

HAUPTMANN

Tonight's headline on Hauptmann has little legal meaning. The idea is merely this -- a visit to Hauptmann and a talk with him, in his death cell. No investigation, no looking into new evidence or anything like that - just something personal, an impression.

Governor Hoffman of New Jersey paid just such a visit to the Bronx carpenter about two months ago. And, the Governor revealed it today; that he had talked with Hauptmann and listened to his story. As a result of that visit the Governor makes a suggestion that the members of the State Court of Pardons shall do the same thing. He himself is a member of that Pardons Court, the only member who has talked with Hauptmann. He wants the Pardons Court to have the same personal impression that he had of the story that Hauptmann tells. He wants them to have it before they get the formal final appeal that is to be made by the man condemned to die for the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby.

The pertinent point is this -- that the Pardons Board

is no tribunal of legal right and wrong. It's a court of mercy and in Hauptmann's case the Governor seems to think the question of mercy should have the personal touch of visiting and listening.

Governor Hoffman denies explicitly that he has ordered any inquiry, any possible re-opening of the case.

OLYMPICS

Olympus <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ the home of the gods, where the Olympian divinities live <sup>d</sup> majestically and serenely. Of course, it's true that the gods ~~them~~ and goddesses themselves get into a tangle every so often. Jupiter might have a bit of trouble with his wife, Juno, and Venus and Minerva might have an argument about Apollo. But generally speaking, Olympian means serene, aloof, untroubled. But Olympic - that means something else again. ~~There's nothing very Olympic<sup>m</sup> about that Olympic Games tangle which has some curious and complicated twists.~~

The world of athletes is all agog tonight, waiting for the meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union on Saturday. Because the A.A.U. is scheduled to take a vote on that vexed and angry problem - "Shall the United States participate in the Olympic Games in Germany next year?" We all know about the pros and cons, the question of Jewish athletes <sup>in</sup> anti-Semitic Germany, the accusation that the Hitler regime intends to use the Olympic Games for the quite un-olympian purpose of Nazi propaganda. Those contentions are irritant elements of strife and confusion, and they are about to be ~~disturbed again~~ <sup>stirred in the big</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>hot</sup> ~~the~~ pot, when the A.A.U. casts its ballots.

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Thirty-four A.A.U. associations from all over the country will be represented. Seven of these local branches are on record as being opposed to going to Germany. Three have said they are in favor of it. Twenty-four are in the doubtful column. They have said neither yes nor no, which makes their ranks a fertile field for agitation and argument.

The odd part of it is that the A.A.U. hasn't a thing to say about whether we will or will not participate. That's up to the American Olympic Committee; and it is in favor of sending an American team to Germany. And that too is what the International Olympic Committee thinks. The Chairman of the International Committee is Count Henri Baillet-Latour, who has just written to Avery Brundage of the American Committee, saying he ~~xx~~ believes the Games in Germany will be conducted in a true Olympic spirit. Avery Brundage agrees with that. So the American Olympic Committee, which has the say, is going to send the athletes - while the American Athletic League is going to do the debating. So what? Well, it's just this. If the A.A.U. votes

against American participation, it might disqualify all the athletes who go to Germany. And that would cap the climax of all the Olympic fuss and fury. It doesn't seem so likely that the A.A.U will vote against going and take extreme measures. But if it did, the world of foot races, discus throwers, pentathlonists and bob-sledders would be spot wide open.

Any hitch in the proceedings would be a large dose of shrecklichkeit to the Germans. They think so much of the Olympic Games and of British and American participation that they've started a school to teach the beer gardens how to receive English speaking athletes and spectators. Fritz, the waiter, and Gretchen the bar-maid, go to long and arduous classes in the art of saying "Gesundheit and Auf Wiedersehn" in English. The special Olympic English-Speaking-beer-gardening school is held in a hall of one of Berlin's big cabarets. There Fritz, the waiter, and Gretchen the bar-maid, repeat in loud class recitation - "Vilst du have zwie beer, Sir?" They are also laboriously schooled in the fact that if they hear some people uttering strange syllables like "Here's how!" or "Here's mud in your eye!" that means "Prosit!"

I don't know whether they expect the American athletes to train on beer, but of course the American spectators will - also the bob-sledders. I have just been talking to Hubert Stevens, an American bob sled champion, who told me that the bob-sledders from Lake Placid will be the only athletes who will consistently get in condition on the best brew in Munich. The bob-sled runs by force of gravitation, so the heavier the bobbies are, the faster they go. So for them "Prosit" means rigorous training.

ACCIDENTS

It looks as if the nationwide drive to cut down automobile accidents were having some effect. The Bureau of Census figures show this for the month ending November ~~thirtieth~~ twenty-third. They show that in eighty-six cities, eight hundred and eighteen persons were killed in automobile accidents. <sup>ashes. And</sup> ~~That's a~~ That's a terrific! ~~figure.~~ Nevertheless, it represents a decline, fifty-nine less than last year.

The census figures for the year ending November twenty-third show a twelve month decline of a hundred, as compared with the previous year.

The figures in themselves are bad, but when put beside the previous year figures, they show the effect of the safety campaign.

Laval stays in power, meaning: ~~that~~ he yielded. He gave his promise to take action against the Cross of Fire and the other Fascist groups. So the radical deputies voted to sustain him. It remains now to see what the Cross of Fire will do, that blazing emblem which has been threatening turmoil and violence. *France wonders what Colonel de la Rogue will do.* But anyway, Premier Laval remains in power, to continue his juggling and fixing in the international crisis.



# RETAKE

FRANCE

The French Cabinet crisis reached a dizzy pinnacle of suspense today. Premier Laval faced the Chamber of Deputies, and the <sup>challenge</sup>~~word~~ was "Cross of Fire". <sup>P</sup> The question of what to do about the <sup>various</sup> Fascist organizations was the most ticklish and dangerous of all the problems ~~that have been~~ confronting Laval. <sup>It has been seen all along</sup>~~It would have seemed~~ that the perilous high spot of the new session of the Chamber of Deputies would come when the Premier arose to say his word about the suppression of the armed Fascist groups. <sup>And</sup> That high spot came today.

The radicals have been denouncing Laval as a supporter of the Cross of Fire. The Radical <sup>Socialist</sup>~~socialist~~ Party, which is exceedingly powerful, withdrew its support from him, charging he had done nothing to suppress the half military Fascist bands. That threw the whole power of the Left against the Premier, which looked like more than enough to overturn the Government.

So today the swarthy little politician from the peasant province of Auvergne, teetered on the brink. He would either have to throw up his job or give in to the parties of the Left, yield to their demand that he suppress the Croix de Feu.

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## CRISIS

You might picture the international situation tonight with three men on the stage, talking to the audience. These three might be named - London, Paris, and Rome.

There is Paris smiling broadly, saying: "The chances of peace look pretty good. I've worked out a plan with London, and am now sending it to Rome. We think it's a pretty good way to settle the East African disturbance, a way that should satisfy everybody. I don't know if Rome will accept it, and call off his war, but I'm positive the plan won't be turned down cold by the old boy.

Because the time is coming to talk about oil sanctions. Rome doesn't like the oil sanctions at all. So the only way to side-track them is to take the plan that London and I have fixed up. And I think Rome will do it."

To that London answers with cold British dignity: "Yes, Paris and I have fixed up that plan for peace. I'm hopeful about it too. But, if it doesn't go through, I'm afraid I'll have to call for those further sanctions against Rome, cutting off oil. It pains me to do it, because I like Rome. He's an old friend of mine. It's too bad he had to start all these difficulties." London's declaration on the world stage was voiced today by Sir Samuel Hoare before the House of Commons. He declared his government to be as firm as ever for an oil embargo. But he spoke hopefully for peace prospects and expressed a high degree of British friendship for Italy.

Up there on the stage Rome stands with something of a Mussolinian scowl, and answers sternly: "I don't see why

there's so much optimism about this plan for settling my East African war. These other two fellows are full of rosy hope, but where do they get it? Sure they've been drawing up plans for a settlement, but they haven't talked to me about it.

They've been doing it all by themselves. So why the optimism?

This was expressed by an Italian government spokesman today, <sup>who</sup> ~~and~~ threw ~~a bit of~~ cold water on the peace talk. He was ~~a bit~~ chilly in saying that the Italians haven't anything to do with the British and French plan for settling Italian affairs.

So there's quite a note of disagreement. ~~But~~, there's harmony when both London and Rome speak up about still another matter - although the harmony has a curious tone to it.

"Yes, indeed", says London, "I have withdrawn some warships from the Mediterranean, six of them. I've even ordered out my two giant super-dreadnoughts, the HOOD and the RENOWN. <sup>Rome</sup> ~~Of course, Rome was considerably annoyed when I sent my fleet to the Mediterranean and all along~~ has been wanting me to take some warships out - as a concession to Rome's feelings. <sup>But my doing so</sup> ~~Yes, I have ordered these ships out, but it~~ really isn't any

concession, you know. It isn't that at all. It's a mere matter of routine. The ships are going on manoeuvres out in the Atlantic, merely a matter of schedule."

Rome answers with a vigorous nod. "Quite true. Some people may think that the withdrawal of the British ships is a concession to me. They say I'll be tickled because such a big chunk of British fighting power has been taken away from my front door. But no. It is not that. The departure of the British ships is a purely technical measure without political significance." Those words were used by government spokesmen in Rome today.

The gist of it all is that Rome is striking an attitude of stern dignity, perhaps even a little defiant, and the answer may be - oil. In the British Parliament today charges were made that British oil interests were selling the liquid fuel to Italy hand over fist - namely, the great Anglo-Persian concern. ~~Yesterday we had the rumor that our own Standard Oil Company, agreed to supply Italy, in case the oil embargo was slapped on by the League.~~ Today a dispatch from Rome tells us that the

Vacuum Oil Company, connected with <sup>Standard Oil</sup> ~~the Rockefeller interests~~

has made arrangements to build a modern oil refinery in Naples at a cost of Six million dollars. This is taken to indicate that the oil embargo, if it really happens, won't mean so much.



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Sooner or later the bill is added up and handed to you -- no matter whether its for a party in a night club, an order of Christmas presents, or a war. In this case it's a war, and the nation that's looking at the bill is Bolivia. For the fun of fighting Paraguay in that protracted bitter struggle in the Gran Chaco, it cost Bolivia eight hundred million pesos which comes to a hundred and ninety-five million dollars in American cash. Or rather -- it doesn't cost Bolivia anything. It's Don Simon Patiño who pays the pesos. But then, Don Simon Patiño is Bolivia. It's his country, in the most literal sense of the word. He just about owns it. He's a fabulous <sup>multi-</sup>millionaire, recognized to be one of the <sup>four or five</sup> five richest men in the world. And it was he who financed personally -- the Bolivian part of the Chaco war. He agreed to put up every peso for it, they say. Glad to do it. ~~Because a war fought for Bolivia is a war fought for Don Simon Patino. Patino is right as tin. He's the world's greatest magnate of tin -- and tin means Bolivia.~~

The story takes us back <sup>forty</sup> years when an obscure mining engineer made a mistake. He was small and swarthy, and

people thought him smart -- until he allowed himself to be gipped by taking a bad piece of land for what should have been a good hundred dollar debt. He did it in behalf of the firm he was working for. The land he took for the hundred dollars was so terrible that his boss said "keep it yourself," and fired him. The unlucky engineer set out with two Indian guides to see what he could do with this luckless piece of real estate. He found nothing but stone and sand, where even weeds would hardly grow. It wasn't of any possible use -- on the surface.

So, the engineer started to dig -- and he struck tin. The record shows that in one ten year period that tin mine yielded sixty million dollars.

Such was the beginning of Don Simon Patiño who proceeded to develop and monopolize the tin mines of Bolivia. And Bolivia means tin. And Don Simon is reputed to own two-thirds of the world's sources of that humble but necessary metal. Out of every three tin cans you toss in an ash can, out of every three tinfoil wrappers you tear from a bar of chocolate or a stick of chewing gum -- two of them come from the mines of the

Bolivian tin magnate.

What's the position of Don Simon Patino in Bolivia?  
The story of that relates that the fabulous millionaire lived for a long time with his three daughters. But that came to an end seventeen years ago -- when his last daughter got married. So he was lonely. And he got himself appointed Bolivian Ambassador to Paris, and has been that ever since. At seventy he's a characteristic figure along the boulevards -- the man of tin, who finances a war - from Paris. The bill? Two hundred million dollars. Two hundred million! to be paid by one man! Pardon me while I gulp - and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.