

BUDGET

6
Money talks from Washington today. (President Roosevelt, following the custom he established himself, publishes a revision of his Nineteen Thirty-Seven budget. The most important things he says are, "half a billion dollars more for relief." To make up for that, he adds the consolation, "No new taxes in the next session of Congress."

The half a billion extra for relief is, of course, a consequence of the drought disasters in the west.

Despite the optimism over no new taxes, there's an ominous note in his semi-annual budget revision. It shows us that by June thirtieth next year, our national debt will be more than thirty-four billion dollars.) In other words, in four years, the national debt will have been increased some eleven and a half billions — jumped about a third in 4 yrs.

7
On the reverse of the medal, the President paints a picture of improved finances owing to ~~the~~ general business improvement. For example, when the Supreme Court knocked out the A.A.A., and the Guffey Coal Act, it hit Uncle Sam's treasury to the tune of some six hundred and sixty-eight millions.

But those six hundred and sixty-eight millions of losses have already been made up by the Nineteen Thirty-Six Revenue Act and by increased revenue, income tax, and so forth.

ROOSEVELT FOLLOW BUDGET

Des Moines, Iowa, is preparing for one of the days of its life. Flags ~~are~~ flying, gay colored bunting ^{is everywhere in} ~~is~~ ^{at service to} the capital of the corn belt for tomorrow's big event. It isn't every day that a city has to greet six governors as well as a president. At the same time, we learn that everything is being done to help the ~~purely~~ non-partisan-business-reason ^{for} the conference; ~~which is~~ to discuss drought and drought control.

TP Anything that in the least resembles election campaign machinery is to be shooed out of sight ^{in Des Moines.} There will be no speeches, no ~~posed photographs~~, no political ballyhoo whatsoever. The President, Governor Landon, and the other governors, will be the guests of Iowa's Governor Herring at lunch. As soon as each guest arrives, he will be conducted with as little ceremony as possible to the luncheon, where the drought conference will take place. **TP** We have no inkling of the measures to be discussed, save that Governor Landon will present once more his plan for federal flood control, the plan that he first made public in Nineteen Thirty-Four.

President Roosevelt expects to be back in Washington

by the end of the week. He will make a report to the nation
Sunday night, ^{telling} ~~report~~ of what he has learned during his trip
of inspection over the drought area. ~~The President will speak~~
~~over the air from ten-forty five to eleven fifteen P.M., Eastern~~
~~Standard time.~~

COMPETITION

This certainly is competition year in national politics. The two major parties are not only competing for votes, they are competing ^{with} ~~as~~ competition ^{s.} ~~runners.~~

I told ~~you~~ last night ^{about my radio} ~~that my good friend and~~ colleague, Bill Hard, ^{who is} ~~was~~ on the air for the National Republican Committee ^{has} and offered a novel prize. That is, a novel sort of prize for a Republican to be offering. The prize ~~was~~ to go to the persons writing the best letter^s on, "Why I Am For Roosevelt."

9
But I hardly got through telling ~~you~~ about that last night when the Democratic high command ^{called me up and gave} ~~put to~~ its come-back.

Said Mr. Farley's National Committee: "We've been holding a contest for weeks. Ours was for the best letter on the subject, "What the New Deal has meant to me." In fact, that contest has been running so long that it has already been decided. The winner, out of five hundred competitors, ~~is~~ Mrs. D.K. Marlowe, a twenty-nine year old housewife from West Lafayette, Ohio. Her prize is a trip to New York with all expenses paid. And, presumably, a handshake from Sunny Jim Farley and a good look at his smile and his shining bald dome.

COUGHLIN

Ever since Father Coughlin called President Roosevelt a liar and a betrayer, people have been awaiting some comment from the Vatican. Bishop Gallagher, the immediate superior of the Radio Priest, admitted that ~~the he~~^{to himself} deprecated the violence of those remarks. Nevertheless, after a visit to the Vatican, ~~the~~^{the} Bishop ~~Gallagher~~ declared that the Holy See fully approved of Father Coughlin's activities.

A contradiction of that statement was issued today by the Vatican. It did not come ^{direct} from the Pope, nor from any of the Cardinals or the official bodies of the Vatican. It was issued as an editorial in the "Osservatore Romano", the official organ of the Vatican. ~~At the same time, we are warned, that~~^{The} editorial ~~is~~^{warns that its} statements are ~~so~~^{not} to be considered as either official or semi-official.

^{exactly} However, here's ^{what} it says:- "In some American newspapers it has been stated that when Bishop Gallagher was in Rome he was given to understand that the Holy See approved completely the activities of Father Coughlin." That ^{is} how the editorial begins. It then ^{adds}~~says~~ "That is not in harmony with the truth, and Bishop Gallagher knows it is not in harmony with the truth,

He knows very well what was said to him on that matter."

The editorial in the Vatican ^{newspaper} ~~organ~~ goes on to explain:-

~~"The Holy See wishes to respect all liberties and all conveniences,~~

"It is extremely notable that an orator offends when he inveighs against persons who represent supreme social authority and incurs the danger of disturbing the respect due to the authorities themselves." And finally ^{it concludes:-} "The breach of convention is greater and more evident when the speaker is a priest."

As you may have observed, the language of that editorial is exceedingly careful and circumspect. As the high prelates of the Vatican interpret it - unofficially - it means that the "Osservatore Romano" disapproves of Father Coughlin's attack upon the chief magistrate of ^{the U.S.A.} ~~the country~~. Great emphasis are laid on the fact that it does not mean that the Vatican disapproves of Detroit's Radio Priest ^{entirely.} On the contrary, it approves the work Father Coughlin has done in interpreting ~~the~~ papal encyclicals on economic matters, ~~even though that work includes an attempt to bring about currency inflation.~~

FIRES

Another outbreak of ^{forest} fire in the west, flames roaring through the magnificent ^{timber} ~~forests~~ of Glacier National Park, twelve hundred weary men battling with dynamite and gunny sacks and pick and shovel to stem the conflagration. It seems only yesterday ~~that~~ we ~~had to report the end of~~ ^{were telling of that} similar disaster in the ^{vast} woods of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

A light rain began to fall today to help the ^{Montana} fire-fighters. But huge areas of invaluable timber lands are still imperilled. The authorities tell us it's the worst forest fire Glacier Park has seen since Nineteen Twenty-Seven. And it's the first time since Nineteen Ten that the flames have crossed the Continental Divide of Montana.

The situation is still so serious that several trains are rolling in from Spokane, Washington, ~~and~~ from Yellowstone Park, ~~fr~~ and from other cities, with special equipment and trained fire-fighters. All the automobile roads in that part of Montana have been closed. The forest officials announce that the beautiful "Going-to-the-Sun" highway will be closed indefinitely. The first rush of the fire across the Park caught a tourist camp of nineteen cabins, a rangers station and a hotel. Tourists, officials and others

caught in that deadly path ^{of flame} had to flee for their lives in the
middle of the night.

OPTIMIST

We have today an addition to the list of supreme optimists of the world. His identity came to light in a peculiar fashion. Mr. Roger J. Taylor, Uncle Sam's Deputy Collector of Customs in Honolulu, was going through his mail. Most of it was routine stuff, but one letter made him gasp. He could hardly believe his eyes. The letter dated Springfield, Illinois, urged the Deputy Collector of Customs in Honolulu to buy so-and-so's snow plough. The greatest plough in the market for speed, performance and endurance. The Deputy Collector shoved aside his electric fan, gulped a glass of ice water, mopped his brow, and read the letter again. There was no mistake about it.

Mr. Taylor then bethought himself that there is one place in ~~the~~ Hawaii where a snow plough could be used. It's on the tip-top-most-summit of Mauna Kea, the ~~extinct volcano~~ highest mountain in Polynesia.

4
~~The only problem now is how to get that snow plough up the slopes of Mauna Kea, and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.~~
But why bother about the snow on a tropical volcano?

HARVARD

Tears mingled with the cheers of ^{Crimson}~~Harvard~~ men the world
over today. As everybody knows, this is a most festive season on
the banks of the Charles River, the Three Hundredth Anniversary of
~~John Harvard's~~ ^{John Harvard's} ~~big~~ ^{big} school for boys.
~~of the great University~~ But today there's something to mar that
celebration. The faculty of Harvard is minus its most colorful
and one of its most distinguished characters. Everybody who has
taken English-~~Two~~ at Cambridge, knows what I mean. ^{TP} Dr. George
Lyman Kittredge, Professor of English, has retired. That alert,
snappy form, with its ~~XXXX~~ snowy beard, disappears from the
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ precincts of America's oldest university. To Harvard
men, ~~the~~ dignified Professor George Lyman Kittredge was inevitably
known by the chatty, familiar name of "Kitty". ^{TP} In his classroom,
Kitty was a Tartar. He taught English literature as though it
were one of the exact sciences.. Harvard men tell me that if you
managed to get through English-~~Two~~, you hadn't had much of a good
time, but you knew your Shakespeare and all about him. Many
is the ~~great judge, XXXX~~ now dignified potentate who in his time
~~was~~ quailed under the cold blue eye of "Kitty". ^{Kitty.} The list would
include two presidents, great judges, surgeons, advocates,
scientists and engineers.

They not only knew their Shakespeare, but acquired from "Kitty" a lofty contempt for nonsense and buncombe. They say that "Kitty" once attended a banquet and listened to a long speech by one of those strange fanatics who thinks Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon. When the speech was over, "Kitty" arose, picked up the menu of the banquet, and said in a level tone: "Gentlemen, I shall now prove that this menu was written by John Keats."

As for his knowledge, he had no peer. They say he once ran across a knotty problem, couldn't find the answer around Cambridge, so jumped on board a ship. He took the first train to Oxford and knocked at the door of one of its high dons. That Oxford don hadn't caught "Kitty's" name, but he said: "There's only one man who can answer that. He's at Harvard University in America and his name is George Lyman Kittredge."

Outside the classroom; "Kitty" has always been known as an exceedingly human old bird. The undergraduate legend is that he washes his beard in milk and uses bluing to keep it so white. His walks abroad on the streets of Cambridge are a

nightmare to traffic cops. "Kitty's" idea of traffic regulations is that there's a green light wherever he himself walks. If he wants to cross the street he does it right there and then, no matter whether it's in the middle of a block or in the middle of a ferocious rush of traffic. With upraised cane he walks wherever he lists to the accompaniment of screeching brakes and swearing drivers. Whenever those melodramatic moments happen on Boston streets, everybody says: "Oh, there's Kitty! Out for a wald."

RICHMAN

This afternoon - the take off. Harry Richman and Dick Merrill on their way at last. That much-discussed plane with the forty thousand ping-pong balls is at present somewhere between New York and Newfoundland. They expect to complete their round trip flight across the Atlantic in time to return and eat breakfast in New York Friday morning.

Having obtained Dr. Kimball's okay on the weather, Harry the Sing Song Man and his ace pilot took off for London about four-thirty this afternoon, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. I was talking to Round-the-World Clyde Pangborn about those ping-pong balls that Richman and Merrill are carrying on their plane for buoyancy. Pang thinks it's a good idea, and they'd float the ship if forced down.

RIKSHA

Last night I ^{mentioned} ~~told you about~~ New York ^{'s} new traffic laws, the new speed limit. The first individuals to feel the impact of the new stringency, were seven young college men. In sweaters and white flannel shorts, they appeared at New York's City Hall today, accompanied by a strange looking vehicle ^{s,} ~~The spectacle they afforded disconcerted the inspector of police on duty,~~ "What's the idea?" said the inspector ^{of police on duty.} "What's the masquerade?"

"It's a ~~ginriksha~~ jinriksha race," explained the gentleman escorting the young college men. The inspector thereupon retorted: "Mister, ~~xxx~~ ^{^^} don't you know you can't have no gin rickey race in City Hall Park?" The master of ceremonies then explained to the inspector the difference between a gin rickey and a jinriksha. Whereupon the policeman said: "Whatever it is, you can't have no race of that sort in City Hall Park.. Get out of here."

Such was the somewhat inauspicious beginning of the long awaited riksha race from New York City Hall to Asbury Park ^{the} ~~city of Joy on Jersey's~~ ^{silvery sands.} When it was first organized, Mayor LaGuardia of New York was asked to fire a pistol to start the race. Gotham's ^{stormy} petrel ~~is~~ Mayor replied that he'd be hanged if he would. And furthermore

that he wanted no riksha pulling around his city, since rikshas were a symbol of slavery and down-trodden coolies.

So the race actually was started from another historic spot today, outside Horace Greely's old Tribune building on Park Row. In each of the rikshas to be pulled by the young men, was a more or less beauteous damsel, and Asbury sing song girl, appropriately arrayed for a diving contest. These seven were the burdens of beauty that the young rah rah lads were to take along as freight in their jin-rickey-shaws.

Whereupon New York's new speed laws were put into effect at once. A patrolman was detailed to accompany each riksha puller, to make sure that he would not tear along any faster than four miles an hour. Some spectators observed that this was tough on the cops, most of whom in New York never go faster than a mile or so an hour. Not until they got over the ferry, on the other side of the Hudson, were the ambitious riksha

- as we say out East -
jhampanies[^] allowed to chop-chop. If you know your pidgin-English,
chop-chop means as fast as you can, usually in the neighborhood
of five miles an hour. At the present moment, the young
jhampanies and their fair cargoes[^] *in scanty bathing suits* are probably somewhere between
Newark and Freehold, New Jersey, if they had luck. Asbury Park
waits with bated breath. Four of those *on the chop chop* jhampanies[^] are from dear
old Rutgers, another comes from the University of Pennsylvania,
another from N.Y.U. An undergraduate of Washington University,
St.Louis, is being carried in a truck as a spare.

*And now its' time for me to
chop chop + s-l-u-t-m.*

29

9 1/4