

# You're It, Mr. Raskob

*The ceremonies surrounding Father's Day bring a nomination to America's Number One financial sleight-of-hand trickster*

## A Letter from Osro Mist, né W. C. Kelly

SILVER RULE FOUNDATION  
"Do Unto Others—And Do It First"  
1 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT  
OSRO MIST

Mr. John J. Raskob,  
c/o The du Ponts,  
Wilmington, Del.

**D**EAR MR. RASKOB: I have your recent letter wondering if the Silver Rule Foundation can choose you for the "typical American father" in connection with the national celebration of Father's Day the third Sunday in June. I wonder, too. I don't know where you got the idea that the Silver Rule Foundation, a purely charitable institution, not affiliated with any political or religious group, is going to select a "typical American father" for Father's Day, but maybe you're right. Perhaps you noticed that the Golden Rule Foundation, our honorable and sly competitor, chose a "typical American mother" for Mother's Day—and she turned out to be the wife of the president of the Union Pacific Railroad, Carl R. Gray, with an income of \$100,000 or so a year. Anyhow, the Golden Rule Foundation, which is pretty stiff competition for us, got a lot of publicity out of this stunt. They put Mrs. Gray on the radio all over the country and she became the symbol of the well-known American fact that if Americans get married with only four dollars in their pockets, like Mr. and Mrs. Gray did, they will end up in the multi-millionaire class. With competition like this, Mr. Raskob, you can see that the Silver Rule has got to do something.

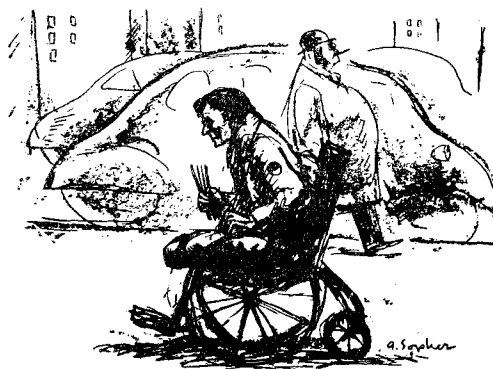
Now, as it happens, you are not the only one under consideration for "typical American father." You can understand this. That is the way you would want it. You wouldn't want to win anything without having to struggle for it, like you did for your fortune in General Motors. Of course, I realize that your happening to get a job as secretary to Pierre S. du Pont, of Wilmington, Del., may have given you the inside track when the insiders in General Motors got under way, but the fact remains you were on the inside. It is great to be on the inside in these matters, and it is always best not to go into them too deeply. The Silver Rule Foundation will observe this rule in its selection of the "typical American father."

I want you to understand, furthermore, Mr. Raskob, that if we *do* choose you as "typical American father," it will not be because you are rich. This will not enter into our con-

sideration, unless it slips in through every door and window in No. 1 Wall Street. Our "father" must be "typical," and he wouldn't be unless the average American had a chance for this honor. The figures are a matter of record, that 42 percent of the population of our country has the same total income as one tenth of one percent of the population, the richest group. So, you see, under the system to be observed by the Silver Rule Foundation, your chances for becoming the "typical American father" are very slight indeed. For example, I stopped this letter here to shake in a hat thousands of names of average citizens, and then I drew all the names out. You were not there. It then occurred to me that I had forgotten to put your name in. This was, to say the least, not scientific, and we were certainly not getting anywhere if we were to compete with the Golden Rule Foundation, our esteemed and shifty competitor.

I believe, after the experiment with the hat, that it is just as well to go ahead and consider exclusively the one tenth of one percent of Americans. Otherwise, I don't see how you are ever going to get to the top in this profession of being a typical American. So I have put new names in the hat and will try again.

Paul Mellon's name comes out first. Paul, the son of Andrew W. Mellon, of Pittsburgh. I believe you have it over Paul, Mr. Raskob, although he has done real well since he graduated from Yale several years ago. In a few months he worked his way up from a bank clerk in the Mellon Bank at Pittsburgh to membership on the boards of directors of many of America's largest corporations. Such swift progress by sons and other close relatives of the one tenth of one percent is now very American. But where you have it over Paul is that he is barely old enough to be really a father. We will investigate further his status in this regard.



A. Sopher

Next we drew out the name of Tommy Manville. Then Phil Plant. You still lead the field, Mr. Raskob. But here we have the name of J. P. Morgan! That will be something for the Golden Rule Foundation, our venerable and questionable competitor, to chew on. You will have to admit, Mr. Raskob, that if we gents at the Silver Rule could put over J. P. Morgan as the "typical American father," our competitor would be sitting up nights. But at the same time, we want to be fair with you, Mr. Raskob. They say that Mr. Morgan is typical of the one tenth of one percent we are now considering for the job because he didn't pay any income tax for a few years recently. Don't let this worry you, though, for I see that you didn't either in 1930. This although you admitted being worth ten million net. Well, that is pretty fair going even if I say so. You slipped out of paying income taxes by establishing "capital losses"—selling stock back and forth between you and your friend, Pierre S. du Pont. And what a good idea that was—about the blank checks—I mean.

Your 1929 record is still better, I see, according to the government, when you and Mr. du Pont in three cross-sales of stock established "losses" of \$7,496,170 without finally parting from the stocks. I know these losses were hard to take. But I believe you took them, when they came, like a "typical American"—one of the one tenth of one percent. In a word, Mr. Raskob, I think your sacrifice automatically eliminates Mr. Morgan from our further consideration. The Silver Rule Foundation takes pleasure, therefore, in naming you It—that is, the "typical American father." (Take that, you boys up at the Golden Rule!)

I remain, Mr. Raskob,

Cordially yours,

(signed) OSRO MIST, President,

Silver Rule Foundation.

P. S.: I am enclosing a medal, a necktie, and a check for five dollars, all of which go with the award. You are to wear the medal and the necktie at the nation-wide radio broadcast which our Silver Rule Foundation will sponsor. Perhaps you and du Pont can split the five dollars. You will recognize the figures inscribed on one side of the medal as yourself and Mr. du Pont, waving a flag—the Liberty League banner—with the slogans "ECONOMY" and "CUT DOWN RELIEF." On the reverse side is a line of unemployed before a relief station. They represent millions of other people. They are also Americans.

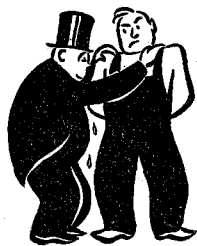
O. M.

# HEW TO THE LINE

By *Simon Eddy*

THE merest intimation of censorship is enough to set us a-bristle with embattlement, one foot extended toward the picket line, one arm stretched out for a protestant telegraph blank. But our readers surely deserve to know of an awful moment of disarmed pause which actually permitted us to wonder whether censorship didn't have its points. It was during that brief, brief period when Italy was good and mad at English journalism and wouldn't print any news about John Bull's islands. Yet something very noisy was taking place in London, and the Italians unfortunately had advance knowledge of it. So this Dublin dispatch came through: "The coronation of King George of England took place this morning." That, and not another syllable. Now: does censorship have possibilities, or are we crazy?

THE KIND OF SOLICITUDE that brought corporations to form folksy trade unions right in the home office for their employees has always touched us deeply—but the emotional impulse that drove the Consolidated Edison Co., according to the charge in a formal complaint against them by the National Labor Relations Board, to "contribute financial or other sup-

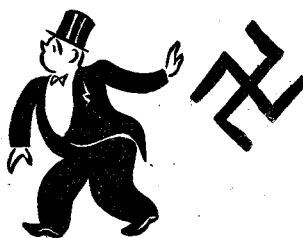


port" to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, an A. F. of L. affiliate, strikes us as being positively maudlin. Gentlemen, gentlemen! Where is your Spartan ancestry? Would you unspine your brood of workers with so uncontrolled an excess of paternal ardor?

HENRY FORD, whom we used to think of as an industrialist, has gone pamphleteer-philosopher in a collection of Fordisms intended to combat the organizing activities of the United Automobile Workers of America. The available instances are, frankly, lousy. Here's one: "If you go into a union, they've got you, and what have you got?" We're afraid Mr. Ford's public-relations department will have to do much better than that, and, even when it's good, the workers aren't likely to pay any attention. Better gag the stuff up some, boys,

and ship it f.o.b to this page. Watch the vulgarity and mind your class angle.

EVERYONE was somewhat taken aback when Grandma, after getting the prize for making the funniest face in the room, complained a little testily that she hadn't even been playing. William Hard charged up grandma-wise at a recent luncheon of the Westchester



County Women's Republican Club and denied that the Dodd warning of a billionaire backer for fascism could possibly refer to a G.O.P. man. How come you spoke up so fast, mister? The prize hasn't even been bestowed yet. Some of us weren't even sure you were playing.

BOROUGH PRESIDENT GEORGE U. HARVEY of Queens is pretty nauseated by the ingratitude of civic unresponsiveness to his offer to clear New York of Communists within two weeks, and has accordingly made a threat which offers a new definition of the civilized way of life. "If I can't hold public office by getting American votes, I'm going to get out of here and go up to Maine or Vermont and live like a gentleman." Easy does it, Georgie. Better call up first and find out whether Alf Landon will move over and make room for you. Even Alf, they say, is fussy.

SINGING IN THE STREETS and turning over the proceeds to Spain is one of the most laudable actions we can think of, but nothing, in our opinion, should condone misquotation or mock-elegance. When the singers delivered their funds, a spokesman is said to have apologized with "We sing not very well, but loudly." Bobby Clark said it first when he teamed with the late Paul McCullough, and he said it better: "We don't sing good, but we sing loud." No tampering with immortal language, please, even for Spain.

THE CONTRIBUTORS, incidentally, have finally perked up their pretty little ears and begun a campaign to turn Hew to the Line into their own wide playground. Brightest of the efforts

to date is a parody on a song in *The Pirates of Penzance*, by one H. J. F.

*I am the very model of a fascist major-general,  
I promise to each nation every vegetable and mineral;*

*I know the heads of fascist states and even  
each prime minister*

*And love to cook up plots against Red Russia  
which are sinister.*

*I'm very well acquainted with political formality,*

*Like arms for all my rebels and a strictly fair neutrality;*

*At poison gas and throwing bombs I'm quite without superior,*

*As well as starting blazing fires right in Madrid's interior.*

*The torture of all prisoners is one of my perversities;*

*I like to pillage each museum and bomb all universities;*

*I've got a way with soldiers, both Italian and Moroccan,*

*And foreign correspondents who write stories Knickerbockean.*

*I've quite a fixed aversion, too, toward people's fronts victorious,*

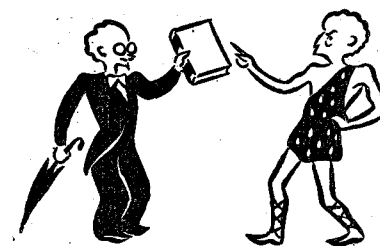
*Which aim to overthrow each Spanish heritage that's glorious;*

*So, if you want a share in every vegetable and mineral,*

*Just send a load of arms to me, the fascist major-general.*

Postscript to H. J. F.: The first couplet of your third stanza is not a rhyme, but an identity. Just one of your correspondent's little craft concerns. Watch it, please.

AT LEAST HALF of the Trotsky-conscious population was deeply relieved for this melancholy exile when his series of attacks on the Soviet Union appeared in the Hearst press a couple of years ago: then it began to be clear what the wanderer's role in life could be. In the May 22 issue of the magazine *Liberty*, the



second half of the T.-c. p. is provided with the final clarification: Bernarr Macfadden, to demonstrate that Russian workers are the victims of a bureaucratic government, finds his authority in nothing less than his comrade's *The Revolution Betrayed*. Leon, your basic function is now unmistakable. Do not chafe chez Rivera in Coyoacan; the long-distance call to drop in at Henry Ford's office should take place any minute now.