

L. T. - Sunoca. Thurs. Mar. 29 '34.

The curtain has risen on another act of the lugubrious drama, sometimes ~~the~~ grotesque drama, of Samuel Insull. His arrival at ^{Constantinople -} Istanbul - in his Greek freighter has ^{dumped} ~~handed~~ the great Insull problem ^{into the lap of} ~~to the~~ Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha Dictator of Turkey.

Some ten years ago while Samuel Insull was uncrowned king of Chicago he threw a swagger party for Queen Marie of Roumania. He announces now that he had not intended to stop in Istanbul, but planned to seek refuge in Roumania which indicates that he may have looked upon that party for the Queen as bread thrown upon the waters. Unfortunately for him, Queen Marie of Roumania is now the Dowager Queen and has less power than the Vice President of the United States or the President of France. The Roumanian authorities have announced that Mr. Insull would be arrested if he attempted to land on Roumanian soil. So the affair of Insull at Athens is transferred to old Constantinople on the Golden Horn. But the dictator Kemal Pasha is a more decided kind of person than the authorities of Athens. He's the kind to move swiftly.

Meanwhile, Martin Insull, brother of Samuel, is in uncomfortable quarters. He spent the night in a cell of the ^{Chicago} Cook County jail. It is

rather extraordinary that it should have taken the United States Government seventeen months to extradite Martin Insull from Canada to meet the charge that he embezzled three hundred and sixty four thousand dollars. But it is not so remarkable that this man once worth millions was unable to find a friend to put up fifty thousand dollars bail. That sort of story we hear often enough, fair weather friends.

DOLFUSS

I suppose Chancellor Dolfuss of Austria figures that unless you've heard the same joke a million times it becomes tiresome, especially when the joke is on you.

A couple of new edicts have just been issued by the Austrian Government. The first of these declares that there shall be no jokes made in Austria at the expense of members of the Government. That edict is a joke in itself. There used to be similar laws when the Hapsburgs ruled the realm. The result was a crop of comic novels and plays which, while obeying the law, made the Government squirm far more than direct lampoons would have done. The minute you say don't ^{to} ~~be~~ a comic writer you just spur his ingenuity.

The second edict forbids anybody to describe Doctor Dollfuss as the smallest Fascist in Austria. His three year old boy has just been made a member of the party, so the description is no longer true, *anyhow.*

Once upon a time the four-foot-eleven-inch Dictator was proud of his stature. He was proud of that point of similarity to Napoleon and other great little men of the past. But now he's fed up with the endless stream of gags and whimsies about his lack of inches.

They tell a story that at one public meeting when he wanted to pound his fist on the table he had to climb on the chair to do it. And one humorist of the Vienna cafes was heard to declare that the reason why the lawn around the Government buildings in Vienna is mowed every week is, ~~that this is~~^{as} a precaution against losing the Chancellor. Still another yarn describes him as being so worried during the Socialist rebellion that he spent the night walking back and forth under his bed. But one of the most pointed of all is about his visit to the London Conference. They say he introduced himself to Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain. And MacDonald said, "I am very glad to see you, but I do wish your father could have come along."

KAHN

For a long time no gala night in the New York Theatres, or the Metropolitan Opera House, or the big concern halls, was complete without the presence of the multimillionaire banker, Otto H. Kahn. His well-groomed figure, with the waxed white mustaches, was a feature of every brilliant show. In many cases he was present not only as a member of the audience but as the angel, the man who put up the money.

Many is the young singer, artist, or playwright whom he financed. His sudden death today removes a colorful figure from the New York scene. His last public appearance was in Washington, D. C., when as head of the banking of Kahn Loeb and Company he appeared as a witness before the Senate Committee on Banking.

Otto Kahn was born in Mannheim, Germany, a member of one of those well-to-do German families for which the old city of Mannheim is famous. His first change of nationality was to become a British subject. Later he became an American citizen - a distinguished one, a great patron of the arts.

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Late this afternoon Otto Kahn's secretary walked into the financier's private office, at 52 William Street, New York. Immaculate as ever, his waxed mustaches unruffled, the celebrated banker and patron of the arts sat motionless at his desk. He had died of heart failure.

FLOWERS

Easter will be, of course, a joyous time for the ladies. But the men are going to be pulling long faces when they start buying flowers for their "best friends and severest critics." Flowers are going to be expensive. But, don't gnash your teeth and cuss the florists. The blame belongs to Old Man Winter. The cold season was so severe that flowers are scarce, ^{up North.} That's not going to prevent Rockefeller Center, New York from looking like a regular floral display on the morning of Easter Sunday. More than a thousand trees, Crabapple trees, Cherry trees, Dogwood, Rhododendrons, Mountain Laurel, Baby's Breath, Silver Birchs, will be a sight for the eyes of the famous Easter Parade on Fifth Avenue.

PAN AMERICAN

It would be easy to build my evening's news broadcast entirely out of material picked up in this locality. But of course I can't do that. For instance, Pan American Airways has just completed a new million dollar international airport here -- the largest commercial marine air base in the world. Built to accommodate five hundred travelers a day, jumping back and forth through the skies between North America, the Southern America, and the islands of the Carribean.

In the lobby of the main structure they are building a huge globe of the world, in bright colors. On it will be indicated all of the air lines of all the continents and the seven seas. The globe will revolve.

So, for the present, Miami is the new aerial gateway between the continents of the Western Hemisphere.

AIRMAIL

There was a sigh of relief when the President announced that the airmail was to be restored to the private air-transport companies without waiting for Congress to act. But the situation is still confused and controversial. The ticklish point is the proviso that the companies whose contracts were cancelled may bid for new contracts only if they reorganize and if the executives who were responsible for the original contracts are replaced.

This proviso satisfies neither side. The opponents of the air transport companies say, "What does a reorganization mean? What is to prevent them from putting in dummy officers and going on virtually as before?" On the other hand the air transport companies retort: "Supposing we do reorganize where does that leave us? What is to prevent a subsequent administration from compelling us to reorganize all over again?"

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Answer these questions, put the answers together—and what have you?

The Administration's billion and a half dollar Housing Program as announced from Washington sounds fine to home owners, but when you examine it more closely, you see it has a few strings attached to it. It is one of the measures President Roosevelt okayed before he left for Florida. It is the most sweeping and stupendous government plan of its kind ever devised. Theoretically it should enable every man who ^{owns} ~~has~~ a home to modernize it, and renovate it, and get help from the government for the job.

But it does not mean that you can just write in to Uncle Sam saying I need three hundred dollars for a new roof and get it by return mail. It hinges on whether the government can persuade manufactureres of building materials, lumber, steel, bricks and paint to reduce prices. It depends also on getting the railroads to cut down freight charges on those materials. ^{And,} ~~It also depends~~ on the building and trades unions, whether they will consent to lowering ~~pages~~.

Furthermore it presupposes that private agencies such as banks, insurance companies, finance companies, building and loan associations will cooperate. The idea is that Uncle Sam

himself shall lay out comparatively little money on the project, not more than a hundred and fifty millions. The rest of the funds are to come from private business concerns under government persuasion and perhaps government guarantee. There will be a lot of rigamarole before you get that new roof on your ~~home~~ house.

The Senators who voted against the President last evening did so with many a protest that they were not opposed to Mr. Roosevelt, they respected him highly and were ~~not~~ in sympathy with most of his aims. Nevertheless, they did vote to override his veto. They have added two hundred and twenty-eight million dollars to next year's expenses and some believe that this will seriously cripple the Roosevelt Economy Policy.

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Reports from all over the country indicate that there is alarm among businessmen who believe that the increased benefits to veterans will be followed by a drive for the payment of the bonus and that this will lead to printing-press inflation of money -- ~~ixdent~~ the rubber dollar.

I don't know if President Roosevelt, out there fishing in the Gulf Stream will find any consolation in that old reflection -- "I'm not the first one to get hit -- my head isn't the only one to get cracked with that brick." ~~But~~ The fact is, that every President from Harding on has had a Veterans's Bill passed over his veto.

There have been a lot of books written by a lot of authors on the various aspects of the New Deal. Now along comes a new one written by an author who should know something about what the President thinks and means. The author is ~~no one less~~ ~~than~~ Mr. Roosevelt himself. It is extraordinary that the busiest head of the busiest government on earth would have time to grind out the number of pages, lines and words that make up a full size book, but the President has done it. It will soon be issued under the title:- "On Our Way." And that's an appropriate name, because we're certainly on our way, to somewhere or other.

But let's see some of the things the inventor of the New Deal has to say. He emphasises what he said in that big N R A speech of his -- ^{his} that economic philosophy is neither Fascism["] or Communism. "If the New Deal has been a revolution," writes the President, "it has been a peaceful one, accomplished by lawful and orderly processes without violence and with just treatment for all classes." He adds:- "It is no^t Fascism because its inspiration springs from the masses of the people themselves. It is not Communism," he continues, "because it does not bring the population under a rigorous rule. It is ^{not} not founded on a government that

perpetuates itself without going to the people. Neither does it manifest itself in the total elimination of any class or the abolition of private property."

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The correspondents all like him because they say he is both a gentleman and a politician. They like him because he is gentle, is never high-hat, invites them all to go swimming with him in his outdoor dam up in Dutchess County, New York, swaps stories with them, and they like the skill and courage with which he handles his press-conferences. No matter what questions they ask he never shows irritation. Reporters from papers that have been hostile to some of his policies get the same friendly treatment as the other boys. And they have never seen that famous smile give way to a frown. So say these boys who are now here in Miami.

WHITE HOUSE CORRESPONDENTS

I have been chatting with the White House correspondents, the newspaper men who shadow the President; whether they represent Democratic or Republican newspapers, they are to a man enthusiastic about him.

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L.T.

SIMS

But here is some criticism of the President.

Doughty Admiral Sims comes forward with a blast which may be interpreted as a slam -- not at the President's policies, but at the President's fishing. The veteran sea-fighter created something of a sensation when in an address to the Mayflower descendents in Boston, he told them:- "Although he had been more than forty years in the Navy, he never liked going to sea." "The ocean," he says, "is all right when you look at it from the shore or from the deck of a fifty thousand ton battleship."

"But," he says, "I never could figure out how men could slop around in fishing boats and call it pleasure."

"They don't seem to be happy," said the Admiral, "unless they come home soaked to the skin and smelling of fish."

The Admiral doesn't say so, but the inference is that he can't see why a President should go fishing, out there in the Gulf Stream, soaked to the skin and smelling of fish.

Huh, that's me, right now. I went fishing today.

TALL STORY

Oh yes, I've a telegram from the employees of General Electric Company, the lads who make Rigid Conduit and welding Electrodes. They tell me they have a General Electric tall-story club and are holding their first meeting tonight. And they asked me to tell a whopper in their honor.

Well, tonight certainly does seem to be an appropriate time to tell a tall one. The President is out fishing in a big way. I always try to follow the lofty example of great men, and so I went out fishing today in a little way. The occasion therefore calls for a fish story. And as it happens, I have been given a shameless one, a high and mighty one to tell.

I was talking to Col. Marvin McIntyre, the President's secretary, here at the Miami White House, and I asked him to whisper into my ear some State secret, some inside piece of vital political information. And he did.

"I have just received word," whispered Mac, "of an enthusiastic angler down here who went fishing. Every day for

TALL STORY

five days he caught plenty of fish but on the sixth he didn't get a bite. He wondered what the trouble was. Then he saw millions of fish right on the surface of the ocean. Those fish swarmed around and arranged themselves to spell the letters -- NRA. And just then he saw a blue eagle flying overhead. At the same time a mermaid swam up wearing a bandeau of Eleanor Blue. And she piped up, sweetly, 'Isn't General Johnson handsome!'" So the fish are going in for the N.R.A. five-day week.

Col. McIntyre concluded with a still more sibilant whisper: "I have wirelessly transmitted this information to the President and I understand he received it just as he was baiting the anchor and starting to fish."

Well, that's the Presidential fish story and now I'll tell a whopping tall one of my own -- a really big lie. While out fishing today I caught a lot of fish! And SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

LT-

Jacksonville.