

VETERANS

L.J. - Sunoco. Mon., Sept. 21, 1936.

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There's a certain pathos in the contrast between two conventions that were going on today. In Cleveland two hundred and fifty thousand people, men and women in the prime of life, met for the eighteenth and biggest gathering of the American Legion. In Washington, D.C., nine hundred white-haired patriots, none of them younger than eighty, got together for what will probably be the last time. Those aged nine hundred are the last survivors of another once victorious fellowship of heroes, the Grand Army of the Republic. In Cleveland the gavel was <sup>swung</sup> ~~struck~~ by National Commander Ray Murphy, a hale and hearty young man in his forties. Presiding over the sessions in Washington is Oley Nelson, a ninety-three year old National Commander of the G.A.R.

G.A.R.  
Incidentally, the <sup>^</sup>veterans who answered the call of Father Abraham seventy-five years ago, vigorously deny that this will be their final meeting. They're going to keep it up, they say, until the last man is gone.

Both groups of veterans are going to have their parades. But the procession in Cleveland will be a hundred thousand strong. <sup>whole</sup> Barely five hundred will march down Pennsylvania

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Avenue, Washington, carrying the aged and tattered standards of the armies of Ulysses S. Grant. The rest will ride in cars.

The World War veterans of Cleveland are not ~~going~~ getting together just for fun and to re-tell old stories of the War. There's a strong tendency among those men who know what war is, to demand that <sup>the</sup> in future the profits should be taken out of war. Another movement, led by Commander Ray Murphy, will probably put the Legion on record to demand that in the next war, not only men, but industry, shall be conscripted.

POLITICS

(The fight between the White House and William Randolph Hearst has ceased to be a private one. It has swiftly become a fight into which anybody can get.) And almost everybody jumped in.

It has been the principal topic of discussion all over the country. I assume almost everybody is familiar with William Randolph Hearst's cabled reply to the White House from Amsterdam, Holland. ("If President Roosevelt hasn't asked for Communist support, he has earned it," cabled the publisher. It was inevitable that Earle Browder, Communist candidate for President, should jump into the argument with both feet. One of his remarks was: "Mr. Hearst's a liar!") But," adds Browder, "that isn't news." Then he went on to say: "We Communists are opposed to both Landon and Roosevelt. But as between the two, we prefer Roosevelt to the Fascism that Mr. Hearst wants to bring about in America." So spake the Communist.

Later in the day, among the other celebrities who ~~it~~ joined the fight, was Senator Bob LaFollette of Wisconsin, who is always itching for a fight. He flung a defiance at Hearst, saying: "He is playing the old game, trying to drag a red herring across the trail. This attack," he roared, "is typical of the campaign being

conducted by Governor Landon's backers."

John L. Lewis, the Labor leader, contributed his bit to the argument. Said he: "Hearst's attack is without a vestige of a basis." Vestige of a basis -- that's an odd way of putting it. And he added: ~~xxxx~~ "Organized labor can understand perfectly that the attack directed against the President is due to his recognition and championship of the rights of workers."

How about Governor Landon? What did he say? He took no part in the discussion, and made no reference to it. Nor have any of the Republican leaders. They seem to be staying out of the rumpus. He spent the day preparing the speech he is going to deliver on farm issues tomorrow night. Mr. Landon has already given out the information that part of that speech will be in favor of crop insurance, believes that the question of crop insurance should be given the fullest attention.

Mr. Roosevelt, leaving Secretary Steve Early to hold the bag, in the Hearst row, hopped on a train for his farm at Hyde Park, New York, there to pass the day helping his mother,

Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, blow out the twenty-one candles on her birthday cake. Strictly speaking, the President's mother was entitled to eighty-two. But presumably a cake large enough to hold eighty-two candles would be too big for even the prolific Roosevelt children, grandchildren and great grandchildren to consume. It was a strictly family party at the house to which Sara Delano Roosevelt came as a bride fifty-six years ago.

## BASEBALL

A troupe of husky young men, with blood in their eyes and teeth grimly set, descended today upon the City of Brotherly Love. They are Colonel William Terry, popularly known as "Bill", and his New York Giants. And what they intend is no good to Philadelphia. Their hope is to take the Philadelphia National League Team by the scruff of the neck and win a couple of ball games from them. By walking off with two games "Memphis Bill" and his Giants will be the pennant winners of the National League and all the World Series games will surely be played in New York.

Gotham's baseball experts are already taking it for granted that the opening game of the Series a week from Wednesday will be played at the Polo Grounds. But Colonel Terry and his Giants were not counting any chickens before they're hatched this year. They still remember that dismal experience of two years ago, the season when the Giants appeared to have the pennant sewed up and were confidently expecting to make short work of it in Brooklyn. It was then, you will remember, that "Memphis Bill" made his classic remark, "Is Brooklyn still in the League?" Which so enraged the doughty Dodgers that they

went berserk, walked all over Terry and his Giants, and knocked them gally west out of the pennant. The game was called off on account of rain today. But all and a humble Philadelphus will be there tomorrow.

The Giants have one break in their favor, since they're meeting the tail and Phillies, while their worst rivals are still clawing at each other in Chicago. Terry and his men by copping today's game, made sure of a tie for the pennant, even assuming that either the St. Louis Cards or the Chicago Cubs win all the remaining games.

RICHMAN

The big Trans-Atlantic event of the year is over.

Harry Richman and Dick Merrill are back home. Thanks to the help of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, they mended their plane, took off from Harbor Grace early this morning, and after a flight of six hours and thirteen minutes, landed ~~at~~ Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn shortly after two o'clock this afternoon. And that, we may take it, marks the end of a beautiful friendship.



ART

The good old U. S. A. will s on be the art center of the world. I'm not saying that on my own responsibility, it's the opinion of the Honorable Fiorello LaGuardia, Mayor of New York City. It sounds curious to hear such views coming from a public official. It seems only yesterday that another New York Mayor, the late celebrated "Red Mike" Hylan, was exhorting all "art artists" to go way back and sit down. Buy Mayor Fiorello - whom Vice-President Texas Jack Garner insists upon calling "Freeholly" -- Texas-Mex. for beans-- has entirely different ideas on the subject. It's one of his dearest ambitions to create a municipal art center in New York. And by that he doesn't mean merely the usual sort of museum for paintings and sculptures. He means literally an art center, of which a museum would only be one part. It would include a municipal theatre, an opera house, and a concert hall.

~~the big western cities.~~

All this art business comes in the news today because we learn that already fourteen million dollars has been subscribed by private citizens to this project of Major LaGuardia's. And the rumor is that, with the cooperation of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., New York's municipal art center may be located nextdoor to Rockefeller Center, thus becoming an integral part of Radio City.

## SPAIN

In spite of the thick haze of censorship in Spain, the geographical position of the opposing armies tonight tells graphically the story of the slow defeat of the Madrid government. Fighting tooth and nail the red forces are being irresistably and relentlessly driven back by the rebels. The troops of General Franco are advancing on Madrid at the rate of about five miles a day. The government is reported to have abandoned its major field headquarters at Santa Olalla. And the rebels now are reported to have captured the crossroads town some distance beyond. That's the claim from rebel headquarters. However, a late bulletin from Madrid denies this and insists that on the contrary the reds have repulsed General Franco at Santa Olalla. And that the government is determined to hold that place, which is a key position. The insurgent army composed largely of Moors is sweeping into the heart of Castile from which the Moors were expelled centuries ago.

( In Toledo the Fascist soldiers are still holding the fort. The destruction of the magnificent old Alcazar did the government militia no good. The rebels are now entrenched in

the ruins. Every attempt of the reds to enter is met with a sweep of machine fire from the subterranean passages.) An Armistice is reported in Toledo with the Chilean Ambassador once more trying to get the women and children out of the Alcazar. And, the important port of Bilbao is within a few days of falling into the hands of the rebels. At Huesca and Oviedo they are also hotly pressing forward. The only encouraging news Madrid has received is that a shipment of planes is on its way to the government from Russia, also a ship load from Mongolia---what from Mongolia one wonders.

While reds and Fascists exchanged bullets in Spain diplomats of all nations today exchanged words in Geneva. Each side charges that the other is intervening in the Iberian Peninsula.

Then too the question of Ethiopia refuses to die. Mussolini declines to take any part in the League sessions until

his annexation of Ethiopia is recognized. Consequently Italy was not represented at Geneva today. Ethiopia, however was. So the diplomats in Switzerland had the paradoxical spectacle of a delegation ~~xx~~ without a country. Mussolini's boys, of course, claim that <sup>Ethiopia</sup> ~~Italy~~ has no right to be represented, as Ethiopia is no longer a nation. ~~The~~ issue was turned over to a credentials committee composed of representatives of John Bull, Russia, France, Greece, The Netherlands, Roumania, Czechoslovakia and Turkey. Thus that question is put on the shelf for the <sup>time being.</sup> ~~next moment~~ ~~But we~~ hear that the Spanish business is liable to produce an explosion at Geneva at any moment.

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Haile Selassie is in Geneva. He scored a success today when it was decided to seat the Ethiopian delegates temporarily until the credentials commission has announced its decision.

CHURCHILL

Some two hundred and sixty years ago, the court of King Charles the Second, the Merrie Monarch, was buzzing with the love life of a young officer known as "Handsome Jack Churchill".

Handsome Jack, they said, went so far as to give even the Merrie King cause for jealousy. However, in later years he prospered ~~more~~ in his profession as a soldier. As the text books <sup>tell</sup> ~~have told~~ <sup>he with</sup> ~~you, he was present when~~ Prince Eugene <sup>of</sup> Savoy won ~~in~~ the Battle of Blenheim. For that, Handsome Jack was given a dukedom, a palace, a country estate and a fortune.

Today, America is buzzing about reports of the love life of one of his collateral descendants. Almost ~~eclipsing~~ ~~WAR.~~ eclipsing the quarrel between President Roosevelt and ~~William~~ <sup>Publisher</sup> Hearst is the question: "Will Miss Sarah Churchill, daughter of <sup>former Lord Chancellor, 1st. Lord of the Admiralty</sup> the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, marry the Viennese night club comedian, Vic Oliver?" <sup>1</sup> The keen public interest over this affair on both sides of the Atlantic has reached the domain of <sup>etc. etc.</sup> both high and low comedy. Miss Churchill, a pretty little red head English Miss, went on the stage, went even into the chorus, without

any clamor or protest from the family; at any rate, without clamor that reached the public ear. But when the rumors of her betrothal to the Viennese comedian became current, the family apparently got all a'dither. <sup>TF</sup> As soon as it became known that the young lady had sailed for these shores on the BREMEN, ~~she~~ <sup>Churchill</sup> Brother Randolph ~~promptly~~ <sup>X</sup> hopped the QUEEN MARY and raced her across the Atlantic. Miss Churchill got here first by a few hours, under the august chaperonage of England's first female member of Parliament, Lady Astor, more popularly known as "Nany". "Nany" refused to be the goat and allowed Miss Churchill to do her own talking to the reporters. The burden of Miss Sarah's communications to the press was: "I'm so glad to be here, don't you know, <sup>what?"</sup> ~~which somehow seems to have a familiar ring.~~ <sup>TF</sup> Beyond that she would neither admit nor deny that she was about to lead the handsome young Viennese to the altar. Brother Randolph was equally at a loss for words, and that falls decidedly within the category of news <sup>for</sup> the chatty young man left Oxford at the age of nineteen and followed the footsteps of his father, as well as his grandfather, the celebrated Lord Randolph, into politics, <sup>and</sup>

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At the same ripe age of nineteen, he came to America and did us the honor of lecturing to us. He has run three times for Parliament, doing his own speech-making with gusto and fluency, but without success. Nevertheless, strange as it will sound to all his countrymen, ~~Mr~~ Randolph Churchill <sup>now has</sup> ~~had~~ nothing to say. Maybe that wasn't entirely news, but this time he didn't even attempt to say it.

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So far the affair was on the polite plane of high comedy. The low comedy was contributed by the supposed-to-be future bridegroom. He also gave an interview to the press. The burden of his song was: "It all depends upon the family," meaning the Churchill family, the descendants of Handsome Jack, once boy friend of the famous Lady Castlemain, Duchess of Cleveland. After Mr. Oliver had finished smiling into the cameras, he turned to one of the reporters, a handsome young woman named Dixie Tighe, chucked her under the chin and pinched her cheek. I haven't seen Dixie since the Hauptmann trial at Flemington. But I then had occasion to observe that in addition to being a crackajack reporter, she is exceedingly amiable and what is generally known as a "good scout."



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But apparently she doesn't like being chucked under the chin by night club comedians, for her repulse to Mr. Oliver was: "Take your dirty hands off me!" Mr. Oliver seemed to think that was no way for a reporter to talk to one of his eminence, for his reply was: "Don't talk to me like that or I'll get you <sup>out of your</sup> job."

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The idea of a night club comedian being able to get anybody fired from the staff of a New York paper was decidedly in the vein of low comedy, as Miss Tighe remarked, when she said: "You couldn't get anything and if you touch me again I'll smack your smirking face." And from my observation of the comely Miss Tighe, I should say that anybody she slapped would be likely to stay slapped.

All in all, ~~about~~ the next bulletin of the Churchill-Oliver betrothal is being awaited with the well known bated breath.

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— which abates my breath entirely. And s-l-u-t-m.