

LINDBERGH

In the 444 years since Columbus came to these shores there has been no more poignant picture. On the high seas Colonel and Mrs Lindbergh and little Jon, fleeing from their native land to seek refuge under a foreign flag. And on the same day, in Trenton, New Jersey, the man convicted of being responsible for it all, files his petition for mercy with the New Jersey Court of Pardons.

We don't know what was in that plea submitted by Lloyd Fisher, Bruno Hauptmann's chief counsel. According to the custom and law of the state, the contents of such appeals are not public property until the Court of Pardons makes them so. Possibly we shall learn in a few days. The unofficial report is that the Court will meet and consider and hand down its answer sometime between Christmas and New Year's Day. A gloomy task, a gloomy responsibility for such a season.

As you may recall, the New Jersey Court of Pardons has a mixed membership of laymen and professional judges. Governor Hoffman is ex-officio one of its members and as such has just one

voice in its decision. If the Court turns down that appeal for mercy, Bruno Richard Hauptmann will have just three weeks more to live from tonight, twenty-one days. With this one qualification that the Governor can grant a little delay.

As for the Lindberghs, it seems to me that the story of their secret exodus from their own country, at dead of night, is the saddest thing I've heard of in many a year - the saddest thing I've ever heard of. The idea of a man, one of the most distinguished of citizens and the most popular, having to seek safety for his child under an alien flag! It compels us all to think long. In fact it baffles thinking.

What amkes it more bitter is that both Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh are Americans to the core, Americans not only in birth but in customs, manners and thought. And the news, the Lindberghs in flight on the high seas, is already reverberating all around the globe. Our Number One Flyer and his wife are exiling themselves and their child because they have reason to be convinced that the law of this land is powerless to protect that child.

They've selected England, so it is said, because of

British law. Kidnappings are unheard of in Great Britain. Police authorities and all criminal writers are agreed that snatching for profit has not existed in that country for more than a hundred years. Such thoughts are uncomfortable, unflattering, and should be a shock to our national pride.

What are we going to do about it?

At the same time, one can't help reflecting that nothing in the Colonel's dramatic career has been more dramatic than the circumstances of his flight. It almost makes one think of the Empress Eugenie escaping from the mob of Paris with the help of an American dentist. It sounds like a page from a tragic novel:-

A fast freight ship waiting with steam up for three hours at her pier in New York, a hasty midnight departure from the home of the Morrows in Englewood, the swift, silent ride through the night over the Washington Bridge, the clandestine arrival at the pier. Meanwhile, the crew of the steamship AMERICAN IMPORTER, wonders why the old man on the bridge delays the departure of his craft. Suddenly, a large black limousine appears noiselessly at the gangplank. A man, a woman and a little three year old child

climb out and hurry aboard. And then, the AMERICAN IMPORTER weighs anchor with its mysterious three passengers, the only passengers aboard.

The plans for this surreptitious departure had been concealed even from the Colonel's closest friends. Even his Mother knew nothing about it. For some time he had been discussing the idea that he and Mrs. Lindbergh could bring up little Jon in a more healthy atmosphere abroad. Under foreign skies, the little lad would not have to go around escorted by bodyguards as he would here. At school he would be treated just like any other boy, and not be, as he would in his own country, a focus for curious and inquisitive eyes. And the parents would no longer be the continual targets for threats against the life of their three year old son. So farewell to the Lindberghs! Into exile.

N.R.A.

Poor old Blue Eagle! He's screamed his last scream long ago. And today his feathers and bones were laid to rest. The man who had to perform the melancholy obsequies was the one who first breathed life into the poor bird, the N.R.A. New Deal creator, President Roosevelt.

The hapless N.R.A. fowl ceased to function the day the Supreme Court clamped the muzzle on its beak. But a certain part of the organization continued to exist, buzzing around more or less uselessly in a vacuum. This afternoon the President signed his name to the final executive order which abolished even the skeleton.

Some of the functions of the once famous National Recovery Administration are now transferred to the Department of Labor; others fall under the aegis of the Secretary of Commerce. That is to say such of its functions as were not pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The few remaining employees were also divided between the Departments of Labor and Commerce. Some consolation! Not to be bounced for Christmas.

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Thus ends a picturesque, sensational and stormy chapter in the history of American Government. One can still recall the tremendous enthusiasm ~~among some people~~ when the Blue Eagle first started to squak. Future historians will find interesting matter when they come to look over newspaper files and read the descriptions of the great expectations implicit in the N. R. A.; ^{when they scan} ~~the~~ the fiery epithets with which General Hugh Johnson, it's first boss ~~and organ-~~ ~~izes~~ tried to bend the business and industry of the country to that procustean bed. [¶] Procustēs, you may recall, was an eccentric inn-keeper of sorts in the legends of antiquity. He had only one bed in his hotel. If a guest came along who was too short for that bed, Procustēs put him on the rack to stretch him. If he was too tall the generous host lopped off his limbs and cut him down to size. *And, that is what the N.R.A. tried to do to industry.*

CANADA

That Treaty between Uncle Sam and Canada is by no means out of the fire yet. Though it's signed, sealed and delivered, the people who don't like it on both sides of the border have by no means given up hope. In every farm belt of the United States, people are talking about it, arguing. There is a hot time in store for that agreement when Congress reconvenes next month. "The demand for repeal of the Reciprocal Trade Act passed in Nineteen Thirty-four is great, says the Washington correspondent of the FARM JOURNAL.

Senator McNarry of Oregon, the somewhat silent leader of the minority, proposes to wipe that measure off the books. In the House, Representative Lemke of North Dakota has an axe sharpened for the same Act. He has already put before the House the shortest tariff bill in history: A bill that would wipe off the entire trade agreement act and set up a system of tariffs all based on the cost of production. So, though the Treaty is now practically in effect, it is going to continue being a hot political subject to warm up the cold month of January.

EUROPE

If young Mr. Anthony Eden continues as he started, his biography will be almost as long as his voluminous namesake, "Anthony Adverse." He has gone pretty far, being His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at the age of thirty-eight. To be sure, William Pitt, the younger, conducted John Bull's foreign policies, in fact his entire affairs, when he was Prime Minister at the age of twenty-five. Nevertheless, Captain Eden has it to his credit that he is the youngest man to be appointed Foreign Secretary since the office was created.

As a matter of ~~fact~~ historic fact, that did not happen until Eighteen Eighty-six. Until that date, there was a Foreign Department in the British Government. But the head of it was not known as ^{the} Foreign Secretary. The first Foreign Secretary was the Earle of Rosebury, who was then just one year older than young Mr. Eden is today.

But this brilliant young diplomat's appointment has not been greeted with any unanimous chorus of cheers ~~in~~ in Europe. Only in England and on the shores of ~~Lac Lemane~~ ^{the} Lake ^{of} Geneva ~~is~~ - is there any rejoicing over this promotion. The representatives of the smaller nations in the League, also of Russia, are pleased.

That is only to be expected, since Eden has been the protagonist of sanctions, ^{He's for} ~~of~~ using the most drastic methods at the command of the League; ~~to~~ put the brakes on the Italian invasion of Africa.

In Rome, the rise of Eden meets with a combination of gloom and fury. To ~~them~~, ^{the Italians} the dapper, modest, shy young man represents the personification of English opposition to Italy's destiny. The position of Eden at the Foreign Office means a ~~hardy~~ body-blow at Fascist hopes and ambitions.

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As for Paris, the sentiment there ^{is} ~~was~~ by no means cheery. The French are an essentially realistic-minded people in politics. As such most of them were in favor of the Hoare-Laval agreement on the broad principle of "anything to stop the war and prevent its spreading." With Captain Eden holding his new portfolio, with France obligated to back up England in any further movement for sanctions, the realistic French are going through a sad reaction ^{against} ~~to~~ the optimism of ten days ago. That much was to be observed in the money markets. Uncertainty and fear rules the Stock Exchange in Paris. The bank rate is prodigiously high. The possibility of Laval's resigning adds to the general unrest. Of this feeling there

is an echo in London, where the silver crisis is still a serious affair.

There were several repercussions from the Eden appointment. The first of these has an ominous sound. Paris and London are feverishly consulting on a giant plan of defense. General officers of the staffs of the British and French armies, have been conferring assiduously behind closed doors. In another building the admirals of both navies were closeted together, presumably perfecting plans in case of an attack from Mussolini.

The second reaction is the news that John Bull is planning the most sweeping reorganization of his military establishment since *shakeup after the Crimean War.* ~~the days of Florence Nightingale.~~ Of course that isn't so immediate. Any such reorganization to be effective would be prolonged over a period of at least three years. Of immediate importance, however, is the report that the British War Office has begun the mechanization of still more of its cavalry regiments. *And -* Many other units of the army are being modernized.

Apparently we are going to hear plenty of music broadcast from Europe during the next few days. A good many people will say

that it sounds like a man whistling in the dark to keep up his courage.

It was natural that in Italy the first consequence of Eden's appointment was an Italian outburst of anger against the British. Also repetition of the threat that "sanctions mean war"!

While the Italians at home were fulminating against the British Lion, their soldiers on the front were providing cause for mild rejoicings. An engagement that was not much more than a skirmish; but a fierce one. The Italian troops have been attacked by a force of five thousand of Haile Selassie's soldiers. It was a long drawn-out fight in northern Ethiopia, ending in the King of Kings warriors being put to flight.

It seems our guess wasn't so far wrong about the consequences of the death of Vene^zuel's President. According to one account the republic is ^{now} virtually in a state of ^{civil} war. After twenty-seven years of peace enforced by the iron rule of ~~one~~ Vicente Gomez, the Venezuelans are at it hammer and tongs, like a good old fight of Kilkenny cats. ^{or Orinoco jaguars. &} ~~it is~~ turmoil of factions, of ambitious politicians and adventurers, all squabbling amongst themselves to grab the reins of power that only death was able to tear from the strong hand of Gomez. His successor, Provisional President Contreras seems to be having a tough time maintaining order in an atmosphere of intrigue, quarrels, even actual riots.

So turbulent is the state of affairs that but little news comes from Venezuela direct. It does, however, seem to be definite that the riots in Caracas, in Maracaibo, and in the oil fields are ~~most~~ serious, sanguinary affairs. Buildings sacked by screaming mobs, police obliged to fire on the rioters, more than forty people killed.

But still more serious news comes indirectly, by the medium of reporters who have been flying over the

mob-ridden country. According to those, Caracas, the capital, is virtually in the state of seige, though martial law has not yet been declared. One candidate for the presidency has already been killed, shot in the office of the Governor of the province as a result of a many-sided fracas with pistols bullets be-spattering the walls. ~~of the office.~~

H The Contreras Government appears to be unable to put a stop to the blood shed. Two theatres in the capital have been burned to the ground by the mob, theatres owned by a friend of the late dictator's. The office of a prominent newspaper was also razed by the flames.

So today Venezuela, after all these years of peaceful though despotic govern^{ment}~~ment~~ reverts to the state that was common before the tyrannical Cipriano Castro, the predecessor of Gomez, established order out of chaos.

PRESENTS

Christmas present oddities are an inevitable news feature at this season of the year. So now we hear of giraffes shipped as Yuletide presents. Elephants and reindeer are a mere commonplace. The reindeer of course are especially appropriate.

(One of the oddest oddities is false teeth for animals. I am told that the zoo officials and animal trainers grow more kind-hearted around Christmas and think about the teeth of their animals. So trade picks up in artificial incisors and molars for lions, yaks and hippos.)

One of the queerest Christmas stories was told me at the Waldorf by Vice President C. R. Graham of the Railway Express. It's about an eccentric millionaire who received payment of large arrears in rent from one of his tenants. That tenant paid the eccentric millionaire with six million rubber heels. He must have been an eccentric tenant. So the millionaire's Christmas gifts to all his friends is a barrel of rubber heels, each.

And here I go on my rubber heels -- and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.