afghanistan and east of Persia I remember it well. For once I bought rugs from Bakhara there, from the camel caravans that cross Afghanistan and enter Baluchistan and India via Kojak Pass. Quetta is the chief city of Baluchistan, on a wide platea, but in a basin surrounded by still higher craggy ranges -- a mountainous extension of the great Himalayan system. Quetta was always known as a hell hole, beastly hot in summer, along about now.

EARTHQUAKE

Yet the city and its environs have long been famous as a garden, an orchard of luscious fruit. The basin within the mountain wilderness is well watered and of rare fertility. So Quetta was large for those parts, a teeming oriental city, with a fine British cantonment on the outskirts. For years an important military center, a strategic point for the troops of the Afghan Frontier - that is for the British Indian army. From Quetta the British dominate the wild Baluchi tribes, and the still wilder peoples of nearby Afghanistan on the road to Kandahar.

Such is the city that was hit by the devastating violence of an earthquake this morning. There were three shocks of shattering intensity. Everything conspired to increase the magnitude of disaster. The population had not yet risen: The people asleep in their houses of adobe and stone. Everything collapsed -- from native houses to the buildings of the royal air force. The shocks were so violent that even the famous fruit orchards of Quetta were destroyed, the trees thrown down. The cable dispatches give a fearful picture of destruction, the

native quarter of the city a shambles! Two-thirds of the population wiped out -- when the earthquake struck that crowded city in that fertile mountain basin, deep in desolate Baluchistan.

That part of the globe is famous for its earthquakes -- usually one or two a day -- but, usually mere tremors. I remember how the dishes used to jiggle on the table and we would run out-of-doors in terror - with our hair on end. But there was no damage.

In Kabul, the Afghan capitol, not far from Quetta, the Baluchi City, we were living in the Amir's palace. We would be sitting at the table. Then - well, imagine dining in the Crystal Ball Room at the Blackstone out here in Chicago and suddenly seeing the huge crystal chandeliers above you start to swing and sway! It was just like that.

And now a terrific convulsion of the earth has come and the principal city of far off Baluchistan has been shaken down! - the population wiped out.

(FLOOD FOLLOW EARTHQUAKE)

*And here's another that brings memories—
boyhood memories of Colorado.*

In our own country the story of devastating nature has a more hopeful sound. The flood waters are receding in Colorado. While the earthquake was bringing doom and havoc to far off Quetta in Baluchistan, streams and rivers on the eastern slopes of our own Rocky Mountains were surging with disaster and peril. In the dust storm region of the west, abundant rains have brought relief-- too much relief for the mountain slopes of Colorado. Torrents, fed by cloud-bursts, poured down in a wild flood, destroying property and taking lives.

The focus of the flood waters was at Colorado Springs. The mountain streams roared down on that glorious resort city and on Manitou and adjacent towns. ~~town and on adjacent villages.~~ Last night was a night of terror. Homes were swept away, bridges washed out, communications paralyzed. 23 persons reported drowned.

WEYERHAEUSER

No word in the Weyerhaeuser case, save what has already been known -- the time has come for the federal agents to jump into the case. They were staying out of active operation for seven days. The nine year old boy disappeared last Friday. The seven days are up. So now, what hope there is seems to rest with the government men. The grief-stricken family is said to be preparing to offer a twenty five thousand dollar reward for information leading to the return of the child.

(REDFERN)

When a story is told in elaborate detail, with a whole series of positively stated facts--it does tend to carry conviction. Yet many a story told in just that precise way has turned out to be a mere fable, ~~and~~ a dream. You'll find this to be true in the records of any of the famous mysteries--those many mysteries of strange disappearance. ^{Now-a} ~~A~~ notable instance of this sort is the case of Paul Redfern, the American aviator. Eight years ago he vanished while flying over the depths of the South American jungle. There was a great amount of search and inquiry, but not one authenticated fact was ever brought to light about Paul Redfern- nothing but *strange* rumors, ~~plenty of them and strange rumors.~~ ^{Now} ~~Today~~ we have another, ^{yes} ~~and~~ ~~it is~~ packed full of positive statements and precise details.

57

Sheet 4.

(REDFERN)

It comes from a man named Tom Roch, a German-American adventurer in South America, ~~who~~ ^{who} says ~~that~~ Redfern is alive. He claims that far away in the tropical forest of the Amazon, he saw Redfern. ^R Roch gave out his story at Colon, in Panama, and to prove it he pulled ~~out~~ from his duffle bag a diary written partly in German and partly in English. The diary records the following story:

Roch went on a trip, in a boat, up the Amazon. He met three Indians who motioned him to come along with them.

^So In his boat he followed them up a little river to a large lake. On the lake was a village of about a hundred huts. The Indians were friendly. But he couldn't talk with them. He tried spanish and Portuguese--no effect. He tried what Indian words he knew, but they spoke another dialect altogether. He lived with them for a week, joining them

Sheet 5.

(REDFERN)

~~for a week, joining them~~ in their daily occupation, ~~which~~
~~was~~ fishing in the lake.

His interest was aroused one day by the curious gest-
iculations of the chief, who pointed out the difference
between the white man's pale color and the dark skins of
the Indians. It seemed to the adventurer as if the chief
were indicating that there was another man with a white
skin, a white man further up the lake. Roch declares that
the Indians thereupon took him along the shore to a strange
hut, a hut of green and yellow, made from the canvass of
an airplane wing. (The plane that Redfern flew at the time
of his disappearance was painted green and yellow.) And in
the hut Roch found a white man who identified himself as
the missing aviator. He had crashed there beside the lake,

and had been so badly injured that he was still a cripple. That's why he had been unable to make his way out to civilization. The Indians had been kind to him: They regarded him as a white medicine man. And so he was living among them like a native, in dignity and honor.

That's the story told point by point, with positive certainty. It has an air of literal factuality, but so have other stories had in similar cases, stories that vanished as idle tales.

Just as I'm going to vanish now in the direction of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, the mecca of sportsman. For instance there are more deer in Clearfield County than anywhere in the U.S.A. A fine place to go hunting with a camera -- not a gun.

So from Chicago I'll now clear out for Clearfield,
and --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.