

L.J. - Sunoco. Mon., Feb. 15, 1937.

( Trans-Atlantic airmail service by November! And it's no pipe dream. It's the official proposal made today by the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives. ) To show that it means business, the Committee wants to appropriate three-quarters of a million dollars of Uncle Sam's money to help speed the plan.

46  
Three round trips a week, perhaps four. The routes to vary according to the seasons. In the Summer the planes to fly over the northern course, New York to Southampton; in the Winter:- Charleston, Bermuda, the Azores and Southampton via the southern route. The legislators have even fixed the price:- Twenty-one cents to twenty-five cents a half ounce on airmail letters to Europe. The business to be divided between American and British air fleets.

Just to show how far the plans have gone, the House Appropriations Committee even gives out information about the ships to be used. One plane ~~is~~ now being constructed will carry sixty people. It will be a forty-two ton mechanical bird. That's bigger than the Pan-American Clippers on the Trans-Pacific service. But that forty-two ton Trans-Atlantic

plane will be only a beginning. Designers are now drafting plans for planes weighing a hundred and twenty-five tons a piece, able to carry a hundred and fifty people, and costing about a million dollars per plane.

This aviation item is one small feature of a measure that calls for appropriating nearly three billion dollars for the fiscal year beginning in July. Most of that goes to the Treasury, Post Office, public debt, social security, and so forth.

No mention is made in the bill of a balanced budget.

The Secretary of the Treasury says that's up to Congress and ~~entirely~~ depends on <sup>how</sup> much the legislators vote for relief and other emergency business.

Another bit of information is that Uncle Sam is looking for another treasure vault. We've all heard about the big one at Fort Knox, Kentucky, where the gold reserves are kept. Apparently the time has come to build another one for silver.

Oh yes, and your Uncle has a seven billion dollar headache! Not from the growing national debt. It's about that

excessive flow of money from Europe:- Seven and a half billions of the European equivalent of our ~~xxx~~ dollars now invested in American securities.

The economists have been warning us for some time that this is unhealthy. President Roosevelt calls it:- "hot money." If it were all withdrawn suddenly - it would cause another panic. Whenever things are booming in America, Europeans who have any money to spend plunge in our stocks. And they plunge out just as suddenly when they <sup>get</sup>~~are~~ out of the market. Leaving Uncle Sam to hold the bag.

The President has called a conference of money experts at Washington to devise a plan to 'shoo this foreign money away from our door. The simplest way suggested so far is by taxation. Congress might raise the present ten per cent income tax on the profits that foreigners derive from American securities.

It may be that the Federal Reserve Board will be told to discourage American banks from receiving deposits from foreigners. How, I don't know.



## SUPREME COURT

Washington today awaited the words of the Supreme Court. But the expected thrill wasn't there. The announcement was that the Court was adjourning and would not meet again until March first. So all those anticipated rulings on New Deal legislation have to wait! And we're left in the air.

49

But outside that new marble palace a storm of public controversy rages on and on. Senators, congressmen, editors, viewing with alarm and denouncing with fury. The attacks on President Roosevelt's proposal are far more vociferous than the voices in defense. The guessing in Washington is that this is deliberate tactics, the President and his friends, are letting the opposition shout itself hoarse and wear out its strength in the first frenzy of attack. The defense will then be injected gradually, smoothly and tactfully into the fray. That's the guessing of the wiseacres. And -- it's supported by the fact that the White House evidently has abandoned any intention to rush the legislation through Congress. Speaker Bankhead declares emphatically that there is no steam-roller at work. All of which makes people curious to hear Mr. Roosevelt's speech tonight. It will be for the hundred dollar-a-plate party given to Jim Farley, the party to pay off a slice of the New Deal campaign deficit.

## STRIKE

There's good cheer in the automobile world today. Ninety thousand workers went back to their jobs in General Motors plants. And there was an extra bit of relief in the news that the threatened rumpus at Anderson, Indiana, passed over. Although five hundred National Guardsmen are still on patrol there.

However, America is far from being through with its labor headache. The settlement of the quarrel with General Motors has set John L. Lewis free to pursue his campaign in other industries.

The soft coal industry said to be his next target. The United Mine Workers, of which he is President, has a contract with the soft coal operators. That contract expires April First. Leader Lewis is getting ready ahead of time. He is going to demand on April First a new contract with a thirty-hour week and no reduction in pay. That's the equivalent of a fifteen per cent raise. Under the present contract, the men are working thirty-five hours a week.

The coal mineowners are beating Mr. Lewis to it with a demand that the hours shall not be reduced but increased. They say in order to operate profitably they've got to have a forty-hour week.

But the major objective is declared to be the steel industry. Many of the soft coal companies are controlled by steel concerns that need coal.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union today voted to hand over half a million dollars to the campaign fund of the C.I.O. The Clothing Workers just won themselves a twelve per cent raise in wages from their employers. So they are donating that much of it to the other unions.

And last night in Newark, New Jersey, eleven unions held meetings at which they passed loud and unanimous votes of approval for Mr. Lewis and the C.I.O. Lewis organizers have been busy in New Jersey. And labor troubles are expected there.

The situation has brought a statement from Governor Hoffman. He warns that if Lewis and the C.I.O. think they are going to pull off any sit-down strikes in New Jersey, they have another think coming. Hoffman says he will enforce the law, protect and prevent illegal acts. He minced no words and virtually expressed his contempt of Governor Murphy of Michigan, and saying that the incidents of the strike in Michigan and Indiana were "shameful and regrettable."



## MERCHANDISE BOOTLEGGING

52

Bootlegging seems to have gotten into our blood in this country. At any rate, it didn't end with the passing of the prohibition era. Today, from coast to coast, it's a gigantic business - the production and sale of spurious merchandise under counterfeit labels. Organized gangs, with their own manufacturing equipment, do the whole job from the printing of the literature telling about their products to the making of the cartons that contain them, the manufacture of their shoddy goods, to the distribution. They operate plants, have skilled employees, and elaborate apparatus.

This is particularly common in the drug field. For instance, one manufacturer of a popular drug, has a private museum containing six hundred imitations of his product. And, the Federal Authorities say the same thing holds true with regard to almost everything made. The favorite trick of the bootleggers is to imitate trade names, then under-sell in a way that fools a large percentage of our population. They even sell dummy radio tubes. When the current is turned on, it will light, but that's all. And, that light is enough to fool most

of us.

53

And here's a hot one: second-hand watches are used, the dials taken from them, dials bearing famous names, and are mounted on cheap movements, and then sold as the real thing. One plant had made two million of these dials before its operators were caught. And, we all know about the bootlegging of gasoline, and how important it is to buy a reputable product such as Blue Sunoco. The "Rotarian" magazine has been investigating this bootlegging of merchandise, and the information is startling.



## DUST STORM

All danger from the floods is over, the crest is harmlessly vanishing into the Gulf of Mexico. But ~~xxx~~ there's ~~xx~~ more bad news from the dust belt. A blizzard of yellow top soil blowing through Oklahoma, Texas and Kansas. Today's is the third dust storm Texas has had in two weeks. In some towns the folks are getting out their gas masks. The visibility is becoming lower and lower. In parts of Texas this morning it was impossible to see a dozen feet. In some sections traffic is paralyzed.

Already folks are putting paper~~in~~ in the edges of windows and doors. Live stock is huddled in barns. The thick deposit of soil has destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of wheat.

The one note of cheer is that the Weather Bureau believes the terrific wind will subside within the next few hours.

## SPAIN

Over the week-end the grapevine in Europe reported that Great Britain and France had become reconciled to a Fascist Nationalist victory in Spain. But this afternoon, Premier Blum of France publicly issued a warning: France will not stand for Italy's invading Spanish territory. Bluntly that was what the French Prime Minister told the Italian ambassador.

This of course was with reference to the report that Malaga had been taken by General Franco's troops with the aid of twelve thousand Italians who had been landed at Cadiz.

France objects officially on two grounds:- First that the landing of these troops was a breach of Italy's promise not to intervene in Spain. Secondly that any such measure on the part of Mussolini's army is potentially a threat to France's position in North Africa.

While Premier Blum was explaining himself emphatically to Mussolini's envoy the French Atlantic fleet made its appearance off the coast of French Morocco within easy striking position of Malaga.



FOREIGN PRESS

55

There are a large number of European newspaper correspondents in this country of course -- most of them in New York City and Washington; ~~In fact there are~~ so many of them that they publish their own weekly, called "The Foreign Press," just for the members of their Association. Harold Butcher of the LONDON DAILY HERALD, the editor, had a copy at the Waldorf today and in it I found a curious bit of information from my bearded Arctic friend, Peter Freuchen, the giant Dane, who has spent so much of his life in Greenland. Freuchen discourses on news reporting in <sup>the Arctic,</sup> ~~Greenland.~~ There are no newspapers among the Eskimo, but Freuchen says up there everybody is a born news man. When a scandal takes place among the people of the igloo, somebody will try to sneak away during the night to be the first to take the story to the neighbors. He will ~~try to~~ drive his dogs along the ice cap, till he reaches his destination. His hosts know that he must be there to tell them something extraordinary. But, usually he tells them everything else but the important thing. He may hold his secret for two or three days, before he spills it <sup>the whole</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>blowing</sup> on their blubber and seal oil.



"I once heard a young man who came visiting us with a story," ~~relates Peter French,~~ <sup>story</sup> "He had been our guest for three days, ~~and everybody~~ ~~wondered~~ ~~how~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~so~~ ~~obscure~~ ~~as~~ ~~possible.~~ We could tell there was something in the wind by the way he was behaving. He would not have had such an important air if he had not known his own value as a bringer of news.

"One evening when we were getting ready to go to sleep he made a slow remark that lifted the curtain.

"I guess they will fight hard," he said. Just that. We were immediately on tip-toe. The moment had come.

"Who will fight?" he was asked. The boy took his boots off and said unwillingly, "Oh, I was thinking of those dogs."

"Whose dogs?"

"Oh, only some dogs up there. You know it's always bad when two teams are forced to work together in one team. But don't let me bother you folks down here -- you who are famous for your splendid dogs -- by talking about the poor miserable dogs up north where I came from. Let's sleep and forget about the worries of my place!"

"But whose dogs are they?"

" 'Oh, I just happened to think of Sequsuna's dogs now in Quangak's team.' "

"Why are they ther?"

"'Can a dead man drive dogs?'"

"Sequsuna dead! That was the great news. Usually when a man dies it is because he gets a harpoon through his chest.

We all now knew that something terrible had happened at Granville Bay where the boy came from. But now he became stubborn. Can a mere boy such as I am talk to big hunters? I don't know how to express myself. I never tried to tell such things. Maybe everything that happened is already forgotten in my brain by looking at your splendid dogs and immense piles of meat down here!

"It was a difficult task, but during the night we got the thrilling story of the murder engineered by a woman. She was in love with one man and persuaded him to kill the other."

The very hour the boy had no more to tell away he went. People were living farther south, and he was anxious to go there before somebody else could bring the news ahead of him."



## GLACIER

Millions of us have had to run from our houses when the floods came rushing. Others have been half-stifled by the dust storms. But few have had the experience that confronts one American family at this moment. What would we do if the days and nights were filled with the slow, thundering, crackling roar of a glacier creeping irresistibly toward the front porch? That's the plight of H.E. Revell and his family up in Alaska.

Their home is on the Richardson Highway, near Fairbanks. When it was built, it seemed to be reasonably safe from any of the destructive forces of Nature. But today the glacier known as Thundering Black Rapid, is on the move. The ice mass is now less than a mile away from Revell's house. It can be seen from their front porch, a huge white body, three hundred feet high, from which enormous chunks of ice are falling. Just to glance at it you wouldn't know it's moving. But it's creeping at an imperceptible pace, relentlessly, irresistibly, as glaciers do. The noise, says Revell, is terrific, like a hundred steel mills working all at once.

And what are the Revells doing about it? Running for their lives? No, they are sitting tight, packing their things,



taking it easy. When the final minute comes they can stroll  
away. When the glacier crushes their h one. But there's one  
chance that when the glacier reaches the Big Delta River it will  
break up, float down stream as fast as it breaks. And the Bswall's  
house be saved. But otherwise they'll say SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.