

WOMEN

Votes for women! In our own land that's an obsolete, antiquated slogan, no longer even the subject for jeering by its opponents. But not so in France. After all these years of resistance, it was not until today that an almost unanimous Chamber of Deputies passed the bill extending the suffrage to the ladies of France. Strictly speaking, the roll call was four hundred and eighty-eight to one. Just one single die-hard, count him! one!

Curiously enough, it is to Louis Marin, a Conservative Deputy, that the Woman Suffrage Party owes its victory. Ever since the popular front government of Leon Blum took office, they've been expecting it. As a matter of fact, he has tried to get this measure through the Chamber year after year. But hitherto it was turned down as fast as he introduced it. So today French women are singing the praises of Marin, who has sometimes been called the French Borah. All indications are that the Senate will pass the bill as easily as the Deputies.

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Into the muddy waters of European politics there fell today a rock of prodigious size. (It was the rumor that Hitler and Mussolini will put their iron fists into the Spanish mess, intervene to save the cause of Fascism. Naturally, such a rumor could not be confirmed. Nevertheless, it's the most alarming whisper that has come out of Europe since General Francisco Franco ^{Lined} ~~was~~ the first shot in Morocco.)

It needs no wizard to tell us that both the Duce and Der Fuehrer would give a great deal to see Franco and the rebels establish the military dictatorship at which they are aiming. If you look at the map of Europe, you'll readily see that it would mean throwing the overwhelmingly largest part of the continent under the Fascist yoke. It would mean democratic France squeezed between Germany on the northeast, Italy on the southeast, Spain on the south.

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It is equally obvious that any interference, that is, any overt interference by Germany and Italy would promptly mean a general European war. That would be quite inevitable. The rumor is specific in certain details; it says that General Franco has

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promised Mussolini the stronghold of Ceuta, right opposite Malta, also the island of Minorca. To Hitler, in return for his aid, the Spanish rebel chief has promised other territory in Spanish Morocco, also probably a foothold in the Canary Islands. There have been stories current for months that Germany wanted to lease one of the Canaries for a base.

There's a strong improbability about the rumor, but that is mainly psychological. It rests on the supposition that neither Hitler nor Mussolini want a general European war at this time, though the Black Shirt chief is avowedly prepared for anything. He makes no bones about the fact that he is dissatisfied with the extent of British strength in the Mediterranean. As we observed yesterday, that's one of the subjects he is going to bring up at the forthcoming Locarno Conference. And, supposing *this* *Spanish* ~~the~~ rumor were true, he would enter that conference enormously fortified if he had the occupation of Ceuta as an accomplished fact. On the other hand, even the most timid and Pacifist of British Governments would not dare to tolerate the establishment of any other strong power on the African side of the Straits of Gibraltar.

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German and Italian sympathy with the Spanish rebels has long been no secret. ~~It has been openly charged that~~ Both Madrid and Rome have been helping Franco out to the extent of selling him airplanes and other munitions of war. French newspapers are clamorous with the reports that one big tri-motored bomber and nineteen other war planes from the German Junkers factory have been delivered to General Franco's forces at Tetuan in Morocco. From Italy the rebels have procured twenty Caproni bombers. Two squadrons of airplanes on their way to Spain have been grounded at French airports. One of them was ^{of} French manufacture, the other British. The French authorities are suspicious that, although those fighting aircraft are ostensibly consigned to the Spanish Government, they will be diverted on the way to the rebel armies.

The scare mongers are also pointing significantly to the unusual strength of the German fleet in Spanish waters. The Berlin Government is making a strong issue of the destruction by Communist bands of the Nazi headquarters in Barcelona. The Madrid Government has tendered an official apology. Nevertheless,

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two of the strongest warships in the German navy, the so-called pocket battleships, are reported to be off the Spanish Coast together with an entire flotilla of destroyers. A newly launched cruiser from the Fatherland is also believed to be in the neighbourhood of ^{Seville.} ~~Sevilla.~~ These reports give rise to the alarmist whisper that Hitler has ordered a demonstration by his men-o-war in Spanish waters. Just what a demonstration means or would affect is not quite clear. One recalls that at the Battle of Manila, almost forty years ago, the Kaiser's warships staged a demonstration and began to interfere with Admiral Dewey's fleet. That was settled when the British squadron there present cleared for action and stood in the line of fire between the German squadron and Admiral Dewey.

So far this is all in the realm of rumor and conjecture.

What of the facts in today's news from the Iberian Peninsula?

The report of one rebel victory seems to be authentic. One has to use the word "seems" in almost all of the news ^{of} ~~is~~ that revol-

ution. The story is that six thousand loyal troops, on their way to an assault on Zaragoza, were caught in ambush by the rebels

and suffered a loss of two thousand killed. On the other hand, the six thousand rebels who are holding the fort in Zaragoza ^{Tha'ra-go'ha:} are surrounded and beseiged by forty thousand loyal troops. From the broadcasting station of the rebels, we hear that the Garrison of Valencia have ³ joined the revolution. That's unconfirmed, but has not been contradicted. How ⁷ critical the situation is we can gather from the fact that the Madrid Government has commandeered the entire Merchant Marine of the country. On the other hand, in the news favourable to the Popular Front, is the official claim that the rebels are being dislodged from the Guadarrama Mountains behind Madrid.

After much talk of a special train to evacuate refugees, the government now announces that it is impossible. The American and other foreign consular offices were so informed officially today. The reason given is that the loyalist command needs all the rolling stock it can lay hands on for military movements. The government also reported a victory at a place called Pasajas. A force of rebels who attempted to capture the city by storm were caught and mowed down by a cross-fire of artillery. *And so it goes*

OLYMPICS

Politics erupted with a pop in Olympic circles, today. One of the principal opponents of American participation in the Games was Ernest Lee Jahncke of New Orleans, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He went into the fight tooth and nail. He wrote and spoke fervently against our sending a team to Berlin. In the course of his polemics he said many bitter things against Feuhrrer Hitler and the whole Nazi idea. As the whole world knows he lost his cause owing chiefly to the activities of Avery Brundage of Chicago the ~~pious and proper~~ director who fired ^{Helm} ~~Ex~~ Eleanor Jarrett off the team.

There was a meeting of the International Olympic Committee this morning. It must have been a fast and furious affair though no details of the dispute are at hand. But the upshot of that session is that former Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahncke is kicked off the International Olympic Committee. In his seat sits ~~the pious and proper~~ Mr. Avery Brundage of Chicago head of the United States Olympic Committee.

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The Olympians have not yet decided which nation is to be the next host for the Games. Great Britain has withdrawn as a candidate. Likewise, it is said, Italy. The word is that Mussolini thinks his subjects will be far too occupied in other ways to be able to give any attention to entertaining the Games in nineteen forty. If that is true it sounds significant. At any rate that leaves Japan as the most likely place for the nineteen forty meeting. However Finland, that mighty little producer of great athletes, is also strongly and properly in the running.

KNOX

Last week Governor Landon had his inning at Topeka as a candidate. Tonight Colonel Frank Knox, number two in the batting order, steps up to the plate, at the Chicago Stadium. Pitching to the Vice-Presidential candidate will be a celebrity who was once mentioned as a rival. Senator Steiwer of Oregon will divulge to Colonel Knox the great secret that he has been selected as the G.O.P. candidate for Vice-President.

Meanwhile, the Kansas Governor was replying to charges made by the Labor Unions and specifically voiced by Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate. The Laborites and the Socialists had accused Governor Landon of being too vague in his remarks about labor. They even said his attitude would allow big corporations and employers to use a coercion against their employees.

Governor Landon replied in an open letter to Norman Thomas. In it he said: "I am opposed to any infringement of the right of Free Speech or Free Assembly. The workers have the right to meet among themselves or with others of their own

choice to promote organization with complete freedom from influence by anyone whatsoever. The worker should be fully protected in this right by the public authorities. This includes the right to organize an unorganized industry which in turn includes the right to send in an organizer."

ROOSEVELT

While the G.O.P. campaign machine is speeding up a peculiar situation exists. For the last few days the summer White House actually has been on foreign soil. It is to Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt's cottage on Campobello Island, New Brunswick, Canada, that the country has had to look for Presidential news. While it is not of world shattering importance it is an unusual situation that hasn't happened often in American history.

One of the things we learn from the White House in Canada is that the President has by no means abandoned the power project in the Bay of Fundy, the Passamaquoddy affair. He boarded his schooner "Sewanna" today and sailed across a short stretch of water to Eastport, Maine, where he had a chance to observe the economic desolation created in those parts by the withdrawal of the funds from his own pet Bay of Fundy project. The effect was to extract from him the emphatic declaration: "We are going to have Quoddy."

Tomorrow the President goes to Quebec to meet

Governor General the Right Honorable Baron Tweedsmuir and Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada. One of the things they will talk about will be that Quoddy project.

GASSAWAY

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Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. This time it's the voters of Oklahoma. They've turned their famous cowboy statesman, high heeled boots and all, out to pasture. After winning nineteen elections, the Honorable Percy Lee Gassaway is discarded from Oklahoma's congressional remuda. In the Democratic run-off primary, Representative Gassaway loses the nomination to a twenty-seven year old school teacher and W.P.A. worker. So he has to give up not only his seat but his proudest boast, that he never lost an election.

Washington is going to miss that fighting figure ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ his eleven inch carved, studded and decorated cowboy boots, ^{and} his ten gallon hat. His get-up made a picturesque and welcome contrast to the drab workaday clothes of his Congressional colleagues. But he didn't need to dress the part to be picturesque. With a shock of brown curly hair atop his rugged features, he looked somewhat like a combination of Daniel Webster and Andrew Jackson.

Politically, his creed was a simple one. "You've got

to work for what you get," was his motto. He has been unusual in ways other than ^{as to} ~~his~~ sartorial scenery. He said ^W ~~that~~ that he thought, hewing to the line, let the chips fall where they might. When people mentioned Huey Long's "Share-The-Wealth" nostrum in his presence, his reply was, "Share the wealth, bah." To the Townsend Old Age Plan he made the same retort, "bah." A fiery orator when he wanted to be, he seldom took the stump. When they asked him why, he replied, "because they're not discussing anything that I know anything about." His only eccentricity was a birth control bill. That was astounding, coming from a man who is the father of fourteen children.

So out he goes in favor of a younger man. He's no dotard himself; only in his fifties. But, other veteran Congressmen have been defeated by the home folks who later regretted it and returned them to Washington stronger than ever.

BUCKNELL

In Pennsylvania today all roads led to Lewisburg.

Every highway in the old Keystone State was full of cars, driving to the Memorial Stadium of Bucknell University, for the opening of the Pennsylvania Folk Festival. It's a unique celebration, at any rate in these United States. Every vein of American and particularly Pennsylvania folklore will have its turn. This evening, for instance, they have a program of the racial folklore of the Corn Planter Indians, the Pennsylvania Dutch, and so forth. Legends, songs, dances, tall stories. One of the features of Saturday night will be contests in jig and clog dancing, square dancing, ballad singing. Saturday evening will be a reunion of veteran miners, river raftmen, lumberjacks, railroad^{ers} and canal boatmen.

The Ananias Club will be well represented at the tall story competition. George Korson, Director of the festival, has an interesting one about the early days of baseball. There was a game played between two teams of anthracite coal miners, one of them had the best batter in the district, the other had the

best pitcher. When the swat king came to bat, he hit the first
ball pitched to him ^{hit it} out of sight. I should explain that in
those days there was no limit to the number of runs you could
make on one hit provided you could keep running. This man kept
running. He scored a hundred and twenty-five runs in that one
day before it became too dark to look for the ball any longer.
He kept running for three weeks, his women folk bringing him
sandwiches and beer, to keep up his strength. During those
three weeks a dry spell set in. The water in a gulch evaporated
and there they found the ball far down on one bank. To get a
correct record of the distance it had ^d traveled, they called in
the county surveyor. All this time the batter kept running the
bases. Just as he had scored his one million, six hundred and
thirteenth run, the surveyor straightened up and announced that
the ball had fallen foul by three inches. Upon that the runner
fell in a swoon and didn't wake up for twenty-four months.

And That one will hold me for twenty-four hours, and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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