

Washington Digest

Reciprocal Trade Plans Have Role in 'Next Peace'



Hull May Have Answer to Totalitarianism; British Farming Program Greatly Changed by War Demands.

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WASHINGTON.—There is a peace-machine in Washington, all oiled and ready to start the moment the last gun is silenced in Europe. From it may come a plan which the democracies can offer the world as an alternative to the totalitarian way of life.

This peace-machine is not new, but it has never been given a fair trial. Cordell Hull has the patent.

It may never be allowed to function, but it is a cheering thing, to know that it is there.

It is simply reciprocal trade agreement machinery which Secretary Hull is insisting shall be kept as nearly intact as possible, ready to be put into operation the moment the tanks are moved out of the way. For Mr. Hull believes firmly that out of all the uncertainties which surround this uncertain world, when the war is over one thing is going to happen: Either the system of free intercourse among nations is going to exist in the world, or the totalitarian system will dominate.

Changing Viewpoint.

More and more, people are coming to feel that there cannot be a world economically half-slave and half-free. Unless all nations can be united under a system of mutually profitable trade, totalitarian methods will be forced upon all nations and it is axiomatic that when a government begins to create artificial restraints in the field of business, gradually you will be forced to curtail political and social freedom, too.

The Nazis know their system is not the best system, though they don't admit it to the people. Germany's great economist, Hjalmar Schacht, admitted as much before the war. The system of free enterprise, he said, was the best system, but Germany, because of her "emergency" had to adopt its own system. He did not say that this emergency was created because Hitler, in order to carry out his theory of domination, had to spend the nation's wealth, its goods and its labor, on a huge unproductive armament industry.

Of course, lack of free trade intercourse before Hitler's advent had helped to impoverish Germany.

Hull's Theory.

Secretary Hull believes that the roots of war grow in the soil of evil economic conditions, that war cannot be prevented unless nations indulge in mutually profitable trade.

He says that today, as he has always said it, although his reciprocal trade agreement program has been burned to ashes in the flames of war. But he is keeping his machinery oiled and is ready to start it again if he gets the chance. It may well be the foundation-stone of the peace to come, if his policies are permitted to dominate that peace.

The story of Mr. Hull's battle for his beliefs is a fascinating one. It was the result of a lifetime of study. Because of his knowledge of economics, which has astounded foreign statesmen with whom he has come in contact, he was chosen for the post he holds. His first effort and his first failure took place when the London economic conference, called shortly after he came into office, broke down. He took that defeat in his stride, eliminated from the government Raymond Moley who opposed him at the conference and packed his bag for South America. The result was the first reciprocal trade treaties with our southern sister nations. Slowly he built on until finally came the agreement with Great Britain, taking in a huge area of the English-speaking world. Then, just as he was winning supporters to his cause, war came and the structure was smashed. But it did not smash the faith of Cordell Hull, and it is on this faith that he is building the hope for a better world to come, a faith and a hope that is refreshing amidst the gloom of the pessimists who refuse to see any light beyond the battle clouds that today cloak all the far horizons.

British Farm Program Undergoes Changes

"Farming as usual" in Great Britain.

We think of the British isles these days as one great fortress, a tangle of barbed wire, of trenches, tank-traps and pill-boxes. As a matter of fact, it is still a place where there is seed-time and harvest, where fields are tilled and cattle are fed. For the farmer in those beleaguered islands, it is as important as the soldier.

However, while I was informed by a man who has been in England since the war started that air-raids had not affected agriculture at all, there are some exceptions to be noted. And the war has to some degree changed the farmer's program.

In normal times the crowded islands depend largely on their lands for their food. Now the rich meat and dairy products of Scandinavia, are cut off, there are not enough ships to spare from the war supply trade to permit much shipment of foodstuffs. But since wheat is vital, animals must give place to grain.

As a result, millions of acres of grassland in Britain are being turned into wheatfields. In normal times, live stock was the chief agricultural product, but, according to recent reports to the department of agriculture, Britain is fast becoming a wheat-growing nation. As the "Wiltshire farmer," whom I quoted recently in these columns, said, "farming goes on much as usual except that the harvests are heavier and the city youths are called in to help in the fields, replacing the men of military age who have been called to the colors. And meat is scarce."

Of course, air raids have affected the farmer little because the attacks are concentrated on cities and factories. Live-stock losses, according to a recent report to the department of agriculture, have been less than were expected. Sheep and cattle, because they have a tendency to herd, have been killed in greatest numbers. Horses and hogs, being greater individualists, have suffered least. Cattle in barns are safest.

When an animal is killed by bombs, the farmer is compensated by the food ministry only in proportion as the carcass is valuable as food. There is no compensation for unedible casualties.

Canada's Wheat Problem. Meanwhile inability to ship her wheat to the mother country is providing a serious problem for the Canadian farmer. By the time this reaches print, the Ottawa government may have provided an arrangement for paying farmers for storing surplus wheat such as we have in this country. Temporary storehouses are being used and church basements in some cases have been used. Government fees for storage may soon take the place of church suppers for raising funds, and already basements and church parlors are being converted into temporary granaries. The Canadian government is contemplating the erection of four 50,000,000-bushel terminals.

Under normal conditions, if the British used their grazing lands for wheat raising, it is said the islands could probably become self-sufficient as far as breadstuffs are concerned, and there is some talk of pursuing such a policy in Britain after the war. But no one can tell what policies any country will follow when the world has finally struggled back to peace. But for the British and Scotch farmer, the transition is not difficult for he has been accustomed to alternating plowed land and meadow in the past.

QUOTES...

Cheering Theory

A profitable agriculture invariably means prosperity in other industries.

—Elmer Sexauer, Brookings Institution.

Any Takers?

The coming session of congress is not only a crucial opportunity for the farm organization—it is a challenge.

—Representative Cannon of Missouri.

Don't Root

Men, keep your heads up, the hog is the only animal that always looks down.

—Judge Muse of Dallas.

They Know the Rules

The British may be tough business competitors if they win the war, but at least they shoot the same kind of crap we do. Hitler doesn't.

—Theodore Goldsmith, financial writer.

Slouchy

A pitchfork with but one prong, a dung-fork with a broken handle, a rake with three teeth only; these are the tools of Farmer Slouchy. Alas, what of the soil without cultivation, what of improvement without spirit and ambition?

—Old Farmers' Almanac, 1840.

Definitions

The Congressional Record: the most widely unread publication in America.

—George Stimpson, columnist.



PASADENA, CALIF.—A tall, willowy figure drifted recently across the California scene. He was headed for the solace of the South Seas to ponder his problems and adjust himself to a strange future he had never considered a year ago.



One of the top stars of his profession, one of the smartest, this adjustment will call for exchanging an annual salary of \$35,000 a year for a pay check calling for \$30 a month. And this is to happen after one of the greatest years he had ever known. I'm speaking of Hank Greenberg of the Detroit Tigers.

There is a big difference in what the owner of a big league ball club can pay an outstanding star and what our Uncle Sam can afford to offer a private soldier. In this case the difference happens to be 100 to 1 if you happen to get the wrong number in the draft.

Greenberg, for example, is older than either Bobby Feller or Joe Louis, who are not exactly starving. The spin of that draft wheel happened to cost him \$35,000 a year—which is the way it should be and has to be in an existence which is now a trifle cock-eyed.

Long Hank was on his way to Honolulu when I ran across him inspecting the floral beauty of Santa Anita before taking a chunk of the Pacific in his stride.

Okay by Hank

"As you know," he said, "I have a low draft number and I may be called in June or early July. Which is all right with me. From the way things are moving there may be a lot more of us called out by then than many people figure today."

Hank is already looking in the old P. C., sometimes known as the pink of condition.

"This season," he said, "I hope to be in the best early season shape I have ever known. I may not have many weeks to travel, so I can't afford to waste any time getting started. I ought to be in good shape, anyway, to play on some army team."

There is a good chance that by next summer army competition in baseball will be quite sharp. And there will be loud cheers from any division or corps that happens to bag the tall Tiger.

"We'll have a tough job this season defending our title," Greenberg said. "The two toughest opponents we must face should be New York and Cleveland. Bob Feller can make almost any team look good, but Cleveland has more than Feller. Don't forget Boudreau and Mack at short and second."

"The Yankees are sure to be better than they were a year ago when they got away badly. Their young pitchers will be ready to pick up where the veterans begin to leave off. Through 1940 they had become fed up with too much winning. You know that can happen."

"While I still think New York and Cleveland are the teams to beat, the White Sox won't be far away and you'll see a much better team in Fred Haney's St. Louis Browns. The Red Sox must still get better pitching. Aside from that they can play with anybody."

About the Tigers

"What about the Tigers?" I asked Greenberg.

Hank grinned. "We were picked to finish fifth or sixth or maybe seventh last April in the South," he said. "Still we won the pennant. I'll tell you why. I think we had the finest spirit I've ever seen in baseball. We hustled through every inning of every game we played. There was no time out for intermissions."

"Don't forget we still have a good pitching staff coming on, headed by Buck Newsom and at least three or four fine young pitchers. We still have Rudy York's hitting and his greatly improved play at first. We have three infield veterans left who will be just as good as they were a year ago. Why? Because they are ball players at heart—because they have brains and spirit. They are not through."

"Suppose you are called away early in June?" I asked.

"The Tigers are no one-man team," Hank said. "I'm just another fellow out there, doing the best I can. You can never tell in baseball. Don't sell us too short."

Hank Greenberg is something more than a fellow who bats over .340—who drives in from 150 to 180 runs a year—who can shift from a fine first baseman to a fine outfielder in one quick season.

"Not only as a ball player," Fred Haney of the Browns told me, "but in the way of spirit. I'd like to have nine Greenbergs on my team. I remember one year when he hit camp ahead of schedule. He asked if it would be all right to take a work-out. He worked three hours a day, when he didn't have to work a single minute."

Australia Increases War Efforts

Production of Planes, Naval Vessels and Munitions Progresses Rapidly.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Australia already is committed to a war expenditure of more than £200,000,000 in the year ending next June 30. This compares with £270,000,000 spent in the whole of the last war. The new program has propelled Australia into an industrial revolution. At a cost of £50,000,000 she has established an armaments industry surpassing India's in magnitude of output and second only to Canada's.

More than 120,000 men enlisted in the Australian imperial force, the vanguard of which made a brilliant beginning in the capture of Bardia, Libya. Reinforcements are being enlisted at the rate of 5,000 a month. An additional home-defense army of 250,000 men is being raised, chiefly by compulsory enlistment of single men from 19 to 33 years old.

The program for building three Tribal class destroyers and 50 mine sweepers, half of which are for the United Kingdom government, is proceeding and a number of vessels already have been launched.

Air Force Stronger.

The air force is 11 times stronger than it was before the war, having a personnel exceeding 40,000. A total of £37,000,000 will be spent this year in development of the empire air scheme and in strengthening Australia's air defenses. Nearly 38,000 men have been enlisted under the empire scheme.

The air force was strengthened in 1940 by the delivery of the one-hundredth Lockheed-Hudson bomber from the United States, as well as hundreds of other aircraft from Britain for the empire scheme.

Hundreds of thousands more Australians have been employed in production of aircraft and munitions and in growing food for Britain. A total of £15,000,000 will be spent this year on new munitions establishments. Australia maintains a steady supply of munitions to Britain and also exports to New Zealand, India, the Straits Settlements and Hong Kong. Training aircraft such as the Australian-designed Wirraway and Tiger Moth are being produced at the rate of four a day and designs are being perfected for a high-speed

bomber. Delays are being overcome in completion of a plant for the manufacture of Bristol Beaufort bombers.

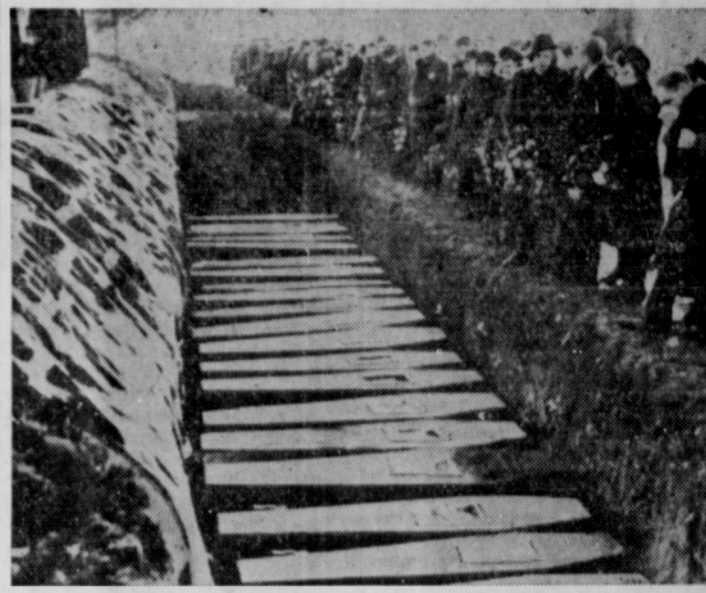
Speed Production Rate.

Since Essing Lewis, managing director of the Broken Hill Proprietary company, Ltd., and director general of munitions, assumed control of munitions production, assisted by eight other leading industrialists, a new pace has been set in rate of output.

Orders totaling £2,000,000 have been placed for construction of Australian machine tools for new defense workshops. Motor-body and automobile-assembly workshops are delivering scores of vehicles to the army daily. There is a steady supply of stores and equipment for technical units.

Factors that assisted in this impressive record are the steel industry, capable of producing more than 1,500,000 tons of high grade steel yearly, and the manufacture of hundreds of components for munitions, machine tools and aircraft in hundreds of private factories.

Nazi Air Raid Victims



A common grave is the best that can be offered 25 victims of a Nazi air raid on Portsmouth. Friends and relatives are shown gazing sadly into the trench-like grave.



FARMER BROWN'S BOY SURPRISES SAMMY JAY

It's a fact! It's a fact! You never can tell what a person will do. You never can tell.

That is why it is a mistake, a very great mistake, to judge others hastily. People often are much better, very much better, than you think they are. When Sammy Jay looked across the Green Meadows and saw Farmer Brown's Boy coming straight toward the far corner where he had been listening to Old Man Coyote's story of how he was taken away from his old home in the great, wide, wonderful west and finally came to the Green Meadows, Sammy was sure that it was to look at the traps set there for Old Man Coyote. He didn't have the least doubt in the world that Farmer Brown's Boy was hoping and hoping that he would find Old Man Coyote caught in one of them.

Since he had heard Old Man Coyote's story Sammy had had a great change of feeling toward Old Man Coyote, and he felt now as if he fairly hated Farmer Brown's Boy. He never had liked him, but now he hated him. Yes, sir, that's the way Sammy felt. He hated any one who would set those dreadful steel traps.

Old Man Coyote himself felt very much as Sammy did. He didn't doubt that when Farmer Brown's Boy found that those carefully hidden traps had been dug up and made quite useless he would at once set them again with even greater care than before. Of course, it wouldn't do for him to stay there, so he slipped away to keep out of sight.

"I'll watch and see just where he puts each trap, so as to tell you after he leaves," said Sammy.

"All right, and thank you," replied Old Man Coyote. "I guess I could find them just as I have found them before, but if you will do that it will save me some trouble."

Sammy felt very important as he flew to a tree a little way off, from which he could see all that Farmer Brown's Boy did. It would be great fun to spoil all of Farmer Brown's Boy's plans, and at the same time be of real help to one so smart as Old Man Coyote.

"Won't he be angry when he finds how Old Man Coyote has been too

smart for him and has found and dug up all his traps?" chuckled Sammy.

Farmer Brown's Boy came straight to Old Man Coyote's home, and as he came he whistled as if his heart was light. Sammy scowled.

"I don't see how any one can be so happy when he is trying to make others suffer," he muttered. "Anyway, he's going to be dreadfully disappointed when he sees those traps, and I'm glad of it."

But Farmer Brown's Boy didn't appear the least bit disappointed. In fact, he actually seemed glad.



Whistling merrily, Farmer Brown's Boy went straight back the way he had come across the green meadows.

Sammy couldn't understand it. He rubbed his eyes to make quite sure that what he saw was really and truly so. Farmer Brown's Boy was actually taking up his dreadful traps, instead of setting them again some place else!

"Probably he's going to get them somewhere else," muttered Sammy hatefully.

So very silently he followed Farmer Brown's Boy at a distance. Whistling merrily Farmer Brown's Boy went straight back the way he had come across the Green Meadows. He didn't stop once, but kept on right to his own home and there he threw the traps in a corner. Then he walked over to where Bowser the Hound was lying in the sun, nursing his sore leg, the one which had been hurt, you know, when he stepped in one of the traps set for Old Man Coyote.

"No more trapping for us, eh, Bowser?" said Farmer Brown's Boy as he gently patted Bowser's head. "We've learned just how cruel and dreadful it is, haven't we old fellow?"

Sammy Jay was too surprised to even scream. He just flew over to the Green Forest to think it over. Could it be that Farmer Brown's Boy had had a change of heart? "You never can tell. You never can tell," muttered Sammy Jay.

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

Woman's Little Black Bag Found to Contain \$496

OTTUMWA, IOWA.—For many years Mrs. Jennie Six would go nowhere without her little black bag. It was the town mystery. What was in the little black bag? But no one knew until she died. It contained \$496.

Mrs. Six had lived at the poor-house for some time and the bag was her main interest in life. The money was given to the poor fund after her death.

Minute Make-Ups
By V. V.



ELBOWS are definitely in the spotlight this season, on account of so many of the swankest new dresses have short sleeves. And it's really no chore to keep your elbows soft and smooth. Give them a quick rub with hand lotion every time you use it on your hands. It's an easy habit.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

'You're in the Army Now'



There's no sleeping after reveille when you're in the army. Sgt. Chester Ludwiczak of the National Guard found this out after his first night in the regular army when he was dumped out of his cot by Corporals William Keegan and Ed Cappelli.

LABORS 26 YEARS TO MAKE PICTURE MAP OF AMERICA

DENVER.—If Fred J. Kingan were so inclined he would make an interesting teacher. His pupils wouldn't need books. All they would have to do would be to look at a giant map Kingan, a retired lumberman, has completed in his spare time.

On the map—measuring 15 feet in length and 8 feet in height—Kingan has pictured a visual history of the discovery, exploration and early settlement of North America.

Started on a much smaller scale and as a hobby to fulfill a desire to know more about the early history of the nation, the map has grown far beyond his early plans and now represents nearly 26 years of research and seven years of painstaking drawing and painting during his spare time.

Starting with Leif Erickson's voyage in 1001, he has depicted in 14 colors all the major voyages of discovery, the explorations of the Cabots, Coronado, De Soto and so on, to Lewis and Clark, Pike, Fremont, Custer and scores of others.

There are no state-line demarcations, but on each state he has painted the official seal and flower, and dotted about over the map are small paintings of historic happenings and personages.

Fattest Man

Daniel Lamber, who died in 1860 at the age of 40, weighed 739 pounds and is reputed to be the fattest man that ever lived.

Chester the Pup
By GEORGE O'HALLORAN



CLARA bought a new picture for the parlor. She wanted it delivered this afternoon so she could hang it before Taffy's bedtime. But he was home unusually early, so he put up the ladder, got the yardstick, the hammer and a pocketful of nails and started to put up the picture. I never knew hanging pictures was that much work. And not only that, it pretty near killed him. The ladder folded up on him twice. He finally got the ladder up again and the spot marked on the wall just where he wanted to hang the picture. He put a nail on the spot, wound up with the hammer and drove the nail and half the hammer right through the plaster. He pulled the hammer out and tried again, but this time he missed the nail and smashed his thumb. Then he dropped the hammer on my tail. While he was in the bathroom putting a bandage on his thumb Clara put up the picture.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

ONE IS ENOUGH

G. L. Hinson, Jeff Davis county (Georgia) farmer, gives full time employment to the 15 "one-horse" farmers operating on his place.

"Most of my farmers are in good circumstances," Hinson declares. "They all farm from January until January and we have no trouble of unemployment during the winter."