

BERGDOLL

P. J. - Sunoco. Wed., May 8, 1935.

*Amman*

The visit of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll's wife and three children has produced an alarming and quite unexpected result.

A ~~phalanx~~ <sup>phalanx</sup> of Philadelphia police and government agents are surrounding the home of the children's grandmother, Mrs. Anna Bergdoll. Some of them are even inside the house. They are there to protect the youngsters from kidnapers.

As you know, the young Mrs. Bergdoll came with her offspring to beg for a pardon for her husband. So far she's had no luck in that respect. The only reply was an emphatic "No" from the Department of Justice. Instead of encouragement, she has received threatening notes demanding money if she doesn't want her children snatched away from her.

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RELIEF

Uncle Sam is going to be boss of all relief administration. That has been decided in Washington. It sounds like an arbitrary dictum, but the authorities in the capital say it's necessary. The deadlocks that have occurred in Georgia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Louisiana and, worst of all, Illinois, <sup>are to</sup> ~~must~~ be avoided at all costs. For the principal sufferers are people who ~~most~~ desperately need relief. And ~~such~~ confusion is only to be eliminated by uniform, centralized control. *That's the President's decision.*

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The state relief directors, appointed by the governors, at least most of them, will continue to hold their jobs. However, they won't be responsible to the governors who appointed them but to ~~the~~ Uncle Sam himself. All the moneys handed out to them will be at the say-so of the big three, Hopkins, Ickes and Walker. And in the states I mentioned, where ~~the~~ the trouble has occurred, new directors will be appointed by the federal chiefs. In short, it's going to be Uncle Sam's business all along the line.

By these means the Administration hopes to avoid such distressing scenes as have been going on all day in Springfield, Illinois. When hundreds of men and women march on the state



legislature crying: "Either feed us or shoot us", one realizes how desperate the circumstances are. Thousands of men, women and children are facing the immediate prospect of having to live on nothing but bread and water. There are no fewer than Three hundred and fifty thousand families on relief in Illinois. So all day the ~~legislature~~ legislators at Springfield have been in a huddle trying frantically to find means of digging up the Three million dollars a month on which Mr. Hopkins insists, as the Illinois share of the burden.

BONUS

To pay or not to pay, that is the question. I mean of course the veterans' cash bonus. That is the question in Washington today and throughout the country. Whether 'tis nobler in the Senate to back up the President's veto when it comes or by opposing end it with a two-thirds majority.

— *such a burden?*  
Who could such fardels bear? "Not we", says the powerful lobby of the American Legion. And today it has been hard at work on the conscience of the Senators, the conscience which Bill Shakespeare says makes cowards of us all.

Well, this is surely an enterprise of great pith and moment. Will it go awry and lose the name of action? If President Roosevelt has his way, it surely will. The word from Washington is that he is as determined as ever to veto the Patman Bill with its Two Billion Dollar inflation shirt-tail. He may even send a message to Congress about it before the next ten days are up. The President has ten days to make up his mind before he approves or vetoes any measure. But Mr. Roosevelt doesn't need ten days or even ten minutes. ~~Mr. Roosevelt's~~ <sup>His</sup> mind has been made up for a long while.

He sees no thrift, thrift Horatio in printing xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx



Two billion dollars worth of fiat money to pay off the veterans.

As for the Legion ~~lobby~~ it's now behind the Patman Bill for all it's worth. Originally the Legion was for the ~~St~~ Vinson Bill. But since the convention at Miami ~~voted~~ voted for the Patman measure, its energies have been switched to the Texas Congressman's idea. The Legionnaires believe they can change the minds of enough Senators to provide the two-thirds majority to override the inevitable presidential veto.

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COTTON

A truce has been called in the troubles of the cotton textile industry. First, on account of the big carnival in Memphis, ~~Memphis~~ where thousands <sup>have</sup> come from all over the country. Secondly, because it's also National Cotton Week and everybody in the business, manufacturers and retailers, are concentrating their energies on getting more people to buy cotton goods.

Then there's another reason. There is a tacit agreement to sidetrack arguments and cries of distress. All eyes are being focused on a new Moses who is expected to lead the cotton industry out of the wilderness. The idea is that O. Max Gardner, former Governor of North Carolina, is to take over this formidable job. A few months ago the Government appointed him special counsel to handle the forthcoming telephone investigation. But he has asked be relieved of his duties. This indicates that the President to ~~relieve him of that duty because he expects to be~~ <sup>he may be</sup> elected President of the Cotton Textile Institute. With that ~~goal~~ <sup>he may get</sup> the leadership of the Code Committee.

This report has aroused new hopes in cotton circles.

Ex-Governor Gardner is not only a lawyer of distinction and a man of influence in the Democratic Party. He is also a practical cotton



man. He owns several mills in his own state. And they say he has the advantage of being as popular among the people ~~in~~ the north as ~~in~~ in the south. And that ought to help. Up to now, there have been bickerings and jealousies between the cotton men of New England and the southerners. ~~Personally, he is tall and heavy set, with a distinguished appearance.~~

CHAIN LETTER

A number of letters are coming to me, imploring me to  
boost <sup>this</sup> ~~these~~ dime chain letter idea. These correspondents mean  
well but they are urging me to get into conflict with no less a  
dignitary than the Postmaster General. The government is now  
preparing the prosecution of three businessmen in Denver who  
started one of these things. And postmasters all over the country  
have been notified that they are illegal. The government adds  
that only the originators of these chain letters will be prosecuted.

*counted*



MILLIE

If all goes well, Amelia Earhart ought to make New York any time between ten o'clock tonight and midnight. That is, Eastern Daylight Saving Time. She wasn't seen since after she took off from Mexico City at eight o'clock this morning not until she was over Atlanta. As she is flying some two miles up in the air, you wouldn't expect to see much of her. The last time she was in communication with the earth by radio she reported everything okay.

## NAVY

A couple of weeks ago, you may have heard Grover Loening, the celebrated designer of amphibian planes, telling us that Uncle Sam's navy had the best aviation force in the world. Well, our admiralty is going to put that to a severe test shortly in the Pacific. The pilots attached to the Pacific squadron are going to attempt the greatest mass flight in history. A squadron of forty-two fighting planes, count them, forty-two, will start for Honolulu on a hop to Midway Island, twelve hundred miles. That will be some feat! -- not feet meaning foot! Wings! Not a stunt. It will be part of the naval manoeuvres. It's a fair conjecture that the navies of other countries will watch it from a distance with interest.



## REFUGEES

Deep in the jungle on the banks of the Amazon River, there is a whole colony of Americans without a country. The news came to light in that report from Dr. W. H. Haas, Professor of Geology at Northwestern University. He has returned from an expedition to the Brazilian jungle where he was studying the geology of the country and now throws further light on that strange proud story.

One of the natives asked him whether he would like to meet some countrymen living in a place called Santerin. The Professor's curiosity was aroused. And sure enough, on the banks of the Tapahos River, a tributary of the Amazon, six hundred miles inland, there he found them. They were refugees from the old south, people who had never become reconciled to the victory of the Union armies.

Dr. Haas met a little silver-haired old lady, an American, who hadn't seen the United States since Eighteen sixty-five. Just as there were Tories who wouldn't live in the new U.S.A. after the Revolution of 1776, so these formerly rich land-owners couldn't endure their country after the surrender of

Marse Robert E. Lee. Slavery was abolished. Their cotton empires were destroyed. So a group of them banded together and set out for South America, where slavery still existed.

But they sailed without knowing what they were up against. The country was too primitive for them and the climate was against them, too damp for cotton. Moreover, in Eighteen ~~SEVEN~~ seventy-nine, Brazil too abolished slavery.

In spite of all this, these embittered people refused to ~~return~~ come home. Most of the younger generation have long since returned to the United States. *But the old timers* ~~they~~ manage to eke out a meager existence growing cocoa, beans, pumpkins and squash, ~~For the rest,~~ *and they* live mostly on their pride and their traditions.



## LION

Here's a true animal story from Dexter Fellows, the profane and waggish Ananias of public relations councillors. Dexter walked into the circus room at the Hotel Cumberland in New York the other day with tears in his eyes. When some of the circus veterans asked him what was the matter, he replied: "I've been listening to a heart-breaking tale. You fellows remember Adjie, the once famous lion-tamer?" And the crowd replied: "No!" But of course they did.

"Well", continued Dexter, "Adjie was just in my office weeping about her lions. You remember how attached she was to those cats? She was so down on her luck that she took a job with a little traveling Spanish circus. And in a small town in Nicaragua, that Spanish circus went on the rocks. There was Adjie stranded with her lions. After a few days she hadn't enough money to buy a hot tomale for a lion. And it broke her heart to see them fading away, their pelts hanging in folds over their bones."

One of the bystanders asked: "What happened then?" "Oh then", replied Dexter, "You know somehow those cats got away in the night. Adjie wouldn't admit that she let them out. Presumably they got away into the Nicaraguan jungle. And Adjie is still

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wondering what happened to them. Nobody knows; but, Nicaraguan liars report hearing sounds from the jungle -- sounds of lions fighting jaguars.



## SHARK

The open season is approaching for the annual argument about sharks. Whenever they are seen in any profusion the old discussion crops up: "Would a shark attack a human being?" And if not why not? Australians who live near the worst of shark infested waters answer with a loud roar: "Just try them!" But many Americans are skeptical. In fact, the last James Gordon Bennett, the younger, offered a reward for first-hand information of a shark actually attacking a human being, unprovoked.

But our shark news is from Australia, where they do their bathing behind strong steel nets or fences erected between the beach and the open sea, to protect swimmers. The "Week's Science" tells us how in the last three years sixteen Australian bathers were attacked by sharks. And now at some Australian beaches they've built tall towers where watchmen are on guard with telescopes to sound an alarm if any sharks are seen.

And, they have a new wrinkle. They use planes flying over the sea just off the beach. They wing along a few hundred feet above the water, at which height the pilots can clearly see

any sharks that are approaching. They sound an alarm and sometimes scare off the sharks by dropping small bombs on them or by shooting them with explosive bullets.



GUITERAS

Here's news from Cuba once more. The Pearl of the Antilles is not as quiet as we've been led to think. Once again it's a tale of battle, murder and sudden death.

Twenty-eight years ago a child was born to a professor of Spanish at Gerard College at Philadelphia. This professor, a Cuban, had married an American wife. The child's name was Antonio Guiteras. The lad, ~~might~~ if he chose, <sup>might</sup> have ~~be~~ elected to be an American citizen. Instead he decided to be determinedly and proudly a Cuban. He studied medicine and his lecturer in surgery was Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin. A friendship sprung up between the distinguished surgeon and his young pupil. When Dr. San Martin became President of Cuba, young Antonio Guiteras became his Secretary of the Interior.

Dr. San Martin, himself, made a hasty exit from politics when his short-lived regime came to an end. But his hot-headed young secretary of the Interior remained in Cuba and refused to be reconciled. He escaped from Havana and took arms against the present government. Today there was a battle in Matanzas, sixty-five miles east of Havana. And young

Guiteras, ~~with~~<sup>and</sup> five other members of the Cuban Youth Party,

~~was~~<sup>were</sup> killed by the soldiers of Colonel Fulgencio Batista, the

Cuban war lord. <sup>It</sup> A swift acting drama  
of the jungle. A little party of rebels  
surrounded in their stronghold.  
Gun fire -- and then silence.



MASARYK

Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk is the fifth man to be awarded the Woodrow Wilson Medal for Humanism! And he is no stranger to us. It was in this land that he organized his countrymen during the War, with the result that Czechoslovakia today is an independent nation. Furthermore, he married an American wife whom he met while they were both students at Leipsig. He followed her all the way to Brooklyn, a hardy venture, and married her there.

And his background is all the more picturesque and sympathetic to us because his father was a coachman for the once imperial family of Hapsburg. This son of an illiterate coachman won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy when he was only twenty-six.

The last time the Woodrow Wilson Foundation awarded this medal for humanism was in Nineteen twenty-nine. That was handed to the League of Nations for its contribution to peace. But in the year before, the recipient was none other than Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

ENDING

In all the hurrah and hullabaloo over King George's jubilee, an amusing story is going the rounds of London. It was brought by the master of an Australian steamer who came to England with a big cargo for the jubilee. Just before sailing from Melbourne, he took on two seamen. One ~~of them~~ was exceedingly proud of his reputation for honesty as testified in his references. The other was taken on without any recommendation at all.

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During the voyage, the honest man made much to do in the fo'c'sle about his honesty. When they got as far as the Indian Ocean, a terrific storm kicked up. The honest sailor, crossing the deck with a bucket in his hand, was swept overboard. His shipmate, ~~the one~~ of doubtful reputation, rushed to the Captain's cabin. Eagerly he shouted: "Captain, you know the man you shipped because he was so honest? Well, he's gone south with your bucket."

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And I'll be in ~~the~~<sup>a</sup> bucket myself, if I don't say

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.