

A drama of the sea comes to an anti-climax. No rescues, no brave life-saving deeds done. Everything was all set for handsome action, but now it all turns into anti-climax, joyful anti-climax.

Yet the story begins in thrilling style. The American freighter EXARCH, on her way to the Levant, through the Dardanelles, into the Black Sea. Her name is appropriate - EXARCH, an outside ruler, a governor who ruled Byzantine provinces in Italy in the days when Constantinople was mistress of an empire. Well, the EXARCH, with nine passengers and a crew of forty-five, caught fire Six hundred and seventy-five miles east of the Nantucket Lightship. And she wirelessly for help. Visions were raised of a ship in flaming disaster at sea. Vessels hurried to help. ~~But~~ ^{the} The last report gives a picture of rescue ships standing by, but they were told "You aren't needed now, we've got the fire under control." That's the joyful anti-climax - ~~that~~ fire under control ^{aboard the} Exarch.

ROBBER

The crime chemist has died by chemistry. That's the word from Chicago about one of the most singular of criminal figures. A diminutive figure. They called him the midget -- Midget Fernekes. He was only five feet, four inches tall, ^{yet} ~~and~~ one of the most dangerous of robbers, ^{and} wanted in New York State for a double murder. He made ~~one of the most~~ ^a daring escapes ~~on record~~, from Joliet Prison in Illinois, escaped so brilliantly that the prison authorities were never able to figure out how he ^{- until he told.} got away. Really it was ~~his~~ brilliantly simple. He had a suit of civilian clothes smuggled into him and a pair of dark glasses. So he just walked out, pretending to be a visitor. He was a crime student, crime technician, specializing in chemistry. He probed the depths of modern alchemy, ~~and~~ making explosives to blow bank safes. When they caught him in Illinois in 1924, the time he was sent to Joliet, the detectives found him in a library pouring over a volume of advanced ultra-modern chemistry.

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A couple of days ago they caught him, two months after his Joliet ~~his~~ jail break. He said he didn't want to go back ^{to that prison,}

wouldn't go back. [↑] Today they found him dead in a Chicago jail cell. In his pocket they discovered a small glass vial containing some ~~my~~ crystals of greenish-white. ^{A strange} _↑ powerful poison.

And thus by his advanced chemistry, the scientific robber escaped going back to Joliet.

FOOTBALL

Pop Warner seems to be in earnest about his suggestion for a showdown between college and professional football. He told me this afternoon that he's going to try to arrange a big game between the collegiates and the "pros" for early next season. "Pop" popped up with his bright idea in Damon Runyon's column in the Hearst newspapers. Damon has been promoting the notion for weeks. Now Pop wants an all-star university team to meet a team of "pro" stars. He proposes that the All-American Football Board, of which he is a member, select the top rank pig-skin heroes in the schools throughout the country - just before they turn pro. Then these will train together for four months, tutored by four of the nation's leading coaches. Whereupon they'll be ready to do or die for dear old Pop Warner and the dear old College Spirit. Then we'll have something tangible to argue on in those interminable wrangles -- whether "pro" football is better than college football - and then what.

PEACE

Persistence, determination, and secrecy - those are the words to describe the under-cover drive for peace in Europe. The statesmen are working their heads off to bring about a solution of the Ethiopian tangle, because they know the ^{path}~~part~~ of sanctions and desperation for Italy is so likely to lead to eventual war. And nobody wants that war less than France. So once more we find it's Paris that's ^{driving}~~drafting~~ the diplomatic machine in manoeuvres for an agreement between Great Britain, Italy, the League of Nations and Ethiopia.

Paris reports that Premier Laval, in collaboration with the French Senate, has drafted a new series of proposals ^{for}~~to be~~ ~~submitted to~~ London and Rome. There's one angle that has a promising look. They say that Laval, in drafting his peace scheme, has been working with British government officials, experts in African affairs. The terms are already being studied by the British Ministry. If they are satisfactory to London, why London will submit them to the League of Nations. *But late word from London is, they are not satisfactory. And that may be true.* The new proposals are based on the idea of giving Italy some part of Ethiopia. What or how much - is not known. ~~She~~

The secrecy in all these doings has been simply admirable. Not even the forecasts such as we've had in the past, rumored-inside-dope ^{that} has often turned out quite reliable. The new Laval peace effort is said to be based on Mussolini's offer made a short while ago. That doesn't mean anything much, because the Mussolini offer was kept a dead secret. Nobody really knows what the Duce ^{is} proposed.

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Meanwhile, the war in Africa keeps ^{right on -} ~~on being~~ just the same.

The Italians seem to be advancing constantly, with the greatest of caution. Ethiopia is putting up not much of a fight, abandoning land to the enemy. Presumably they are gathered in huge strength, waiting to ^{give} ~~get~~ battle on ground of their own choosing.

ITALY

Food restrictions, war time rations, won't mean as much in Italy as in some other countries. Italians are not heavy meat eaters, more vegetarian than most. So there'll be a patient shrugging of shoulders over Mussolini's order today - no meat sold on Tuesdays. Since Catholic Italy observes Friday, that will mean two meatless days a week. Moreover, the new restrictions forbid the sale of beef, lamb and pork on Wednesdays. It must mean, of course, chicken on that day. Hotels, restaurants and dining cars are forbidden to serve more than one dish of meat or fish to any one person at a meal. ^{has} The Duce ^{is} ~~was~~ decided there ~~was~~ no need for issuing wartime food cards. He says the nation is so well disciplined they aren't necessary.

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The thing that will please the Italians most is the fact that there are no restrictions whatever placed on flour. The Italian wheat crop this year is excellent, no shortage. So it's bread and spaghetti as usual. And an Italian can go a long way on a loaf of bread and a plate of spaghetti.

Strict laws against profiteering, measures to cut down the consumption of electricity, fear of a fuel shortage - Italy feels the pinch of war, the pinch of those sanctions.

The British election campaign is going along in a lofty way. English ways are likely to be lofty. Candidates of the aristocratic, conservative party condescend, however, to no less a modern institution ^{is} than the radio. Each has agreed to take the mike twice in the campaign, make two radio speeches. But no more. That would be too much of a condescension. ^{TP} Even the loftiest dignitaries are unbending a little -- even Sir John Simon, most aloof and reserved of British statesmen. He is going so far as to exert the spell of good-fellowship and charm. Not for the masses, however. Not at all. Not even for the middle ^h classes. Of late, Sir John, has suddenly begun ~~to~~ visiting his clubs, and select clubs they are. They hadn't seen much of him for a long time, because Sir John ~~simon~~ is aloof, even with his fellow aristocratic club members. But now -- he's been seen to take an interest in chess games, watching them, discussing the ~~game~~ plays. He's been taking an interest in the club luncheon menus, making suggestions. Chess games and luncheon menus are the equivalents of baby-kissing -- to Sir John Simon.

And Sir Herbert Samuel, another aloof statesman, ^{called "the Byster"}

has actually been heard to call a fellow club member -- "My Dear fellow."

Lofty England is unbending -- but not much.

Of course, the big issue in the British election is the tangle of Italy, Ethiopia and the League of Nations. And logically tied to that is the huge program for strengthening the British navy. But domestic issues are in the forefront too - the extension of social service, pensions and the dole, and the raising of the school age of English children, making them stick to their studies until they are fifteen.

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SPAIN

The Spanish omelet was stirred today - the political eggs and the partisan sauce of onions tomatoes and green peppers. The trouble was that somebody salted the spicy omelet with a dash of that pungent condiment called - bribery. So now we have the news that again the Spanish Cabinet has resigned. Another Cabinet takes office. And, along comes word that seven political personalities will be tried for taking bribes.

It all traces to a Mexican in Spain. He's the promoter who put^{on}/the Schmeling - Uzcudan fight recently. He was out to get a concession to start a gambling house, and he pulled all sorts of political wires. The accusation is that he pulled wires with a golden hand, gave bribes to prominent officials, seven of them. The scandal poked right up into the National government itself, when one of the seven happened to be the nephew-and-adopted-son of Senor Alejandro Lerroux, Foreign Minister and leader of the Radical Party, the party in power. Senor Lerroux denounced the charge against his nephew-and-adopted-son as political intrigue. Sharing in his discontent was Minister of Education Rocha. So all sorts of political fireworks blazed and sputtered.

Today Premier Chapaprieta handed in the resignation of his entire Cabinet, but that doesn't mean any drastic change. Because the Premier immediately formed a new Cabinet and went back into office. And it represents the same Radical Party as before. In fact all the ministers are the same, except two - Senors Lerroux and Rocha. A couple of other members of the Radical Party take their places.

on the V.P.A.
See air
Texas Jack had on his bag
laced vice title.
at least

JAPAN

From the Far East - news about shoes and shirts. The shoes step in with a gait of friendly ceremony and welcome. But the shirts signify things of threatening international import.

The shoes encased the Vice-Presidential feet of Mr. Garner. There had been ~~a bit of light~~ ^{some} controversy concerning the formal visit of state made by the Vice-President to Tokio. The Japanese don't wear shoes in their houses. It's the Rising Sun custom to remove the brogans before entering. So what would Texas Jack Garner do when in the imperial palace he was admitted to the divine presence of the Son of Heaven? Would he make his entrance in his socks - fashion of Japan? Or would he stalk thumping over the laquered floor in his boots - Texas fashion? Well, Texas Jack received the highest honors in Tokio, the renowned hospitality of Nippon rising to a demonstration of amity towards the United States. ~~For~~ today the Vice-President was received by the Mikado.

And attention was focused ~~downward on his~~ ^{on the V.P.'s} feet. He wore shoes, ^{Yes sir,} as he walked into the imperial reception room - ~~the high laced variety~~ ^{Texas Jack had on his high}

^{laced vici kids.}

~~of footwears~~ Perhaps it was a magnificent display of Americanism.

However, it was noted that the Vice-Presidential shoes looked as if they hadn't had a shine for some time. Nevertheless, hurrah and banzai for the heel and sole and high laced uppers of the Vice-President, symbol of international understanding and friendship and the courtesy of Japan.

When we come to the shirts, international understanding diminishes; friendship dwindles to almost nothing. Japan today handed a stiff warning to the civil and military authorities of northern China, and one of the complaints is about - the blue shirts. The Japanese want them suppressed, their activities curbed.

But who are the Blue Shirts? The last time we heard about them they were Irish, General O'Duffy's Fascist battalions in old Erin. But they are likewise Chinese. The Fascist Shirt movement, black in Italy and brown in Germany, has spread in China - and has taken the color of blue.

Chiang-Kai Shek, the head of the Nanking Nationalist Government, has been struggling against Communism on one hand

and Japanese encroachments on the other. The opposite of Communism is Fascism. So Chiang-Kai Shek has built up a Fascist organization of Blue Shirts. But Fascist nationalism turns also against the foreign aggressor. So the Blue Shirts are an anti-Japanese outfit. You can guess that from their motto:- Chang Wang Hui. Which means - "Save the nation."

The Japanese warning today threatens the city mayors and army commanders of northern China with the sternest reprisals if they don't get busy and squelch all anti-Japanese movements. And they point to the Umetsu-Ho agreement. What's that? Remember the Japanese push some months ago, in which they grasped extensive authority over a northern Chinese province? That was signed, sealed and delivered by a contract between the Japanese Lieutenant-General Umetsu and the Chinese War Minister Ho Ying Shin. The agreement promised stern suppression of anti-Japanese agitation. This, say the Japanese, has not been fulfilled, so they threaten to clamp down with a stronger, harder military grip.

There have been rumors that the Nationalist Chinese

leader, Chiang-Kai Shek, was playing a deep game -- opposing Japan in the foreground, and doing secret business with the Nipponese in the back room. Some say Chiang-Kai Shek sees Japanese domination as the only way of firmly unifying China - and perhaps unifying China and Japan, in a great Far Eastern partnership. That would be along the lines of the Yellow Peril, of which statesmen used to have visions.

Well, let's relate that to some of the things said in that Japanese ultimatum today. It speaks benevolently of the welfare of China's Four hundred million people and mentions with equal benevolence - the "hope of achieving a China-Japan-Manchukuo paradise.

Paradise?, or Yellow Peril?!

BATHING

The Sphinx is not a bathing beauty, and there won't be any bathing beauties draping themselves around the Sphinx. In fact, from the land of the pyramids we have a judgment just handed down that a bathing beauty is possessed by the devil.

8 1/2

It seems that there was a daughter of the Nile who thought she'd go Cleopatra one better. So she dressed herself, if it can be called dressing, in one of those ~~skimpety~~ skimpy swimming suits about the size of four postage stamps. ~~Ifxme~~ And she had a photograph taken of all her bathing beauty charms. Unfortunately, she had a husband, and that worthy Moslem got hold of the picture. He didn't take her in the house and give her a beating, he gave her the beating right out in the public square. And while doing so called her all the defamatory and opprobrious ^{names} ~~names~~ in the Arabic language - ~~and that's plenty~~ ^{of which there are several.}

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The wife did what many a wife has done in these western parts, she hauled hubby to court. But the court in Egypt is a high religious Moslem tribunal, consisting of Mullahs, Imams, teachers of the Koran, and maybe a whirling dervish or two. They not only upheld the husband for the public beating and affirmed the accuracy

of all the Arabic names he called her. They also handed down a ruling for all orthodox Moslems. The ruling is - a bathing beauty is possessed by the devil. And frequently full of the devil - and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.