

POLITICS

P.N. - Sunoco. Friday, Oct. 16, 1936.

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(Last night's dinner party aboard the elongated President's special train has had political discussion buzzing today.

~~How~~ ~~that~~ ~~could~~ ~~it~~ be otherwise, when the presidential guest was Bishop Gallagher who is the ecclesiastical superior of Father Coughlin, who in turn is one of President Roosevelt's most formidable opponents. Nothing has leaked out about the conversational topics of the president and the Bishop. It's all a deep secret. ~~They~~ <sup>Their</sup> only surmise <sup>is</sup> the inevitable one -- they must have talked about Father Coughlin.

Political dopesters are inclined to interpret the affair as a success for the President and a blow to the Radio Priests slashing opposition. Bishop Gallagher had already declared himself for the Roosevelt ticket.) This is emphasized by his visit to the President. Moreover, political wiseacres suspect that the presidential conversation may have persuaded Bishop Gallagher to put a check on Father Coughlin.

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Another angle is-- that the visit points to the critical state of political affairs in Michigan. The analysis <sup>seems</sup> ~~means~~ to show that the Radio Priest exerts a balance of power in

his own state and that the vote he draws to the Lemke-Third

Party ticket may swing Michigan against Roosevelt. *Meanwhile*

*there's a split among Coughlinites with a*  
Governor Landon meanwhile has sprung a surprise. He

has suddenly changed his campaign plans and announces a dash

to the West Coast. He will <sup>*talk*</sup>~~take~~ in Los Angeles next Tuesday.

Then this far-journeying candidate will speed swiftly East

for campaign addresses at Oklahoma City and Indianapolis. Then

still further east -- to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New

York's Madison Square Garden.

Today the Governor took a shot at the Democratic claims

that the New Deal restored prosperity. "The Supreme Court

did it," responds Landon. He says the nine Justices brought

about the upturn by knocking out those various New Deal

measures like the N.R.A. and the triple "A" -- thereby

restoring private initiative.

The heat of the campaign is illustrated once more by

the news that the New York election board has ordered the polls

on November third to remain open until nine P.M. The extra

hours are provided to take care of the record vote which is

indicated by the heavy registration.

*Law suit  
demanding  
removal of  
the Radio  
trust as  
head of the  
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# RETAKE

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ROCKEFELLER

In the history of any great city, there's one phase of melancholy reminiscence - the abandonment and disappearance of famous old houses. Homes of great and traditional renown disappear from the city scene, like old out-moded things.

Take New York, take Fifth Avenue - once lined with celebrated mansions, <sup>— the Astors, the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans.</sup> Now nearly all gone, and given way to stores, business buildings, and towering apartment houses.

Today we have another instance, with a brief item of real estate news reading, "John D. Rockefeller has rented an apartment on Park Avenue." This makes it final and official - that the famous Rockefeller home on Fifty-fourth Street, just west of Fifth Avenue, is a home no longer. Really, there are two Rockefeller mansions. One at Number Four, the other at Number Ten. Number Four was <sup>built</sup> ~~built~~ in Eighteen Ninety-Five by John D. ~~Rockefeller~~, Senior, as he came to the summit of his fortune. The adjoining house, Number Ten, was built by <sup>John D. Jr.</sup> ~~the~~ ~~Junior Rockefeller~~ in Nineteen Twelve. Both - fabulous domiciles worth millions in structure, decorations and art treasures. For many a year the aged Rockefeller, Senior, has not been seen

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in his metropolitan home. He has been residing, <sup>in</sup> ~~with~~ his  
ninety ~~odd~~ <sup>seventh</sup> years, at his <sup>Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson - and New Jersey</sup> ~~colonial New Jersey~~ estates. And now -

John D. Junior abandons his eight story house and takes a  
Park Avenue <sup>flat. - but not a walk-up.</sup> ~~apartment~~. Meanwhile, in the near vicinity of the  
old Rockefeller homes, the giant development of Radio City and  
Rockefeller Center, <sup>shoots more towers</sup> ~~has towered~~, to the skies.

What will happen to the two <sup>old Rockefeller</sup> homes? There are  
two reports. One - that <sup>they we</sup> ~~will~~ be turned into an art museum.  
The other, that they'll be ~~immediately~~ torn down and replaced by a  
tall apartment building. They say, however, that if the two  
houses go in the hands of the wreckers - it won't be right away.  
The old home of the aged oil master will not be pulled down  
while John D. Senior is alive - this for sentimental reasons.

AIR RACE

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Tomorrow at Detroit they'll be flying on wings of sentiment - wings of metal and fabric too. <sup>But</sup> this year's Mitchell trophy race is marked as a sentimental occasion. The trophy was donated by General Billy Mitchell, the stormy petrel of the Air Corps - in memory of his brother who was killed in action in France. Now Billy Mitchell himself has gone to those happy landing fields, where they have wings that never break or buckle - <sup>where they</sup> and never crack up.

I'm reminded of all this by Captain ~~Leo~~ Dawson of the Air Corps, <sup>because his name is Leo,</sup> ~~Leo is always~~ called "Joe" <sup>^</sup> He tells me that the purpose of the Mitchell Trophy Race is to develop faster pursuit ships for the army. And that tomorrow will be a flash of swift wings at Selfridge Field. The first race was won twelve years ago at a speed of a hundred and fifty-two miles an hour. This year they hope to push it up to two hundred and forty.

INTERNATIONAL

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The worries of French diplomacy increased today - after yesterday's bad shock. (The Belgian withdrawal from the French alliance is clarified today, made even more emphatic. Young King Leopold's government affirms that it will stand by its obligations to the League of Nations - and that's all.) It will support the League's collective security - merely as other nations do, and not as an ally of France. Brussels repeats that it will have no alliance requiring Belgium to give military aid to anybody. (The nation will get into a war, only in its own defense, if attacked. That puts Leopold's kingdom in the strictly neutral class, along with the Scandinavian countries, the Netherlands and Switzerland.)

One thing is being remarked - the prominent place taken in this by young Leopold, son of World War King Albert. It was he who proclaimed the new Belgian policy - breaking its World War ties with France. And he made this momentous declaration in the first address in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, the first since he took the throne. The young man seems to be no figurehead of a king, but a ~~monarch~~ monarch who plays an important hand in affairs of state.

The Belgian withdrawal from the French pact, brought new activity along <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ line ~~that~~ we've been hearing about.

This is the idea of the Fascist nations of Europe, <sup>getting</sup> ~~to get~~ together

<sup>to</sup> ~~and~~ form a Fascist combination of powers - an alliance of the

totalitarian nations governed by dictators. Germany and Italy

would be the leaders of course, and such a line-up would include

Austria, Hungary, some of the Balkan states, Portugal - and Spain,

if the Rebels keep on winning. This combination of powers would

call <sup>itself</sup> ~~it~~ an anti-communist bloc. <sup>TR</sup> The rumor is definite enough to

give us the mention of a date. They say that negotiations to

form the Fascist alliance will begin during the last days of this

month, or early in November. <sup>TR</sup> One of ~~its~~ major purposes would be

to persuade France to break its military alliance with the Soviets -

divorce pink Paris from red Moscow. And the group of dictatorships

would like to see Paris become a little less pink, would be

pleased if the radical French government were replaced by one

more conservative.

All of which is enough to worry the French

badly. That was vividly indicated by the French newspapers today.

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The headlines screamed all over France, conservative papers in ferocious attacks on Premier Blum and his Socialist ministers. More than three hundred newspapers stormed against the radical regime, ~~is~~ shouting that the pink government has put France in a desperately bad international position. The journalistic outcry calls for an immediate change of government, something more conservative - a coalition with the Right Wing parties.

This demand fits the desire of Fascist Italy and Germany - to have Paris go conservative and drop its alliance with red Moscow, now that Belgium has pulled out of the Franco-Russian line-up. Hitler and Mussolini would like to see the Soviets left isolated, with hostile Japan at their Asiatic back door. No friends, and plenty of enemies. That would leave the Communists in a bad way - ~~framed~~ <sup>confronted</sup> by the Fascist line-up.

In the face of all of this, Moscow assumes a more belligerent attitude - and the subject is, Spain. The Soviets are still pressing their virtual ultimatum that there shall be drastic action to stop the Fascist powers from helping the Rebels,

or Russia will send munitions to the Left Wingers. And today we hear of the declaration made by Stalin, the Red Dictator.

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He spoke bold words, championing the cause of Madrid, and saying - that Russia was giving the Spanish Left Wing every assistance.

It isn't clear from the Russian phrase he spoke, whether he meant that the Russian assistance was within the neutrality agreement, shipments of food to Barcelona. Or - whether he meant assistance in the shape of guns and munitions. <sup>TP</sup> One report tells that a Russian shipload of munitions right now is on its way to Spain.

SPAIN

55'

The desperate plight of the Madrid government can be told most vividly by merely relating an episode. The battlefield to the west of the capital, ~~where~~ General Franco's columns ~~are~~ pushing on and on in a methodical mechanized advance! The Left ~~Wing~~ Wing militia, untrained, poorly armed - trying to fight under a withering hail of fire. ~~ff~~ In the forefront of the defense, is a large <sup>ly</sup> advertised battalion of radical fighters - the Twentieth-of-October Battalion. It consists of workmen and clerks - proletarian warriors. The Twentieth of October Battalion is full of radical enthusiasts, fanatic in its devotion to the cause of Socialism. But the Rebel ~~tank~~ tanks are crawling along, machine guns blazing. General Franco's artillery is thundering with an incessant barrage. And the Fascist bombers are <sup>raining</sup> ~~laying~~ down high explosive and diving with streams of machine gun bullets.

It's deadly, terrifying! The radicals of the Twentieth of October <sup>unable to</sup> ~~cannot~~ face it any longer! They break! start to run! they fly in panic. Then something new hits them, other machine guns, their own ~~machine guns~~. The Left Wing officers,

trying to stop the flight, have opened fire on the demoralized Battalion of the Twen<sup>ti</sup>eth of October, shooting down their ~~own~~ fleeing men.

Meanwhile, not far away - something else is happening. Sky bombs fall blasting among the Madrid defenders. Overhead there's a squadron of planes - but they are not enemy planes, they are air fighters from Madrid. They should be a comfort, a lot of help. <sup>But-</sup> They've made a mistake! They are bombing their own lines. They are hurling destruction upon their own men.

<sup>TP</sup> And so the bedeviled Left Wingers are hit by <sup>enemy</sup> ~~anti~~ machine guns, and their own - by enemy war planes, and their own. ~~There's~~  
<sup>A confusion</sup>  
~~a mixture~~ of desperation and blundering!

So that's the picture and it tells vividly -  
how the Fascist Rebels are driving their victory to the gates of Madrid, while panic and disorganization has seized the Left Wing - doomed apparently to certain defeat!

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SPY

In Czechoslovakia they have unveiled a monument -- to a spy. Technically, an enemy spy, ~~for~~ during the World War that country was part of the Austro-Hungary empire, ~~the~~ The man now honored was a secret agent for the Allies. In that capacity ~~was~~ a master of enemy espionage, he struck a decisive blow for Czechoslovakian independence.

The story is one of the great spy yarns, and tells of a secret agent exploit that seems almost incredible. Ludwig Ocenasck was the kingpin of the Allied Intelligence Service in Austria. The information he ~~he~~ got through to London and Paris was simply invaluable -- how invaluable you can judge from his greatest exploit. Ocenasck tapped a private telephone line between Berlin and Vienna, and that line happened to be the private wire used solely by the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria. For weeks the master spy of the Allies listened to the confidential talk of the two rulers. The ~~maxim~~ Kaiser and Emperor talked much of military affairs. Ocenasck learned in advance of the movements of the armies of the central powers. And, there was political conversation between the two monarchs. ~~Kaiser and the Emperor.~~ Ocenasck listened in on that too. And this brings us to the achievement

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that has now earned for him a monument in Czechoslovakia.

At the time of the Armistice the Kaiser and the Austrian <sup>Karl</sup> Emperor had a talk about possible <sup>peace</sup> terms. They discussed proposals they would make about what is now Czechoslovakia. Ocenasck, the secret-agent-wire-tapper, was listening. He heard those proposals. They were such as would be entirely unsatisfactory to the Czechs. This information he got to Paris and <sup>it was</sup> flashed to President Wilson -- as part of the persuasion <sup>that</sup> ~~he~~ induced <sup>on</sup> ~~the~~ President to insist on the independence of Czechoslovakia at the Versailles Peace Conference.

So the secret agent's master-stroke of espionage made him something of <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ saviour of his country.

EARL

There's something quite Shakespearean about this next bit.

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It suggests the Shakespearean question, "What's in a name?"

Hollywood would answer, "Plenty." And right now out there in

the metropolis of the movies, they are trying to pick a name

for somebody. There's also a Shakespearean ring when we hear

about the Earl of Warwick. Back in the time of the Wars of the

Roses, the Earl of Warwick was the King-Maker. The present

Earl is a Hollywood actor. He's the one <sup>that needs</sup> ~~for whom they're trying~~

~~to find~~ a new name.

He won't use his title in his <sup>film</sup> ~~screen~~ career. You

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won't see among the screen credits - the Earl of Warwick,

<sup>light comedian or a</sup>  
playing the part of a heavy lover. So what's the name to be?

Douglas Williams, New York correspondent of the LONDON DAILY

<sup>at the Waldorf just now told</sup>  
TELEGRAPH, ~~wrote~~ me that he ~~was~~ just been discussing the problem

<sup>with</sup> His Grace, the Earl. Douglas Williams suggested that for a

first name he should take something exceedingly British, like

Cecil, Cedric, <sup>Percy</sup> ~~or~~ Evelyn. The Earl of Warwick said "No",

he wanted something plain like David, Charles or John. There's

his own family name, the historic name of Greville. He is

But

Charles Greville. <sup>^</sup>He doesn't think Americans would pronounce  
— or Greenville.  
that so well. They might say "Greeville<sub>x</sub>" Right now the

monicker that His Grace seems to have decided upon is Charles

Belden. That's liquid and liltng - Belden.

And here's  
something not so liquid and  
liltng ———— so long until Monday,

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