

MacDONALD

It looks as though there may be a new twist to the Horatia Alger story of Jamie MacDonald, to give him his real name - J. Ramsay. Born in a "wee botan'ben" in the lowlands of Scotland, he rose to be Prime Minister of Great Britain, one of the foremost statesmen of the world. To be sure, some of his erstwhile pals in the labor unions don't quite like some of the rungs on the ladder that he used. And now it seems they are calling the turn for Jamie to be on his way down.

Ramsay MacDonald to eminence by way of the trades unions. He was an assiduous and faithful Laborite, a doughty and devoted fighter for the cause of the unions. Then he came power:- a Cabinet Minister, Prime Minister. He came into contact with the cream of the aristocracy, the families who have ruled England for centuries, though frequently hiding behind the bush to do their ruling. And apparently he became one of them. That's what his former pals in the unions said. Now they disown him, and pronounce him a renegade. They say that their one time leader

lost his head at suave, luxurious weekend parties in the famous old country houses of England. No less an authority than the late Viscount Haldane declared twenty years ago that this was the process that was the inevitable downfall of ex-proletarian Prime Ministers.

Whether the charge is just or unjust, his former pals are greasing the skids for MacDonald. There's a general election at hand. And the labor union folks in the constituency that has hitherto returned J. Ramsay to Parliament are rolling up their sleeves, and shouting: "Vote against him!"

There was a time when he was as popular as Gladstone once was. But now, every time he appears in public and lifts his voice, there are angry people in the audience who shout him down, who heckle him and say: "Shut up you turn-coat Tory!"

The complete irony of the situation is that Jamie, once the coal miners' hero, may be obliged to accept a peerage. By this time he has acquired considerable experience in the art of government, that is in the art of ruling King George's realm. And the friends he has made, if not his one time labor union

friends, are imploring him to go into the House of Lords and become the principal spokesman of the government in that somnolent and venerable Chamber. Once upon a time this was considered an honor. Today it is the equivalent of being kicked upstairs. The House of Lords is still a part of the British legislative system. But since Lloyd George destroyed its power few pay attention to what their Lordships think and say. So Ramsay MacDonald feels rather insulted by the suggestion that he should accept a peerage. He says he'll fight it out in his own constituency, and go down fighting before he'll lower himself to be a lord.

## SAILORS

A sidelight from the African war front! Four American sailors arrive in Addis Ababa! Does it mean Uncle Sam is putting his finger into that pot of spicy pie? Not at all. Those four American sailors are from Uncle Sam's Naval Radio Patrol. They have been detailed to our legation in Haile Selassie's capital.

It turns out that the reason for this is quite simple. The State Department needs bonafide and sure enough okay information about what's going on in Ethiopia. As we have ample cause to observe, each country gives out the news it considers proper for the world to receive. In short, the news it considers helpful. You can hardly blame them. Italy publishes such information as Mussolini's censor deems useful to Italy. As for Haile Selassie, he has shown himself to be quite a shrewd master of propaganda. Whatever information comes out of Addis Ababa has had the doubly royal okay of the King of Kings.

Our own State Department wants the real low-down on what is going on.

The statement issued by Haile Selassie today, affords a fair illustration of the way official news is colored. The

armies of Ethiopia, so says their War Lord, have not yet been defeated in any battle nor on any front. Mussolini's troops didn't capture Adowa and Axum, says he. The soldiers of the Lion of Judah were withdrawn deliberately for strategic reasons, is his angle on it. So there was no victory on the Italian side, no defeat for the Ethiopians, just a retreat - a la World War.

We have to give His Ethiopian Majesty credit for one thing. When it comes to propaganda, he has Mussolini lashed to the mast. His latest tactic is to day, in effect: "Italian victories? Rubbish! We're the only ones who have won. Just for example, four thousand of our gallant heroes dashed into Italian Somaliland and occupied Italian territory over a front of forty-five miles." "Try that on your bulletins", says the King of Kings.

The territory that the Ethiopians claim to have invaded is near the frontier of Kenya, the famous British colony, one of the garden spots of the world. The leader of the Ethiopian troops, if the report can be credited, is an officer named Colonel Siwiank. The doughty colonel is reputed to have been an officer

of considerable importance during the Boer War, thirty-seven years ago.

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The most serious news from the other side of the world today is that the European nations are up to their old tricks. Once again they are trying to drag Uncle Sam into the mess they've made. They want us to join in the boycott of Italy. There's a piece of news that hardly needs any comment. We squabble about a great many things. We are agreed on very few of them. But one lyric we do sing in harmonious accord is, "We won't be dragged into any European fight, not just now." Secretary of Commerce Roper says the U.S.A. will not join the boycott of Italy.

A new ingredient was added to that mess of pottage today. John Bull and France are now at loggerheads on that question of sanctions. What is more, London sent in a quick reply to Premier Laval's suggestion that Britain might make things a bit easier if he'd withdraw his threatening concentration of warships from the Mediterranean. London took all of eighteen

hours to consider that suggestion and the reply was what we might have expected: "Nothing doing." And just to make everybody feel more friendly, Britain counters with another suggestion. That is, to start the boycott of Italian goods right now, at this moment. His Majesty's Cabinet had a long session today, but didn't tell us what it was all about. But, it's not difficult to guess.

A new serious element in the situation is the rumor that Italy has assembled a squadron of Two hundred airplanes in Lybia, right at the Egyptian frontier. Episodes like this make people wonder how on earth a general war can be averted.

EMBARGO

A serio-comic situation developed in Washington today.

Uncle Sam appears in the role of a man trying to ~~walk~~ ride a donkey and carry the animal on his shoulders at the same time. As we have had occasion to observe before, the Government has issued a proclamation notifying all of us that if we do business with Italy and

Ethiopia, we do it at our own risk. At the same time, Uncle Sam

is spending ~~our~~ money to continue doing business with Italy, on his

own hook. <sup>π</sup> At least two steamships of the American Line, a government owned line, are, it is announced, carrying on "business as usual."

That sounds tame enough until we read behind the lines and realize that these steamships are scheduled to stop at several Italian ports.

So <sup>does</sup> the President's proclamation ~~apparently doesn't~~ apply to Uncle Sam's own merchant marine. <sup>g</sup> *That's the question that's being asked.* The two ships in question were built

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by ~~Uncle Sam~~ with government money. <sup>And,</sup> ~~What is more,~~ the companies operating them receive ~~substantial~~ subsidies <sup>for</sup> carrying the mails.

The situation sounds almost ~~libertian~~ <sup>libertian</sup>.



LABOR

A new champion of Ethiopia came forward today - the American Federation of Labor. The union delegates in convention at Atlantic City were unanimous over a resolution denouncing Italy. A transaction of this sort wouldn't mean much ~~to us~~ but for one thing:- For the first time in these fifteen years an influential and representative American body puts itself on record as approving the League of Nations. That really is something amazing when you consider that a famous president's heart was broken and an election ~~was~~ lost over this same issue. **R** Said the Labor delegates at Atlantic City: "This convention expresses its concurrence with the action of the League of Nations." And then they added: "We ~~are~~ emphatically approve of the policy which has been announced by President ~~Franklin D.~~ Roosevelt and by the Congress, relative to Italy's attack on Ethiopia."

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This resolution was an illustration of the axiom that sometimes it takes a fire to put out a fire. In their indignation over Italy, the Union delegates forgot their indignation at each other. It helped to soften all the hard feelings that had been aroused yesterday in the squabble over Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the Federation. Incidentally, the result of that fight tended to

show that the real boss of the A.F. of L. is <sup>now</sup> John Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers of America. It was Mr. Lewis who compelled Mr. Woll to resign his office as President of the National Civic Federation.

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ROPER

We've had nothing much from Government <sup>circles</sup> ~~circles~~ but a loud and eloquent silence. It was broken today by Mr. Roper, Secretary of Commerce. What he said should give <sup>some</sup> ~~considerable~~ comfort and encouragement to business men, especially those who have been complaining about government interference in business. Mr. Roper said flatly that, in his opinion, it was time for Uncle Sam to keep his hands out and stop trying to regiment *industry.* ~~business.~~

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TREASURY

We've been given several optimistic reports about Uncle Sam's finances. <sup>But -</sup> They are hardly born out by a statement issued from the U. S. Treasury today. According to this, the national deficit is more than a billion dollars. And that is for the ~~year so far, the year~~ <sup>this year</sup> which began July 1st. Uncle Sam is spending today almost twice his income. He's been spending his ~~dollar~~ <sup>money</sup> ~~amount~~ during the last three and a half months as freely as he did during ~~the war~~ <sup>the World War,</sup> The actual deficit on October fourteenth was one billion, seven million, four hundred and ~~fifty-seven,~~ <sup>fifty-seven,</sup> ~~fifty-seven,~~ thousand, one hundred and fifty-six dollars -- if you care for figures.

ELECTION

All over the country you can hear the Republicans chortling today. They are feeling <sup>frisky</sup> ~~pretty spry~~, because of a bi-election in Massachusetts. Even though it was only a bi-election, the G.O.P. feels that the defeat of the Democrat, John C. Birmingham, in the Second Senatorial District of Essex County, is a straw which shows which way the wind blows. <sup>What</sup> What is more, the election of the Republican candidate McSweeney ~~fx~~ over Mr. Birmingham, gives the Massachusetts Republicans the control of the State Senate. This is something the followers of the Elephant in Massachusetts have been fighting <sup>for.</sup> ~~particularly hard~~. They have been <sup>saying</sup> ~~pleading~~ that a Republican Senate was necessary to pull the reins on the Administration of Democratic Governor Curley. ~~The Democrats make light of the ~~fix~~ defeat and say: "After all, it's only a bi-election."~~

## FORUM

There was a hot time in the old town this morning, in New York. To be exact at that great Herald Tribune Forum. One of the first speakers was Ogden Mills, Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Mills told the company assembled that "The only salvation of the country lay in the Supreme Court." if the Justices in Washington don't rule out some of the laws passed under the New Deal, "we shall have a centralized government exercising despotic authority over all our affairs."

Then by way of contrast, up jumped one of the Knights of the New Deal, Governor George Earle of Pennsylvania. And his riposte to Mr. Mills was: "If the Supreme Court declares the New Deal unconstitutional, we will have to amend the Constitution!" To back up his opinion, Governor Earle cited conditions within his own state. He gave utterance to the extreme statement that, Coal miners in parts of Pennsylvania are treated worse than negro slaves before 1864.

Governor Earle's statements were so emphatic that Ogden Mills jumped from his seat ~~wi~~ and at the Waldorf-Herald Tribune Forum replied to him from the floor of the House. And he cried: "The big thing at issue today, the thing I have at heart is saving the American scheme of life."

PLANE

Score another one for Uncle Sam. One of his Naval planes has bust a new record. Lieutenant Commander McGuinness, one of the crack veterans of the Navy pilots, with a crew of five, flew a new type of aircraft all the way from the Panama Canal to Alameda, California, in thirty-four hours, forty-five minutes. That puts a new high mark for sea planes. The previous long distance record for that type of machine was held by Italy. Only last January Lieutenant Mario Stoffani flew an Isota Frascini three thousand sixty-three miles from Malfalconi in Italy, to British Somaliland: — ~~That was~~ one hundred miles less than the distance flown by Lieutenant Commander McGuinness and ~~xx~~ his crew today.

CLEMENS

I've just been turning over the leaves of one of the most delightful books that has come from any publisher's press in a long time. Its author was a gentleman named Samuel L. Clemens who still stands out as -- well many say by long odds the greatest writer America has yet produced. We all know him affectionately as Mark Twain. The volume just issued is his notebook.

What a mind of wit, humor and humanism! I don't think any other book shows so completely the real spirit of the man.

It also shows us how many of the public jokes that we still quote and sometimes repeat as our own were invented by the shaggy haired raconteur from Hannibal, Missouri. One that particularly caught my attention you may have heard frequently from other sources. But the notebook proves that Mark Twain invented it, or got it from a farmer. It's the one about the stranger who went to a farm and asked the son of the house where his father was. And the boy replied: "Pop's down in the sty. You'll know him from the hogs 'cause he's got his hat on."

Well, I've got my hat on, and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.