

L. T. - Sunoco - Thurs., August 27, 1936

POPE

Roman Catholics the world over were dismayed this afternoon by the tidings from Vatican City. (Pope Pius the Eleventh is grievously ill. He has been ailing for some time, suffering from the same affliction which carried off his brother several years ago. The condition of His Holiness, <sup>who is 79 years</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>old, is</sup> so serious that his attendants may soon be obliged to carry him in their arms from one chamber of the Vatican to another.)

For some weeks he has been at his summer home, Castel Gandolfo, <sup>high up in the hills</sup> which is <sup>is</sup> about one hour's drive from the papal palaces in Vatican City.

In spite of his weak condition, <sup>the Pope</sup> ~~is~~ has been granting audiences to visiting prelates and priests. In that way his illness became known. Visitors observed that at the expiration of the audiences, the Pope was so weak that he was unable to arise from his throne without assistance.

His bodily ailments, say the Cardinals who surround him, have been aggravated by his mental suffering. The news from Spain, his grief over reports of the terrible things endured by his people caught in the vortex of the revolution, have

exasperated his affliction. <sup>↑</sup> The Pope's brother, a year before his death from the same symptoms, was totally unable to walk.

The whole world today is talking about that mysterious broadcast from Russia. <sup>The one I talked so much about</sup> ~~You know what I mean,~~ <sup>last night--</sup> ~~Stalin's~~ Stalin's supposed warning to the Red troops that war is imminent, the warning that was <sup>immediately and</sup> ~~so promptly and~~ categorically denied by Moscow.

That exciting bit of news has now ascended into the ~~weird and~~ fascinating realm of mystery. The Soviet rulers offer no explanation. They <sup>simply</sup> stand pat on ~~the~~ <sup>their last</sup> ~~denial.~~ <sup>Lord Rothermer's</sup> London's newspapers, especially ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> EVENING NEWS which published the report, stand equally pat. What's more, they back up their original report with amazingly corroborative circumstances. The DAILY MAIL, for instance, not only reprints the alleged broadcast by Stalin, <sup>it</sup> ~~is~~ describes in detail what went on over the air in Russia before the Red Dictator delivered his call to arms. One hour before he is supposed to have started his broadcast, the Russian stations spent a whole hour ~~in~~ testing, trying out reception and transmission. After the reception had been found ~~the~~ ~~satis-~~ factory, the Central Government Station then sent out a call

7



for other stations to stand by. It then issued an order to all stations throughout the Soviet Union to relay that broadcast to the army, ~~from what is called "our greatly beloved leaders."~~ *and to the people - but particularly the Red army,*

The "EVENING NEWS" insists today that those of its staff who listened in and caught the message clearly recognized Stalin's voice. It is a powerful, deep bass voice, not easily to be mistaken. *Nor,* ~~Stalin~~ say the London papers, *Stalin* was ~~the~~ the only Bolshevik potentate *to* ~~the~~ address ~~the~~ the troops. War Commissar Veroshilov and the Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Tukashev'sky, also spoke, either they or men who impersonated them. Actually, say the London papers, those military chiefs were introduced by name.



for other stations to stand by. It then issued an order to all stations throughout the Soviet Union to relay that broadcast to the army from what is called "our greatly beloved leaders."

Of course this whole report, followed by the official denial, <sup>today</sup> ~~is~~ inspired endless <sup>world-wide</sup> conjecture. On the one hand people might reasonably ask: "How on earth could any broadcast be secret? Even in the most dictator-ridden country, there can be no privacy on the air." A rather weak answer to that question is that it might have been delivered by short wave to receivers attuned only to one particular range of kilocycles. But on analysis, that answer is too unsatisfactory to be considered for long. Even with the most private wave length in the world, there's always the possibility, nay more, the probability, of such a broadcast being picked up, if not by official stations in other countries, at least by some of the huge army of amateur operators.

The LONDON DAILY MIRROR offers one explanation.

Stalin's supposed message might have come from some  
"mystery propaganda" station. <sup>But</sup> That has a trifle too

strong flavour of an E. Phillips Oppenheim story. *Propaganda  
for who?*

49  
But here's a fact to add color to the entire  
episode. The Nazi newspapers in Germany last week  
featured heavily a dispatch from Russia that the Soviet army  
was being prepared for action on foreign territory. That  
dispatch was carried in papers all over the Fatherland.  
It obviously came from only one source. - As everybody knows,  
no German newspaper dares to print a line that is not  
authorized by the Ministry of Propaganda. And they are  
all compelled to print every line issued from government  
sources.

But there's another circumstance which is  
tempting some observers to believe the LONDON DAILY NEWS  
rather than Moscow's official denial. Stalin's warning,  
if it was actually delivered, was eminently in the spirit  
of the day. The rumblings in the Far East, the tension all  
over Europe, hints let drop by Mussolini and by Hitler,



all seem to culminate logically in that warning from Moscow. People are asking themselves: "Isn't it natural to suppose that the Dictators, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, have information from their agents, information not available to the rest of the world, which gives them precise knowledge of perils that the rest of us can only guess at?"



## YACHT RACE

In the treasure room of the New York Yacht Club is a dinky little silver vase, not much more than ten inches high.

Its intrinsic value is somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty dollars. Its artistic value is considerably less than zero.

As a specimen of the silversmith's craft, it represents the low spot of mid-Victorian taste.

That little vase is the trophy known as the America's Cup. For the possession of that ungainly object, enough millions have been spent to run the government of a fair sized state ~~of this Union~~ for a year. For it rich and eminent sportsmen have not only striven, raced and poured out fortunes, but almost come to blows. On its account, a distinguished English Earl was summerily kicked out of the New York Yacht Club. More than one series of races ended with mutual ill-will on both sides.

And now, once again, the cream of England's yachting world will vie with the elite of America for the America's Cup. The New York Yacht Club has received a challenge from the Royal

Yacht Squadron. The gun will be fired for the start of the first race July twenty-first next year. And once ~~more~~ again the owner of the challenger is the stocky smiling little English sportsman, Thomas Octave Murdock Sopwith, popularly known as "Tom". Undismayed by his defeat two years ago at the hands of Harold Vanderbilt, at the helm of the yacht "RAINBOW", Tom Sopwith, who made his millions out of airplanes, challenges with a second endeavour. In other words, his yacht is called "ENDEAVOUR the SECOND." ) As challenger he has the right to set

the date. And American yachting magnificoes are none too pleased with the prospect of having to race in July. In the first place, it gives them precious little time in which to build and try out a new defender, "ENDEAVOUR the SECOND" is a well tested craft. She has been sailing already for an entire season.

What's more, those America's Cup Races, coming in July will conflict with the important Larchmont and Marblehead Race weeks.

*But Tom Sopwith has spoken.  
And next July it will be.*



The death of George Henry Dern, Secretary of War, makes him the third Cabinet Minister President Roosevelt has lost since he <sup>entered office,</sup> ~~was elected.~~ But Mr. Dern was the <sup>f</sup> first <sup>actually to</sup> ~~die~~ die in office. The late Senator Walsh of Montana, ~~you will recall,~~ was about to become Attorney-General of the United States. He died <sup>just</sup> on his honeymoon <sup>to be</sup> before he was <sup>inducted</sup> into office. William Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury, was forced to resign by ill health and <sup>died a little</sup> ~~passed away~~ later.

~~It was~~ Shortly before noon today ~~that~~ the amiable, smiling, ~~popular~~ Secretary Dern was finally defeated in his long fight for life. He had been at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington several months. At the personal request of President Roosevelt, a specialist from Boston had flown to Washington in the last hour effort to save the Secretary's life. But ~~it was all~~ in vain.

~~That~~ <sup>is</sup> makes ~~him~~ Assistant Secretary, Harry H. Woodring of Kansas, acting Secretary and head of all Uncle Sam's soldiers. <sup>H</sup> Death and illness have raised particular havoc with our military establishment. Owing



to the death of the late Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Henry Roosevelt, and the illness of Secretary Swanson, the Acting Secretary of the Navy today is Rear Admiral Standley.

In accordance with the traditions of the service, The United States Army will go into mourning for a period of thirty days. President Roosevelt learned the news with great sorrow at Steele, North Dakota, on his way to the drought conference at Bismarck. His first action was to order all flags in the District of Columbia lowered to half mast.

Naturally, the death of Mr. Dern raises ~~a fever of~~ speculation as to the man who will succeed him ~~in the job of~~ ~~running Uncle Sam's army.~~ Several names are mentioned. Some think Paul McNutt, Governor of Indiana, may ~~be~~ get the job. He's a stout New Dealer, formerly National Commander of the American Legion, served in the A. E. F. and has always been interested in military affairs. (Another possibility is Frank Murphy, High Commissioner of the Philippines. He's

cut {

cut.

on leave of absence from his Philippine job at present, preparing his campaign as Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan.



AVIATION

Quite a bit of today's news is up in the air:-

~~mean~~ about aviation. First of all, England is all on the qui vive over <sup>next</sup> Saturday's race from London to Johannesburg South Africa. ~~Quite a race that ought to be.~~ There's fifty thousand dollars at stake to be divided ~~proportionately~~ between the first five who finish at the capital of the South African gold fields. Twenty pilots will start in the fastest machines money can buy. It's sixty-five hundred miles; no mean distance for a race.

The promoter of the <sup>e</sup> event, the man who has put up the fifty thousand, is <sup>(an unusual)</sup> ~~quite a~~ character <sup>(whom I knew nearly 20 years ago.</sup> He is sometimes known as the "Rockefeller of South Africa." His name is

Isidor W. Schlesinger. But he's not a South African. The rotund, grinning little millionaire is <sup>an American Jew - and still</sup> an American citizen <sup>I believe.</sup>

When South Africa was a country of small, ramshackle towns with a total population of only seven millions, Isidor Schlesinger took passage in the steerage of a ship from New York. He landed at Capetown forty years ago, with a total capital of ten dollars and a few coppers. His idea was to



sell insurance for American companies. He did so well at it <sup>and</sup> lived so frugally that, after the Boer War, he found himself with sufficient savings to organize an insurance company of his own, backed by a few friends. <sup>Then</sup> came a break for Isidor. A then little known lawyer, named Charles Evans Hughes, startled the world with the revelations he brought out at the investigation of some American insurance companies. The innocent suffered with the guilty. The scandal caused many sound and honestly operated <sup>American</sup> companies to

lose business. In South Africa, Isidor Schlesinger stepped in and picked it up <sup>the pieces of branches that collapsed out there</sup> with his growing profits he bought <sup>their</sup> land around "Joburg", as the South Africans call it, <sup>When</sup> moving pictures started to boom, <sup>Issy Schlesinger</sup> went into that game.

By Nineteen Twenty-one he owned sixty cinema theatres in

a chain that reached from the Zam<sup>m</sup>besi River to the Cape <sup>from</sup> Victoria Falls in Rhodesia to Table Mountain. He <sup>also</sup> opened the first film studio in South Africa <sup>to make</sup> pictures,

<sup>bought</sup> skating rinks, dance halls, office buildings, land by the thousands of acres <sup>and then</sup> irrigated the desert <sup>and</sup> made it bloom with lemons, oranges, <sup>and</sup> apricots. He founded newspapers.

5

56

# By Nineteen Twenty-eight, South Africa has <sup>d</sup> grown too small for him. He moved to London and bought a string of movie houses there, and so <sup>on he went.</sup> ~~forth.~~ <sup>^</sup> This Spring he came back to New York, for the first time, to take a look at his birthplace — *Izzy Schlessinger, king of an African empire.* in Gotham's East Side Ghetto, <sup>^</sup> At present he's on his way

to Johannesburg to see the finish of that air race he ~~has~~ <sup>is</sup> promoting — *the one that gets under way on Saturday.*

Here comes a courteous gesture across the seas from France. Next year will be the Tenth Anniversary of the second most important event in the history of aviation, the amazing flight of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh from New York to Paris. The French Air Ministry has chosen a spectacular method of commemorating that epoch-making exploit. It has invited the flyers of the entire world to compete in a race from New York to Paris. No money prize is mentioned so far in connection with the event. Probably the honor of winning will be considered sufficient. The details and conditions will be formulated by <sup>n</sup> ~~Prince~~ <sup>^</sup> George Bibesco, as President of the International Aeronautic Federation. *M.* Pierre

7



Cot (pronounced Coe) will invite Colonel Lindbergh to be

present at Le Bourget Field to greet the winner *who unlike Lindy will most likely not carry letters of introduction.*

Now for a more timely event. There was a good

deal of kidding when Harry Richman, actor, singer, comedian,

star of stage, screen and air, announced that he was making

a round trip flight from New York to London and back. This

morning Harry gave distinct proof that he is in earnest. With

*Dick*  
~~Richard~~ Merrill of ~~the~~ Eastern Airlines at the controls, he

took off from Floyd Bennett Airport. He is not bound for

London yet, he's making a test flight to Newfoundland and

return. He expects to be back at Floyd Bennett Airport this

evening. Indeed, he may be there at this moment. But

tomorrow afternoon, if they have any encouragement from

*monks of the winds, and*  
Doc Kimball, ~~the wind expert~~, *the* patron saint of flyers,

Harry Richman and Dick Merrill will take off, land in

London, refuel and be back in time for Sunday morning break-

fast on the banks of the Hudson. That is, if they have luck.

*D*  
~~Richard~~ Merrill is on a leave of absence from Eastern Airlines,

of which he is ~~the~~ senior pilot. He is known throughout the



industry as a sound, serious, practical flyer. Two million hours in the air, without an accident. That's sufficient indication that this is no foolhardy, daredevil attempt.

○

There's another man in the aviation industry who has the most peculiar job you ever heard of. He's a professional sleeper. It's his job to get aboard the new sleeper planes, jump into his pajamas, climb into a berth, and start his dreams as soon as possible. The next morning he has to make a full report; how well he slept, whether there was any vibration, was the berth comfortable, any biscuit crumbs in the sheets, etc. He also has to suggest to United Airlines and the Douglas ~~aircraft~~ Company, who are his employers, any improvements that might be made in the sleeping accommodations on the huge new four-motored transports which are to be used on the Transcontinental flights.

What a fierce competition there must be for that job.

favorite song is: -  
 I suppose his ~~slogan is (snore, snore)~~ Please go away and

his favorite remarks: -  
 let me sleep, and so long until tomorrow.

8 1/2

59

9 1/4