

L.J. - Sunoco. Inc., March 5, 1937

ROOSEVELT

In today's aftermath of the President's speech last night, one bright idea comes bouncing. It concerns that question so often asked - ("Will Franklin Delano Roosevelt seek a third term?" Today inferences were being drawn from what the President said last evening. And surprisingly, one of these inferences is - yes, he may. He may seek a third term.)

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Most of us, understood just the opposite, drew the conclusion that F.D.R. was renouncing any thought of running again. Let's recall the part of his address that had a bearing on the third term problem - his declaration that his great ambition is to turn over the country in good shape to his successor in Nineteen Forty-One. The inference seems to be plain - a successor, with Franklin Delano Roosevelt retiring to private life.

However, reasoning is an ingenious thing, and can achieve some surprising twisters. So, we find some clever ^{philosophers} ~~clever~~ among the political observers, figuring out the logic this way:-

(The President says his ambition is to turn over the country in good shape to his successor. But suppose he thinks the country

is not in good shape - then he may not turn it over to any successor. He might decide that he needs a third term to put the nation into proper condition to turn over to a successor afterward.) That's chopping the logic neat and fine - picking a ~~the~~ possible loophole in the President's inferential statement of last night.

Does it mean that we're going to have a repetition of the great Coolidge third term puzzle: - "I do ~~not~~ ^{not} choose to Run"? The logicians had loads of fun ^{torturing} ~~finding~~ meanings out of that ^{simple statement} ~~word~~ making "no" seem to be "yes" or "maybe". Politics is forever providing all kinds of amusement, and maybe there will be ~~even~~ ingenuities of argument over and around the Roosevelt dictum about leaving the country in good shape to a successor.

Meanwhile, the battle for the Supreme Court has been whooped up to new antagonism by the President's attack on the court last night. White House circles believe that the President made a hit with public opinion, and will make another when he defends his court plan in his forthcoming fireside ~~chat~~ chat.

So the administration is going to press the court question with renewed vigor - this in the face of a senate that seems to be almost evenly divided, so strong is the senatorial opposition ~~to~~ the project of changing the court.

LaGUARDIA

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Yesterday Secretary of State Hull made an unofficial apology to Berlin, because of remarks made by Mayor LaGuardia of New York. Today, the apology was made official, sent in regular diplomatic form to the German government. The United States government offered its regrets because of what the New York Mayor had to say about a chamber of horrors with Reichsfuehrer Hitler in it. Washington ^{today} explained to Berlin that the Americans have free speech, one of their most cherished rights, and the only thing our government could do in a case like this was - to express regrets.

Meanwhile, the Berlin newspapers were fuming today, thoroughly dissatisfied with yesterday's unofficial apology. The newspaper owned by Minister of Propaganda Goebbels denounced what it called "the lame handling" of the affair by Washington, and stated ~~states~~ ^A that this lame handling was something to encourage LaGuardia in his anti-Nazi fulminations.

CONSERVATION

Millions are familiar with the sprightly cartoons of Ding, who pokes such genial fun at events of politics and the affairs of the nation. Ding is famous as a comic artist, also as a conservationist. And Ding is mighty serious about it, sometimes even a shade lugubrious, as he is reported today in an address before the North American Wild Life Conference.

Ding declared that unless there is a drastic program of conservation, the United States will be going hungry within thirty-five years. He explained that there was a downward curve of soil destruction, less fertile land

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on which to grow food. Meanwhile, there is an upward curve of population increase. When those two curves intersect, that will be the time when the nation will be just able to feed its people - and no more. After that, the continuing downward curve of less good land and the continuing upward curve of more inhabitants - will mean not enough food.

Ding ^{today} cited history to prove his contention - the Central Asian deserts which once were rich farming and grazing land. Presumably, too much farming ~~xxx~~ and too much grazing helped them ^{to} become deserts - like the Gobi ^{and the Taklamakan.} And there's North Africa, where beneath the intruded sands of the desert lie the ^{of the Carthiginians - and then} once fertile fields ~~of~~ the granary of the Roman Empire. And then there's Yucatan and its giant jungle ruins; the splendid civilization of the Mayans that vanished so abruptly. Scientists believe that its fall was caused by the exhaustion of the soil, over-cultivation, the fields turned sterile - good only to be invaded by the creeping jungle.

We all have our lighter ^{moments.} ~~moments~~ ~~days~~ a cartoonist has his more serious ~~moments~~ ^{moments.}

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CHINA HELPS AMERICANS

Surely the world has been upside down this year.

How's this for proof? Dick Walsh, publisher of Asia Magazine, and husband of Pearl Buck, tells me that, led by Finance Minister Kung, a Chinese committee has been raising funds in China to help flood victims in the United States! Editor and Publisher Walsh adds that China would be helping us even still more if she could find a way of reminding us that "China laid her hills bare and lost her good soil and opened the channels of flood long, long ago when men didn't know how to prevent it." Another lesson "that young America can learn from old China."

The March issue of Asia Magazine is in celebration of the twentieth year of that magazine, which you will find in the homes of important people all around this globe. Asia Magazine is known to the ends of the earth. And in this Twentieth ^{Anniversary} ~~Century~~ issue are striking articles by such famous people as Rabindrath Tagore, Maurice Hindus, Vincent Sheehan, Baroness Ishimoto, Somerset Maugham, Will Beebe, Roy Chapman Andrews, and Pearl Buck; and poems by Amy Lowell and Dhan Gopal Mukerji.

LINDBERGH

The argument about the proposed trans-Atlantic air race in honor of Lindbergh ~~today~~ was sharpened today by a statement that is most pertinent - the attitude of Lindbergh himself. What does he think about the great ocean-crossing contest dedicated to his glory?

May Twentieth of this year will be the Tenth Anniversary of that memorable take-off, the most famous flight of all - and the French government plans to celebrate it in a most spectacular way. Ten years ago Lindbergh winged from New York to Paris. This time the idea is to do it the other way, Paris to New York, not one flight, but many - a race with contestants from all over the world. The French government is giving its help in the building of several high powered craft to compete. Fliers from most of the European countries have announced that they'll enter. ~~It's~~ It's significant though, that no American aviator has ~~announced~~ ^{proclaimed} his entrance in the race. Not one of Lindbergh's flying countrymen seems to want any part in the ~~ix~~ trans-Atlantic extravaganza dedicated to his honor.

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On the contrary, American aviation seems to be opposed to the whole idea. ~~They~~ ^{It} ~~Thinks~~ ^{is} too dangerous. The east-to-west crossing, Europe to America, is much more difficult than the other way - because of prevailing winds. For one plane to try it non-stop is risky enough, but for a whole flock of them, in a racing competition, trying to duplicate Lindbergh's stunt in reverse - that's just foolhardy, they say. It would add nothing to the advancement of aviation science, and the ~~more~~ result would ^{merely} be that several brave men would probably lose their lives. Tragedy and death - such would be the effect of the giant attempt to honor Lindbergh.

But what does ^{the Lone Eagle} ~~Lindbergh~~ himself say about it? Would ~~xxxxxxx~~ he by any chance enter the race in his own honor? And perhaps win it on the Tenth Anniversary of his memorable flight? That would be a spectacular sort of melodrama, but it isn't the Lindbergh way. In fact - he is opposed to the race!!

He hasn't said anything directly - not for quotation. He's traveling in India with Mrs. Lindbergh, presumably thinking mighty little about that Tenth Anniversary. But there's pretty

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sound word, revealed today that the Flying Colonel is against the idea. He is said to have expressed himself in agreement with his fellow American fliers -- that it's too dangerous, would lead to loss of life.

And this takes a profound human turn -- the notion that the commemoration of the anniversary might lead to tragedy. Colonel Lindbergh, -- the world's premier aviator -- has had enough tragedy in his life already!

AIR CAGE

At the first glance today's news about putting a cage around London to stop sky attack sounds a bit weird. The cage to consist of cables suspended from balloons. It's easy to see how a fence of vertically hanging cables would stop airplanes at night. But in daylight you'd think a plane could easily fly between the cables. It would take too many balloons for that, millions literally to surround so big an area as London.

However, today's London dispatch presents the cage idea with serious plausibility. It explains that wire screens would be attached to the cables to cover a larger area, and that each strand of screen would wave uncertainly in the wind, difficult to see, difficult to avoid, a deadly menace for bombers that fly so fast they can't be controlled within a short distance. "The French General Staff," says London, "has taken up the idea to protect Paris and already has fifteen hundred balloons for a barrage. They rise to twenty thousand feet, and block the air to that great height." Experts told the British parliament today that if London had a balloon barrage sufficiently extensive and sufficiently high, no hostile air fleet would even attempt to attack the city.

The scheme to put London in a cage was made public today as the Baldwin Government asked Parliament to appropriate four hundred million dollars during 1937 for all sorts of air defense, the cage being part of it.

CORONATION

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Today votes were counted in a London election, and the results have a picturesque bearing on the coronation. The London City Council takes a large part in the coronation ceremonies - and it ~~was~~ ^{was} Socialist. The Labor Party, with strong Socialist inclinations, control^{ed} the majority of the votes in the British capital, and held a majority on the Council.

This the Conservatives have been eager to reverse - especially in view of the crowning of the King. A Laborite Socialist Council playing a part in the ritual seemed a trifle incongruous to the dukes, the bishops and other peers of the realm. So, a strenuous election campaign was waged to carry the City of London and its Council for the Conservatives. There was lively electioneering with the coronation an issue.

Yesterday the votes were cast. Today they were counted. What's the result? No change. The Laborite Socialists won again. So, during the royal festivities in May, the ~~city of~~ ^{of 'avy and 'avriet} London will be represented by a Council somewhat pink in color.

Meanwhile, ~~there's a~~ ^{today brought further perplexity in that} coronation wrangle over ^{forty} ~~forty~~ ^{those}

yards of crimson velvet - and all because of a young barrister, Colin Pearson. He's the attorney for the Earl of Lancaster, who will function at the coronation as the Lord Great Chamberlain. The barrister went to bat to see that his client, the Earl, got all the privileges he was entitled to. He cited ancient customs to show that the Earl had the right to wear forty yards of crimson velvet with his coronation robe. Not only that - he showed that the Earl should be given the bed in which Their Majesties will sleep the night before they are crowned. Not only the bed, but also the bedroom curtains, and cushions and even His Majesty's night robe. Forty yards of crimson velvet and the King's nightgown.

And now His Majesty is preparing to give decision.

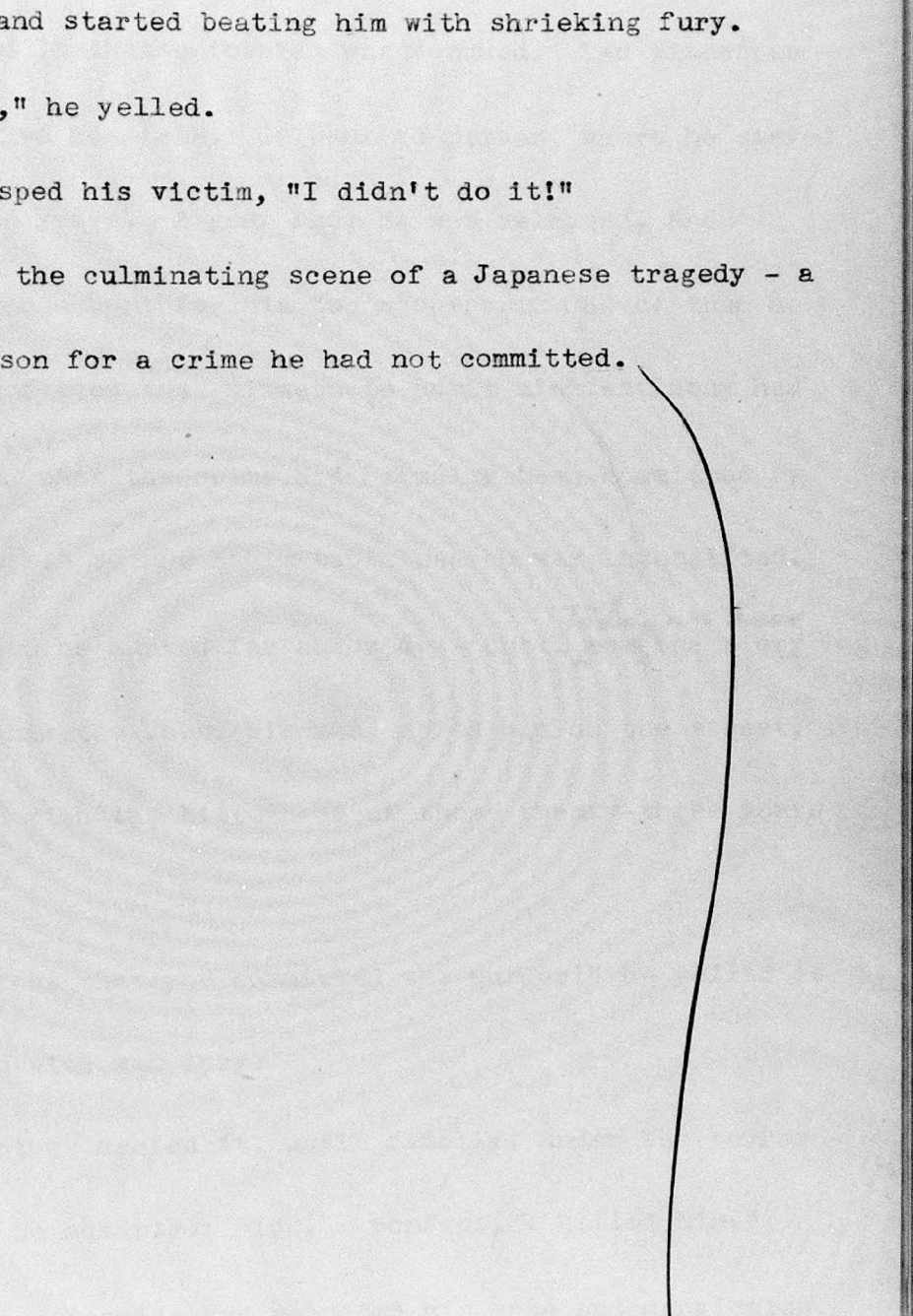
JAPAN

In a Japanese Street was a sudden commotion. A man leaped at another one and started beating him with shrieking fury.

"Confess," he yelled.

"No," gasped his victim, "I didn't do it!"

This was the culminating scene of a Japanese tragedy - a man sent to prison for a crime he had not committed.



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Long years ago a traveler was robbed and killed on a lonely road, and Ishimatsu Yoshida was accused. Two witnesses against him sealed his fate. He went to prison, where he stayed for twenty-three years. A year ago, he was released, and immediately began a hunt for his two accusers. One of them he soon found, and forced that witness to admit his testimony had been false - and that the crime had actually been committed by the other ^{accusing} witness. So now Ishimatsu's search was intensified. Month after month he hunted far and wide - until ^{today we have} ~~now~~ the story ~~comes~~ of how Ishimatsu found his man, spied him on the street, and flew at him with the bitterness of those twenty-three years in prison.

"Confess that you committed the murder!" he yelled as he beat the man with mad fury.

The other denied it, until finally, under the terror of the attack, he admitted: "Yes, I confess, I killed him."

And now Ishimatsu Yoshida has reopened his case and conviction, and expects a retrial and full exoneration. *But he can't get back those 23 years.*

MUSTACHE

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The world's biggest mustache has been discovered - measured, calibrated and put on record. What nation claims the honor of having produced the championship mustache? Why, Hungary. That's not so surprising. The Hungarians go in for handlebars on their faces. They always did. The dashing Magyar cavalry in centuries past was a warlike pageant of fierce mustachios. So - we find that the world's mightiest upper lip ornament belongs to John Kontra, an eighty-one year old patriarch of Budapest.

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His mustach is twenty-eight inches from tip to tip, and voluminous in proportion. Twenty-eight inches, two and a third feet! Those handlebars are more like wings. They're the biggest thing in John's life. He devotes his existance to taking care of his mustache. That, in fact, is how the championship facial adornment happens to be put on record and in the news.

He was taken to a hospital, where the ~~doctors~~ Doctors marveled and measured. He had had an accident, a mishap

No he didn't trip over it.

because of his mustache. [^] Every morning, with the utmost care, he anoints it with oil and laboriously winds it around a ram's horn - that's to give it the right kind of stylish curl. On the morning of the accident, John worked away with the oil and ram's horn as usual. When he had finished, he studied himself in the mirror with pride and pleasure, and sat down to smoke his pipe. When he lit it, the match touched off some fumes from the mustache oil. There was a flare of flame, and John's eyes were burned. But the mustache *Blind, but he still had his mustache. He* was not singed a bit. So he went to the hospital happy. [^] ~~to~~

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didn't ~~xi~~ mind losing his eyes, so long as the pride and joy of his face was not injured. Who touches a hair of yon ^{grey} [^] championship mustache, dies like a dog, *he said. And so long until Monday.*

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