May 3, 1937. LT at Paris Exposition. Close for LT. May 13, 1937. 46

GOOD EVENING ALL:

*To the five kings who will remain when all other kings are gone - the king of hearts, the king of spades, the king of diamonds, the king of clubs, and King George! This was the toast of Britishers on the China coast in the stormy days just following the World War.

to young king George the Sixth and his successors. The news of the world today is an auspicious beginning for the new British sovereign's reign. At least, we are treated to the unusual sensation of several peace-like stories. The first concerns the tension between England and Italy - so tense yesterday that Mussolini declined to send a representative to the Coronation ceremonies. And way out on the other side of the world had his two warships in Shanghai's battleship row, sail twenty miles down river to get out of the busting out decorations in honor

of the new British King. As a matter of fact, Il Duce appeared somewhat in the position of the old lady watching her son marching in parade with his regiment. "Everybody is out of step except my Johnny," she complained.

Well, the British government may not have pleased the may not be pleased with The British got new Mediterranean Caesary but he certainly can't complain over

may result in the establishment of British de jurg official recognition of Italy's annexation of Abyssinia. In a contest over monies, claimed by the Bank of Ethiopia, the British court says the Bank has ceased to exist, and quotes as authority not the action of a usurping government, but official British actions countenancing Italian sovereignty. Diplomats are quick to note that just such a court decision preceded Britain's de jurge recognition of the Soviet government in Nineteen Twenty-Four.

The second peace-like story consists of reports out of Poland, by way of Japan, to the effect that rumors of a coming understanding between Stalin and Hitler may be true.

Is Japan interested in that? Well, I should say, as the

Japanese do, so-o-des. For the Japanese military not so long ago consummated an alliance with Germany for mutual protection against Soviet Russia - protection used in the sense in which Jingo expansionists are accustomed to use it, I am afraid. Now, if Der Fuehrer turns right around and starts making up with Moscow, where does that leave Nippon? Well, perhaps it leaves her in the mood that is responsible for our third peace-like story of today. Namely, that Japan is starting with a complete new slate in her relations with China. The story comes not from the army junket, that continues to control Japan's government in spite of popularrepudiation at the recent elections, but from the Minister of Finance, Toyotaro Yuki, who is the middle man between Japanese big business and the army clique. Yuki says that the Japanese Kodama mission to China has reached an agreement with China on questions of trade particularly cotton, sugar and banking. He didn't give the details but there are all items in which Japan is building great trusts out in Pacific Asia. Mr. Yuki cited the handing over by Japanese banks of nine and a half million dollars in silver to help China's currency unification.

Mr. Yuki confesses that Japan's new policy is based upon the growing authority of the Nanking government, and Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek's control over China's military men. The boycott, he anticipates, is a thing of the past.

before getting too period over this rosy situation. The

Japanese say that China still must refrain from raising such

political problems as Japan's interference in administration in

north China. It's not very likely that China will agree to this.

**Ex In time China may agree to the so-called independence of

Manchukuo. But no Chinese leader dares agree to the maintenance

of little puppet kingdoms in the heart of **Eximats** Chinese

territory such as the one near **Period**, which has heen used as a

chief port of entry for smuggled Japanese goods.

However, peace-time stories, and three coming in one day, are a decided treat, aren't they? Will the news service please Let us enjoy this special thrill for at least one night of pleasant dreams!

We only wish that something of a peaceable nature would come out of poor waxternax torn Spain,

the Rebels are pushing back the Basques, and the Loyralists - at Toledo - are pushing back the Rebels.

But there's nothing peace-like on the American labor front today unfortunately! When Myron C. Taylor signed that contract with Chairman Lewis of the C.I.O. most of us thought: "Well, if United States Steel Corporation has signed up, that's that."

That isn't all. Sixteen thousand, five hundred employees of Genral Motors are out again, six thousand in Cleveland, eight thousand in Saginaw, twenty-five hundred at Janesville. So far as one can gather, the cause of this unexpected outburst is the complaint of the unions that the company foremen had been discriminating against them.

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From Mr. George C. Gaede of the American Export Line, comes the story of the transformation of old Baghdad on the Tigris, city of the Magic Carpet and the Thousand and One Nights. Oil, says Mr. Gaede, is responsible for the change of this old city. A new business section has grown up around the ancient street called New Street, and two skyscrapers are under construction between New Street and the Tigris waterfront, where the oldest type of boat made by man, round skin tubs, pitched on the outside, still solicit ferry passengers across the river, and where water-carriers still fill the goat skins, which they carry on their backs into the narrow streets, where they measure out water through one of the animal's front legs.

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However, the color of Baghdad remains, Mr. Gaede
assures us, including the narrow xigxagging zigzag streets that
are little more than tunnels between the houses. They are wide
enough for a vehicle to pass on the ground, but from the second
story up is saw grilled house to almost touch, shutting off
the sun and stars. I was and told that they were built this way
in order that the Arab women, forbidden to go out on the streets,

could sit behind their barred windows, to gossip and even touch one another's hands across the street.

desert that was once the most fruitful portion of the earth, but was turned back into desert **Exextixexhandredxx** for five hundred years following the Mongul Tamerlane's destruction of Mesopotamia's irrigation system. However, even the Syrian desert is subject to floods. And I was there one season which the old-timers claimed was the wettest since Nebuchadnezzar.

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water, lost in the labyrinth of twisting narrow streets, looking for a Chinese companion who had wandered off in the strange city.

Later we set out across the desert for Damascus, but the desert had changed into a sea of mud. Our motor caravan slithered and slattered its way across, but three out of seven of our cars disappeared—Berhaps in the bottomless stink holes which looked just like the rest of the mud on top—the pools of bitumen which told modern engineers that this ancient seat of human culture is under ance with that prime product of ultra-modern life, petroleum with sounds like a good place to say something for

Blue Sunoco Oil, doesn't it? Well, we'll just let it go at that.

It's a much easier trip now and going to be still easier when the new thirty-two wheel American buses shipped a few days ago begin the six hundred mile Baghdad-Damascus run.

Any is, I got out of Syria, although babies died of hunger and exposure in their mother's arms, before our caravan reached the other side. And what did I run into when I reached the Mediterrean? Ultra-modern political troubles! At Jerusalem I was unwise enough to remark to a group of Arabs, that I was from New York. And one of them promptly knocked me down. As I passed out, I dimly heard another one say: "Why, of course there can't be any mistake. He must be a Jew!

Well, since peace-time stories are in the air,
let's hope that a similar thrill comes soon from Palestine,
where Arabs wore mourning to celebrate King George's coronation,
but where a joint British-Arab-Jewish Commission plans to go to
work with renewed energy, as soon as the new British government
takes charge in London.

The question of the marriage of the Duke of Windsor and Wally took a religious turn today with the Archbishop of Canterbury holding a bishops strategic position on the chess board. The Duke thinks it's no more than fair now that he has played a sportsman-like role in regard to his brother's coronation, feels is no more than fair that he should have a religious wedding, with his bride officially recognized as the Duchess of Windsor. And according to report he has won the royal family, including Queen Mary herself to this view. But the Archbishop of Canterbury, who took it upon himself to censor the films of the British Coronation, remains adamant in his dislike of Edward's choice. If the royal family attend the wedding they must do so purely in an unofficial capacity, says he. And he evades the demand for an official wedding by calling attention by inference to the fact that the wedding can't be official unless it is performed by a prelate of the church. Now according to English Church law, any clergyman of the church may refuse to marry a divorced person.

Just to make sure of the legal aspect of this case, I

called up the British Library of Information in New York. British Library is a part of the British Foreign Office. Consequently, information it gives may be regarded as absolutely official. This is what I learned. The privilege of refusal to marry a divorced person is not merely canon law; it is statute The Supreme Court of Judicature Act, enacted by Parlialaw. ment in 1925, says: "No clergyman of the Church of England can be compelled to marry a divorced person. On the otherhand, no vicar or rector may refuse the use of his church to any clergyman who consents to marry devorced persons. as I am informed, the law and practice of the Church of England is considerably more liberal than those of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, which is far stricter on this subject.

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Of course, there's another man aspect to this question of
the remarriage of divorced persons. That is the problem whether
they are capable of receiving the sacraments. It has been
discussed frequently by the Assembly of the Church of
England, but no decision has yet been reached. The practice is,

as I am told, rather fluid. Actually, few clergymen of the Church of England will knowingly marry people who have been divorced, even when they appear in the action as innocent parties to the suit.

Prime Minister Baldwin, according to rumor, would like to have the whole matter over and done with, and welcome the Duke of Windsor back to the British Family. He is unfortunately eaught between the wishes of the Royal Family and most of his Ministers and a great section of the British public and the The other continued opposition of the max Archbishop backed, it is said, by certain influences in the Dominions.

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Downtown New York is casting up accounts today and getting all a'dither over the discovery that the sales index for May threatens to be the lowest since the late depression became late. Many sales executives decline to become alarmed, however. It's natural to have a month like this, as a transition period between lower and higher prices. What we have run into is in reality a sort of unconscious buyers' strike against the necessary rise in prices due to increased wages and raw material costs. If the rise remains reasonable, they pay buyers will soon adjust themselves and May's low index will more than be made up during the following months. What the buying public is waiting for is an indication of a temporary stability in prices, that the upward trend will stop and a level be maintained for some time.

Meanwhile, the farmer can't complain, say
government economists today. ** Last year, farmers got
forty-four cents out of every dollar Americans spent for food.
This year they are getting forty-seven cents. In Nineteen
Thirty-two, they got only thirty-three cents. The farmers'



share of the food dollar always decreases as prices fall, but increases as prices rise, say these statisticians.

An hour and a half ago Dick Merrill and his co-pilot, Jack Lambie, started back across the Atlantic, bringing still pictures of the Coronation. The take-off from Liverpool was perfect. A head-wind faced them on the Irish Sea, but Merrill estimated that they would make the return voyage in only about an hour and a half more than it took them to get over last Of course, by the clock they will take longer than that as the three hours time difference between Eastern Daylight Saving Time and Greenwich Standard time is against them. For the third time Merrill finds himself over the white-caps of the broad Atlantic relying on the Sperry Gyro Pilot which took him unerringly to London four days ago, on that crossing he flow flew blind the entire way. But so accurate were his instruments that not until he reached the suburbs of London was he forced to take into account the lack of visibility. All ships at sea are on the lookout for him and you may possible be able to promised every hour at five to fifteen minutes after the hour.

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