

L.J. - Sunoco. Wed., Jan. 29/36.

Ames
1936

EUROPE

The goose ~~heads~~ high in the old world today. More properly, I should say, the Dove of Peace is fluttering over Europe. And if that isn't news, I don't know what is.

The French President, Monsieur Lebrun, and his colleagues, returned from the funeral of King George with quite the chattiest and most welcome bit of information that the boulevards have heard in many a long month. I mean of course the announcement of Germany's ~~pledge~~ ^{#50} not to militarize the Rhineland. [^] Many a head will rest more comfortably tonight in France. That Rhineland business has been a nightmare to French statesmen, generals and indeed to all France. Since the Nazis seized the government, they have flouted one clause after another of the Treaty of Versailles.

~~AND OF COURSE THE GENERAL SUPPOSITION HAS BEEN THAT THE~~

And of course the general supposition has been that the fortification of the riverine territory would be the next.

It would seem that John Bull might have allayed these French fears some time ago. For it was to the British government that Chancellor Hitler made that peaceful pledge. But not until Foreign Minister Flandin, on the occasion of the King's funeral,

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paid a visit to the Foreign office, was that information vouchsafed.

And its good news.

~~However, it's pretty encouraging news.~~

Also some may see

~~And there's~~ encouragement of a sort in the advices from

the war front in Africa. Another spectacular Italian advance.

Fifty miles this time. (General Graziani's vanguard is now only

a hundred and seventy-five miles south of Addis Ababa.) And there

seems reason to believe that the flag of the House of Savoy will

fly over Haile Selassie's capital before long — *or maybe over Harar.*

"What", you may ask, "is encouraging about that to ~~the~~

world's peace?" ~~xxx~~ Well, ^{*some say*} ~~this~~ this:— As I had occasion to mention

the other night, all the correspondents who have come back from

Ethiopia, tell me that Graziani could have taken Addis Ababa months

ago if Mussolini had wanted him to. Then why the delay? Because

^{*a*} the Duce was holding out his crack troops for an attack on John Bull.

One fact that hasn't come out in the day by day news is that the

Duce has held not only his best divisions, but his best equipment,

in reserve. And for that there was only one motive — an assault

on the British Empire.

The latest Italian advance of fifty miles makes a total of

more than three hundred ^{miles} in the last couple of weeks. That's spectacular. But still more spectacular is the inference to be drawn that the Black Shirt Dictator has given up his dream of rebuilding the ancient Roman Empire at the expense of the British.

Of course, that's only an inference. Next week's news may smash it to smithereens.

DEBTS

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Business men and people in general have been expressing extreme worry over Uncle Sam's debt.. The news that the passage of the Bonus Bill will mean a public debt of Thirty-six Billion Dollars in a short while, has spread quite a bit of consternation. So perhaps there's some consolation in taking a look at John Bull's ledger. π John's national debt is a cool Forty ~~Bills~~ Billions already. Considering the comparative size, population and wealth of the two countries, that's a staggering total. One Billion of that, of course, is owed to us. But that isn't news any more. Nevertheless, there are people in Great Britain who are sensible of the obligation and even trying to pay it off. To that end, a fund called a "patriotism pool", has been established in England. It was started on Armistice Day, Nineteen Twenty-Seven, by the late Lord Dalziel, owner of the famous Press Service. Lord Dalziel started it going with a legacy of Two and a Half Million Dollars. In the last eight years some Three Hundred Thousand ~~Dollars have~~ ^{more has} been added. ~~to it~~ Part of that is represented by interest, part ~~of it~~ by small donations, many of which are anonymous. π At that rate of speed, the "patriotism pool" ~~will have~~ ^{in 100 yrs. will come to} just about one-third

of the amount ~~xxx~~ owed to Uncle Sam. ~~in one hundred years.~~

It's official name is the National Debt Redemption Fund.

It's trustees can either pay off the debt by instalments or can wait three hundred years to clear the entire sum off at one fell swoop.

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Most of ^{Great Britain's} ~~the~~ ^{public} Forty Billion Dollar debt was accumulated in

the financing of wars. When William of Orange went over from

Holland to take the British throne, the national debt was only

Four Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand ^{dollars.} The cost of the American

Revolution was Six Hundred Millions. But that was a trifle compared

to the cost of the Napoleonic Wars - Three Billions. In Eighteen

Seventeen, John Bull's national debt had grown to Four Billion,

Two Hundred Forty Millions. In other words, it had grown ten

thousand times in a hundred and thirty years. But in the last

hundred and twenty, it has multiplied itself ^{another} ten times. In view of

all this, the notion of ^{ever getting the entire British public} ~~paying that debt seems a trifle optimistic~~

debt paid off looks slim. And by the same token is not likely to get his national debt paid off.

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Some of us thought we were through talking and debating about the Veterans' Bonus. But that vote in the Senate ~~on Sunday~~ which overrode the President's veto has by no means pushed this evergreen subject out of the news. It may astonish you to hear that the veterans are on the march again! Not to Washington, but to Uncle Sams offices wherever they live. ^H In every large city you'll see a smiling procession galloping on its way to get application blanks. In New York City alone more than seven thousand of them have been handed out in one day. The big presses of the Government Printing Office in Washington are rolling overtime. No fewer than six million blanks were turned out in ^{24 hours.} ~~one day~~

However, one grave side of this bonus question has developed since Monday. Quite a number of veterans the country over are on relief. And they've suddenly realized the possibility of being dropped from the relief roll. The policy of the W. P. A. is to fire anybody who has enough money to take care of himself for three months. That, of course, would seem to include anybody entitled to the cash payment

of the bonus. However, Mr. Harry Hopkins, the Works Progress Administrator, says there'll be no wholesale firing. ~~If~~ Each case will be considered on its own merits, he has decided.

~~If~~ It ~~has~~ appears that there are no figures on the number of veterans who receive relief. It has not been the practice so far to ask men when they apply whether they are ex-soldiers or not. But as a rough estimate some three hundred thousand are receiving help from the government in one shape or another. ~~But it~~

~~It~~ turns out now that it will be the first of July before the first of those baby bonds reach their destination. The ~~first~~ date set was June Fifteenth, but it will be impossible to get them ready by that time. ~~It~~ Meanwhile, a much worried committee on ways and ~~means~~ means of the House of Representatives is scratching its head in an effort to find means of paying the ^{Bonus} bill.


ADD BONUS

The representatives heard from the White House on
this subject today ~~on~~ ⁱⁿ no ~~un~~measured terms. A letter from the
President to Speaker Burns laid the baby frankly on the doorstep
of Congress. Since both houses had overridden his veto of the
Bonus measure, said Mr. Roosevelt, ^{put it} ~~it was~~ squarely up to the
Congressmen to find the wherewithal ^{to} ~~for~~ paying the piper.
Inasmuch as the President ^{had} ~~was~~ previously declared that the
passage of the Bonus would mean heavy extra taxation, this
pronouncement ^{ix} has a ~~considerable~~ ^{with} considerable sting to it.

POLITICS

More reminder that this is election year. Political fireworks popping on three fronts. Senator Robinson's speech - Al Smith's old running mate. And Mr. Smith lost no time in catching the friendly brickbats and throwing them back with gusto. Also the formal opening of Senator Borah's campaign for the presidency. And, down in Georgia the anti-Roosevelt Governor Talmadge definitely got his campaign under way today. The Southern Grass Rooters whooped it up for "King Cotton Gene."

The Arkansas solon, Senator Robinson, said pretty much what he was expected to say about Al Smith. The gist of his oration was that Al Smith's criticism of President



Roosevelt was really a criticism of Al Smith. When Al was Senator Robinson's running-mate in the 1928 presidential campaign, he advocated the identical policies that he is now denouncing says Senator Robinson.

"You approved the N.R.A., Governor Smith," said he. "You approved farm relief; you urged federal spending and public works." Then he added: "And you publicly said that in such a crisis as the depression, the Constitution should be laid on the shelf for a while," and so on.

Today Al's reply to his old running-mate was in characteristic Smith vein. Again the weapon he used was ridicule. "Poor old Joe," he said, "they put him in a tough spot." Then he continued: "Joe did the best he knew how, but it was no answer." Thereupon, Mr. Smith repeated what he had said at the Liberty League dinner: "There's only one man who should try to answer me," meaning the President himself.

"Joe stumbled so," said Al, "that I felt sure that speech was canned and didn't come from the heart of the Joe Robinson I had known." Poor Old Joe. That was Al's tone.

The debut of that really big potato from Idaho as a presidential candidate comes as one of the interesting political events of the campaign. Senator Borah has been a national figure for the last twenty years, prominent enough to have run for president long ago. In fact, in every one of the last three campaigns he was mentioned as a possibility. But hitherto he has always declined to make the race.

Well, he's in it now with both feet, the first Republican so to announce himself. Today the Borah's people were saying that the Senator could grab off a considerable portion of the Roosevelt vote; not only the liberal Republicans, but the anti-New Deal Democrats, would flock to the Borah standard. That's the grapevine prophecy.

Mr. Borah left us in no doubt about the issues. "Long live the Constitution!" is his cry, and warm cheers for the Supreme Court. Economic liberty he is for, but down with monopoly. Also and vehemently, he proclaimed: "Beware of dictatorships!"

And the entry of the Idaho Senator will tie a few knots in the present session of Congress. President Roosevelt will be faced with the problem of having his rival for the presidency occupying one of the foremost seats in the Senate. And that bids fair to provide more than one ticklish situation.

(Politics is popping out in the middle west too.

The partisans of Governor Landon of Kansas are girding their loins. To be sure, the Governor hasn't declared himself, yet.

So far he has not admitted that he is a candidate.) But, it is noticeable that he has made no protest to the efforts of Publisher Hearst and other admirers to push him into the ring.

There was a big political rally in Kansas today for Landon.

G.M.

People in even the remotest parts of the country will soon have a chance of seeing the latest thing in circuses, ~~the~~ a scientific circus, a sort of world's fair on wheels. That's the way it is described by ~~the~~ Alfred P. Sloan, President of General Motors, which is responsible for the idea.

What you will see will be a caravan of twenty-eight specially built motor trucks, a caravan two miles long. ~~It is~~ especially designed for the benefit of folks who live in smaller towns. The purpose will be to show them what science has contributed to human welfare and comfort in the last few years. One feature will be a housing exhibit: ~~And this will be~~ a home of yesterday and a home of today. Another prominent part of this traveling world's fair is that it will be a safety exhibit.

MAJOR GARDNER

Almost everyone believes that flying started with the Wright brothers and came of age when Colonel Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. But my friend, Major Lester Gardner, informs me that is a long way from being the fact. The Major is Secretary of the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences. Incidentally, today it is announced that a gentleman who prefers to hide his light under a bushel has decided to bequeath a round half million dollars to that institute.

Major Gardner has had a staff of thirty relief workers busy on an aeronautical index; the most comprehensive thing of its kind in existence. It brings to light much curious information. For instance, that flying started way back in the days of the ancient Greeks. A gentleman named Archytas of Tarentoum, an Ionian colony in Italy, constructed a flying pigeon. Archytas was a friend ~~of~~ and contemporary of Plato.

Sometime later, in the Tenth Century, an English monk did even better than that. His name was Oliver of Malmsbury, and he fashioned himself wings with which he contrived to fly a distance of three hundred and seventy feet. To be sure, he broke his leg when he landed, which rather spoiled the experiment. Nevertheless, he did it.

WEATHER

The icy fingers of old Jack Frost have been stretching out in curious directions. For instance, at Buffalo, they had to use steam turbines to generate electricity for the first time since the plant was built. That's because the famous Falls at Niagara were frozen so solid.

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In several places along the Atlantic Coast, untimely ice floes have been a terrific nuisance to shipping. As a rule, they aren't expected until late in February, So their arrival ~~this early~~ this early caught the authorities unawares. Trans-Atlantic liners had to plow their own lane in the ice in ~~the~~ upper New York Bay, and had a hard time docking because of the ice in the slips. In dear old Boston they had to use Uncle Sam's coast guard ships for ice breakers. Conditions are so serious in Baltimore that the harbor authorities are going to ask the Navy to lend them some battleships.

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In view of all this, it seems ironic to hear of Rio de Janeiro being threatened with a drought. The heat is so ferocious down in Rio, that the city's water supply is in danger. The mercury wavers up and down between ninety-five and a hundred and five degrees.

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Already water is so scarce that customers in cafes are being

obliged to use beer as a chaser. That's tough.

And s-l-u-t-m.

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