

L.J. Sunco. Tues., April 28/36.

Cowan
1936

There's agreement on one point in the proceedings of the United States Chamber of Commerce in Washington -- the importance of the unemployment problem. Speakers for business and speakers for the government were at one in saying: "Let's provide more jobs." How are you going to do it? That's where opinions began to differ.

Harper Sibley, President of the ^{national} Chamber ~~of Commerce~~,

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told the delegates of business ~~that~~ that American industry has reemployed five million of the jobless up to the end of 1935. That indicates an optimistic trend. But don't be too optimistic, warns Harper Sibley. Don't think complacently that ~~because industry has been putting more and more people back to work, the same thing can keep going on no matter what happens.~~ ~~Don't suppose~~ complete reemployment is just a matter of time.

Then he asks: "Shall we rely on traditional American business initiative and enterprise, or look increasingly to government?" And he warned -- ~~that~~ an injury to business results in injury to labor as well.

That thought was carried further by Louis H. Brown,

President of Johns-Manville ~~Corporation~~, who spoke his mind: ~~is~~
~~this way:~~ "The Administration," he said, "put itself in the
position of an overseer, if not an overlord of business." ^{Then he}
went on to denounce boondoggling. He said that American busi-
ness could handle the unemployment problem. "But not," he
warned, "until it is cleared of the confusion that is about us
today."

All of this was followed by Secretary of Commerce
Roper, for the government. He countered with the declaration
that the responsibility of getting the government out of busi-
ness rested on industry alone. . If business wants ~~the~~ govern-
ment to ^{get out then} ~~help~~, let business put its own house in order. He
presented a ten-point program for doing this. One point was
the advice that industry should look into ways of taking care of
workers who are displaced by machines.

The Secretary' ~~Roper's~~ contribution to the importance
of more jobs for the jobless was this -- that if the number
of unemployed is not reduced there will be higher taxes on
industry.

NEW JERSEY

The siege of the New Jersey State capitol is about over tonight, the week-long vigil of the unemployed - the army of occupation, as they called it. They occupied the capitol building all right, day after day, staying there, sleeping there - in an effort to force the legislature to take drastic action for relief. Tonight, a few still remain, keeping their vigil, but the greater number of the army of occupation have gone trooping to their homes.

Last night the relief ~~xx~~ garrison ~~was reinforced~~ of a hundred was reenforced by a troop of five hundred, who marched into the capitol - to push their demand. In the face of this gathering of the jobless, the New Jersey lawmakers held a dramatic session. Ray Cooke, State Chairman of the Alliance of the Unemployed, addressed the lawmakers. He made some bitter remarks

about charges in the legislature that the relief marchers were agitators. *— and he used the word liar.* That provoked an angry retort from the floor of the

legislature, and a motion was entered to have the jobless ^{leader} ~~relief~~

thrown out. ~~rejected~~ With that, the cohorts of the unemployed in the galleries, swarmed to the defense of their chief. For a moment, things

looked ugly, but another motion was quickly entered, more moderate merely to deny the floor to Leader Cooke. This was carried, and the threat of trouble quieted down.

The legislature acted swiftly, and did nothing. It voted to put off the unemployment question until after the New Jersey primary elections, and take no action on the eight hundred million dollar relief program until then.

And the legislature adjourned. With that the siege on the capitol was virtually broken. Most of the marchers trooped out of the building. They declared loudly that they were on their way to form a third party, a Farmer Labor Party, to battle for the rights of the unemployed.

The latest is that New Jersey political leaders are now conferring on a drastic change in the state relief system. The new idea is to abolish the state relief organization altogether, and turn the administration of help over to the municipalities - the state merely putting up money to help the towns to help the jobless.

Today here at Rockefeller Center I was talking to a prominent New Jersey official from Trenton. And, he told me that he thought the relief march had been

handled with skill and tact. He said the squatters in the capitol building had been treated with sympathy and consideration by the officials and that the jobless on their part had responded with courtesy and good behavior, except for their insistence on staying.

~~there~~ The difficulties of relief were explained to them by Governor Hoffman and other state chiefs, at various conferences.

A threatened ^{ing} situation well handled, said my informant.

CANADA

The old Horatio Alger story never seems to go out of vogue in real life. Every time we have somebody raised to a high dignity in the world of industry, the chances are we get a variation of the theme -- rags to riches. Tonight we hear of a new Number-One-Man for the Canadian National Railways, S. J. Hungerford, made President and Chairman of the Board, and crowned by praise and honor by the Minister of Railways.

Back in the Eighties his school days were working days. He carried his school books with his dinner pail, as he trudged to his job on the railroad. He toiled as a workman in the shops of Ontario and Quebec and in the United States. Year ~~at~~ after year he was a railroad hand. In fact it was fifteen years before he got a break, a good job. Then he was made locomotive foreman on the Canadian Pacific. From then on -- up and up, to the presidency of one of the longest railway lines in the world.

Horatio Alger outdone.

FUAD

Egypt has a new king tonight, a sixteen year old boy - His Majesty, King Farouk. At school in England he has been summoned home to take the throne of the Pharaohs. Until he is of age, he will rule under the regency of his third cousin, Prince Mohammed Ali.

Today's word from the doctors who attended King Fuad in his last illness, doesn't ring with optimism for the young monarch either. Fuad's fatal sickness, they explain, was partly caused by the worries of the dangerous political situation in Egypt, long and bitter anxieties caused by the strife between the Egyptian Nationalist Party - the WAFD - and the British overlords. King Fuad's health, bad in the first place, was aggravated at the time of those latest riots, when mobs in Cairo and Alexandria stormed against the British.

His whole royal career was embittered.

He had wanted to rule. He strove for kingly power. But on one hand the WAFD Nationalists fought him, demanding a constitutional government, supremacy in the Egyptian Parliament. And on the other hand, the British government, virtually the supreme power, kept control in its hands and kept

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Fuad in the position of a puppet. The King was crushed in the middle, between those two uncontrollable forces, the policies of the Egyptian Nationalists and the policies of the British Empire.

That's the dilemma now inherited by young King Farouk, fresh from school in England, homeward bound for the Nile.

And now that Mussolini is about to announce the capture of Addis Ababa the horns of dilemma are still sharper in imperial affairs in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea — the waters that wash Egypt.

MOUNT EVEREST

Day by day now, the ^{al}climbers ^{in the Himalayas} ~~of Mount Everest~~ are pushing their way slowly up the icy slopes of the world's highest mountain. Thus far they've made good progress, trudging higher and higher from their base camp, and establishing subordinate camps as stepping stones toward the utmost pinnacle.

But meanwhile this year's Mount Everest climb has become surrounded by one of the strangest of political complications. It has been told over and over again that the native Tibetans regard the ~~gods~~ greatest of mountains as a Goddess, whose shrine at the summit is inviolate. There ^{is} ~~was~~ always a great deal of prejudice against the way the impious white men ~~tryed~~ to profane the snowy sanctuary of the mountain Goddess with their footsteps of sacrilege.

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It happens now that the religious affairs in Tibet are in a state of turmoil, which means political affairs as well. The Dalai Lama, the supreme theocratic ruler, ^{of the Land of the Hermit monks,} ~~^~~ died three years ago, and until now his successor has not been satisfactorily selected. A new Dalai Lama is always picked as an infant, with divine signs pointing to the right baby. This time there was no lack of supernatural omens, there were too many. There are now two tiny boys in Tibet,

each of whom is claimed to be the fourteenth reincarnation of Buddha. Each has his own adherents, and there's a vast dispute, with religion and politics running high.

The latest Mount Everest climb has not failed to inject itself into this feud among the Lamas. The faction of one baby is bitterly opposed to the British Everest expedition. The partisans of the other toddler are in favor of ~~having~~^{letting} the Englishmen have their way. It becomes a case of anti-British and pro-British. All of this might mean something to the four climbers who right now, on the upper slopes of Everest, are far above the quarrel of the Lamas.

But it has a still greater meaning to the politics and statecraft of Tibet. If the expedition comes to grief and disaster, why that will prove the point of the followers of one boy baby - that the expedition is a sacrilege and a curse upon the land, and the mountain Goddess has taken vengeance. If the climbers are successful, reach the summit and come back safely - that would give the victory to the other boy baby, showing that his followers

were right in saying that the Goddess of Everest wouldn't mind.

Strange indeed, that the latest attempt to conquer one of the last unconquered fortresses of Nature is complicated with the political future of Tibet and the rivalry of the two baby Buddhas.

BEAUTY

Here is a tale bleak and bitter. Yet it glints with a streak of pride, luminous yet tragic - a tale of faded youth.

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She was one of the most famous of the lovely ones of the earth, Sylvia Gough. Some of you may remember her, the toast of fashionable London and the stage. Her father was a fabulous financier of South African gold, associated with Cecil Rhodes. A girl dowered with millions, she was presented at St. James' Court as a debutante, and then and there flashed to fame as one of the world's most beautiful women. She glittered on with a social career of brilliance and adoration. The eminent painter, Augustus John, immortalized her in one of the finest of his ~~masterpieces~~ master works - "The Portrait of Sylvia Gough", which now hangs in New York's Museum of Art. Then she took her fair face and figure on to the stage, to gleam before the footlights. She appeared as a star beauty in the musical comedy, "The Right Girl", in New York. But life and luck for Sylvia Gough were on the downgrade. The coming of ~~her~~ years, the going of her fortune.

The
depth was seen in London today.

In a court room - Sylvia Gough on the witness-stand,

faded, haggard, beaten by life, pathetic. She has been earning a meager living by working at odd jobs as a model, a model for melancholy character parts, not for her one time soil-stirring beauty. The court case in which she appeared today was a murder trial. She told the story of a killing, a story dark, drab, pitiful:- A Bohemian party in London. Two men quarreled and fought. A blow with a studio hammer, one killed. Both men young, brilliant, one a well-known London book reviewer of thirty, ~~the~~ the other a promising author of twenty. And here's the flash of pride, the luminous and the tragic. They fought because of her. One abused her in a lovers' quarrel, the other sprang to her ~~for~~ defense and struck the deadly blow. Men still fighting over ~~the~~ Sylvia Gough, who once was so lovely and still has some lingering fascination.

NOISE ENDING

I am a bit bashful about telling this next piece of news. In fact, I feel I ought to whisper it -- speaking aloud makes so much noise. It's rather terrifying to think of one's voice booming out of many a loudspeaker far and wide -- because the lord of silence is visiting our shores. The Right Honourable Lord Horder, K. C. V. O., president of the Medical Society of Great Britain and physician in ordinary to His Majesty, King Edward the Eighth. I heard at the big medical convention at the Waldorf today that in addition His Lordship is president of the Anti-Noise League of Great Britain, which makes him commander of the order of -- hush, hush.

Lord Horder is over here to join the American campaign against hooting and hollering, rows and rackets. His visit is sponsored by our own American League ~~of~~ for Less Noise. They're preaching that quietude is the great beatitude. They're out to ~~make~~ make the world pianissimo. And - they're making a lot of noise about it. One loud blast comes in the form of -- decibels. A decibel, as maybe you'll recall, is a unit for measuring sound, like inches or quarts or hogsheads. For example, in a railroad train your ear is hit by a hundred and six decibels

of slamming and banging. Niagara Falls seranades honeymooners with ninety-five decibels. An auto horn honks seventy-seven. When a dog barks, that's seventy decibels. If he doesn't bark but bites, the one that's bitten emits seventeen hundred and twenty-eight decibels inyells. Inside of a passenger automobile you get seventy-five decibels, though Knockless Blue Sunoco will cut that down a bit. New York City they find has an over supply of decibels, and one object of the campaign is to slash the metropolitan index to sixty-five.

Such is the background for the visit of Lord Horder-- and immediately there ^{'s} was a scandal. In New York Mayor LaGuardia is the apostle of the anti-noise campaign. So the British doctor of the silent treatment was scheduled to make a visit to the noiseless mayor tomorrow. The program of honour called for him to make a trip to City Hall with the full ceremony of a motorcycle escort speeding him through the traffic. Then -- one devotee of stillness recalled that an escort of motorcycle cops goes through traffic with sirens in full blast, shrilling ^{and} shrieking. ^{strong} Whereupon ~~tooting~~ there was a panicky conference of the ~~the~~ silent men.

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They talked in hushed tones -- sh--. So the motorcycle escort was immediately cancelled. And tomorrow his quietistic lordship will ride to City Hall in profound silence, as quiet as a mouse.

And there even reasons why I should be even quieter than a mouse. So --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.