

L.T. - Sunoco. Fri., Jan. 3/36.

C. M. M.

Paying somebody to destroy something. That sounds rather like the A. A. A., crop reduction, crop bonuses for not having crops. But no, it's in the automobile trade -- paying people to junk autos, paying dealers to scrap the old cars they take in trade. The story is that one great concern that manufactures a low-priced car has set up a million dollar fund for the purpose. Out of this, they'll pay their dealers twenty dollars for each old auto that goes to the junk heap during January. The manufacturers say that by cutting out competition of old cars tossed on the market, they'll take a lot of unsafe, rickety busses off the road.

This auto scrapping novelty is a reflection of the giant spurt in the motor industry. The manufacturers are jamming through huge production schedules. One prediction is that five million new automobiles will roll out of the plants during Nineteen Thirty-six. That will mean the <sup>u</sup>production of one new car for every twenty-four people. Apparently, one person out of twenty-four of us has the price of a new car, or enough for a down payment at least.

All of this adds point to the figures issued by the National Safety Council. They show that death on the roar stalked for a melancholy total of thirty-six thousand, four hundred people killed during Nineteen Thirty-Five. One percent higher than Nineteen Thirty-Four. Getting what comfort we can out of the announcement of the figures, we find while the total of fatalities increased, the population also increased. Hence the percentage remains about the same in Nineteen Thirty-Five as in Nineteen Thirty-Four. Twenty-eight and a half deaths - the "Sudden Death" Simon and Shuster's famous little book tells about - 28½ deaths for every hundred thousand population. And then too -- Nineteen Thirty Five shows an increase of automobile registrations, a four percent increase. More cars. And, gasoline consumption was up six percent. More mileage. These figures cut down the accident percentage -- showing that maybe the safety campaigns are some effect. Apparently they did their bit of good in New England, for fatalities dropped three percent there. Also in New York City, where sixty-six fewer people were killed than in the year before. The Middlewest and the South show accident increases.



## VEILS

Here's a story about the seven veils. There's no dancing Salome in it. Instead there are seven young women, each with a veil a piece. They took those veils off. ~~But~~ <sup>It</sup> all concerns the oriental custom of Purdah, the tradition of women veiling their faces in the East. The tale goes on to tell how the ladies of Damascus have been emancipated, have discarded the veil and all because of Aisha.

She was one of ~~the~~ seven young women students in the University of Damascus, and all seven strictly conformed to the rule of the veil. Then Aisha fell in love with a young doctor, a Moslem who had just returned from a trip through Europe. In London and Paris he had seen ladies without veils - especially in Paris. So he told Aisha he'd never marry a girl ~~so~~ so timid and old-fashioned as to keep her face hidden. Thereupon Aisha tore the veil from her face, and stalked about the University of Damascus in the full glory of dark eyes and flashing smile. When her girl companions saw it, they did the same - the seven unveiled young ladies of Damascus. That began the local

emancipation of women. By the way, Aisha married the doctor.

We hear about this in an account of the crusade that's being waged against the veil in sixteen oriental countries. The head crusader is Heneina Khoury, who has been campaigning far and wide throughout Islam. She's now in London. (Not that English women wear veils, either one or seven.) She has <sup>simply</sup> come to tell the West how in the East they're getting the girls' noses and eyelashes out into the open.



Congress played a brisk noisy overture today, a prelude to the Presidential performance at nine o'clock tonight. There was plenty of shouting and speech-making, and arguing and wrangling. But the purpose of an overture is not to stop the show from going on. So when it was all over, and the last raucous note had been sounded, the last thump of the drum pounded out -- the Congressional orchestra played its closing chord and gave way to the rising of the curtain.

When I say Congress in this instance, I mean only one House of Congress, the Lower. The Senators in their solemn dignity did <sup>not</sup> have any rumpus. They merely voted to take a recess until ~~xx~~ nine o'clock, and gather again at that Presidential hour. The Senatorial Republicans didn't say "Boo!"

But, ~~it was something else again~~ in the House, ~~of Representatives.~~ There the Republicans said not only "Boo" but also "Bah!" ~~They even said "Bow-Wow" as they snapped away at the program of tonight's Special Message.~~ The Lower House was in a rowdy humor all day long. Even as the session was convening, there was a gust of excitement. One of the Congressional

elevators broke loose and took a nose-dive. Fifteen Congressmen were aboard, when something went wrong with the elevator and down it plunged. There might have been a Congressional tragedy, but the drop was only two floors deep and the elevator was brought to a stop without too much of a jar at the basement. The Congressmen weren't <sup>damaged. Only sheered.</sup> ~~hurt, weren't even shaken up. That, they say, was because~~ The safety device on the elevator -- worked. ~~Although there were a few remarks about the amount of Congressional hot air in the elevator, enough gas to hold it up.~~

The lawmakers began with some mere non-descript business. But even then they were on the warpath. They shouted down Representative Zionchek, a Democrat of Washington, who arose to read a letter and put it <sup>a</sup> on the record. ~~What was the~~ letter <sup>And</sup> ~~about? It was~~ against the Townsend Plan. The lawmakers wouldn't listen. The theme of the Townsend Plan seemed to irk and agitate them. So they whooped and yelled Representative Zionchek into silence.

With that sign of bad humour, they soon came around to that much-chewed and worried bone of contention -- the Special



Message, to be spoken by the President <sup>by</sup> ~~at night, time,~~ with micro-  
phones everywhere, ~~and at that effective radio time -- nine o'clock,~~  
The motion was made -- to adjourn until nine. Instantly Repre-  
sentative Bert~~er~~and Snell, the Leader of the Republican minority,  
was on his feet, objecting. ~~It was~~ Politics, he shouted, plain  
politics, for the Chief Executive to turn Congress into a political  
radio show. The Republicans cheered, the Democrats hooted.

"The New Deal is slipping," cried Representative Snell.  
The Republicans cheered, the Democrats hooted. He denounced  
tonight's Presidential program as being derogatory to the dignity  
of the House. More Republican cheers, more Democratic hoots.  
Then Mr. Snell rose to a climax when he declared that he was  
not actuated by partisan motives. "This," he shouted, "is a non-  
partisan statement." With that, the responses of cheers and  
hoots turned into a gale of laughter.

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The Republican leader was not really trying to block  
the show. His manoeuvres were what you'd call tactical.  
He merely wanted to go on record with some hot Republican denuncia-  
tion of the whole program. Then he agreed to the program, which

the Democrats could put through anyway. After all the heat and holler, the House voted unanimously to adjourn until nine o'clock, then to join with the Senate in hearing the President speak his Special Message.

~~So that finished off the overture, with accent on the good old line -- "Let the show go on."~~



## NEUTRALITY FOLLOW CONGRESS

In addition to all the fireworks, there was one bit of serious business in Congress today. (The new bill for neutrality was introduced in both the Senate and the House. They'll take it up on next Tuesday for debate. It is understood that the bill has the approval of the President.)

It has a financial clause which makes it unlawful for any American to buy or sell bonds issued by any nation at war. And you won't be allowed to lend money or extend credit to a belligerent country. In other words, we'll break financial relations with a fighter in a war. And that's designed to prevent the nation from getting financially interested in the outcome of ~~ix~~ a battle.

The bill calls for the President to declare an embargo on munitions of ~~xx~~ war, just as in the present bill. But he is also allowed to embargo key materials such as cotton, oil or metals.

There's one big exception in all this, and that concerns Latin-American countries which may get into a struggle

with a non-American nation. They won't be restricted by an embargo. This is in accordance with the Monroe Doctrine; and of course the new Neutrality Bill will go still further in

killing the traditional doctrine of the Freedom of the Seas. *The idea being that we*  
*We* won't demand our rights on the ocean, in wartime, *if the bill goes through and it becomes law.*



## ICE

On the Maryland shore of Chesapeake Bay is the little harbor of Crisfield, dedicated principally to the packing of oysters and crabmeat. At Crisfield today two boats put into port, telling two separate but similar stories of peril. One came from Smith Island, the other from Tangier Island, *— in Chesapeake Bay.* In each case the Island has been isolated for days, its inhabitants threatened with hunger and illness. It all comes about from that bitter wintry cold snap, which lasted day after day. Chesapeake Bay froze two feet thick in places. Great ice sheets and turbulent ice floes cut off the two islands from the rest of the world.

Smith Island, twelve miles from shore, has twelve hundred people. Food ran low. People became ill. Medical supplies were needed. Three men spoke up and volunteered to make a try at getting through the ice jam to the mainland. Veteran oyster fishermen, hardened to the toils and turmoil of the sea. They set out in their oyster fishing craft, battling against the masses of drift ice. That was last Monday. All night long the oyster boat pushed slowly on,

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barely inching its way. Tuesday came and the bitter hand of winter stopped them cold. Cold is right. <sup>For</sup> In the blizzard and gale, the ice crammed hard around the oyster boat, <sup>and</sup> froze solid. And there they were, ice-locked.

They tried to break loose, but couldn't do it. All day they smashed ~~it~~ at the ice, but couldn't open any passageway. The story tells of a four day struggle, a battle against the ~~enemy~~ ice. Prisoners of the ice. Rescue came in the form of the coast guard cutter Apache. The powerful cutter smashed and ground through, forced its way to the ice-locked oyster boat, and opened a <sup>way</sup> ~~path~~ out. Today the Apache escorted those three Chesapeake fishermen and their craft safely to Crisfield Harbor.

And almost simultaneously another boat put in. The first mail boat in a week arrived from Tangier Island, and related a story of a failing of food and growing hardships there.

Tonight the tale of the two marooned islands is ~~told~~ told in two words -- Red Cross. The mercy organization has



rushed food and supplies to the ice-bound islanders.

There's a tale of rescue in Canada too, where the call of rescue so often sounds in winter time, from the North. Tonight all planes are grounded in northern Ontario, no way to take the sky route to Sagonon Lake. So it's automobile and dog sled. A doctor and two companions are on their way, by car as far as they can go. Then - the dogs. They are ~~bringing~~ <sup>taking</sup> serum to a tragic northern home, where two children have died of meningitis, and the mother is desperately ill. They hope to save her.

## PRISON

Charles Dickens ought to be alive today. Remember Mr. Pickwick and the debtors prison? Dickens was haunted by the cruelty and wretchedness of people being sent to prison, maybe staying there for life -- just because they couldn't pay a debt, simply had no money. Well, today that officially came to an end in England. We had heard it was to be done away with it. Today it was. From now on nobody will be sent to jail for debts.

Of course the horror of the debtors' prison was abolished in Dickens' own day. He himself and the great books he wrote had much to do with the abolition of all that harsh iniquity. But still certain laws about debt have lingered on in England right down to the present day. Three thousand people a year have been imprisoned for the failure to pay taxes. Eleven thousand a year for not paying fines. Twenty thousand for failing to pay ~~xxx~~ legal allowances to their wives, which may remind several Americans I know of our alimony jail.

Now, that's all changed by new laws. Nobody in England will be locked up because he can't pay. However - there's



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a catch to it. This doesn't mean they can't put you in jail for not paying. If you can but won't then in you go! What the new law does is to give the judge a mandate to inquire into the finances of a person and determine if he can pay but won't. If he can't, then even a fine against him for misconduct will be cancelled. And today it went into effect according to those announcements of some days ago.

The whole edition will use up eight hundred tons of paper and nine tons of printers' ink. Gil Hodges, one of the diamonds of the Sox, also a demon in figures and higher mathematics, astronomical calculations being his hobby, tells me that if the pages of tomorrow's NEW YORK SUN were laid end to end, they would stretch thirty-six thousand miles. That would be once and a half time around the world. Yes, those pages of newspaper would circle right around the globe. And all the day the SUN would be shining on the SUN. And ending until Sun - Monday, I mean. SUNDAY 'TILL MONDAY.

Whistle - mean Pisto let's go to supper.