

L. J. - Sunoco. Wed., Sept. 25, 1935.

Amman  
W.C.

ROOSEVELT

The N.R.A. is dead - do the business men of America want it to come to life again? That, says President Roosevelt, is the question for ~~the~~ industry ~~of the United States~~ to answer.

Mr. Roosevelt brought this subject up ~~again~~ at his press conference this afternoon; ~~that was~~ his last conversation with the Washington correspondents before taking his trip out to the Pacific Coast and back by way of the Panama Canal. The Administration has made no plans to draw up new laws to take the place of the N.R.A. and revive the Blue Eagle. But, good progress is being made on the nationwide surveys that it ordered, surveys to determine to what extent business and industry have departed from the codes of fair competition since the Supreme Court killed the Blue Eagle. These surveys are finding out exactly how much chiseling is going on. So said Mr. Roosevelt, and he added: "Industry must decide whether it wants to put the chiselers out of business."

Another subject <sup>he</sup> ~~Mr. Roosevelt~~ discussed with the newspaper men was the questionnaire that he had sent out to the clergymen of America, the letter asking preachers for advice on "how our government can better serve the people." It also

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sought their opinions on Mr. Roosevelt's Social Security Program.

He got one answer by return mail, and a sharp, critical retort it was. It came from a Seventy-nine year old Congregational Minister in Boston, Dr. A.Z. Conrad, paster of the most fashionable parishes in the City of beans. He took a sharp fling at Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, saying:

"Nothing more insane was ever done than the destruction of animals and cotton and agricultural products generally. That was not only a mistake, it was criminal."

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On the other hand the Eucharistic Congress in Cleveland heard a denunciation of the worship of Big Business as a heathen idol.

ADD ROOSEVELT

But the most important thing <sup>the President</sup> ~~that Mr. Roosevelt~~ did today was ~~to~~ publish a list of the things that are to be defined as implements of war. This ~~of course~~ in accordance with the joint ~~resolution~~ resolution passed by Congress, establishing Uncle Sam's new policy of neutrality.

Here are some of the things that you may not ship to belligerent nations in case war breaks out: rifles and carbines using ammunition of more than Twenty-six and a half calibre; *(You can send 'em all the 22's and air rifles you like)* machines guns, automatic rifles, machine pistols, all calibres; guns, howitzers, mortars, ammunition, grenades, bombs, tanks, armored trains, and so forth. *You can't ship them.*

In the second division on the list come warships of all kinds. That, needless to say, includes aircraft carriers and submarines.

It will be also illegal to sell to a belligerent any aircraft either assembled or dismantled, designed, adapted and intended for warfare in the air. This goes not only for airplanes, but for blimps. It also bans the selling of bombers, bomb racks, gun mounts and frames.

Then another clause in the regulations extends this prohibition to all aircraft either assembled or dismantled, whether heavier than air or lighter than air. This also includes propellers, fusilages, hulls, engines, or any parts of an airship.

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And finally manufacturers are prohibited from selling to any foreign nation poison gas of any kind whatsoever; likewise flame throwers. Incidentally, any firms manufacturing or exporting any of these articles are in future compelled to procure a license from the State Department to do business abroad.

## TEMPERANCE

One of the astonishing spectacles of the day was that of some advertisements that appeared in this morning's newspapers. They are astonishing because they indicate the dramatic change that has come over the temperance movement. Those advertisements were sponsored by a new organization called "The Council for Moderation, Incorporated." Among the persons supporting it are John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Edsel ~~BA~~ Ford. On its **National** Advisory Board are publishers, educators, business executives, millionaires, big shots ~~of~~ in every line. The <sup>ads</sup>~~advertisements~~ published this morning were the first volley in a campaign that is going to be kept up for at least ten years. And they indicated the tactics that will be employed. Those tactics are amply indicated by the name of the organization.

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This wing of the temperance movement repudiates all pretense at procuring sobriety by legislation. On the contrary, the Council for Moderation is specifically pledged against any such movements. Neither does it hope to reform drunkards. ~~It is~~ Its simple and modest aims are to conduct an educational campaign to convince people that drinking too much is inadvisable. Surely, a

campaign like that is moderate enough. Part of this educational ~~campaign~~<sup>movement</sup> will be ~~to~~<sup>to</sup> teach ~~the~~ young people the effects of alcohol on the human body. Mr. Everett Colby, who is head of the Council for Moderation, says: "We are going to concentrate on warning everybody that alcoholic drinks, if consumed at all, must be taken with caution. And furthermore that overindulgence is socially reprehensible." In short, said Mr. Colby, his Council ~~we~~<sup>s</sup> want to create a feeling of individual responsibility in everybody. He says it's hopeless to attempt to force total abstinence upon people. Any such resolution, he ~~say~~<sup>adds,</sup> must be an essentially individual attitude consciously adopted by the individual.

In short, no more such experiments as prohibition; reason, not coercion - that's the strategy of the Council for Moderation.

## HEARST

Of all the colorful figures in the whole world today, and that includes the Maharajah of Kashmir, the Nizam of Hyderabad the Aga Khan, and various Oriental potentates -- not one is half as interesting as the powerful, versatile, amazing publisher, William Randolph Hearst. There is an absorbingly interesting article in FORTUNE that brings out the fact that the Hearst properties have gained in value all through the depression. This value amounts, so the article says, to the staggering figure of two hundred and twenty million dollars - third richest man in America. His newspapers are valued at one hundred and seventy nine millions, the Hearst Corporation at one hundred and five millions. His mines, orchards, and packing plant, estimated at fifteen millions, his real estate in New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles at forty-one millions. His ranches in the United States and Mexico at fifteen millions. His sumptuous estates, the various ~~xxx~~ palaces in which he lives, his collection of works of art, are worth twenty millions. In addition to all his newspapers, magazines, and syndicates, he personally owns four radio

stations, besides four others that are owned by his papers.

The fortune left by his father, who was known as one of the most sagacious miners in the Far West, was only a drop in the bucket to the two hundred and twenty millions at which William Randolph Hearst is rated today.

Personally, he is a big man with a long face like a horse, a thick neck, big clumsy bones, and ice-cold blue eyes - from the rear says FORTUNE, he looks like an elephant. He is seventy-two years old and like a man in his prime keeps personal control over every detail of his huge, varied, sprawling world empire: his mines, his ranches, the hotels he owns in New York City, his newspapers, his magazines, syndicates and radio stations. His memory is so prodigious that he remembers the most obscure details, the actual cost of pressed in every newspaper that he owns, the price of paper today and the price of paper six years ago, the cost of ink, of lead, and of reporters. He runs his national chain of twenty-eight newspapers in a couple of hours of concentrated work before breakfast every morning. Makes

decisions involving millions, corrects articles, and draws up communications, in between strokes of croquet. So says the fact filled article in FORTUNE.

He owns more than two million acres of the earth's surface.

A publishing colossus who bestrides North America.

How would you like to buy a canal? There is one for sale, eight and a quarter miles long, with six bridges, station houses, land on each side of the waterway, and so forth. An enthusiastic auctioneer describes the land as; *here are his words:-* ~~being~~ "excellent for grazing with a number of cottages." ~~on it.~~

By the way, I forgot to tell you that this canal is over in England. Thereby hangs a tale. A hundred and thirty-five years ago John Bull's domain was in a state of terror. All England, but especially the southeastern counties, were in dread of instant invasion by the monster whom they called "Boney." By this, of course, they meant Napoleon Bonaparte. Every newspaper was filled with hideous caricatures of the great Corsican and adventurer and with fantastic stories of what would happen to Britain if his formidable Old Guard ever set foot across the Channel. — *The Mussolini of that day. The Boogeyman.*

All sorts of schemes of defense were set in motion. One of them was this canal that is now being offered for sale, the Royal Military Canal, in Kent. The idea was to flood the historic Romney Marshes and thus establish a serious barrier

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to any French invading army.

As every school child knows "Boney's" army never crossed the Channel. The British Army never had any use for the Royal Canal and it turned into a royal military white elephant. Nobody ever used it except canoists and anglers. Seven miles of it were sold a few years ago and today John Bull is putting the rest of it on the auction block. So there's your chance if you want to buy some historic scenery that isn't good for anything else — *except Sunday punting with your girl.*

GENEVA

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The present status of Mussolini's war in Africa has changed from drama to mystery melo-drama. A week ago, everybody's nerves were on edge over the Ethiopian question because of reverberating warlike noises. Today nerves are still more keenly on edge than ever, because there are no noises. The deadly quiet along the shores of Lake Geneva, say the observers, is more ominous than the rumbling of caissons.

Well, that's one way to look at it. On the other hand, it seems fairly rational to credit the rumors one hears from Paris, the rumors that Premier Mussolini is on the verge of finding a way of avoiding the war ~~which he has been looking for~~ without losing face. There is a fair amount of substance in the news to back up those rumors, even if they <sup>do</sup> ~~are~~ originate with the radical pacifist press in the French capital. For one thing, it is definite that Premier Laval has shown signs of having become disgusted with the Duce's diplomatic maneuvers. For a long time the attitude of France was in doubt. Indeed, it seemed improbable that Paris would back up London in any drastic move to prevent war. <sup>R</sup> But now it becomes manifest that Marianne, LaBelle France, is once again lining up with John Bull. Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsai are as one

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in demanding that the Council of the League should take action under Article Fifteen of the Covenant. And that means the step preparatory to imposing the much dreaded sanctions against any Power that breaks the peace of the world. This has not been officially announced yet. But it has been stated on what seems to be sound and credible authority. <sup>¶</sup> All the external signs point to the truth of this report, especially as Captain Anthony Eden and Premier Laval have been closeted in long conferences together. Naturally, that offers a pretty good background for the story that the Duce is now looking for a way out, a dignified retreat from his former sabre rattling and squash buckling attitude. It stands to reason that, no matter how strong his army, how glittering and superb his air squadrons, no sane dictator would undertake to defy both France and England.

However, the report that the Duce's iron front is melting has been denied in Rome. The Italian government, they say, is still furious, incensed at the League of Nations. And the principal reason for this anger is that the League ignored the elaborate bill of charges that Mussolini's diplomats drew up against Ethiopia.

No action whatsoever was taken on Italy's demand that Haile Selassie's empire should be chucked out of the League.

But there's another right-about-face in the news. Hitherto, the warlike demonstrations were in Europe, while peaceful gestures and pleas came from Ethiopia. Today it's the other way round. All of the Empire of the King of Kings resounds with the tramp of marching feet. There's no denying that mobilization of the Ethiopian forces is now actually under way. Armed columns are moving towards the borders of Italian Eritrea and also southeast towards Italian Somaliland.

This brings danger of an immediate clash that would make war inevitable. However, one ~~xx~~ precaution has been taken. Haile Selassie's troops are being kept at a distance of eighteen

miles from the actual boundary lines. The King of Kings has taken good care that his men should not be blamed for any skirmishes on the border. Nevertheless, he is getting all his available men ready for a fight to the death. <sup>R</sup>In Ethiopia there's <sup>still</sup> a strong conviction that war is inevitable. <sup>But</sup> No official mobilization order has been issued from Addis Ababa, because that might prejudice the negotiations in Geneva. Nevertheless, there is an actual state of mobilization, because the Ethiopian Emperor has no intention of being taken by surprise. The rains are over now though the ground is still soaking wet. So conditions are <sup>Just about</sup> right for hostilities <sup>to break out.</sup>

~~at any moment~~

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## SPAIN

The Spaniards have devised a peculiar punishment for revolutionists. If you start up a revolt in the Land of Cervantes and if you don't succeed, you have to pay for the cost of suppressing the revolution. To be sure that's only part of the punishment. In addition to paying that fine you have to go to jail.

The latest person to receive such a sentence in the land of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza is a newspaper editor named Xavier Bueno. Bueno incidently means "well". Senor "Well" was one of the principle fomoters of last year's revolt, a struggle that cost thirty five hundred lives, in which ten thousand people were wounded and a half billion dollars worth of property destroyed, not tilting at windmills.

When Senor Bueno was put on trial the prosecution ~~asked~~ asked for a sentence of twelve years imprisonment and a fine of something over a hundred and forty thousand dollars. But the court went the prosecution one better. The judges gave Mr. Bueno thirty years in prison and a fine of seventh million pesetas, roughly speaking ten million bucks. Quite a wad of money for a newspaper editor even to contemplate. Senor Bueno says he's not

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so "bueno" today. So buenos moches, and --

SOLONG UNTIL MANANA.