

Mrs. Deakins:

See if this is the reference that Mr. Carter was looking
for. It's at the end of the story and is marked.

JRR

PEGLER

The Country's Morals Are Punch Drunk

By WESTBROOK PEGLER

THE effects of the trade of destroyers with Britain and of the military protectorate over Canada may be desirable, but the manner of putting across these deals was such that only a nation already reconciled to cunning and mocking dishonesty would accept them without protest.

There will be no protest worth President Roosevelt's notice, because the people long ago wearily abandoned principle and surrendered to the what-the-hell philosophy, which holds that any crookedness short of downright criminality is all right if it is clever and if it produces results.

This attitude of resignation is the result of constant attacks on the morals of the country—first on one front, then on another—ranging in magnitude from a petty but scandalous deal in faked philatelic rarities to the advantage of a few individuals who knew very well what they were doing to a plain, defiant violation of law and the constitution in which the attorney general of the United States delivered a leering insult to truth.

It will be noticed that most of the comment on the destroyed trade recognizes the dishonesty of the transaction but accepts the results and justifies it on the ground of necessity. The spirit of the trade was the spirit of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin and, incidentally, of the New Deal, and worse luck, the prevailing spirit of the citizens of the United States.

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WENDELL WILLKIE'S puny protests will be laughed off by a people who have lost their respect for honest dealing and all but repudiated Congress as a branch of the government. Not only is Willkie making no energetic campaign as yet, but the President, with the advantage of the initiative and his reckless effrontery, is smothering him with the dust of exciting actions.

It is pathetic that the candidate of the only party of opposition can be brushed off with a raucous taunt about his street address and that his little plea for the constitution should be derided as the whine of a confused and outclassed challenger, but that is how it is, and we are well on our way.

The crookedness to which the American character has adjusted itself in the years since 1932 has been exemplified no more shockingly than in the Chicago convention of the social Democrats, in which the Kelly and Hague mobs of civic corruptness collaborated with the sanctimonious fakers detailed by the President to run the debauch. This alliance showed up the cynicism of the New Deal bosses and was thoroughly exposed at the time, but the people took it with a grin and went looking for reasons to suspect Willkie.

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THIS acceptance marks a great change since 1932 and 1933, when popular indignation ran high, as the lynching stories used to say, against the cheats and burglars of finance. Up to that time the Americans still had the will and the morals to resent crookedness, but steady pressure since then has reduced them to a state of acquiescence.

The appointment of a member of a gang of masked, night-riding terrorists to the Supreme Court was an important test in the campaign to corrupt the people, and since then the going has been fairly easy. It used to be said that the constitution was whatever the Supreme Court said it was, but that ever was true it isn't any more. Today the constitution is what the attorney general says it is, and the President will tell him what to say.

The dealings of Jimmy and Elliott Roosevelt, the exploitation of office for financial gain, the amazingly bold program of petty larceny nepotism in Washington, the corruption of the ballot by bribery with taxes and borrowed money, the bland repudiation of every promise on which the New Deal first was elected and the swelling arrogance of the embittered failures named to power in Washington, all have combined to soften up the American people for the knockout. Given another mandate in November, the New Deal will really go to town, and the constitution will be rewritten into pig Latin and double-talk.



Mr. Pegler