

✓ Upton Close.
May 5, 1937.

If you had a chance to go around the world I'm sure that you would choose some other costume than an iron lung. But young Fred Snipe, of Chicago, will complete his globe-girdling tour that way -- and be mighty thankful for the accommodation. In no other way could he come back alive from China.

More than a year ago young Snipe set out on the tour which promised him high adventure. He looked forward to the mystery of India, to the color of Siam. But his greatest adventure came one day last year, while he was travelling from Shanghai to Peiping, on that famous China Express. Snipe suddenly suffered an attack of infantile paralysis.

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He was completely paralyzed from the neck down. Only a mechanical respirator could keep him breathing. But where, in China, could such a thing be found? Well, it happens that the Peking Union Medical Hospital of the Rockefeller Foundation, one of the greatest hospitals for medical research in the world, had the only iron lung in China. The twenty-six year old American was put into it just in time to save his life.

For a hundred days Snipe was unable to speak. Doctors

held little hope for his life. Then he began to improve. Now preparations are just about completed for the American to come home to Chicago in an iron lung!

Encased in the contraption, he will be loaded on a train at the old Chinese capital and rushed to Shanghai to catch the ^{steamship,} President Coolidge. Gasoline generators will be relied upon to keep the iron lung working during the two day trip from north to central China.

Snipe is now able to talk freely. He is regaining power over his leg muscles. ~~NEWYORK~~ His mind has remained alert and he is remarkably cheerful. It's all part of the great adventure, he says.

I'm sorry I didn't have this story when I wrote about adventure in ~~THE~~ ^a magazine recently. It proves my point that adventure depends upon the person, not the place.

Two American nurses have gone to China with a portable iron lung for him, and he'll have twenty escorts on the trip home, including doctors, eight nurses, mechanics, dieticians and his father.

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Snipe reads through a glass table over his head upon which books, magazines and newspapers are placed. He can beat his father at chess, which he only learned a few months ago. When he plays bridge someone else holds the cards while he watches the play through mirrors.

Snipe could not live more than five minutes outside his iron lung. But he's going to complete his trip around the world!

MEXICO

Here's a new Supreme Court story -- Mexico's Supreme Court, not ours, this time. They have unexpected Supreme Court decisions down there, too, it seems. The Mexican judicial thunderbolt today landed on the Mexican government, and it was in favor of the Catholic Church in that long dispute that has raged, at times bitterly and cruelly, between Church and State in Mexico. But tonight there's rejoicing and hymning of praises in all pious circles in Mexico, for with a stroke of the pen, the Supreme judges of the Mexican Republic declared that the anti-clerical law of the State of Chihuahua was against the Constitution.

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The background to this story begins about a year ago, when the State of Chihuahua passed a new law. Up to that time the government had limited the number of priests in Chihuahua to five. The Act of April, Nineteen Thirty-Six, cut their number down to one. The anti-clerical legislators explained: "The priests have been agitating against the government. They must be kept in hand."

Thereupon followed riots in many parts of the state.

A priest was beaten to death near Juarez. The Church then took its fight to the court, asking for an injunction restraining the government from enforcing that law. The result you have heard. Four out of five Supreme Court judges agreed in that decision. The justice who wrote the opinion, said: "The provision of the federal Constitution which authorizes the states to limit the number of priests must not be used as a political weapon. The number of priests," he added, "must be determined by the proportion of Catholic population in any given state."

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Of course directly this ruling affects only the State of Chihuahua, that large and prosperous state of North Mexico which is best known of all Mexican states to Americans. But the decision indicates a liberal attitude on the part of the court. There are four other similar cases before it now. If the judges decide those as they ruled today, practically the entire fabric of the anti-Catholic laws south of the Rio Grande will have dissolved into shreds.

Well, what's the news today from the Duke of Windsor?

Here it is: His Royal Highness, the Duke, will henceforth confine his wardrobe to two suits a year! That's news indeed! The man who formerly led the fashions of Europe will restrict himself to a smaller wardrobe than most of us go in for. The gossips at the beautiful chateau at Monts, France, where Duke Edward is now reunited with the American woman he loves, tell us that economy is to be the motto at the famous couple begin married life. Really the Duke can still afford more than two suits a year, even though, as rumor has it, his income is to be one-eighth of what he enjoyed as King, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India. He'll have to get along on a little more than one hundred thousand dollars a year. That includes the income from the five hundred thousand dollar dowry which has been settled by the British royal family upon Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson.

In case the Duke dies before his Duchess, the income from that five hundred thousand will be hers during her lifetime.

I wonder who will keep the accounts in the new establishment! There is an old American custom about that! But Duke -- you asked for it!

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STRIKE FOLLOW WINDSOR

A new threat was offered to the success of coronation festivities today. The bus strike, so far from coming any nearer to a settlement, bids fair to spread. The street car workers in London are now considering whether they shall join the bus-men. Needless to say, that would tie up London's traffic disastrously.

But that isn't all there is to labor troubles in England. Evidently the situation is so ominous that the government are worried. It was the subject of grave debate in the House of Commons this afternoon. There's a danger that in addition to the London bus strike, England may have to face a walkout of coal mine workers. Prime Minister Baldwin appealed to the workers' patriotism. A settlement of their grievances, he declared, would be the finest coronation gift they could offer to their new sovereign.

ITALY

The principal news from Rome today is that Premier Mussolini is going to stage Italy's annual army manoeuvres in Sicily next August. They'll be on a larger scale than ever before and will cost more than a million dollars. Hitherto the Duce has held his annual war games on the Austrian frontier. But this year, they'll be at the extreme opposite end of Italy -- in the heart of the Mediterranean, and about as close to the trouble in Spain as they can possibly be. Experts are pointing out that in case of war with John Bull, Sicily would be the focal point of Italy's naval and military movements. But of course experts always look for the worst meaning in any political or military move!

~~(Small)~~

SPAIN

That Anarchist revolt in Catalonia was certainly short-lived, even if it did cost a hundred deaths. It ended as suddenly and far more unexpectedly than it began. As yet nobody outside the officials on both sides knows what the terms of settlement were.

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From Bilbao, Spain, capital of that strange people, the Basques, whose headgear is the beret and whose language is said to be related to Japanese, comes news that the rebel push has been checked. In fact, the Basques claim their attackers are more than checked -- they are surrounded -- at least a division of Moors and Italians at Bermeo. They are cut off on a peninsula, and they could escape by crossing the Bay of Biscay, but anyone who knows that sweet body of water would prefer an ^{armed} enemy ~~army~~ anytime. Another Basque column is pressing toward Durango.

The Basque government published the accusation that an Italian destroyer and seven rebel warships are lurking outside Bilbao harbour to prevent the evacuation of those twenty-three hundred old men, women and children who have been cramped aboard the liner HABANA for several days now. Its sailing has again

been postponed
until tomorrow.

On the other side of Spain government troops attacked General Franco's armies at six different places. Madrid claims that three rebel attacks were hurled back with heavy loss to the attackers, and that Portuguese Fascists were killed among the insurgents.

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Nothing sends more shivers down the backs of Englishmen than talk of bombing unfortified towns. Today Germany's Ambassador, Joachim von Ribbentrop, threw a verbal bombshell that caused shivers when he declared: "Certain actions, like the bombing of open towns, are regrettable but sometimes necessary." Hitler's representative was protesting the British Government's suggestion that the powers ask both sides in the Spanish civil war to agree not to bomb open towns. Everybody was supposed to be willing to indorse this humane sentiment, although no one really expected it to be carried out. But the German diplomat protested vehemently against so much as discussion of such a motion by the committee on non-intervention.

MAGDA

The people of France today had not only one famous affair of the heart to thrill them, but two. In Touraine, the royal ~~romance~~ romance proceeded happily. In Paris another sad chapter in the story of the love affairs of Madame Magda de Fontanges) was unfolded. In case you've forgotten, she's the lady who shot the Count de Chambrun, former Ambassador to Rome, in a railroad station. And later she explained to the court that her grievance against the Count was the breaking up ^{by him} of what she claimed was her romance with Premier Mussolini.

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The Fontanges case came up in court again this afternoon. This time the Count de Chambrun himself was in the witness box, and a rather embarrassing witness box it proved to be. He admitted that he knew Madame de Fontanges, had received her at the Embassy in Rome just a little more than a year ago. The Count was asked whether he had been on close friendly terms with Madame de Fontanges. "No, certainly not," replied the Ex-Ambassador. Then came an episode which provoked a roar of laughter. With the Ex Countess de Chambrun sitting by and listening, Madame de Fontanges jumped up and exclaimed: "That isn't true." She had

been, she said, very, very friendly with the Count while he was

X/ Ambassador to Rome. In fact he had tried to kiss her, ~~behind the~~
while strolling with her among the
Roman Ruins.

The dignified Countess also gave testimony. She and the
Count had received the amorous newspaper woman, had asked her to
dinner, also to tea, some eight or nine times in the French
Embassy in Rome. She didn't, however, know of any difficulty with
her husband. She didn't see the shooting because she had already
taken her place in the train while Madame de Fontanges was firing
56 her revolver at ~~the Count~~ the Count.

BASEBALL

Color on the Polo Grounds in New York this afternoon!
Red silk -- beautiful red silk on the backs of the St. Louis Cardinals, known as the roughest team in baseball!

The Cards are in the cellar so far as the score board is concerned, but Powel Crosley, their owner, seems to have decided to make them the fashion plate of baseball -- or maybe. He heard that red silk is the fabric to express joy in China.

You can imagine the reaction of fans on the Polo field this afternoon when that gas-house gang appeared on the field adorned in brilliant red silk blazers.

The noise that resulted sounded suspiciously like a razzing. Of course it has been a tradition of the game that ball players should wear undershirts of red flannel. Anything like silk on the diamond has hitherbeen unthought of. And when the Cards Pitcher Davis threw a beautiful silk blazer over his shoulders to keep himself warm, instead of a dirty sweater, there was a chorus of cat-calls and jeering that might almost have been heard all the way from the Harlem River to the Ohio.

AMERICANS

We're a dreadful lot, we Americans. How on earth can we claim to be a civilized race? Why? We are nothing but an uncouth group of lynchers and kidnapers.

That sounds like the latest original remark of a visiting British novelist or lecturer. But it isn't, not this time. The criticism comes from natives of Africa, a group of visitors to the United States from the so-called Dark Continent. One of them is Prince Eket of Nigeria. He lays aside his princely origin and dignity to be a hustling merchant, doing a profitable trade with both the United States and England.

His sour opinion of us is shared by another African, Ali Hassan, a Moslem business man from British Somaliland.

However, there's a touch of honey in the vinegar that these Africans hand out for us. Bad as we are, they like us better than the British.

Having told all this it is only fair to add that the ladies of the party preferred the British to us. And British ways to ours.

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college

The bougainvillea-hung streets of Baton-Rouge, resounded again today to the election ballyhoo that was introduced to the sedate Louisiana capital by the late Huey Long. Huey's son and heir, Russel Long, is running ^{a college} ~~an~~ election down there, trying to do it the way pater would have done it. Russell's a handsome, clean-cut lad that any man would be proud to have as a son. ~~HE~~ ~~EXCEPT~~ When I met him a couple of years ago he seemed modest, unassuming, most attractive.

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But young Russell stepped out of his modest role today. Maybe it is because he's not doing it for himself, but for that attractive sister of his. Russell doesn't want office for himself. He's trying to get his pretty young sister, Rose, elected vice-president of the student government. He's managing her campaign, and using bells, bands, and every device old Huey found profitable. An airplane circled the college campus, scattering literature. When it disappeared, sound trucks rolled through the streets asking students to vote for Rose.

All this was preliminary to a mass meeting in the armory on the campus. There was a swing band, dancing, a real uproarious old-time jamboree. To cap it all, the young campaign manager

gave away a five dollar bill every fifteen minutes. The hall was jammed with townspeople as well as students.

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Opposing Miss Rose Long is the Progressive Party. The Progressives tried to emulate some of the Long tactics, but they just didn't have what it takes. They produced a swing band and plenty of posters. But no five dollar bills. They did get desperate and dig up one ten dollar bill. But it was only one -- good for only one vote!

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