

L. J. Amoco. Friday, April 26, 1935.

Curran  
7/28/35

FRANCE.

Something like a declaration of aerial war was made in Paris today. It warns German planes that if they fly over French territory they will be attacked, and brought down. The prospect outlined is one of sky battles, though not so filled with terror and tragedy as were the air fights in the World War, with tracer bullets whizzing and flaming coffins falling earthward. <sup>R</sup>The French Air Ministry declares that if German planes come winging over French territory they will first be warned by anti-air craft guns which will fire-- blank shots. I don't know just what blank cartridges for anti-aircraft guns might amount to. It may be <sup>just</sup> a case of some kind of warning shell blazing into the sky. If the oncoming planes don't heed the warning, why then French combat speedsters will whirl into the sky, and swing to the attack. <sup>And</sup> They won't open fire! A squadron of combat planes will surround the intruder, manuevring to make him sink earthward, strategically forcing him down, <sup>as Baynemerre did once during the world war.</sup>

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The reason for this rather drastic French declaration of aerial war is the fact that German planes have been flying across the border and swinging low over that much talked about system of defenses which France is building on her eastern frontier. It is announced that four German flying ships were spotted during the past week, apparently spying on the secret fortifications, making photographs of that border of steel.

8 We have had word from time to time of that intensive network of underground forts, a subterranean realm of war for the hurling of high explosives and the massing of machine guns. Because of the recent spy scares in France, and because of the fact that construction of the secret line of steel is now in a critical stage, the French Government is using soldiers to do the building. Regiments of French and Algerian troops have been thrown into the construction work. Hitherto civilian workers have been used, many of them foreigners, some Germans. But now, to clamp on the secrecy, the French Army is on the job.

They say the new secrecy is <sup>just</sup> why the German planes have been flying over the fortified area.



WASHINGTON.

The reports from Washington today began with considerable speculation about Harry Hopkins, the Federal Relief Administrator. When President Roosevelt last evening made his newest Work Relief appointments and announced the names of men who are to direct the spending of the four billion, eight hundred million dollars, no mention was made of Relief Administrator Harry Hopkins. That caused wondering. For the Relief Administrator has been exceedingly prominent in the development of the Work Relief Program. It had been expected that he would be given a prominent post. Now-here was Secretary of the Interior Ickes named as Director of the new Works Allotment Division, heading that board of twenty-two men, which will advise the President about handing out the money. But Harry Hopkins seemed to be left out in the cold-momentarily, at least.

It was very momentary. Later on Mr. Roosevelt put the name of Harry Hopkins on record. He is to be the Chairman of what is called the "division of Progress," a board that will check upon public works problems. It will make surveys and figure out ideas to stimulate work relief as a means of decreasing

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unemployment - keeping count of employable persons on relief rolls who can be put to work, seeing that the needy actually get jobs; determining wages; purchase of material; and speeding up the program where it lags.

So now the machinery of the Work Relief Program will operate as follows: Harry Hopkins and his Division of Progress will jump into different areas of the country, will look into industrial and employment problems, and then will submit the findings to Secretary Ickes and his Works Allotment Division. There the data will be worked into the framework of a general national program, and will be submitted to the President for his okay. That leaves the President as the topmost pinnacle of the entire Work Relief pyramid. It is believed that Mr. Roosevelt will sit as Chairman, at least ex-officio chairman, of the entire Four Billion, eight hundred million dollar project.

The key importance of the Secretary of the Interior as Chairman of the Works Allotment Division will give a new talking point to those in Washington who had been saying that Secretary Ickes wants to get pretty nearly everything under his control. One of the recent charges has been that he was trying to grab off the Forestry Bureau from the Department of Agriculture, and the Fisheries Bureau from the Department of Commerce,



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forests and fish for Honest Harold. Secretary ~~Wallace~~ of Agriculture <sup>Wallace</sup> replies by saying, "Harold wouldn't do a thing like that to me."

Further anti-Ickes gossip was set in motion when Senator J. Ham Lewis, of those famous whiskers that used to be pink, introduced a bill that would symbolize the consolidation of the Secretary's emergency powers. Senator J. Ham's bill proposes to change the name of the Department of the Interior to the Department of Conservation and Works. The change would signify that the Secretary's public works functions had become a steady business, a regular part of his Department, instead of being a temporary relief measure. Washington reports say ~~that~~ there is little chance of the bill passing.

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There's an interesting chorus of grumblings and complaints to be heard in Washington these days. The grumblings concern the usual mode of legislative procedure as practiced in this country. The Congressman, the members of the lower house, are complaining that according to the way things are done-- they get it in the neck.

Let's observe that a law is created this way: It starts in the Lower House where it's debated and where amendments, riders, and what not are tacked on to it. After more or less wrangling, the Congressmen pass it. Whereupon--it goes to the Senate.

The Congressmen are pointing out that they have the first crack at everything. That might seem to be a privilege. But they point to such controversial and indignation provoking affairs as the Bonus, the N. R. A. and taxation. They do their part right off the bat--while the white light of public discussion and argumentative bitterness is focused bright and burning. They are in danger of offending anybody and everybody. They



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take the rap.<sup>ITP</sup> By the time the trouble-making bill gets around to the Senate or the Senate gets around to it--time has elapsed and the excitement has had a chance to cool down. The Senators do their stuff in an atmosphere of comparative tranquility. The bricks have stopped flying. Constituents are not so vociferously up in arms. So the Senators have much the less dangerous time of it.

"And," say Congressmen, "that's doubly unfair. Because the members of the Lower House represent small areas, are much closer to their constituents, much more liable to immediate resentment." Moreover, they come up for election every two years, and things they've said and the way they've voted are likely to be fresh in mind. While the Senators--they represent whole states <sup>and</sup> are not so close to indignant constituents. ~~and~~ Moreover, they serve for long terms of six years, <sup>so</sup> ~~and~~ there's plenty of time for the voters back home to forget a lot of things.

~~Hence~~ the Congressmen are saying: "They <sup>the Senators -</sup> can take the rap much better than we can, but we have to take it. We're in the immediate line of fire, at home and also in Washington. They're

not such likely targets as we are, but they keep out of the line of fire." And so saying many of the members of the Lower House are expressing discontent with the way laws are passed.

Movement is on to let the Senate have the post of honor in the forefront of the battle. Let them take up a bill, debate its form, advise amendements and riders--and stage the show. And let the Lower House enter the legislative fray after the barrage of popular agitation for and against has died down.

The White House indications are that the President sympathizes with this attitude of the Lower House and that he would not make any objections to a proposal to reverse the usual procedure of enacting a law.



## BONUS BILL.

Today's indications concerning yesterday's bonus development are not too promising as regards legislative peace and harmony in Washington. Of course, if the lawmakers would agree on the Pat Harrison Compromise Bill, it would mean sweet strains of mellifluous harmony between Congress and the White House.

The President would accept the Harrison compromise. But it looks as if the middle of the road measure were going to find the center of the highway full of bumps and ruts, rough going.

The bonus compromise was launched by the Senate Finance Committee yesterday—that is, it was launched on that frequently stormy law-making lake known as the Senate. And it may not have such a smooth sailing. Today's indications are that when the bill gets to a vote before the full assemblage of the Upper House, there will be plenty of ballots cast against it. Powerful influences are lining up votes against the compromise bill and for the Vinson Bill. And even if the compromise should get through the Senate, the Lower House still has something to say. And the Lower House is exceedingly "bonus-minded," a stormy ocean for the voyage of the ark of the compromise.

CRIME.

That latest Hollywood affair, which looked like a weird crime mystery, seems to be cleared up this evening-- murder and suicide. A man who was a dress designer for film actresses was shot and killed. Later on a law instructor of the University of California was shot and critically wounded. And along with this second episode, a chauffeur who had formerly been a navy ensign, killed himself. (The chauffeur had been working for the dress designer.)

Police say it all resulted from a studio apartment supper, during which there was a violent quarrel about money that the dress designer and the law instructor are said to have owed to the chauffeur.



SCHULTZ.

~~Right now the jury is considering the case of Dutch Schultz.~~

*P* The fate of the former Beer Baron, <sup>Dutch Schultz,</sup> charged with income tax violations, went into its final ~~sus~~suspense shortly before noon, after Judge Bryant had delivered his charge. The Judge emphasized one interesting angle. He referred to the testimony of a lawyer who related that in nineteen twenty-six he told Dutch Schultz that the profits of bootlegging could not be taxed. The lawyer had advised the then Beer Baron that since the liquor trade was illegal, it wasn't subject to taxation.

In making his comment on that, the Judge told Schultz that if any man follows advice of a lawyer instead of following the law, he does it at his own peril.

~~RK New York, N. Y., Apr. 25, 1935 238p~~

~~Mr. Lowell Thomas,~~

~~Netherland Plaza Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.~~

FAKIR.

Among the various sources of turmoil in this troubled old world, we find the Mad Fakir of Alingar. That magical gentleman does not figure so much in the large affairs of the world, but he does cut a lot of ice on the northwest frontier of India- (where ice is mighty scarce anyway.) Along that complicated borderland, always a possible focus for international complications in Asia, any sort of incident may start a weaving of tangled skeins of war and diplomacy. That is quite a serious angle, although the Mad Fakir of Alingar seems more in the grand and farcical manner of the Arabian Nights.

*You may*  
~~we~~ think of an Indian Fakir as a magician who sticks hat pins through his cheeks, and crams live glowing coals in his mouth. *Maybe*  
~~I suppose~~ the Mad Fakir can do all those routine tricks, but the wonders attributed to him are rather more sinister. He has a terrifying magic of vengeance. When he puts a curse on someone, that curse comes true. At least that's what the tribesmen say on the northwest frontier. His favorite curse is-"May You



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perish by fire." And then presently the victim's house bursts into a blaze in the most mysterious manner. Of course, we'd surmise that the cunning Fakir was an incendiary, <sup>- a fire bug -</sup> also, who sets the houses on fire. But even Europeans are terrified by his supernatural powers. They relate a story of how he walked up to an English officer and told him that both his parents had died. The Englishman laughed--but soon got word that his father and mother had indeed died suddenly in England. <sup>#</sup> His exploits occur so far and wide and in such quick succession that he seems to be in several places at one time. So some believe <sup>the</sup> Mad Fakir is really several persons. The result of all this magic is that the wild tribes, <sup>- the Afridis and Wazirs</sup> in the mountains along the Afghan border live in terror of <sup>the</sup> Fakir, and do his bidding. He has them lined up, so that he is a power in the land. <sup>#</sup> They say he has thirty-five wives and keeps adding to his harem all the time, because he has set up the claim that he is entitled to all the women captured within border range, or at least the pick of them. The tribes, who are always at war, make the practice of stealing each others women. This claim to captured women has led the authorities on the northwest frontier to

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hope that the Mad Fakir would be assassinated, a fate which frequently befalls witch doctor leaders who become too arrogant.

But thus far the Mad Fakir has been protected by his supernatural powers. And the British authorities remember how some of their

most troublesome problems have been caused by the Mahdi, the

Mad Mollah, and similar other <sup>so called holy men of the East,</sup> ~~wonders-working fools.~~



REDS; CADLE; AND SKYTOP

How to be three people, that's my chief concern tonight, I'd like to be at home on the farm for the week-end; I'd like to be at that big woodchopping contest at Skytop in the Poconos where hundreds of woodsmen are now gathering to decide the championship. (if you want to see the chips fly and a novel and thrilling sport just load up with Blue Sunoco and start for Skytop.) But I'm headed in the opposite direction, to appear tonight in the huge Cadle Auditorium in Indianapolis.

But I had enough fun to last over the whole weekend today, watching the Chicago Cubs and Cincinnati Reds play ball, in this the best ball town in the land. A lot of experts have been saying that Cincinnati did a foolish thing buying up a lot of minor league players. They are calling it a minor league team. Well, they had been in the cellar so long they couldn't go from bad to worse. And it's a team of snappy youngsters who play a lightning brand of ball.

Powell Crosley says they are getting ready to try out night baseball here; and just as he did with his high-powered W L W station he's going to overtop everything ever tried in that

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line by throwing double-as-much-candle power on the diamond as has ever been used in night ball. More people can get away from their work at night. Maybe it's a good idea - if, the evenings are hot enough.

Today was ladies day at the Reds Park. 8000 fair fans with not a man in sight were massed in two of the stands, Just to hear them squeal and scream was worth the price of admission. I'll now give you an imitation of 8000 dizzy blondes and equally dizzy brunettes squealing "kill the umpire." But, oh oh there isn't time. I've just fanned out for tonight. So,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY,