

POLITICS

L.I. Simoco - Fri., Oct. 9, 1936

(At a Long Island country home, a Roman Cardinal has been spending his first couple of days in America - Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State, a guest of Mrs. Nicholas Brady. His Eminence arrives at an exceedingly interesting moment. It has been widely rumored that Cardinal Pacelli was coming to the United States to look into political activities of Father Coughlin. This has been denied. The Cardinal himself says that his visit isn't official, but private. In any case, he arrives just ~~ix~~ in time to witness a new turn in the controversy that rages around the Radio Priest.

Today, instead of one Catholic clergyman in the political spotlight, there are two -- because of that radio address last night by Monsignor Ryan. This scholar from the Catholic University in Washington, uttered a withering denunciation of Father Coughlin's economic and monetary theories - saying that the Radio Priest's economic ideas were fifty per cent wrong and his notions about money were ninety per cent wrong. He denied that Father Coughlin's reasonings are in accord with the social declaration of the Papal Encyclicals.

He denounced the charges that President Roosevelt has Communistic leanings, and came out in support of the President.

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To all of this Father Coughlin replied today that he would prove Monsignor Ryan to be wrong. " They say", he declared, "that this doctrine of mine is ninety per cent screwy. Well, I'm in good company." The Radio Priest then went on to quote various papal declarations of the past, which he claimed supported his theory^{ies.}

He announced that he would make a reply to Monsignor Ryan tonight at Newark, but later he canceled that date.

It is to be noted that last night Father Coughlin made a speech in which his attitude toward the President was not nearly so drastic. He declared he was for the Lemke Third Party, but added that if he weren't voting for Lemke, he'd vote for Roosevelt. And he said some nice things about the President. Today, a bit of wonder was expressed about this apparent change. Questions were asked, surmises raised.

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And inevitably one's thoughts go wandering to that

country home on Long Island, to the ecclesiastic in the red robe, His Eminence, Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State - arriving here at this very interesting moment.

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Religion and politics - there's another reminder of that in today's news. A reminder in the person of the Number One Catholic layman in the United States, Al Smith. He experienced a bit of religious complication in Nineteen Twenty-Eight. Today, he came out with an explanation of that walk he took, or rather he says he didn't take any at all. Al declared today that it was the New Deal that took the walk, had walked out on the Democratic platform of Nineteen Thirty-Two.

In every respect today - the political pot is boiling. (President Roosevelt is speeding west on a five thousand mile swing around-the-circle-tour, aboard the longest campaign special that ever rolled out of Washington, crowded with more than a hundred party leaders and newspapermen.) He is on his way to Minnesota and Iowa, for speeches and conferences. This afternoon he inspected a Mississippi River channel project at Dubuque, Iowa.

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There a party of Wisconsin farm leaders came to meet him and talk things over. Tonight, he is holding an important pow-wow on the big special train, with leaders of democracy and agriculture.

69 (Governor Landon is in Chicago this evening, where he'll talk about the federal budget, and take a few hefty swings at New Deal financial policies. The Governor is on a twenty-four hundred mile campaign swing) across four states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan.

So now the middlewest is the battleground for the two candidates. But they won't meet. The nearest thing to that will be on next Thursday, when just as the long presidential train pulls into Grand Rapids, Governor Landon's own special will be leaving.

MACHINE

Here comes a small matter of arithmetic:- take eighty columns of figures and add them up simultaneously. You can't do it, and neither can I. It takes a machine to do it - a machine to be seen at the Rockefeller Center Business Show, which has just opened in the International Building on Fifth Avenue. ^{ld} ^R All the latest gadgets for offices are on display. The one that interested me the most was a giant adding machine, the latest ~~ex~~ miracle of all the mechanisms of calculating. In addition to adding up eighty columns of figures simultaneously, it will ^{also} do the following:- calculate ^{an} ~~the~~ employee's pay, ^{and} make deductions for employment compensation and old-age pensions. It adds all these up, takes all the cards for all the employees, arranges them in alphabetical order, and enters them on a pay-roll report. It does this at the rate of a hundred and fifty cards a minute, one machine accomplishing the work of a whole roomful of clerks. No wonder it's ^{called} ~~praised and~~ ~~extolled as~~ the mechanical brain. It bewilders ^{poor} my human brain, ~~and~~

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

FLYING

Two of a kind would seem to be too many - when the two are typhoons. One big blow had been sweeping over the Philippine Islands, knocking things gally-west, smashing communications and ruining crops. Ten provinces felt the fury of the China Sea terror.

Typhoon Number Two is just beginning, just being born.

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The Philippine Weather Bureau reports that a second great ^{whirling, rotary} ~~revolving~~ storm ^{of the sea} is brewing south of Manila, working up its revolving destructive rage. So for the next couple of days the news from out there across the Pacific will tell of another blast of the same sort of destruction that we hear about today. ^{TP} For a while ^{today} it seemed as if the China Sea terror might blow complications into that round-the-world race of the three newspaper reporters. Ekins, of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, almost ran into it - flying from Borneo to Manila. The Typhoon was blasting right across his route, but it had just gone when he ^{went winging by} ~~got there winging~~ to the coast of the Philippines. The tempest had veered to the northeast and Ekins had smooth flying.

He is far out in the lead, five thousand miles ahead of Leo Kieran of the NEW YORK TIMES and North American

Newspaper Alliance, and Dorothy Kilgallen of the Hearst papers. Right now these two are somewhere near Delhi in India. They are putting on all the speed they can, not only trying to catch up with Ekins - but also making desperate efforts to get to Manila by next Wednesday, the critical date.

Critical

~~That's~~ because of something that might have been seen over the Pacific today - a giant plane roaring along, the CHINA CLIPPER bound for Honolulu. The CLIPPER is making its first scheduled passenger flight from America to Asia. Its trans-Pacific voyages heretofore have been airmail flights. The CLIPPER, on landing in Manila, will stay there until Wednesday, on which day it will begin its return flight to the United States. The schedule of the round-the-world racers calls for them to be aboard the CLIPPER. Ekins arrives at Manila in plenty of time. He just has to wait. But Leo and Dorothy - they've got to get there, all the way from India. They may do it, or they may not. If they do, we'll have the spectacle of the three competing navigators coming back to the U.S.A. in the same plane, maybe sitting together, playing a game of bridge, ~~or maybe shooting dice.~~ A curious

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sort of race, queer competition.

~~But then it never was a real race to begin with.~~

W *simply*
One paper_^ had the idea of doing a record-breaking round-the-world trip by the regular commercial routes, and a couple of others jumped in and said: "We'll do the same thing." The schedule called for all three competitors to catch the CHINA CLIPPER back to America, meaning that they'd arrive in San Francisco at the same time. And they might even get the same trans-continental plane across the country, making the race a three-way dead heat. The only real point had been - would they get to Manila in time to catch the CLIPPER? Racing across the ocean, when there's only one vehicle to travel in, is not_^ *exactly* a competitive sport.

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It was the same way when the three reporters started out, crossing the Atlantic. They took the HINDENBURG. That was ten days ago. Tonight it's the same thing all over again for the HINDENBURG. The sky giant has come over here once more, and at midnight will take off from Lakehurst for her return to Germany. It's her last American visit for the year. The stupendous gas bag will tie up at Friederickshaven for the winter.

So today there was something of a celebration of this last American trip for the year, with the HINDENBURG showing its silvery grace far and wide, with more than seventy passengers aboard. The greatest of airships flew in a great loop over six states - New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania. In that far circling fashion the HINDENBURG SAID - "Auf Wiedersehn!"

PORTUGAL

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The surmise we had last night certainly comes true today - the guess that Portugal would flare with indignation at the demand Russia makes. No nation would welcome ~~ax~~ the coming of a foreign committee questioning and quizzing, looking into governmental affairs and saying, "Are you really behaving yourselves?"

That's what the Soviets want - a neutral commission to go into Portugal and stay there, keeping a check and double-check, to see whether or not Lisbon is letting war supplies go through to the Spanish Rebels.

Today, Portugal took a walk, or at least ^{her} delegate did. He walked right out on that meeting in London, (the committee of twenty-seven nations, on the neutrality of Spain.

The committee was staging a stormy meeting, with the Russian delegate pressing his charges that Germany, Italy and Portugal were violating the agreement to be neutral in the Spanish Civil War. The German and Italian delegates replied ^{hotly} heartily. Cino Grandi, Mussolini's Ambassador to London, declared that the Italian-made armaments in the possession of the Rebels

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was shipped to them from Italy before Mussolini had entered into the non-intervention pact.

He accused the Russians of helping Madrid.) But it was the Portuguese delegate who staged the dramatic act. He arose and declared that Moscow's attitude was a hostile act to Lisbon. He sharpened that by referring to Russia as a nation with which Portugal does not maintain diplomatic relations, thereby pointing the finger at the Red Communism of the Soviets. He cried that Portugal would not tolerate this hostile act, and stalked out in high dudgeon.

The British strategy in the present crisis is simple --

keep the lid on, tie the lid down with all kinds of strings of procedure, discussions, committee hearings and what-not. The old game of stall and delay. London wants to refer the Russian protest to committees and sub-committees, have it discuss^{-ed in} reports and counter-reports - thereby smothering it in parliamentary complications. Keep it under control, and maybe meanwhile the Spanish Fascists will complete their victory.

London is said to believe that the non-intervention agreement, is a good thing even if it is violated a bit. (It's better to have under-cover help going to the Spanish Fascists, everything on the q.t. - than to take a chance of a Fascist-Communist clash right out in the open, with both sides rushing armament to the rival parties in Spain.) Better a little quiet crookery than ~~such~~ perilous honesty.

Tonight the tension is eased a bit, with the Russian delegate to the parley saying that he was satisfied with the way the proceedings went today - although what he had to be satisfied about is difficult to determine.

SPAIN

We've been calling Spain a land of sieges; ~~with the~~
~~beleaguering of~~ Irun, San Sebastian, Bilbao, Oviedo and the
Alcazar of Toledo. Now, ~~Spain~~ comes to the greatest siege of
all, the beleaguering of one of Europe's great capitals, city
of a million ^{people,} historic Madrid. ^{TP} Today, officially - Madrid went
into a state of siege. The Left Wing government, looking at
conditions squarely, issued decrees appropriate to a city under
storming ^{and} attack. An emergency ~~committee~~ defense committee has been
appointed with supreme powers. ^{TP} The entire population of a million
has been mobilized. Twelve thousand mothers and children are being
hurried to the sea coast for safety. The sick and the aged are
to follow them. All business and normal activity is at a standstill,
because the able-bodied male population has been ordered to man
the fortifications that protect the city. Taxi drivers, clerks,
bricklayers, and ~~taxy~~ tailors, are marching to resist the Rebels.
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, all ~~are~~ fighting
men now. ^P Every move tells ^{that} the situation is desperate, yet there's
no atmosphere of despair in Madrid. The swarming scene of men

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going out to war is almost gay, with songs and cheering. For such is the Spanish temperament, the Latin-bubbling, effervescent. Yet it's pitiful, those tens of thousands of amateurs, novices, untrained civilians, who hardly know one end of a rifle from another, -- swarming to battle.. And the enemy they'll face is General Franco's small, well drilled, highly motorized columns with cannons, machine guns and tanks supported by flights of war bomber -- amateur versus professional!!!

Yes, (Madrid is in a state of siege tonight, although it is not entirely surrounded. The way to the east is open,) but the Fascists' circle is closing. Its toils are being drawn tighter around the capital. On the west the Rebels are smashing through, pushing nearer to Madrid. They say they've captured a force of 2500 Government troops. The most critical point is to the south of the city. There General Franco has concentrated the spearhead of the attack. The final drive from the south will begin at any moment. Its object will be to crash through and complete the ring around Madrid.

TIBET

I have some odd looking names marked down here. They come in a letter from a traveler just returned from the dim spaces of remote Tibet. He tells me a few things about the discovery of the new Dalai Lama, the sacred babe whom mystical signs point out to be the supreme spiritual and temporal ruler of the land. This infant, the latest reincarnation of Buddha, was found at Tak-po Lu-rap. That's a town in Southern Tibet, where the babe and family were living in a two-story house. They recognized him by the mystical letter "A". ^{Which happens to be} ~~That's~~ the last letter of the Tibetan alphabet, and is the holy mark in the seal of the Dalai Lama.

The young living Buddha, my informant tells me, will not ~~be~~ formally proclaimed until the Tashi Lama returns ^{the} the holy place of Shigatse. The Tashi Lama is the second great spiritual ruler. Right now he is in Eastern Tibet, the town of Amdo. He's living in the monastery of Tashi Khyil. When the Tashi Lama goes back to Shigatse the baby will be taken from Tak-po Lu-rap to Lhasa and there will be great rejoicings on the Roof of the World.

from Kampa dzong to Sang - chen - sumdho. - & so long - until Monday

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