

SUPREME COURT

Once more a top ranking feature of the Government rests with the quiet meditations of nine men. The Supreme Court today, here in Washington where I am this evening, the Supreme Court, completed its hearings on the Agricultural Adjustment Act. The lofty justices now have the problem of the A.A.A. under advisement. That means they are thinking it over. And they'll keep on thinking it over for at least a month. They made it clear that they wouldn't hand down their decision until after the first of the year.

In the Supreme Court attack on the A.A.A. the complaining lawyers used the ominous word bribery. They said the money collected by the processing tax and paid to the farmers, for reducing their crops, was just bribing the farmers. The government's lawyers used the loftier word -- justice. They argued that to the farmer the A.A.A. was nothing more than simple justice.

I know what some of the New England mill people think about the processing tax. I spent the past week end

in Maine and there I heard about about five mills, under one control. They paid a process tax of one million two hundred thousand dollars last year. That left the company in the red with a loss of \$700,000. If they hadn't had to pay the processing tax to pay farmers for plowing under their crops the mill people would have had a profit.

HUTTON

Here in Washington today there's a bit of talk about the resignation of the chairman of a big corporation. New Deal advocates are smiling about it. The corporation is -- General Foods. The chairman who has resigned is Edward F. Hutton of Wall Street. No reasons given for his stepping out, but the politically minded have no difficulty in remembering that some weeks ago Edward F. Hutton sparked a sensation by calling on business to "gang up" on the New Deal. He wrote this in a magazine article. More recently he retracted the gang-up suggestion, saying he had changed his mind about it. I don't ~~remember~~ know whether any of this connects with the resignation today, but the political type of intelligence can see all sorts of things.

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If the killing in Minneapolis were simply one instance of its kind--it would still be startling and sinister enough. But it's the second time in ten months in Minneapolis--that an editor of a Liberal crusader type of magazine has been killed by gunmen. Early this year Howard Guilford, who had startled Minneapolis with his journalistic attacks and exposes was shot down. Now --Walter Liggett.

Today's melodramatic development in the case comes with a story that Liggett had planted his records and evidence against the people he was denouncing. He had an inkling he would be killed; he said that in the last issue of his magazine, the Midwest American. In anticipation of this he prepared a posthumous revenge against the enemies whom he thought might plot his death. Somewhere in the East they say, he deposited a document, which tells damning things about those enemies, and names the ones that might be expected to have him killed. The story is tangled darkly with subterranean mazes of secret politics and the underworld.

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TP Walter Liggett had established a blazing reputation for blasting out full fact and detail of what he claimed was the truth about politicians and the criminal mobs. His favorite sensation during prohibition was to reveal how dripping wet the gatherings of distinguished statesmen frequently were, how liquor flowed in the congressional Hall^s ^{here in} ~~at~~ Washington, ^{and —} how alcoholic moisture was dripping in the dryest of dry states. More recently he was conducting a bitter attack on Governor Olsen of Minnesota. ^{TP} Not so long ago he was set upon and savagely beaten. Quite recently he was tried on charges of immorality, but was acquitted. He claimed it was a frame-up by the enemies who were out to get him.

In today's police investigation the authorities concentrated on various persons, mostly concerned with liquor, against whom Liggett was aiming journalistic shafts. These, upon being questioned, made claims that the murdered journalist had been trying to extort money from them, a price for not assailing them in his printed columns.

The record stands, strange and sinister, two
crusading journalists killed by gunmen in Minneapolis
in less than a year.

... were they going to make the imperiled
... it doesn't make sense, until you take
the whole story.

It was the three-million-dollar Old Ben
Nine Number Eighteen at Jackson City, Illinois. A "great"
concrete seal gave way, a seal holding water out
in check. Concrete is good when it hasn't set, hasn't
hardened. So the water was seeping in the mine, threatening
to flood it. And the one thing that will make concrete
set and harder is heat. So the engineers sent
a battalion of Paul Roberts galloping around to all the
grocery stores within miles, collecting baking soda.

And it worked. The water kept the concrete
liquid. The water was sent and stopped, and the mine
was saved.

... the first time in the history of
... the first time in the history of

MINES

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The mine was in desperate danger and a lot of men ran scurrying around collecting baking soda. That sounds like a nonsense parody. Were they going to bake the imperiled mine in a cake? No, it doesn't make sense, until you take the whole story.

It was the three-million-dollar Old Ben Mine Number Eighteen at Johnson City, Illinois. A "green" concrete seal gave way, a seal holding subterranean waters in check. Concrete is green when it hasn't set, hasn't hardened. So the water was seeping in the mine, threatening to flood it. And the one thing that will make concrete set and harden quicker is soda. So the engineers sent a battalion of Paul Reveres galloping around to all the grocery stores within miles, collecting baking soda.

And it worked. ~~The soda~~ made the concrete harden. The subterranean water was stopped, ~~and~~ the mine was saved.

But there's another mine that was not so fortunate. Dark disaster in a Canadian coal pit. At Coalhurst,

CANADA

Here's another Canadian item.

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From the Dominion to the north we have word about the Canadian camps for unemployed young men. They're a prototype, a forerunner of our own CCC camps. Canada got the idea back in 1932, when the depression was in its early depths--the idea of putting jobless youths in relief camps. Our own CCC outfit is pretty generally esteemed a success-- an excellent thing. But what about Canada's C C C? We're told that seventy thousand homeless, jobless men have obtained relief from it at a cost of a million and a half dollars for a year. The Canadian C C C boys have built roads and airports. That all sounds ordinary and familiar enough. But there's another side of the picture.

The new Makenzie King, liberal ^{premier} ~~governor~~ of Canada announces that he's going to abolish ^{the} relief camps, do away with them. And with this statement comes an extended bill of indictment against the Canadian C C C. The camps, say the liberal Ministers of the ^{new Dominion} government, destroy ambition. They cut down personal ~~ambition~~, initiative. Crowding thousands of young men into camps is not the

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normal way of society. Moreover, the relief camps are a hot bed of communist agitation, a happy hunting ground for Red disturbers. Hundreds of men have had to be shifted from one camp to another to break up cliques and organizations of discontent. There have been riots and Red outbreaks in some of the largest camps. Last summer twelve thousand of the Canadian version of C C C boys joined a communist march on Ottawa.

So, one of the first decisions of the new Liberal government is to abolish the relief camps. It won't be done all at once, but by degrees. The Canadian authorities expect increasing employment to solve the whole problem and provide jobs for ^{the} men ^{from} ~~in~~ the camps. Increasing employment, because of trade agreements such as the one with the United States, and because of the business pickup in general.

Arch-Bishop of York.

"Liberty of speech is necessary if we are to have liberty of thought. In a Dictatorship where speech is not free, people soon cease to think." Those words were uttered today here in Washington by a distinguished Englishman, The Right Honorable and Most Reverend William Temple, Archbishop of York. It was at an English Speaking Union luncheon at the New Willard. His Grace took a lusty punch at dictatorship, with his eye on the chin of Il Duce, no doubt.

CRISIS

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Rome was quiet today. The sun set on the Eternal City with a serene tranquility of evening, and night is calmly placid in the Roman Forum and in the great square of St. Peter's.

All that roar and row, and disturbance! that comes from London and Geneva. The sunset in the vicinity of London Bridge and the Houses of Parliament was disturbed by a jangling and wrangling; and twilight over the Lake of Geneva and the Palace of the League of Nations was made obstreperous with loud protests in many tongues.

It all comes about of course, because of that Franco-British offer to Mussolini, the offer which Paris tell us consists of about half of Ethiopia. Revolt has broken out in the British Parliament. The Labor party is shouting that, instead of punishing Mussolini for breaking the peace, they are planning to reward him with ample spoils. Even in the large and usually well disciplined Conservative majority there is grave discontent. And in the Cabinet too, the ministers are at odds. First we hear that Captain Anthony Eden, who

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pushed the fight against Italy in the League, feels that he has been betrayed. There has been talk that he'd resign. And other ministers too are said to think that Sir Samuel Hoare, the foreign minister, went altogether too far when he made that arrangement with Premier Laval of France to tell Mussolini he could have pretty much what he holds now in northern Ethiopia and a huge domain in southern Ethiopia *as well*.

In the face of the revolt in the ranks of his own party, ^{even} Prime Minister Baldwin has had to draw back. He replied to angry questions in the house of Commons this afternoon with reticent phrases, saying the time wasn't ripe to discuss the whole affair openly. He admitted pretty much that the Franco-British offer to Italy was fairly well described by the Paris reports. He denounced the fact that there had been a leak in Paris, letting the cat out of the bag, while delicate negotiations were in progress. And he indicated that Sir Samuel Hoare's agreement with Premier Laval was not definite yet, subject to change. That was a clear sign that the London government

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is weakening in its support of the bargain its Foreign minister made.

And the late word is that the British ambassador to Paris has been ordered to approach the French government and explain that the offer to Mussolini will have to be changed. Maurice Peterson, the British African expert, who helped to draft the plan, is returning to Paris to reopen the whole question.

So we have the strange situation of the British foreign minister making large and copious concessions to get Mussolini to stop the African war. And now--his government lets him down. How far Sir Samuel will be let down isn't clear, may be not so much--on cooler thought. He was willing to go a long way to satisfy the Duce, because England is worried over the way affairs are developing, ^{over} the Japanese aggression in China and the continued riots and anti-British disturbances in Egypt.

At Geneva today's pandemonium took the form of a revolt of the small nations. The second and third rank members of the League are bristling with indignation. They say they are in the League for the protection of small nations like Ethiopia,

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like themselves. They've gone along with England and sacrificed their trade with Italy to show the world the days of conquest are past, and here England and France make an agreement to let Mussolini have a conqueror's peace. Those small nations say they won't stand for it. Some are threatening to withdraw from the League if the thing goes through.

The serenity in Rome takes the form of silence. But the whole inference, the whole atmosphere in Rome is vivid with the feeling that Mussolini would gladly accept.

The Ethiopians say, "no, we couldn't dream of it. Haile Selassie would never consent to give up half of his kingdom."

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So it's all a complicated tangle, with all sorts of possibilities to make interesting speculation. Suppose England stands by the agreement, or suppose England doesn't. Suppose the League of Nations turns it down, or doesn't. Suppose Mussolini accepts and Haile Selassie refuses? You can work those angles out for yourself. One inference is - that no matter how the combination works out, it won't be easy sledding for these oil sanctions, which have been looming in the near future.

TONGA

But wait. Look at this! Another stern economic penalty flung at Mussolini and his African war. Shipments of all war materials embargoed. By whom? By Tonga. Who is Tonga? It's the Kingdom of Queen Salote. This mighty Amazon of a monarch rules in the South Seas. She's a Polynesian queen of Coral Atolls and palm fringed lagoons south of the Fiji Islands, south of the Samoan Archipelago - that's where the Tonga Islands lie drowsing in the South Sea Trade Winds.

It's a kingdom of thirty thousand Methodists. Not Methodists North or Methodists South, but Polynesian Methodists. They have had some busy and successful missionaries down that way -- Somerset Maugham, Sadie Thompson and Rain to the contrary notwithstanding.

Queen Salote stands six feet three, with a breadth of shoulders to match. The Polynesians are tall people. So queen Salote is an Amazon giantess. What does she do between catching coconuts, boating in an outrigger canoe,

getting in out of the rain, and drinking kava kava? Why, she golfs, goes yachting, and is a speed demon in her high-powered car. She's a graduate of Auckland University in New Zealand.

Queen Salote is the last of the most royal blue blood line that claims to have been kingly a thousand years ago. And her proudest possession is a tortoise.

The story is that two hundred years ago the great Captain Cook sailed to the Tonga Islands and there he presented the King with a tortoise. Why British naval commanders should give a South Sea turtle to a South Sea king I don't know. But anyway the giant shellfish is still alive and flourishing. Probably picked it up on the way, and then wanted to get rid of it. Anyhow, in nineteen Fourteen the Queen's father, King George Tubou the Second declared war on Germany. Tonga comes under the general heading of British Empire; so the dauntless Tubou loyally hurled his war ~~fe~~ defiance at the Kaiser. He even sent

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troops to the Dardanelles -- may be six Tongans. All of which makes it less surprising to learn that now His Royal daughter in the full majesty of six feet three has hurled "sanctions", "penalties", and "boycott" at Mussolini. I don't know what kind of war munitions this Polynesian queen has except coccoanuts to keep away from Italy. Maybe she's going to cut off his coccoanuts. And maybe I'll be cut off the air if I don't hurry. So,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.