

HUGHES

The first important casualty of this sanctions business is a picturesque statesman of the Antipodes. Seventy-one year-old Billy Hughes, the wartime Prime Minister of Australia, has been obliged to quit his job. He didn't like the idea of the sanctions and said so loudly in his high squeaky voice and his characteristic frank, rough manner of speech. During the war the old Austral - Welshman was one of the staunchest upholders of the British Empire. Though frail, almost deaf as a post, and dyspeptic, he always wrestled valiantly for what he believed. His objection to the sanctions is curious because he labored as hard as anybody to create the League of Nations. But he's for isolation - against foreign entanglements.

William Morris Hughes is a typical Welchman - although an Australian. Intensely religious, eloquent, energetic and keen as a razor. He has had plenty of vicissitudes in his career. In 1923 he lost his office as Prime Minister. But in 1929 he came back, over-threw his enemies and won an important seat in the Commonwealth Cabinet at Canberra, the Washington of Australia.

Whenever he sat-in at sessions of the Cabinet at Can-

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berra mechanical gadgets were set up to help him hear what was going on. He was a thorn in the side of dull speakers.

Whenever he heard a speech that bored him he would conspicuously throw down his ear phones ^{with a clatter.} That was enough to shut off even the dryest debator.

A characteristic anecdote about him concerns his religious enthusiasms. He likes to read the lessons in church. Sometimes he embellishes the words of the Scriptures with comments of his own. On one occasion he was reading the first lesson in the big cathedral in Sidney. He came to the words:- "And God said to Abraham," To which he added with a piercing look at the congregation:- "And very rightly too." But he didn't add those words ^{"and very rightly too"} to the policies of the British Government on the sanctions against Italy. That's why good old Billy Hughes withdraws from the political scene, a scene to which he has added much color and drama.

SANCTIONS

Well, a new World War began today. To be sure, it is only an economic war - so far. Let's all hope it goes no farther. But, it is interesting to observe that this is what comes of a concerted effort to discourage war.

It opened to an obbligation of roaring mobs, of violent demonstrations. In the shadow of the pyramids the spectacle again today of riots, of mounted policemen charging rebellious crowds flailing about them with drawn sabres.

In Egypt, and in Italy too, the rioters were students.

Such was the color of this, called "Sanctions Day", the day in which fifty-one member countries of the League of Nations officially begin their historic boycott of Italy - all because of the Duce's invasion of Ethiopia. The dominant figures in the League were bold enough in declaring those sanctions. But since the fervor of the first enthusiasm died down, they have been plenty worried about its outcome; would it be a ~~xx~~ success?

If the indignation of the Two million Italian students who milled and yelled and otherwise demonstrated is any criterion, the success of the boycott might seem probable, in spite of

Mussolini's defiant shout:- "You can't boycott us, we're boycotting you!" And indeed he promptly dropped the barriers throughout Italy, barriers against commerce with any of the half a hundred boycotting nations.

But the bellicose fervor of today's demonstrating mobs, while spectacular, actually proves nothing. One month will have to pass, maybe two, maybe three, maybe even six, before the world can perceive clearly whether it is possible for a Consulate of Powers so to punish a belligerent nation until it forces up its hands and says: "Uncle!"

It is quite natural that the fury of the mobs in Italy should again have been concentrated on various British centers such as the Embassy in Rome, branches of British book shops and banks and other places throughout the ~~ap~~ peninsula which cater to the once numerous colonies of British residents in Italy. All this affords a curious, novel and distressing sight. Even before the poet Shelley met his death in an Italian Lake, cultivated Englishmen have been passing large portions of their years in Italy. As a matter of fact, Englishmen have loved Italy

for centuries, her language, her art, and the life in Rome, in Florence, in Venice, in Perugia, in Milan and Verona - of yes, and Capri! But, alas, today the sound of the English language spoken in an Italian public place is enough to provoke violence. And many of the English who have lived in Italy for years are sadly leaving the country they have loved so long.

The excitement over Sanctions Day has pushed into the shade the events which provoked it, I mean the hostilities in Africa. But under their new commander the Italians launched a new swift attack.

One significant item is that the Ethiopians and not the Italians are threatened with a food shortage. Haile Selassie's subjects have quit planting crops because they say: "What's the use? Why feed the Italians?"

CANADA

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That Treaty with Canada, over which there was so much cheering, has turned into a bad headache for the Washington statesmen. Last week it was greeted with cheers. Today the capital echoes with groans. The indignation of lumbermen in our own northwest became crystallized today. The complaints of the ~~Weyerhaeuser~~ Weyerhausers and other big shots of the industry were heard and heard plainly. There was even talk of a strike, a strike of Fifty thousand loggers, cruisers and other timber workers.

More astonishing ~~was~~ was the note of hostility on the Canadian side. At first our cousins of the north seemed to be un-animously delighted. But we now learn that there's a considerable body of opposition which is becoming solidly organized in Ottawa. Some Canadians think that Uncle Sam got the best of the bargain.

The Treaty still has to be ratified by the Ottawa Parliament. And its enemies are lining up to fight it. So now we are faced with the surprising possibility that the agreement may be defeated.

MARINE

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Ever since the once triumphant days of the YANKEE CLIPPER, sea-faring men and plenty of us land-lubbers besides, have been crying: "Bring back the glory of the period when ships of Uncle Sam were showing their heels to all the world!" And that's the main purpose of a conference that is going on ~~now at the Waldorf~~ ^{here} ~~Astoria~~ in New York. It's the official meeting of the big shipping men of the United States. The outcome of their ^{present} deliberations ^{on the} ~~will~~ ^{floor at the Waldorf will later} ~~probably~~ be aired on the floor of Congress. ^{IF} The principal thing they are discussing is ~~really~~ ^{problem.} a national ~~issue~~ ^{problem.} For at present, they say, the shipping that flies the stars and stripes is indirectly and unofficially, but quite definitely, under the control of the Postmaster General. That is because of the mail subsidies. ~~When~~ Without them it would be impossible for many of our big shipping lines to carry on. United States laws, their provisions for the comfort and welfare of American sea^men, would make it prohibitive for our ships to compete with other nations but for the mail contracts.

Now, it was said some time ago, unofficially, in Washington, that President Roosevelt does not approve this form

of subsidy. He believes that our merchant marine should have an out and out subsidy. He has let it be known that he is in favor of direct, frank, open backing rather than the roundabout disguise of contracts for carrying the mails.

So that's the main question that the moguls of our sea-going liners and freighters are now discussing. Tied up to that is the question, "Which branch of the government should have the disbursing of the subsidy and its consequent control over the ships?" Some ship masters would have it handled by the Navy. But that suggestion arouses a state of fury among others. They claim that supervision, if any, should be ~~xxx~~ exercised by the Department of Commerce, which has more contact with business and industry and knows what people have to buck up against in foreign competition.

These questions have been put up to fifteen hundred of the shipping men of the United States. The conference has conducted a poll of its membership. The complete result of the discussions ~~xxx~~ now going on will be sent to the Congressional Committees and to the more influential citizens and Congressmen.

A. A. A.

The United States Supreme Court is giving the Government every chance on its fight to preserve the A.A.A. The justices handed down a short decision today. They gave the Attorney General five days grace in the filing of briefs. This might indicate that the learned barristers for the Government are having a hard time defending that much discussed Agricultural Adjustment Act.

In granting this delay, the Supreme Court made one stipulation: that the Reismullers, who are the plaintiffs in the current A.A.A. lawsuit, must not be penalized by the government for refusing to pay their tax until the Court decides the issue.

To all the criticism of the Triple A - and there sure has been plenty of it - the Administration has replied: "Have you got a better plan?" Today somebody has come to the front with the answer "Yes, we have." The editors of the farm magazine, COUNTRY HOME, have been busy for months working out a scheme. The gist of it is: "Don't pay the farmers for not raising crops. Pay them for raising them." In other words, pay a man according to his skill in producing, not for idleness and destruction.

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The nine big justices also handed out a good break to Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia today. It was only a preliminary, but it's important. They gave him permission to file suit against the Bankhead Act, the act of Congress providing for cotton control. Georgia's fighting Governor ~~xx~~ says it is unconstitutional, says that if it is enforced it will, in his own words, make the farm lands owned by the state of Georgia "substantially worthless." So that will be all thrashed out before the highest tribunal.

STORM

That storm which rampaged all up and down the Atlantic coast was a cyclonis big bad wolf. It huffed and it puffed and it blew our house down to the tune of at least Fifteen million dollars. Also killed several people. There hasn't really been time yet to make an accurate estimate either of the damage or of the casualty list. But from South Carolina to Maine the damage was immense. The storm is out at sea tonight, wrecking its fury over the waters of the Atlantic. And in its wake a trail of ships in distress at sea, and on land houses blown to splinters, rivers running over their banks, cellars flooded, railroad trains blown off the tracks, and even travelers snowed in.

The storm was no respecter of persons. One of the victims was ex-President Hoover, who was marooned by the snow at Monticello, New York. But that experience couldn't have been so bad, because the ex-President got a laugh out of it. Hearing he was in town, a number of the big-shots came to call on him. The editor of the local Monticello mouthpiece was giving his opinion about the ~~pat~~ potato control bill. Said he to Mr. Hoover: "I heard your address over the air last night." "Oh, did you?" said Mr. Hoover,

beaming. "Yes", replied the editor, "One part of it particularly was swell, what you said about the more abundant life without bacon," New Deal breakfast without even bacon. Then he added: "Mr. Hoover, I didn't think you had so much humor." Whereat the ex-President was so convulsed with laughter that the ashes of his cigar fell all over his vest, and the bystanders fell over with astonishment. ^{TP} Several of the sufferers from the storm were duck hunters. A couple of them, caught by its fury around Great South Bay, Long Island, were still missing according to reports.

MEXICO

Twenty-five years ago, the world witnessed a great event in Mexican history. It was the beginning of the Madero Revolution. The beginning-of-the-end of the famous Cientifico regime of Dictator Porfirio Diaz. Today all Mexico was celebrating that anniversary. President Cardenas reviewed a parade of thirty-five thousand. At the same moment troubles were breaking out, troubles which political observers swear are symptoms of as deep and seething an unrest as that which culminated in the Revolution of twenty-five years ago - the one that ousted Diaz.

Newspaper men who know Mexico declare that, for all the apparent strength of the Cardenas government, the country really is a suppressed volcano, full of the lava of revolt, and may erupt at any time. They declare that the government's animosity to the Catholic faith has produced acumulative resentment that will surely explode soon.

As an illustration you may recall the serio-comic episode last week at the town of Zacan in the state of Vera Cruz; the insurrection of the women who captured the City Hall and drove out the Mayor and all the officials. That was the women's answer

to the rumor of a new law against having images of saints in private houses.

But still more symptomatic is a sanguinary episode in the State of Monterey. There an election campaign has been going on for the governor's seat. A political rally was being held. Supporters of the opposition candidate crashed the meeting. They started heckling the speakers. Short and ugly words flew back and forth. Presently the air was filled with objects harder than words. Police intervened, started to throw out the hecklers. - They refused to be thrown out. They not only refused but they grabbed the weapons of the officers and in two minutes a free-for-all fight was raging in the hall. Federal troops were rushed to the scene, but not before five people lay dead upon the floor and seventeen wounded.

And that, say the trained observers, is the latest symptom of the bitter feeling that prevails throughout the land of Montezuma.

So maybe Tex O'Reilley, Pepino Garibaldi and the rest of the restless brethren had better get their old ~~xxx~~ sombreros

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and silver spurs and start for the Rio Grande, while I start for
Brooklyn, - and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.