

DIVINE

L. J. - Sunoco. Friday, April 23, 1937.

Today there was the weirdest kind of hullabaloo in New York. Wild yells of - "Peace" and "God!" Milling throngs of blacks in mad hysteria singing and chanting strange hallelujahs! Frenzied anthems like this - "We'll always go on. Father Divine is God Almighty! We'll always go on." All this furore accompanied the jailing, arraignment and release on bail of the negro cult leader who is worshipped by thousands of fanatical followers as the Divinity.

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The self-styled diety made some interesting comment today about his arrest, which occurred yesterday at Milford, Connecticut. The police had a tip that Father Divine was hiding in a cult resort there, one of those haunts of religious uproar, which he calls "Heaven." When the cops arrived at the gate of heaven, they were confronted by a giant negro, who said he was - Simon Peter. And Peter refused them admission into heaven. The cops say they pushed the saint-with-the-key around a bit and searched the building. And ^{there} they found "God", found him in the cellar, hiding behind the furnace. It was a critical moment for the dusky diety - as he explained today. He said he tried to

"invisiblize" himself, but it didn't work. His divine powers failed him as the cops looked that way, and he remained entirely visible as they nabbed him.

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He was whisked down to New York, to police headquarters. There he was received with not exactly divine honors - but still with honor after a fashion. Locked up for the night, his case to be heard in the morning - he was put in cell Number One. That's the dungeon in which the more distinguished or formidable prisoners are held. It's the cell in which Bruno Richard Hauptmann was kept, after his arrest - and before he went to his doom in New Jersey. So ~~it was~~ with ~~this~~ grim and forbidding ~~sort of~~ honor ~~that~~ Father Divine was kept in jail for the night, ~~the weird revivalist who is worshipped as "God."~~

The news flashed to the dusky corners of Harlem, and thousands of "God's" angels flocked downtown to police headquarters. They jammed the streets around that formidable building, pushing, swarming, parading - with shouts of "Peace" and "God!" The whole neighborhood reechoed with their frantic

chanting. "Let not your hearts be troubled," they sang - "We're not afraid. Father Divine is ruler of this whole round world!"

The leader appeared to be a shouting ^{angel} ~~negro~~ called "Happy Heart."

They kept up the pandemonium all night long, and in the wee hours got hungry, swarmed into a nearby lunch room and ate up everything. ~~One dark angel thought of the Divinity in his~~

prison cell - he might be hungry. The angel procured a huge stack of egg sandwiches and took them to the door of the jail.

"God's favorite food is eggs," said the ^{angel} ~~pleaded Thomas~~

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(Today Father Divine went through the ~~formalities of~~ formalities of the law. He appeared guarded by two negro detectives,) and they made a strange looking trio. Cops are always big fellows, and the two negro detectives were giants. The cult leader is short, squat, pudgy and yellow. So there was a towering Goliath on each side of the little "God."

(Questioned by the police and the judge, Father Divine pleaded innocent. He declared he hadn't anything to do with the stabbing of a white man, when a court summons was served on him in his Harlem heaven. "I was preaching with great enthusiasm,"

he testified. Someone started to push me around. And ^{there} I was some
excited ^{ment} ~~and~~. That, he said was all he knew about the ^{stabbing} ~~excitement~~.

He was held on a five hundred dollar bail, whereupon
a negro woman in a red dress pushed forward. From her purse she
drew a huge roll of bills, and peeled off one hundred five dollar
notes, and ^{handed them} ~~handed~~ to the clerk - the bail money.) She turned
to the dusky divinity with humble reverence: "I'm Saint Mary Bloom,"
she said. "I'm one of your angels."

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(Thereupon the word flashed to the crowd outside, and
the yell went up: "God is free, God is free!") The fat little
divinity emerged, amid wild shrieking, and started uptown in a
shiny limousine. He went to his Harlem heaven, and there another
milling mob was gathered. A shrieking jubilee was staged - with
the chant: "God is reigning in the land!" ^{TR} I suppose it's still
going on.

The pudgy divinity ~~looks~~ is in his glory tonight, but
he ~~has~~ still ^{has} ~~got~~ the charge to face in the stabbing affray. Not
only that, the police have found something ^{else} against him - ~~something~~
concerning bootleg coal. They say the Divine heaven has been

heated with illegal fuel -- provided by an angel called the Blessed Thomas. This angelic creature scorns the bootleg coal charge. "God don't need earthly fuel," says the Blessed Thomas.

More important still is the apostasy of "Faithful Mary" which I mentioned last night. The Divine custom has been to hold extensive properties in the name of various angels. A large part of them is in the name of Faithful Mary, but she now renounces her former "God" and declares that she won't turn the property over to him. Today's word indicates that she may be able to keep it.

But the climax of the heavenly troubles comes in an announcement concerning Mother Horne. The Mother runs an opposition cult in Harlem. She's a dangerous rival for the dusky "God". She declares tonight she's going to preach a sermon, about Father Divine -- a real step winder. And her text will be: "The Devil's Got To Move On." When "God is called "Old Nick", that real trouble.

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Strike News -- varied:-

The Oshawa strikers today ratified yesterday's settlement. So there's one trouble out of the way. But there's violence in California's Agricultural strike. Many injured when workers fought with baseball bats against tear gas.

AUSTRIA

The result of that conference in Venice, is a joint statement today issued by Premier Mussolini of Italy and Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria. The declaration refers to a third nation Germany. The Duce and the Chancellor tell the world that Germany cannot be ignored in the affairs of Austria and the other nations on the Danube. Hitler's Reich has to be let in. The way today's statement phrases it is that Germany must take part in the preservation of peace along the Danube, but that of course merely means that Berlin shall have something to say - a good deal to say.

The meaning of the diplomatic document is made vividly clear by an Italian newspaper article published today. Its author is Gayda -- who is recognized as the journalistic spokesman for Mussolini. Gayda predicts that the Nazis in Austria will soon be given a partnership in the Vienna government. He adds that an Austrian Nazi official will take part in the government side in the negotiation to effect a settlement between the Austrian Nazis and Schuschnigg's own party.

So the hand of Hitler will be laid on Vienna, lightly at first, -- but it will be there

There's a rumor, sensational in tone, that Austria may be divided between Germany and Italy.

Mussolini has declared himself against the restoration of the Hapsburgs. And this was a bitter blow to the Austrian Chancellor. He himself is a Monarchist, and it was he who broached the subject -- demanding Italian support for an Austrian King. But Mussolini was adamant. He said that if Vienna restored the monarchy, Vienna would do so at Vienna's own risk. It would be likely to lead to a revolt of the Nazis in Austria. In that event, he would not send the Italian army to support the Monarchist Austrian government.

All of which seems to put a stop to the ambition of that devoted mother, the Ex-empress Zita. Beautiful and strong willed, she has devoted her life to her children, especially her oldest son, heir to the imperial tradition of the Hapsburgs. She has worked incessantly, using influence, pulling wires, conducting agitation - to have her son restored to the throne of his

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forefathers. Several times she seemed within an inch of success -
but today the turn of international politics is against her.

SPAIN

(The news from Spain is dominated by the name - Bilbao. The reports seem to indicate that British warships ~~and~~ ^{tools} a dominant part in breaking the Rebel blockade. British food-ships steamed for the harbor of the beleaguered and starving city, but they were stopped by Nationalist warships - a shot fired across the bow, ~~in~~ the usual way of the sea. But the giant British dreadnought, the HOOD, steamed to the scene, with two destroyers. And that effectively deterred the blockading vessels. The HOOD escorted the food ships to the three mile limit, and there they were taken into a convoy by a Left ~~Wing~~ Wing armed trawler.

So Bilbao ate ~~more~~ more freely tonight, food for the famished - while the international tangle may become more complicated because of the British blockade breaking.

On the land side of Bilbao, Franco's men are driving ^{with} on their attack. The assault takes a still more formidable appearance, with the report of Italian artillery on its way to thunder in the ^{seige} ~~beleaguement~~ of the city. It's reported that fifteen hundred Italian artillery ^{men} with their cannon passed through

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San Sebastian today - on their way to Bilbao.

Meanwhile we have reports again of revolt in the insurgent ranks. On the southern front, a Rebel outfit is said to have mutined and killed its officers and deserted to the Left Wingers.

CORONATION

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I have here a handsome and ornate booklet, just sent to me by Douglas Williams, American correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph. He tells me it is one of the first consignment to arrive in the United States, a consignment of eighty thousand copies, one hundred thousand to be sent here from England in all.

They will be distributed by banks and business houses as courtesies to their customers. It's the official program of the Coronation.

Skimming through this copy here I see ~~many pictures of the royal family — the king's brothers, all except one. You can guess who is omitted — the Duke of Windsor who was to have been crowned at this same coronation. There are~~ descriptions of the ceremony, one written by the Archbishop of Canterbury. There's a reprint of the liturgy, and a prayer written by the poet laureate John Masefield. The eye catches one stanza, which reads:-

"Grand ⁺ that our king may make this ancient land
A realm of brothers, working mind and hand."

Then there's a coronation essay which John Drinkwater ~~xxx~~ wrote

before he died. Let's look at one passage in it

~~This~~^{which} has a bearing on questions asked ^{nowadays:-} Why all the hullabaloo? Why so much worldwide interest in the crowning of the British king? Why do Britishers take their royalty so seriously, so sacredly? Here's what John Drinkwater wrote.

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"In relation to his King, the citizen of the British Empire is a mystic. He sees a man whose inheritance it is to be the accepted apothe^osis of all his subjects." John Drinkwater speaks of the desire ~~the desire~~ for a symbol that shall stand above all creeds and parties, "and so," ^{he} ~~write: John Drinkwater,~~
"The world looks on a little bewildered, a little incredulous perhaps but with good will in any case."

~~Perhaps this~~ This idea of the mysticism of the symbol may help us to understand all the to-do about the coronation of the British King.

here I
In this Coronation program ~~you will~~ observe many handsome pictures of the royal family, a stunning one of the two little princesses, ~~in~~ Also, ~~x~~ photographs of the King's brothers, the royal dukes, -- all except one. But you can guess which one

is omitted -- he was to have been crowned at this same Coronation, but he is now the Duke of Windsor.

~~likewise,~~ The ex-King appears in the news today -- threatening libel. Edward is highly incensed by a book in which he and his brief reign are handled most severely. Published ten days ago, *it's* called "Coronation Commentary" and was written by Jeffry Dennis a fairly well-known ~~English~~ English author. Today the ~~book~~ Duke of Windsor through his London solicitors, made a demand of the publishers. They must withdraw the book and apologize to the Duke, or they will be sued for libel. The one time monarch is said to be exceedingly angry *at* phrases like this:- "His lover's prodigality, his shrill king's rage against those who denied her to him, infatuation, duty neglected, irregular hours, irregular habits, muddling, fuddling, meddling." So the scathing commentary runs.

~~Yes, these are words to offend.~~ The book goes on this way:- "Until the marriage to Mrs. Simpson was ~~noted~~ they had no notion of how to get rid of him. She who they pretended was disaster was in fact ⁺ a God-send." The slashing attack carries

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the royal romance to its catastrophe in these ^{following} embittered words:-
"He was a ~~xx~~ tragic broken ~~xxxx~~ man, but off to the sun and white
snow he went with full trunks and full pockets." ~~xxxx~~ Such
is the literary style that has brought the threat of libel
suit under the severe British libel law.

Many a sentimental movie-struck damsel would give her all to sit and gaze at Clark Gable at close range and as long as she pleases. That priceless boon was granted today to Mrs. Violet Wells Norton, who claims that the movie idol is the father of her fourteen year old daughter. Insisting that Clark Gable is the man, she demanded an opportunity ~~xxx~~ to look him over and make sure. So the Hollywood shiek was called to the witness stand today so that the lady might scrutinize him. And scrutinize she did, while he returned her stare, stony, impassive. She studied him from head to foot, from his

hair-comb to his shoes -- especially the latter. Then she said

-- "Make him ~~take~~ ^{take} off his shoes. ~~xxx~~ ^{" And} perhaps right there you may discover ~~a~~ ^{the height} ~~rise~~ of happiness for ~~xx~~ a movie-struck damsel -- to gaze at Clark Gable's feet. What happiness! *What bliss!*
What---!"

The defendant, Mrs. Norton thought she might achieve a more complete recognition -- maybe by saying -- Yes, it's he, *This little piggy went to the market. pink*
 I know him by his little toe. [^] How can I forget that little [^] toe."

But she didn't get the opportunity. The Court refused to make the handsome ~~xx~~ Gable take off his shoes. And Hollywood was

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denied the supreme sensation -- the Gable tootsies bared in open court.

Mrs. Norton was in no wise deterred. Even with the shoes on she declared -- "It's 'im. It's 'im."

The case now goes to the jury to decide whether the defendants used the mails to defraud when they tried to get money from Clark Gable. — make him foot the bill.

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And e-l-u = Monday!