

L.J. - Sumner. Fri., Jan. 31/36.

Chambers.

SCOTTSBORO

Once more the ominous name of Scottsboro. This time the story is one of stark and unbelievable tragedy - those twenty negro convicts who perished in a blazing prison van.

How did it happen? The facts give a picture of swift and

horrible doom. The prison van was rumbling along the road, near the Alabama town of Scottsboro. Twenty two ~~the twenty~~ convicts locked inside. In there with them was a

drum of gasoline. It was cold. One of the convicts took a piece of paper, struck a match, and lighted the paper to warm his hands. That set fire to the gasoline, which burst ~~into~~ into a blast of flames.

Two white guards, riding in front, stopped the truck, jumped down and unlocked the door of ~~a~~ ^{the} cage. They dragged two of the convicts out, badly burned, and then were driven back by the ~~startling~~ ^{sputting} flames. They themselves were burned. 22 in the van. 20 perished.

WRECK

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It was a broken rail that caused ~~that~~ train wreck at Sunbury, Pennsylvania. This was announced today by the Reading Railroad. So the story now runs this way:- the fast passenger express, rushing along the tracks, around ^{ed} a curve leading to the bridge across the Susquehanna River, and right ahead the tracks ~~WERE~~ ^{WERE} ~~THE~~ elevated above a highway. ~~below~~ ^{Then} the steel rail ~~was~~ broken, and the locomotive plows right into it. *After* ~~that the~~ cataclysm, as the train rips through the side of the bridge and plunges to the ground below with one giant smash. And it's bitter cold, below zero, to embitter the plight of the injured caught in the wreckage. Then follows - the bravest sort of rescue work.

But it's an almost incredible piece of luck that the casualty list isn't larger - three dead, thirty-two injured. The earlier report was four killed, but that was wrong, and is corrected to read two trainmen and one passenger.

HAUPTMANN

The Hauptmann case is growing more controversial.

There's an emphatic answer to Governor Hoffman's statement of yesterday that ~~the~~ he believes the ~~Lindberghs~~ kidnaping was not a one-man job. The answer comes from Attorney General Wilentz of New Jersey, who prosecuted the Bronx carpenter. *Atty. Gen.* Wilentz today declared emphatic disagreement with the Governor. "The evidence," ^{he} says he, "points to the guilt of Hauptmann, and Hauptmann alone." He doesn't budge an inch from the position he took at the court room in Flemington.

The Attorney General made his statement after a conference with Colonel Schwarzkopf, Commander of the New Jersey police. The Colonel is obeying the order the ~~g~~ Governor gave yesterday - to investigate all leads pointing to other persons who might be implicated in the crime.

LONG

That vacant senate seat has been filled, -- the seat left vacant by Huey Long. It's a post of eminence around which political storms have raged. After all sorts of political battling in Louisiana, Huey's faithful follower, Governor O.K. Allen, won the Senate seat in the Primary election. But O.K. Allen died suddenly. So the Senatorial toga of the Kingfish was still left waiting. But now at last Louisiana has named a Senator. Who is he that takes Huey's place? Or, rather, who is she? Guess. Mrs. Huey P. Long. The place of the formidable Senator Long taken by his wife. And a handsome and gracious lady, when I met her, she seemed to be.

ROERICH

Washington gives an official denial of yesterday's story about the famous artist, Nicholas Roerich. It's no denial of the fact that Roerich's Far Eastern expedition for the Department of Agriculture has been called off. That ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~has been~~ repeated. The vigorous "no" is applied to reports that the Government of Manchukuo had complained about the artist's activities, and had intimated that he had been doing spy work. The Department of Agriculture announces formally that no foreign government had made any such complaint against Roerich, who is now in India. The rumor ^{apparently being} ~~is~~ just one of those grapevine creations which go flitting around the world.

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TAX

There's no surprise about this next bit of news. We knew it was coming - taxes. When the Supreme Court knocked out the Triple A processing taxes, which provided for cash to pay to the farmers, it was perfectly clear that a substitute way would have to be found to raise the money. No processing tax - then some other kind of tax. And when the bonus went through, that also meant the taxpayers would have to kick in. Either that - or inflation. Still, (there's a chilly feeling of cold reality in the President's statement today, in which he told Congress the amount of ^{the} cash they would have to raise by slapping on new taxes.) The figure for the farm program is five hundred million. That much will be needed to pay the money the Government has contracted to give the farmers for reducing their crops.

Mr. Roosevelt made it clear that these new imposts were a substitute to take the place of the processing tax.

As for the bonus, the President told the lawmakers they would have to find the money for that too. He didn't mention any figures, but the common opinion is that it will take over two hundred million a year to enable the Government to pay

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the charges on that flood of Bonus Baby Bonds. That would bring the extra taxation for both farm and bonus to around three-quarters of a billion dollars - that much extra taxes.

ADD TAXES

(The Senate Appropriations Committee jumped promptly into the task of working out a taxation program. They hope to fix something up that will take care of the farm and bonus needs and stave off the threat of inflation. A vigorous drive for inflation is in full swing in the House.)

With plenty of steam behind it. And, the anti-inflationists are on their toes, trying to stop it. Their hope right now is in the Senate Appropriations Committee, with its plans for extra taxes. The Committee has assured them that the ~~rix~~ raising of funds will be tacked as amendments on the regular supply bills. These bills for government expenditures have already been passed by the House. So the procedure by which they hope to lick inflation is to hand the taxes on as amendments.

Meanwhile, official Washington is in a state of fever about the issue. The logic is that the Government has got to have money, and this can be raised only by taxes, bond issues or inflation.

BONUS

The warning is already out - "Beware of the bonus chiselers!" Those billions of dollars to be distributed among the veterans are one magnificent bunch of bait for the gyp boys. So the American Legion has passed out a warning. And in New York the County Commander has announced a bureau is being set up to advise the veterans about what to do with their bonus money.

One supposition is that chiselers may find ways to work the old game of buying up ^{the} bonds at a low figure. There have been reports of sharks paying Forty Dollars right now for those fifty dollar bonds, which the men will receive five months hence.

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Officials don't put so much stock in that, because the bonds are not transferable. Only the veterans who get them can cash them. But it's believed that the smart boys may find ways to beat this, by getting the veterans to sign agreements to pay.

The special warning is against various sorts of stock schemes that are sure to blossom, games of phoney securities devised especially to grab that bonus money. One kind of swindle expected to be used is the salesman gag, where suckers are given a

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job. This would work by means of advertisements - stock salesmen wanted. The veteran would reply and get the job, and that would tickle him. Then he would be put through an intensive course of high pressure salesmanship. In that way, they'd steam him up to believe the worthless securities he was to sell were a hundred per cent, gilt edge, good investment. Full of enthusiasm, he would go out and peddle them to fellow veterans for their bonus money, and he himself would buy with his own cash.

It's an old game, which works all the time, and it's especially well calculated to chisel in on the bonus.

FRANCE

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Over in Paris today's reports would make it seem as if the new Minister of War wasn't as black as they tried to paint him. His name is Maurin, and when his name appeared as Minister of War in the new Cabinet - that started rambunctious proceedings in the Chamber of Deputies. Yesterday, the new Cabinet met some wild and bitter attacks. Today the attacks continued, still more bitter and even wilder. And the angriest outcry was shot at - Maurin, Minister of War. The enemies of the Cabinet accused him outright of being in the pay of one of the great French ~~munitions~~ munitions firms. They shouted this in tones of lurid scandal. "This Minister of War," they ^{bellowed:-} ~~shouted~~ "is paid by the munition makers! Resign! resign!"

Well, after the deputies took a vote today, the scandal seemed a lot less glaring. Most of the deputies refused to believe that the Minister was anything like as black as he was painted. The Sarraut government appealed for a vote of confidence, and got it by an overwhelming vote, a combination of Socialists and Radical Socialists carried the day, in the face of the bitter attacks of the Right Wing parties.

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Political affairs were tense in Athens today.

Troops ~~are~~ on guard, the garrison of the city kept in readiness for any disturbances. Yet the sudden death of General Kondylis seems more ^{likely} ~~likely~~ to ease the political crisis than to cause any ructions. He himself had said that he would not allow the party of Venezelos to take power. He'd keep them out even if he had to use military force. Now, with the passing of Kondylis the probability of the use of force seems to have passed also.

The background of it all is a story of singular political drama. We've heard about it from time to time, in fragmentary bits -- as events progressed. Now it's complete and rounded out -- the strange story of a strong man. Remember that revolution in Greece a year or so ago, staged by the party of the former Premier Venezelos? Kondylis, the Iron man suppressed it after some spectacular fighting. And Venezelos was driven into exile. The rebels were battling against the idea of restoring the monarchy, calling King George back. After they were beaten, Kondylis staged a theatrical coup d' etat, seized the government and made himself dictator -- but only for the

purpose of restoring the monarchy, of calling back King George.

The royalist coup went off smoothly. An election was held, a big monarchist victory. So King George returned to his throne and Kondylis turned over the government to him.

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Then right away he had a break with the king whom he had restored. George, following a mild and reasonable policy, was in favor of being nice to the party of Venezelos, the same ~~inf~~ faction that had rebelled against the prospect of his return. The Iron Man was for sternness, ^{but} the king had his way. And the power of Kondylis went into an eclipse.

Last week-end they had another election in Greece, and the party of Venezelos won. The former anti-monarchist insurgents gained a majority in the Greek Parliament. It was this election result which prompted Kondylis to say that he would use force rather than let the Venezelists take control. Now he has died.

He was a veteran soldier who had fought in many a battle. He began his career as a fighting man by serving in a band of Greek irregulars, conducting guerrilla warfare against the Bulgarians.

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The other night while referring to some snowy matters that concerned skiing, sheeing, ski-joring, shee-joring, and so on, I mentioned Dick Durrance, the somersaulting skier from Florida, star of the American Olympic team, now over in the Bavarian Alps at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, getting ready for the winter Olympic. I emphasized the fact that he did not learn to ski in Florida, where it's always fair weather. But since then my mail has been flooded with letters from New Hampshire, telling me that Dick Durrance, instead of learning his ski-somersaulting wizardry, at Pecketts, the ski capital of the White Mountains, ^{or in Tuberman Ravine, or at Dartmouth,} ~~that~~ he actually get his training in Germany, ^{right} near where he is now ^{all set} ~~going~~ to ski for the championship of the world, as a member of Uncle Sam's ^{Olympic} team.

GROUND-HOG

Sunday is ground-hog day, when the wise woodchuck does his annual job of weather predicting. You know, when he comes out of his burrow, and if he sees his shadow, he goes right back and has another sleep for himself, which is a sign that bitter cold weather is coming. It's the annual time for liars to hold forth - like the big banquet in Greeaville, Ohio, where liars seem to abound.

And, there is one professor out in Ohio, who has been studying the problem of the ground-hog down in the hole, - Professor John Condryn, of the Biology Department of the University of Toledo. Instead of the ground-hog predicting the weather, the Professor predicts the ground-hog. He has found the reason why the woodchuck takes that nap all winter. It is all because of the ground-hog's endocrine glands, thyroid deteriorating. The critter's body temperature drops. There's a reduction of sugar and a reduced blood count. So with his internal chemistry all tangled up like that, what can the old boy do except retire to his hole and sleep it off? It's a kind of endocrine jag.

Then when he wakes up at the end of winter, he has a sort of endocrine hangover. His nerves are still jangled. He's all a'jitter when he pops out of his burrow. If he sees his own shadow, it scares him. It is like seeing pink elephants and purple giraffes. So back he ducks into his hole, and sleeps off the fright he has had.

Instead of predicting the weather, it's all endocrine. Far from being a weather prophet, old man ground-hog is merely afraid of his own shadow, and ducks. Just as I'm afraid of the hand of the clock; so I'll duck. And --

SOLONG UNTIL MONDAY.