

LONDON

P. T. - Sunco. Tues., Oct. 22, 1935.

Amman
WBC

Soothing and calming, amicable, almost caressing -- use all the words you can think of that mean the opposite of threatening and storming. They'll describe the proceedings in the British Parliament, which went into session today. Yet, with all these nice amiable words, ~~xx~~ there was a decided backbone of firm decision in the statement to Parliament by Sir Samuel Hoare, the British Foreign Minister.

As you study his declaration, you notice three angles.

The first and most obvious -- that olive branch spirit spoken in the direction of Italy. Let's look at some of ~~his~~ ^{Sir Samuel's} phrases--

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like this:- "The unattractive road of economic action against an old friend and former ally."

speech goes ~~like~~ ^{way:-} this [^] "A war between Britain and Italy? It is only dangerous and provocative to talk about it." ^R These coo-

ing sentiments are crystalized in a definite suggestion of early peace. ^{Britain's} ~~The~~ Foreign Secretary pointed out that Italy ^{is} ~~was~~ [^] still

a member of the League of Nations, and that the economic sanctions already decreed by the League of Nations would not ^{be} ~~not~~ [^] put into effect for ten days. He called that interval a breathing spell

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and asked whether it couldn't be utilized for a quick arrangement. His hope is for a peace agreement with Italy before the day of sanctions comes around. Ten days left for an eleventh hour ^{settlement.} ~~arrangement.~~

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The second phase of Sir Samuel Hoare's statement laid down some exceedingly definite points. He declared that England alone would never make any move against Italy in the Italian-Ethiopian tangle. He announced categorically that England will not close the Suez Canal. ~~to Italy.~~ If there were military action against Italy it would not be on the part of England, but something done by the League of Nations and decreed by its members. Of course, we've had plenty of British statements in the past few days that England has no hostile intentions against Italy. ^{And} Now the Foreign Secretary's announcement of policy _A to Parliament makes that as official as official can be.

Nevertheless, there was a third point to be observed -- that backbone of firmness. Amid all the kind things he said about Rome Sir Samuel Hoare stayed close to the distinct understanding -- that Great Britain intended to back up the League of Nations in its policy of economic sanctions against Mussolini.

The international tension has been quieting down a lot ever since last weekend and another large cask of tranquilizing oil was poured on troubled waters in London today.

Haile Selassie
ETHIOPIA

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Emperor Haile Selassie did a dramatic turn on the stage of life and war today. It might have been darkly theatrical had he emitted a burning blast against Italian atrocities. It's always the expected thing for a nation at war to shout "Atrocity!", So, when the King of Kings turned around and did the absolute opposite, it was springing a surprise, ~~that's the~~^Q treasured thing in anybody's stage play.

The Emperor of Ethiopia issued a blanket declaration, denying the atrocity stories that have come out of Ethiopia. About the dum dum bullet yarn, he announced there was nothing in it. The Italians have not been using dum dums, he said. The same about poison gas. He denied Mussolini's armies had been dropping gas bombs, to burn and choke the Ethiopians.

Moreover, he took the opportunity to ~~smash~~^{squash} another atrocity tale that we hadn't heard so much about. It had been told that in the war on the southern front, Italian tanks had rushed into the villages of Ogaden, machine-gunning the terrified civilians, running ~~them down~~^{amds} and crushing peaceful people beneath ponderous grinding tanks. Haile Selassie says - nothing like this ever happened.

Now we have it all officially today. The head of a nation in war giving an official denial of the atrocities charged against his own and his country's enemies. Haile Selassie declared that he would not let his own troops use poison gas or dum dums, and neither would he allow the enemy to be falsely accused of the same. "Let's try", he said, "to mitigate the inherent horrors of war by being frank and honest and give our enemies credit where credit is due." Spoken like a king, say I.

Yet, it is permissible to wonder a bit and ask maybe a ~~xxx~~ sophisticated question. Can it be that the Emperor of Ethiopia is making his gesture of good-will to ease the spirit of war bitterness? A lot of gestures of good-will are being made these days. Can Haile Selassie's denial be interpreted as a possible sign that a real underground peace movement is going on, he doing his part to relax the tension and evoke a friendly spirit?

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Military men must have shaken their heads knowingly when they read about that minor disaster the Ethiopians suffered on the northern front. The word of it comes from Addis Ababa and tells how the tribal warriors made ^a violent rush attack against machine gun positions, ^{and} were mowed down. They were simply charging into annihilation.

It has been said a thousand times that it would be the starkest calamity for the badly armed East Africans to rush in masses against the mechanized weapons of the Italians. Foreign military advisors have been drumming that into the minds of the Ethiopian commanders. It is clearly, obviously the wisdom of war. Yet, ~~with~~ the fact remains that the old East African tradition of battle is the mass attack, the headlong rush of the swarming horde. ~~So how can you restrain proud traditional warriors and persuade them to do their fighting in guerrilla fashion.~~

^{And} That ^{was} just the trouble. Later explanations from Addis Ababa tell that the fighting men ^{commanded by} Dedjazmatch Ayélu made their rush attack against ^{his} orders. Ayelu could not control them. They were tired of waiting, tired of hanging back, ~~thought~~ it was

cowardise. They demanded swift, overwhelming battle. ^{Dedjazmatch Ayelu} ~~he~~ said

"no". He knew better. ^{But -} ~~^~~ They told him to go to the Abyssinian

blazes; they'd fight; and, they did. With wild yells they dashed to the attack, hurled themselves against the nests of machine guns. It's the story all over again of how the fuzzy wuzzies flung themselves upon Kitchener's flaming British squares at Omdurman.

The same story, in a smaller way, just as disastrous. ^π And the

Ethiopian General, Dedjazmatch Ayelu, what of him? He was shot and lies wounded. The battle storm of his wild tribes ^{swept} ~~passed~~

him into the fight ^{that} ~~if~~ he didn't want. Haile Sealssie ^{has} ~~sent~~

his own physician by plane to attend the wounded general.

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SOLDIER

There's one soldier in the Italian army who presumably is seeking death in battle. According to all the rules of ~~dramatics~~ dramatics, he must be yearning for the forgetfulness that a bullet can bring. The story comes, not from Adowa, Axum, Tigre or Ogaden, but from St. Paul, Minnesota. It tells of one, Michael ^{Boncore,} Angelo, who served a twenty-three year term in the Minnesota State Prison. It seems that Michael Angelo, those long years ago, suspected some other fellow of stealing his money. Suspecting, ~~in~~ Michael Angelo killed. He was tried and convicted and sentenced to life.

^{we heard how}
Last spring [^]Michael Angelo, the lifer, was granted a pardon - on the condition that he return to his native Italy. This ^{he} ~~Michael Angelo~~ was glad to do, because for all those prison years he had a memory - the memory of a girl he had known when he was a young man in his native village. She had sworn eternal devotion, vowed that she would wait for him. As a life-term convict, Michael Angelo had given up all hope of gaining the girl of his prison dreams. He had not heard from her for years, but he ^{was sure} ~~knew~~ she was waiting. Now he was offered freedom, freedom

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if he would go back to Italy, back to his native ~~at~~ village, back to the girl. He boarded ship rejoicing. We had that much of the story at the time it happened.

Now, a letter has come to Harry Walsh, a St. Paul lawyer, who was Michael Angelo's attorney. The letter is postmarked - East Africa. In it the onetime Lifer tells how he returned to the girl who vowed she'd be true, and found her long married with a large family of grown-up children. So Michael Angelo's dreams were shattered. In broken hearted despair he rushed to a recruiting office shouting "Duce, Duce" and enlisted for the East African war; eager for the miasmal fright of the tropics; eager for bullets and bayonets, shot and shell - anything, to forget!

SHOES

One bit of news has caused considerable speculation today. It germinates out of a tiny bit of statistics, issued by the Commerce Department in Washington. In just two lines it tells of an order placed for a million square feet of heavy leather. What country is buying? Why Czechoslovakia. What firm? The renowned Bahtya, shoe manufacturing concern. Who are they going to sell the shoes to? Italy. Mussolini has placed an order for Three hundred thousand shoes with the Bahtya firm, boots intended for Ethiopia.

Let's observe the odd combination - Bahtya and Ethiop-
yah. The highest renown for shoes, and complete shoelessness!
The bare feet of the Ethiopian army has become a standard gag,
worn to frazzles, worked to death, while the name of Bahtya
signifies a flaunting romance of shoes.

Some sixty years ago, Thomas Bahtya was a poor cobbler in the town of Zlin. Presently shoe machinery came along, mass production. He said to his sons: "Somebody told me there are Thirty million people in India, and they don't wear shoes. That's a shame."

A year later a big freight steamer put into Bombay - one million pairs of shoes aboard. And in barefoot India the footwear sold like hot cakes.

The shoemaker and his sons looked into their geographies and discovered that there were Four hundred million people in China, barefoot, wearing sandals and slippers and what not. That was followed by Bahtya ships crammed with low price shoes, steaming into Shanghai.

Today the prime example of a nation that remains unshod is Ethiopia. I suppose the appropriate thing would be for the Bahtya firm to put shoes on the Ethiopians. That might not be such a sound thing financially just now. So instead they are selling Three hundred thousand pairs to the Italians for use in Ethiopia, putting shoes on the feet that are marching ~~to~~ to conquer the land of bare feet.

Anyway, in the whirl of the storm that swirls around the barefoot empire, we find this romance of shoes.

RUTH NICHOLS

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There's something medieval about the events in that hospital in Troy, New York. ^{A cloistered} philosopher of the middle ages would have brooded ^{over} the dark ways of death and life - birth, marriage, the grave. The injured pilot died, Harry Hublitz, who flew the big plane for Ruth Nichols when it crashed. Ruth Nichols herself, hovering in a crisis of her injury, ^{then -} and ^{two} marriages! The four others who were in that ill-fated plane, two men and two women, ~~being~~ injured, ~~in the hospital~~ - and ^{now} a double wedding.

The tragedy deepens with the knowledge that the sky voyage that started out for Florida and ended in a crash against a tree, was intended to be a honeymoon trip. Ruth Nichols and Harry Hublitz were accompanied by two mechanics, Raymond Haines and William Holt - also by two girls, Gladys and Nena Berkenheiser. The two plane mechanics and the two sisters planned to be married - in the air - a sky wedding. ~~Then they were to honeymoon on to Florida, where the plane would be put into regular service. The two couples had planned to enter the employ of the aviation enterprise down there.~~

But the honeymoon jaunt ended in a disastrous crash.

Death came swooping, but romance, the old way of life, continues in its way. The two couples were injured, but not so badly. Instead of being married in the air, they were married ^{after the crash,} ~~in a hospital.~~ So while the gloomy bell tolls, the wedding bells ring out.

BLUNDERS

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There seems to be a good deal of confusion somewhere in Washington. Of course, ~~the~~ government, with its bureaucratic complexity and red tape, is known to pull a funny boner, ~~cockeyed oversight~~, every so often. But when you get two on the same day, it seems to indicate the boys are ~~getting into some intricate tangles~~ ^{in a tangle.}

One concerns the man in Los Angeles, who got a series of A.A.A. checks to compensate him for cutting down the cotton crop he grows on his land. The only trouble is, ~~he doesn't grow any cotton~~, he never has grown any cotton, and he doesn't own any land. He is Frederick B. Fancher. He used to be Republican Governor of North Dakota, which makes the ~~check~~ ^{joke} all the more luscious. He has received ^{four} A.A.A. checks of Eighty-eight Dollars each, checks paying for cotton crop reduction on land that belongs to somebody else entirely.

The second hot one tells of a New Jersey coal dealer who sold a ton of coal to the government and got Two hundred and Fifty thousand Dollars for it. George Duggan sent in a bill for Twelve bucks, and he was pleased when the government check came

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so promptly. He nearly fainted when he saw the check ^{was} ~~for~~ for a quarter of a million dollars. It was made out to the State Treasurer of New Jersey and was a bit of financing in one of the government alphabet agencies. Somebody had put the wrong check in the wrong envelope. Presumably the state alphabet agency got the Twelve Dollars. Anyway, George Duggan, the coal dealer, got the quarter of a million! — *but, not for keeps.*

LUDEENDORFF

Over in Germany, in a Bavarian castle, there struts an old man, who is distinctively peculiar. ~~He~~ He has got a hate against Jews, against Free Masons, against Catholics, against Americans. He's Germany's renowned World War figure, General Erich Ludendorff, ^{von} Hindenburg's partner. Now he growls against the various things he hates, struts across the castle grounds, with his hand always ready on his pistol, ready to shoot a Jew, a Free Mason, a Catholic, or an American. Every so often in his fantastic proclamations, the crusty, ~~crusty~~ ^{crusty} veteran says something that cuts and hurts. And that's the latest thing he has done, spoken up with a pronunciamento that's mightily irksome to Nazi Germany - to Hitler in particular.

"Germany", says Ludendorff - "Germany should be ruled by a war lord." ^R Well, Hitler considers himself quite a bit of a war lord. Isn't he rebuilding the German war machine? Isn't he always talking up the thunders of battle? He is, but that doesn't satisfy ~~satisfy~~ the soul of Ludendorff.

When the old World War commander talks of a war lord, he doesn't mean the Kaiser. He explains precisely - a general.

The ruler of Germany should be a military officer of high rank.

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That's where it hurts. European Fascism, with all its militaristic enthusiasm, doesn't go in for generals. Fascism seems to prefer corporals. Mussolini, the grand and original dictator, was a corporal in the World War. So was Hitler himself. So it's a bit disconcerting, when you're building war machines, and are strutting as a lord of battle, to have a celebrated magnifico of militarism remind you - that, after all, you're only a corporal.

Ludendorff argues that, ~~after all~~, peace is merely a preparation for war. You wouldn't put a corporal in command of the army in wartime, so why put him at the top ~~in~~ any time?

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A few months ago, Hitler and the Nazis put on a national celebration of General Ludendorff's seventieth birthday, and deluged him with honors. And now the old boy says to the almost divine leader - ^{your} "Just a corporal," and

~~Himmel, noch ein mahl!~~ and

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SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.