

L. J. Sunoco - Wed., Dec. 16, 1936.

BRUNETTE

Harry Brunette, the librarian turned bank robber and kidnapper, was arraigned in Trenton, New Jersey today under the Lindbergh law -- arraigned before a United States Commissioner. He was held in the prodigious bail of a hundred thousand dollars.

One aftermath of the battle of Riverside Drive was somewhat of a surprise. The New York police and Jersey State Troopers opened a vehement attack on J. Edgar Hoover and his agents. The G-men, say the cops, stole their thunder, double-crossed them, broke an agreement. It had been understood beforehand, they complained, that the glory of the capture rightfully belonged to the police and not to the sleuths of the F.B.I. The police also assert that the barrage of gun-play which aroused and terrified Riverside Drive had been unnecessary, that if everybody had waited for the zero hour, as agreed, Brunette and his wife might have been taken without the firing of a cap pistol.

J. Edgar Hoover in reply says his Bureau never double-crossed anybody. He explains that an unforeseen development had forced his hand and compelled him to begin the raid when he did.

didn't have time to notify the New York police and the New Jersey state troopers. Mr. Hoover also gently intimated that he was being criticized on a basis of hindsight, which, he observed, is proverbially always better than foresight.

The controversy is triangular. The honorable John J. McElligott, Fire Commissioner of New York City, leaped into the fray; expressed his wrath because the tear gas bombs thrown by the G-men had set Brunette's apartment afire, and because his smoke-eaters whom came on the gallop to extinguish the flames, narrowly escaped being hit by some of Brunette's bullets.

Tonight the New York Fire Commissioner became even more vitriolic. "The officers of the law" he said "should have withheld their gun fire until the flaming fire in the apartment which endangered the lives of everybody in the building, was under control." Then he added the caustic remark: "The firemen of this city are sufficiently exposed to danger in the regular performance of their duty without putting them in the shooting men between G-men and gangsters." He piled in further with a charge that the combat of the G-men was small town stuff, heroics.

To all of this J. Edgar Hoover's retort is: "The important thing is that the job is done and the fugitive is in custody. We are not going to enter into any controversy of this kind. It's kindergarten stuff."

## AIRPLANE

Another tragedy in the Wasatch Mountains of Utah! That seems to be the probability tonight. No news from that airliner with its human freight of five men and two women. Several planes were sent out over those snow-clad peaks and canyons, looking for traces of the missing craft. Then the search had to be held up. A thick blanket of fog descended upon the range to make flying impossible. All planes had to be grounded. But relief parties, afoot and on horseback, have been combing the country, looking for traces of the missing plane -- but hitherto all in vain. It's now thirty-six hours since the transport's radio crackled it's final message as it passed over Milford, Utah, south of Salt Lake City. Since then, silence.

Phillips  
Dec. 16, 1936.

INTRODUCTION TO MR. PHILLIPS

President Roosevelt's trip has again focused our attention on our neighbors to the South, our neighbors about whom we know so little.

Well, wouldn't it be a good plan if we got better acquainted with all of our neighbors in the West Indies and Central and South America? Everybody agrees we should, and President Roosevelt has been taking the lead.

The West Indies are next door, so let's start with them tonight. For fifteen years Henry Albert Phillips has been girdling the world, and for the past two years he has devoted his travels to the West Indies. The result is a fascinating book which he calls: **WHITE ELEPHANTS IN THE CARIBBEAN** -- about "ports of romance and isles of enchantment." The Caribbean, as Author Phillips says:- "with scarcely a square mile of waters that is not strewn with splendid wreckage -- with Spanish galleons, chest of gold, brave men's bones."

Mr. Henry Albert Phillips, do you consider the islands of the Caribbean a suitable home for the White race?

**RETAKE**

Phillyjs  
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Mr. Henry Albert Phillips, do you consider the islands of the Caribbean a suitable home for the White race?

MR. PHILLIPS:- No Lowell, those islands are a black world, and always will be. There are about ten million colored people in the West Indies. They are true children of the sun. Their languor and so-called laziness, and carefree ways are what enable them to survive. In other words the black man plays Nature's game, and the white man doesn't.

L.T.:- To me, Mr. Phillips, one of your most interesting chapters concerns Santo Domingo and her ruler, President Trujillo. His name is in the news quite often, and we hear him referred to as the only complete dictator in the Western Hemisphere. I knew General Trujillo when he was head of the Dominican Army. What do you think of him?

MR. PHILLIPS:- A new era was ushered into Santo Domingo by the hurricane of September 1930, a few weeks after Trujillo had become President. Conditions were chaotic. That was his chance, and he made himself dictator. Now he is indeed a tropical Mussolini. But, let's give him credit for what he has done. He has brought about unbelievable and drastic reforms, also improvements and public works on a grand scale. That hurricane left the city a wreck. But, he has built a new



and finer one where it stood.

L.T.:- And then they took away the old name given to it by Christopher Columbus, the name it had for four hundred and fifty years. And overnight Santo Domingo City became Trujillo City! How do the people down there really like that?

MR. PHILLIPS: - Perhaps the best way to answer you Lowell, is to tell you what they really call it. Nowadays they just don't use any name at all. They refer to it as "LaCapital."

CHINA

Preplexity hangs over the Chinese scene tonight, a veil of doubt, ~~even more opaque than yesterday's~~. The Nanking government maintains stoutly that its Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, is alive despite that sensational broadcast from Chang ~~Hsiang-ling~~ <sup>Marshal</sup> that he had killed his chief. At any rate, a strong Chinese army is hammering at the gates of Sian~~su~~, Shensi Province, where <sup>Chang Kai-shek</sup> ~~the~~ Marshal is supposed to be held captive.

Some people who know the Chinese temperament tell me this denial from Nanking must be taken with a grain of sale, perhaps a tablespoonful. It's Chinese psychology, they say, to keep their strong men alive, even after they have long since been dead. That sounds like a paradox: In plainer language, they suppress the truth about the death of a leader until they have found someone to take his place. And that, Sinologists observe, might be happening in this case. Chiang Kai-shek ~~was~~ the one strong man of China. The Nanking government may be clinging desperately to his reputation, using his name and prestige as their strongest weapon of government, until his successor comes to the fore.

Meanwhile the central action in this world important drama, takes place in a most romantic setting. Sian, where Chiang Kai-shek is either held captive or dead, the object of the attack by the armies of Nanking government, is a place little known to the outside world. Once upon a time, however, and for more than two thousand years, it was the capital of the Chinese empire, when it was indeed a might empire. Tom Steep, long representative of the Associated Press in China, tells me that it's a treasure house of antiquity. It stands, Tom says, as a symbol of the old China, immutable and timeless. In his opinion, it is virtually the last medieval city left unspoiled in the entire world. On every hand are glorious vestiges of the T'ang and Sung dynasties. Its narrow streets, clangerous with bells, drums, gongs, squeaking animals and shouting tradesmen, are lined with myriads of little shops where artisans sit fashioning beautiful things by hand just as they did in the days of the great T'ang emperors. No movies for the citizens of Sianfu, no newsreels. On the boards of their ancient

theatres, the old classic dramas and comedies, folklore and tragic histories are enacted in the traditional style. In all quarters are temples with upturned roofs, nine storied pagodas. Carved in rock of the hillsides surrounding the city are gigantic Buddhas.

And there <sup>now</sup> the ancient game of the war lords is being played, the game of kidnap, ransom and political barter. Outwardly, it's a noble show for liberty, patriotism and political independence. Underneath it's the old Chinese army game, a game played for money to keep the huge armies maintained by rival petty chieftains.

## BUCK FOLLOW CHINA

Pearl Buck contradicts several things we've been hearing about Chang Kai-shek. "Straigh, indomitable, fearless, he has dominated the Chinese scene since Nineteen twenty-Seven," said Miss Buck. "He has been the main bulwark against Communism."

Then added Miss Buck: - "Chiang Kai-shek is a good deal more than the old-fashioned selfish warlord. Modern influences have touched him. He has been at least somewhat awakened by his modern American-trained wife, awakened to feel a responsibility for the welfare of his people." He may have been ruthless, she admitted, but that's part of a war lord's business. And, she believes, he would have made a good emperor. But he has no real place in a republican form of government."

Miss Buck also said something that points to an ominous conclusion. "If Chiang Kai-shek is dead," she believes, "it is a catastrophe. He held the balance of power as between Russia dn Japan. If he is dead, anything may happen. If he is alive he will come back stronger than ever."

## WINDSOR FOLLOW KING

Everybody the world over has been wondering whether there would be any reaction to the attack made upon former King Edward the Eighth by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

One report from Enzefeld, the Rothschild Castle in Austria, is that the Duke of Windsor was much incensed by the Archbishop's attack that he was meditating a reply. Another report has it that he had reflected that in the long run the Archbishop's words of censure proved to be a boomerang and that any reply would be undignified. A third rumor tells us that the Duke believes that his brother King George, will probably administer a private rebuke to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The gossip mill grinds fast and furious at Enzesfeld. Most intricate of all is the report that the Duke and Mrs. Simpson have had differences about their wedding. He would like a simple, strictly private ceremony in the chapel at Enzesfeld, which he and Mrs. Simpson visited while he was King. The lady, on the other hand, is supposed to be holding out for a fashionable function, <sup>believing</sup> ~~she holds~~ it unfitting that a future royal Dutchess should be married privately, almost secretly. That's the story. We have to remember it's only a story. Neither of the principals are giving out statements on the subject. So probably it comes by way of the grapevine telegraph <sup>— just</sup> ~~of~~ backstairs gossip.  
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KING

(The first official act of King George the Sixth was to make his retired elder brother Duke of Windsor. The second was to bestow upon his Queen the most noble Order of the Garter.)

The third public event in which His Majesty is concerned was unofficial. But it was one that will, perhaps, even more thoroughly endear him to his subjects. For the first time since his accession, a horse carrying his colors ran in a race. To be sure, it didn't win. Nevertheless, Marconi, racing under the King's colors, started in the new Windsor Handicap Steeplechase at Windsor, started second favorite. — *came in nowhere.*

There are few things that a British king can do which will make him more universally popular than to conduct an active racing stable. In this King George the Sixth carries on the traditions of his magnetic grandfather, King Edward the Seventh. King Edward the Seventh won the Derby three times, twice as Prince of Wales, once after he had mounted the throne.

So his grandson, King George the Sixth, has made an early start, even if he did not win. ~~As we have observed, his horse was second favorite.~~ There was a banner crowd at Windsor,

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unusually large for this meet. They had come hoping to see their new King win his first race. If the cheers of the multitude could have taken the place of speed, that horse would have come in first by a long lead. As it was, he finished eighth, way back there.

An American copped one of the events. What American? Our own Peggy Hopkins Joyce, the future Mrs. Professor Jackson. Another American woman makes good in England. And so long until the next one -- I mean until tomorrow.