

Hoover's Tour Softens View Held by World

By EDWARD PRICE BELL

On Board U. S. S. *Utah*, En Route to Hampton Roads, Va., Jan. 4.—A better understanding of President-Elect Hoover's personality promises to rank among the most substantial advantages of his good-will mission to Latin America. This better understanding, starting among Spanish personages whom the president-elect has met, will be transmitted by them more or less fully to European and Asiatic officials who live in the Latin-American capitals.

For foreign statesmen, diplomats, manufacturers, traders, bankers and other persons of influence to obtain a truer image of Mr. Hoover than they have had hitherto will be for the world to gain an important political asset.

The belief is widespread outside the United States, if not prevalent in the United States, that Mr. Hoover is economically probably the hardest boiled man ever elected to the American presidency. It appears to be assumed that he is not only hard boiled, but unintelligent economically—disposed, that is to say, to prosecute American business expansion on the theory that a foreign loss anywhere is an American profit and that if the United States only can destroy foreign competitors utterly it will rise to the Hooverian ideal of an economic mastery and unchallengeable political pre-eminence in the world.

Of this strange misconception, this fantastic distortion, there is very little left, I fancy, in Latin America. Foreseen at least by a great many as an advance agent of American business, Mr. Hoover really appeared among the Latin Americans as a philosopher and friend.

He said next to nothing about American business. Rather did he give his time to talking with his hosts about how they could make their own countries more prosperous, not pretending of course to be blind to the fact that the increased Latin-American prosperity would be a good thing for all foreign sellers in these markets, including the Americans.

I imagine that one Latin-American statesman was a little surprised when this remark suddenly burst from the lips of the president-elect:

"We don't care how much you buy from the British. The more you buy from the British the more we shall be able to sell them."

In this bit of conversational spontaneity rests the germ of Mr. Hoover's whole economic philosophy and the world should know it. No good can come from the notion in foreign minds that the next president of the United States is out to destroy the prosperity of other nations. Such a conception not only implies economic idiocy on the part of Mr. Hoover but is dangerous.

If ever a man understood the international benefit of national prosperity Mr. Hoover does. Both his economic

faith and his humanity urge him to these principles, which he believes will enable each nation to realize fully on its potentialities.

I recall more than one instance of the evil effects of the political personality

NANCE, ROTARY HOST

Lunching the other day with Colonel Curtis Nance and the Rotarians at the "RCP" transmitting station, we got to the bottom of the business right away—a franchise.—But about really understanding radio, *ether* you do or you don't.—But think of all radio does—it puts Will Rogers's wisecracks over without the aid of the lariat.—Will put over a good one recently, "The United States never lost a war or won a conference!"—He also advises Al Smith not to call it *radio* next time.—Think again about what radio can do: back in the days of McKinley and Mark Hanna, politicians used to wear custom-made suits—and now we have radio-made presidents!—The editor broadcasting:

All through the campaign
In sunshine and rain

The whole blooming country was shaken;
Al couldn't avoid
Mispronouncing the word,

But the radio brought Herb the bacon!

The election started Will Rogers studying French—says he wants to find out what *cherchez la femme* means!—Talking about the ladies, and old times, there is the Dumb Dora who thinks Mark Hanna the name of a popular tailoring house!—"Stop whirling me around so violently!" she said to her dancing partner. "Oh, but I must; I'm radio-minded!"—When are you going to tune us out? We just *radio* with desire to go on—on with Will Rogers, say, at about ten grand a week!—Anyway, we just wanted to say that the luncheon was good, we enjoyed drinking it a lot! Right then and there the dope on the 7th round of the Sharkey-Stribling opus came through in four minutes!—A message was handled a few hours earlier from Montivideo to Osaka via Manila in 57 minutes! And there's direct short-wave radio whoopee now between Manila, South America (presidential tourist resort), Europe, Asia, Dutch East Indies, the homeland or where are you! And Colonel Nance's company is handling under contract the principal interisland telegraph business and making a good job of it!—Yours for bigger and better radios! Why, when we came to these islands and *came to*, you had to send your cables home for money via Hongkong and London. Now you just put 'em on the radio and they go everywhere! That's the *real static* of the situation as we get it.

—Radiolite.

P. S. Before taking us out where the dinguses were all dingusing away, Colonel Nance told us all not to be touching and picking up things. We certainly appreciate a host who knows his Rotarians!

ill understood or misunderstood. Earl Grey's inability to grip the inner Bethmann-Hollweg, as the former British foreign minister himself told me, was one of the reasons why the prewar diplomacy of Europe proved futile. And on the other hand, if Lord Grey could not understand Bethmann-Hollweg, neither

could the German understand Lord Grey or Lord Haldane. To the end Bethmann-Hollweg believed that Grey and Haldane were bluffing when they declared that the German invasion of Belgium would bring Great Britain to the side of Belgium and France.

Some years earlier Tokyo's false measure of Theodore Roosevelt almost involved Japan and America in war. Within the last two or three years wrong view of Premier Mussolini caused perilously strained relations between Italy and France, the latter together with Germany and even Great Britain suspecting that Premier Mussolini wanted war when he wanted only a fair consideration for Italy with its great record of sacrifice in Armageddon.

In his time the non-American world has scrapped its suspicious and fear of Mr. Hoover and accepted him for what he is—a man of reason, generosity and peace, with a firm belief that all nations gradually will find their true line of economic progress and will pursue these lines to decent standards of living. To the extent that the Latin-American trip has dissipated and shall dissipate erroneous views of the man about to become the chief executive of the United States, this visit may be reckoned of general value to mankind.

The queerest type of love letter perhaps known in the world is that in vogue among the Mangians of the hill lands and mountains of Mindoro, Philippines, who still hold to the ancient alphabet of about three vowels and ten consonants which they group into words inscribed on bamboo in a single vertical column, their bolos serving them as a stylus. They are an extremely simple and timid people and their more aggressive Malayan neighbors have made them hunt cover in the highlands and the primeval forests. For business, aside from the very important business of making love, they hardly need writing at all; and surely no bamboo ledgers to record their wealth. But love makes as ardent demands upon them as upon other folk, and their swains fallen victims to Cupid whip out their bolos, slash down a good-sized bamboo, and go to work to write their love letters in reverse-writing with intense gusto. That a love missive may be strung along the length of a 40-foot pole, and the one end trailing in the forest path as the poet indites a warm postscript on the other. Popular damsels soon have enough finely etched poles to build a hut to burn such tell-tale documents would be to light a fire endangering the forest. Specimens of the love-letter poles have been acquired by scientists and translated, and the astounding truth discovered that a Mangian in love is an inordinate liar!

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet

Necking a Persian bey;
Such was his dexterity,
She bawled with asperity,
'How do you get that way!'