

RELIEF

L.J. - Sunoco Monday, May 11, 1936.
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For Work Relief, one billion, four hundred and twenty-five millions! That's the bill for Uncle Sam in the coming year.

The House passed President Roosevelt's program practically without change. It still has to be acted on by the Senate, but there's not much doubt that it will be okayed there too.

The relief measure was incorporated in the so-called Deficiency Bill. The total sum appropriated was almost two billion four hundred millions. As passed by the House, the measure is another defeat for Secretary Ickes on the one hand, a victory for organized labor on the other. Ickes, as Administrator of P.W.A., loses his fight to have the greater part of the appropriation allotted to public works. It goes instead to Harry Hopkins for his W.P.A. program. The labor union victory comes in the clause that provides that the prevailing wage scale shall be paid on all W.P.A. projects. This question caused a bitter fight in Congress last year. But this being election year, the A.F. of L. had its way.

One item in the bill insures the continued existence of the Civilian Conservation Corps. The members added seventy-five

million dollars to the appropriation for the C. C. C. That will be enough to support the Corps to the strength of three hundred and fifty thousand.

The passage of this Deficiency Bill brings the adjournment date nearer for Congress. It is the last of the so-called "must" bills on the Congressional slate. But the boys and girls still have a knotty problem to argue out:- That Frazier-Lemke bill, for refinancing farm debts with its inflation clause; is up for debate now. It's a measure that has many worried. It proposes to print new inflation money ~~for~~ for farm relief. Speaker Byrns says it hasn't a chance.

LECHE

The hand of the dead man stretched out today in Louisiana. It put the dead man's friend into the chair of the governor of the state. Many months have elapsed since Huey Long died. But his will today is law in the Bayou State.

As the murdered Senator lay on his deathbed his closest friends were summoned to his side. Among them was Richard Leche, "my friend, Dick." And almost his last words to his henchmen were: "You see to it that Dick is the next Governor." And so it happened. The name of Richard Leche was on the Long ticket.

In the January primaries Louisiana voters gave the Long machine an even bigger majority than it has ever had during Huey's lifetime. There was not even a Republican candidate to oppose Richard Leche. His only opponent was Congressman Cleveland Deer, anti-Long, a Roosevelt New Dealer. But that didn't do him any good in Louisiana. So tomorrow Richard Leche, former-ally a Justice of the Appellate Court, will take the Governor's chair in the Sky-scraper capital that Huey built at Baton Rouge.

The successor to the late O.K. Allen will be physically the biggest governor Louisiana ever had, six feet one in his stockings, and tips the beam at two hundred and fifty pounds. Proud of his Creole ancestry, too. He wears his straight black hair parted in the middle, and has black eyes, shaded by heavy black eyebrows that slant upwards. His pet passion is baseball. The only thing he'd rather so than play ball is be governor of the state. As he's slow in his movements, about the only team he could play on would be the St. Louis Browns or my Dutchess County soft ball aggregation.

But { He's a young man for his job, only just thirty-eight. He used to be a traveling salesman, selling automobile accessories. But he put in his nights studying law at Tulane University. At one time he was secretary to his predecessor, the late Governor O.K. Allen. The gossip around Baton Rouge was that Huey put him in that job to keep an eye on Allen and see that O.K. was Okay during the months when Long had to be away in Washington.

Such is the man who inherits the most powerful political machine ever built in the United States. He has at

his disposal all the many laws which the legislators obediently passed for their late dictator. However, Justice Leche in his campaign made one promise. He guaranteed to repeal the most unpopular of Huey's statutes. That was the one which placed the sixteen thousand school teachers at the mercy of a political board.

And in another ~~■~~ respect also Governor Leche will be different. He'll have not body-guards, no strong arm gorillas to protect him. He'll do his own ~~protecting~~ That they say in Louisiana that he can shoot a hawk off a tree-top with a pistol at three hundred feet. That's a pretty strong claim. ~~But~~, If he can do it with a rifle he's ^{he} still good.

INSURANCE

As this is life insurance week in the United States and Canada, it seems appropriate to learn that no fewer than sixty-three million people in this country are policy holders. Sixty-three million out of a hundred and twenty-seven and a half. In other words, almost half the population are insured. The actuaries tell us that their investment represents a hundred billion dollars, three times our national debt.

The celebration of life insurance week is sponsored by a hundred and thirty companies in the United States and Canada. Those companies last year paid out two billion, six hundred million dollars, ~~an~~ half a billion less than the total amount spent by the government for relief.

While the country at large is celebrating life insurance week, Memphis, Tennessee, will be holding a celebration ^{of} ~~in~~ its own. From all over the south, thousands of people are pouring into the capital of America's cotton world for the yearly Cotton Carnival. At nightfall, tomorrow, a brilliant parade will start on the Mississippi River. Heralded by cannons and greeted by showers of fireworks, a

gigantic barque will sail up the Mississippi to the royal dock, to the purr of news reel camera, carrying the King and Queen of cotton. There'll be five days of merry-making on the Chickasaw Bluffs.

Dr. Hugo Eckener of the good ship HINDENBURG, seems to have been in an optimistic mood on his flying trip to Washington. He called at the White House, at the Navy Department, the German Embassy, the Department of State, and the Department of Commerce. Among those who visited him at his suite in the Willard were Eugene Vidal, Director of the Bureau of Air Commerce, Amelia Earhart, and hordes of reporters. To these, Dr. Eckener declared that he was quite confident of crossing the Atlantic in thirty hours before long. Thirty hours from New York to the French coast! That certainly will make traffic history when he does it. And at the great banquet at the Waldorf he urged America to return to the building of Dirigibles.

Now, they are all set at Lakehurst. Since three o'clock, planes of American Airlines have been flying passengers to the HINDENBURG. The list is full up, fifty passengers and a full load of freight, ready to leave on this the first return journey of a regular North Atlantic dirigible service.

ETHIOPIA

The world has witnessed plenty of comedy at Geneva. Today, it degenerated almost into pure farce. The scene was a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. Enter, an Ethiopian dignitary named Wolde Mariam. "I am the representative of Ethiopia," quoth he. At this a tall, lean, Roman jumped to his feet, crying: "He is nothing of the sort. There is no Ethiopia! Ethiopia is Italy!" The second speaker, of course, was Mussolini's representative, Baron Pompeo Aloisi.

It was a critical moment for the League's Council. A peaceful solution of the dilemma would have been to allow Baron Aloisi's claim, to accept the accomplished fact of the annexation of Haile Selassie's empire. But that's exactly what the Council did not do. It recognized Ras Wolde Mariam as the accredited representative of the Empire of Ethiopia. In other words, though the country is in the possession of Italy's armies, though the Lion of Judah has long since left his realm and like the Queen of Sheba gone to Jerusalem, the League Council decides that Ethiopia is still Ethiopia. In other words:- That which happened has not happened.

The moment this position became known was a dramatic one.

With one accord, the Italian delegation rose to its feet. Rose unanimously and withdrew. Said the Baron as spokesman: Good-bye, solong, addio - or something of the sort.

There's no question but that Baron Aloisi had the full approval, in fact specific instruction, from Mussolini regarding this action. As long ago as last fall, Baron Aloisi told the League in so many words that the Duce was going through with his Ethiopian plans. Bluntness and clarity have been a specialty of the Baron and his Duce.

Aloisi has had a tough job all these months, in Lake Geneva. But he has had plenty of those in his career. He earned his position as Mussolini's Number One diplomat through a bit of gurglary. Yes, literally a job of safe-cracking. It happened during the World War. Austrian spies were grawing Italy's army like termites. Military plans were known in Vienna almost as soon as they were made. Ships were being sunk in the Adriatic and in the Mediterranean in the most mysterious fashion. It was a real crisis. At that time

Baron Aloisi was a lieutenant in the navy. It was put up to him to dam the leaks. The first thing he did was to discover that the headquarters of the Austrian spy system were in the Austrian Consulate in Zurich. Secret maps, codes, lists of agents, were kept in a big safe.

Whoever could open that safe would know all the secrets of ~~the~~ Austrian espionage. But that looked like an ^{impossible} ~~important~~ task. The room was protected by a perpetual blaze of light. The watchman could see it every minute of the night. So this is what the Baron did. He engaged a painter to paint a picture of the safe on a canvas. Equipped with this, ^{of his men} two ~~agents~~ jimmied their way into the Consulate and placed their canvas in front of the safe. ~~Working~~ Behind this ^{on} screen, they worked on the door of the safe while the watchman passed backwards and forwards on his usual rounds. It must have been a lifelike painting, because it fooled him. ^{Italian} The ~~agents~~ cracked the safe, scooped up the maps, the records, the list of ^{spies,} ~~agents,~~ the codes, everything. With all these in his possession, Baron Aloisi went back to Italy and started such a wholesale arrest of spies that Austria's espionage system was completely wrecked.

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That success made him a marked man. He rose fast in the diplomatic core. And, he was sent to Geneva because Mussolini considered him the Number One man in his foreign service. A man who made safe-cracking a fine art and burglary the pathway to greatness.

With the world's eyes are on Pompeo Aloisi, what of Haile Selassie? While the nations are squabbling about his empire, he lies on a sick-bed in Jerusalem. They say it's a nervous breakdown. The doctor attending him is the personal physician of the British High Commissioner in the Holy Land.

But ~~we~~ even on his sickbed, with his nerves shattered, the Lion of Judah refuses to give up. He telegraphed a message to the League of Nations that he is still determined to fight for his country.

QUADS

There was good news today for the father of those quadruplets in Passaic, New Jersey. Emil Kaspar, the proud papa, had been cudgling his brain, wondering how to stretch twenty dollars a week to take care of a family suddenly increased from four to eight. ~~But~~ He doesn't have to worry any longer. The Mayor of Passaic, Benjamin Turner, fortunately happens to be exceedingly fond of children. One of the commonest sights in Passaic is Mayor Turner driving around town with his automobile loaded down with little ones. As soon as he learned of the quadruplets in the Kaspar household, he took a leaf from the Canadian government's book and took the quads under his wing. He is going to suggest that the New Jersey Legislature assume the guardianship of the quads, and set aside funds to take care of them. If the state won't do it, the city of Passaic will.

One of the shortages in the Kaspar household was adequate ~~many~~ names to go round among the four. Mrs. Kaspar had expected twins and had selected Frances and Frank for them. So, to keep the alliteration perfect, the two ^{other} ~~^~~ Kaspar arrivals are to be christened Felix and Ferdinand. Frances, Frank, Felix and

Ferdinand. Frances, Frank, Felix and Ferdinand have a nurse apiece in the specially heated incubator they occupy in the hospital. Their diet may shock some people -- whiskey and sugar. But it's fed to them from an eyedropper. The doctors say they have an excellent chance to survive.

If they do, they will be the second set of quadruplets to do so. The first ^{quads}~~quadruplets~~ ^{born's}~~are~~ four sisters in Oklahoma.

It happens, appropriately enough, that those four sisters, Mary, Mona, Leota and Roberta Keys, are in Collander, Ontario, at this moment. They are visiting the famous Dionne quintuplets. The "bunch of Keys", as they are called around Hollis, Oklahoma, their birthplace, are ~~exceedingly~~ interesting ~~specimens~~. They are ~~are~~ tall, athletic, attractive and intelligent! Except for two weeks, they've never been separated a day in all their lives. They dress alike, read the same books, play the same games, in many respects think the same thoughts. When they were three years old, they were put on exhibition at the Oklahoma State Fair. But when they reached the age of nine, their parents decided they had been shown off

enough.

If one of them takes up something new, the others all follow suit. Wonder if they all have the same boy friend? Some time ago, Roberta acquired a fancy for the saxophone. The other three promptly learned too, and now they have a saxophone quartette. Their greatest argument is what dress to wear each morning. As they all dress alike, this becomes a daily problem. The story goes that their mother has worn out six sewing machines making their clothes. If one of them happens to spoil a dress, the other three discard theirs at the same time. The Keys quads are juniors at Baylor University, in Waco, Texas . And they set a hopeful precedent for the kaspar.

COACH

Today in New York a coach and four, a beautiful cream and red tallyho dashed off from the curb in front of the Waldorf-Astoria on its way to Atlantic City. The driver was a woman, Mrs. Florence Dibble of Newburyport, Massachusetts. The coach was built long ago, in France, for William Tiffany.

Mrs. Dibble has hopes of breaking the record which was set in 1910. Twelve hours and eighteen minutes elapsed time being the fastest coach speed so far between New York and Atlantic City. She will change horses fifteen times on the journey. Actually the ride will take the better part of three days, but for record purposes only the time actually consumed in trotting is counted. Kind of a funny idea. But, it might be a lot of fun at that. I'd like to go along and sing out.

"Tallyho and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.