

In spite of the strict censorship, a bit of hot news trickled through from Spain today. It comes in an indirect way, but reveals a big fact that the Spanish government would like to keep dark. (The situation in Madrid is so desperate that all the foreign diplomats are leaving the city and taking their staffs with them.) Our state department has given orders to close Uncle Sam's embassy. The entire staff went on a special train to Alicante and from there embarked on an American warship. The envoys plenipotentiary of the other powers are following suit.

When ambassadors quit their jobs in such circumstances it means that they have inside information that the government no longer has the ability to protect them. For instance they didn't leave Addis Abba in that war. In this case it means that the fall of Madrid is imminent, that the capital is about to yield to the Rebels.

The Wash. State Department today strengthened its warning to both sides in Spain. Almost in so many words

Uncle Sam says to Rebels and Loyalists alike: "Anybody who interferes with my ships does so at his own peril." In other words, the State Dept. states that the U. S. men-of-war have the duty to defend their vessels.

This advice was not necessary in the case of Lieutenant-Commander Alvis, of the destroyer KANE. The minute a Rebel bombing plane started dropping its TNT, he replied with anti-aircraft guns. However, the marksmanship aboard the KANE was no more fortunate than the marksmanship of the bomber. Obviously, this episode was a case of mistaken identity. The pilot of the Rebel bomber mistook the KANE for a Spanish government vessel. But Uncle Sam takes the only attitude possible, saying in effect: "Mistakes of this kind will not be taken in good part and if it happens again, it's going to be too bad."

TROTSKY

The Russian Bear got a slap on the snout this afternoon. Ivan I<sup>o</sup>vonovitch, you may remember, started to show his teeth to Norway last week. "Give us Trotsky", said Moscow, "or at any rate don't give him shelter. If you don't kick him out, we shall consider it an unfriendly act." <sup>"P"</sup> Norway's reply was handed in today. The gist of it was: <sup>"Unfriendly act!"</sup> ~~consider~~ be hanged. If you want to be friends, all right. If you don't, all right. But anyway, the Norwegian government declines to be dictated to by any other power. The ~~Norwegian~~ government has always maintained the principle of asylum to refugees who comply with the Norwegian law. We shall continue to uphold that principle!"

At the same time (Norway is keeping a strict watch on Trotsky, a guard around his house. <sup>"P"</sup> There is a ~~string~~ string to the shelter which Norway affords the ex-Commissar of the Red army. He must <sup>cut out that</sup> ~~not do anything~~ <sup>drop his</sup> ~~engage in any~~ political activities.) So long as he behaves himself within those limits, he can count upon the hospitality of the land of the Vikings.

GUGSA

A few months ago, the sight of an Ethiopian parading up and down the streets of Rome, would have provoked a riot. But all day today the little brown soldier with bulging eyes was not only walking along the Corso, with impunity, he was there as an honored guest of the Italian government.

The little brown soldier is Ras Haile Selassie Gugsa. In Rome as the Duce's guest, collecting part of his price for selling out his countrymen and his imperial father-in-law, the King of Kings. You will remember that the little Ras provided quite a sensation early in the progress of the Ethiopian War. In the midst of a fiercely fought campaign, when the going looked tough for the Duce's forces, Haile Selassie's namesake and son-in-law, suddenly staged a surrender, walked over to the Italian side with all the forces under his command. The rest of the world wondered and the King of Kings himself was pained. But it was no surprise to Mussolini and the generals. For that coup had been planned in Rome, before the Italian invasion of Abyssinia. Ras Gugsa's trip to Rome is part of a reward the Duce promised him for knifing his

## GUGSA

Imperial Negus Negusti father-in-law. The first part of his pay was a big, grand new, shiny Italian automobile, - an Isotta Fraschini.

After Gugs'a stroke of treachery, the Ethiopian Benedict Arnold was always accompanied by an Italian official and a bodyguard.

The spectacle of the little Ras strutting up and down the Corso today, produced no little amusement in Rome. Although the War is over, Gugs'a still likes to dress up as a soldier, everyone of his fifty-two inches. His favorite costume is a tailor-made khaki uniform with a broad red stripe down the trouser legs and a Sam Browne belt with a brace of pistols. The first shop window he made for was that of a perfume vendor. He has a passion for musk and attar of roses, to take back to the girls in Makale, his home town. Yet the girls in Ras Gugs'a home town prefer to dress their hair with rancid mutton fat.

A quaint curious figure today in Imperial Rome -- the Judas to the Lion of Judah.

EUROPE

All Europe was in an uproar today over ~~that~~ challenge thrown down by Mussolini, his statement that one simple order from him can mobilize eight million fighting men in the course of a few hours. It was a typical Mussolini defiance. <sup>And -</sup> It had the effect that he doubtless intended it, to have. It set everybody guessing. At ~~whom~~ whom was he aiming that remark? <sup>Great Britain?</sup> ~~at John Bull,~~ ~~at~~ Hitler? <sup>?</sup> ~~or at~~ Stalin? Is it his reply to Hitler's recent order doubling the strength of the German army? Or was it provoked by Stalin's <sup>reported</sup> appeal to the Red armies to be ready for war, coupled with a boast about the strength of those Red armies?

These questions ran riot in the ~~foreign offices~~ foreign offices <sup>and</sup> newspaper <sup>city rooms</sup> offices of Europe today. ~~The only great power~~ that ~~seems undisturbed is John Bull.~~

GRANT

For the third time in seventy-five years, a soldier by the name of Grant moves up to an important post in Uncle Sam's army. Colonel Ulysses Simpson Grant, the Third, follows <sup>up</sup> in the footsteps of his father and of his mighty grandfather. Tomorrow Colonel Grant will relieve Colonel George A. Nugent as chief of staff of Governors Island, chief of staff of the Second Corps Area, the most important in the United States.

~~Ulysses~~ <sup>U.S.</sup> Grant, the Third, has ~~certainly~~ <sup>indeed</sup> been brought up in the tradition of the Grant family. He was born in Chicago on ~~July fourth~~ <sup>the 4th. of July,</sup> fifty-five years ago; ~~he~~ got his appointment to West Point while still a student at Columbia; ~~he~~ was commissioned to the corps of engineers and did his first term of service in the Philippines. After that his experiences have included being military aide to President Theodore Roosevelt, an important part in the Cuban pacification, ~~commander of a company in~~ <sup>with</sup> Pershing ~~expedition to~~ <sup>in</sup> Mexico in Nineteen Sixteen, and a distinguished record in the World War.

If you are interested in comparisons, there are nineteen other presidents' sons alive in the United States today.

They range in age from Harry Augustus Garfield, former president of Williams College, who is seventy-one, to nineteen year old John Roosevelt, a student of Harvard. Only the Roosevelt and Taft descendants have followed in their fathers' footsteps sufficiently to go into politics.

Anyway today Grant No. 3 took Governor's Island today - like Grant took Richmond.



ICKES

The ~~sad~~ tragedy in the family of Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, is the second within a year. It was only last August that the Secretary's wife perished in an automobile accident in New Mexico, an accident that baffled all investigators, ~~because the chauffeur was known to be customarily the most careful driver.~~

*TP Now,* The foster son of Secretary Ickes, who shot himself this morning, was the son of ~~the~~ late Mrs. Ickes by a previous marriage. The dead man was in comfortable circumstances, principal owner of a highly profitable printing company in Chicago, happily married and the father of three ~~handsome~~ children. ~~In short,~~ *H* he had almost everything that makes man want to continue to enjoy life. Everything but health. He had been ailing for some time. ~~And only recently he learned that the ailment had been pronounced tuberculosis.~~

Secretary Ickes was at his desk in the Department of the Interior when the ~~tragic~~ news was broken to him. He ~~promptly~~ left by plane for Winetka, Illinois, ~~where his foster son Wilmarth had fired the shot that killed himself.~~

MAHARAJAH

There's a proverb which says: "Little things please little minds." Actually, I've found that proverb most untrue. For instance, I used to know a man whose chief pride was in his ability to play pinnole. Actually, he was one of the most distinguished scientists. I know a brilliant opera singer whose proudest boast is about his skill as a chauffeur. And out in Los Angeles today one of the richest men in the world is beaming with joy because the sheriff of Los Angeles County has made him a deputy. On his home grounds <sup>— not in California —</sup> he is the absolute ruler over one million, five hundred thousand people, and his income is estimated at somewhere around seventy million dollars a year. But that <sup>brass</sup> ~~the~~ deputy's badge is a source of greater joy to him than all the crown jewels.

The ~~potentate~~ potentate in question is His Highness, the Maharajah of Indore. His full title is <sup>His</sup> Highness Maharajah Raj Rajeshwar Sawai Yesh Want Rao Holbar Bahadur." But at present he thinks far more of his right to be called a captain of the Los Angeles police.

The state over which he rules <sup>when he's at home</sup> is in central India.

This isn't the first time you've heard of His Highness Maharajah Raj Rajeshwar Sawai Yesh Want Rao Holbar Bahadur. He is the Indian potentate who married an American girl, Nancy Miller, of Seattle. A correspondent asked Nancy the other day what it felt like for an American girl to be a princess. She replied: "Believe me, we have our troubles just as other wives." Then she added: "I suppose there's no such thing as a husband without vices. My husband has a terrible one." At that the correspondent pricked up her ears, expecting ~~some~~ details of all sorts of ~~horrible~~ <sup>sinful</sup> habits. <sup>FF</sup> But it seems that the chief vice of His Highness, the Maharajah of Indore, is American slot machines. He likes particularly to play those that imitate a miniature steam shovel. He pours in nickel after nickle with great excitement, in the expectation of winning a cigarette lighter, a pencil or a pair of ~~of~~ binoculars. And this habit, says her Highness, the Maharanee, costs her husband from thirty-five to fifty dollars a day. <sup>FF</sup> With an income of seventy million dollars a year, he ought to be able to afford that, without having to bust into the baby's dime bank or pawn his wife's umbrella.

## CHINA

"From China, 'cross the bay" comes another pirate story. In its general outlines it follows the familiar pattern. A ship full of apparently harmless passengers. Once the vessel is well out to sea, presto, chango! and half of those harmless passengers flash razor sharp knives, revolvers, machine guns from under their robes and proceed to stage a buccaneering drama.

The raid was committed on a ferry boat crossing the Bay of Chihli from Tangku. There were a hundred Chinese passengers aboard. Riding the roadstead near the course to be taken by the ferry, was a harmless looking junk. Just as the ferry was about to steam around the junk, the pirates aboard her dropped their masks, produced their weapons, shouted the Chinese equivalent of "put 'em up! " Then robbed the whole boatful, killed three passengers, carried off twenty-two others for ransom, and made their getaway in the nearby junk.

That piracy problem has been present in China for a

little matter of five thousand years.

I had to read up a good deal about it while writing a book on "The Untold Story of Exploration." Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, one of the earliest travelers in the Far East, learned that the pirates usually were in partnership with Chinese officials, mandarins, governors, and this right down through the centuries.

Jim Marshall, who covers the Orient for Collier's, tells me that most piracy is done by farmers.-- Sort of off season occupation for them. When there's no plowing to be done, no crops to be harvested, they caulk the seams of the family junk, and go out for a little buccaneering. The two hundred mile line along the South China coast, from Macao and Hongkong up to Swatow and Amoy, is the world's last pirate main, the only remaining realm under the black flag. The season, from December to February, between the potato and the rice crops.

When a gang of pirates is captured, Marshall tells

me, it's usually a British or American man-o-war that does the trick. Quite recently a British destroyer brought a crew of fourteen pirates into Hongkong. There they were solemnly tried by an English court and hanged with pomp and ceremony. But it didn't discourage the others; because the following month was particularly prolific of piracies in those waters.

And, we can expect plenty of pirate stories this year. Harvests poor and crops scanty in China. And that means a burst of buccaneering.

It seems there's an interesting personality in the story behind the story of the collision of the yacht on which King Edward VIII was cruising the Mediterranean. The Nahlin, which butted into a bridge thirty-five miles north of Athens, is one of the most luxurious vessels that ever sailed the Seven Seas. It was built by a woman, Lady Yule; ~~she's~~ the richest woman in England. Apparently as eccentric as she is rich. Hates publicity, so much that every time she goes on a cruise she swears every man of the crew of her yacht to silence, all fifty of them.

That isn't a unique eccentricity. We have <sup>similar</sup> people ~~like~~ ~~that in our own country.~~ But Lady Yule has other peculiarities.

~~For~~ Four years ago she took the Nahlin to New Zealand. ~~Zealand.~~ And most of her time on the voyage she passed doing needlework and polishing

the brass aboard her own <sup>vessel.</sup> ~~yacht.~~ When <sup>she</sup> ~~the vessel~~ docked in Melbourne the Captain announced to the Press:- "We've come from

Nowhere. We are going Nowhere. <sup>And we've been nowhere.</sup> ~~And we don't know nothing."~~ <sup>And</sup>

~~A widow in her late fifties, Lady Yule has four lives in~~  
~~s-l-u-t-m.~~  
~~her life, her daughter, her yacht, animals and solitude. On her three~~  
~~three country estates she ~~maintains~~ maintains a corps of women~~

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