

L.J. - Sunco. Wed., Oct. 14, 1936.

YACHTS

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In less than a year from now you ^{will}~~will~~ have the opportunity to see another international yacht race. That is, provided you have the price. Provided also that you have something ^{else}~~still~~ ^{almost as}~~more~~ important, the patience. Personally, I've never watched a yacht race. I like action for my money. ~~But~~ my newspaper colleagues who've had those assignments to cover tell me ~~that~~ they are the dullest and most appalling and most exasperating of all spectacles, ~~to watch,~~ though they have their aspect of beauty.

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Be that as it may, the next race for the America's Cup will take place July Thirty-First, Nineteen Thirty-Seven. Once more T.O.M. Sopwith, who made his millions out of airplanes, will try to drop a few of them, challenging for that ungainly trophy on that date. As usual, the race will be held off Newport, Rhode Island. And as usual nobody will know until almost the last moment, what yacht will carry the American flag against the British challenger.

There seems to be no discouraging these British

challengers. The fourth Earl of Dunraven tried it three times and finished by being hoofed out of the New York Yacht Club, for accusing us Americanos of chiseling. ~~God save the mark~~

Another Tom, Tom Lipton, the tea king, had no fewer than

— and got nowhere.
five whacks at it, (The airplane king came nearer to it than the tea king.) And next August we shall see what we shall see.

For my part, when those races are sailed, I shall probably be at the ball game, ~~quite~~ content to read about them in your favorite evening newspaper.

RACE

That round-the-world race is on its ~~almost~~ last lap,
let's say the last but one. Roy Howard's boy, Bud Ekins of
the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM and Scripps Howard papers, has left
Guam, and is on his way to Wake Island. ^{But-} His lead has been cut
down. Dorothy Kilgallen of the International News Service,
and Leo Kieran of the NEW YORK TIMES and North American
Newspaper Alliance, are only two thousand miles behind him now.

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^H Last Saturday Bud Ekins had a lead of five thousand ~~miles~~. ^{However} ~~But~~
~~Dorothy~~ ~~Miss Kilgallen~~ and ~~Leo Kieran~~ are aboard a steamer, the PRESIDENT
PIERCE, while Ekins is on the HAWAII CLIPPER. The PRESIDENT PIERCE
will reach Manila on Thursday. But it will also ^{get there} ~~reach it~~
this afternoon. That sounds Chinese or ~~double~~ double Dutch.
Actually, it's just a difference in time. Thursday in Manila
is Wednesday afternoon on the eastern seaboard of the U.S.A.

~~Miss Kilgallen and Mr.~~ Kieran and ~~Miss~~ Kilgallen will board the
CHINA CLIPPER, sister plane of the HAWAII CLIPPER, on Friday.

^{Meaning}
~~But, if you have followed me so far,~~ they will start tomorrow
afternoon, Friday being Thursday if you
know what I mean.

From Wake Island Bud Ekins will take off for Honolulu.

thence to San Francisco. And I suppose we must consider his last lap the jump from the Golden Gate to New York.

~~I have just heard an interesting~~ ^{Here's a} sidelight on this

Jules Verne trip. ~~of Bud Ekins~~ ^E Though for most of his long

journey ^{Bud} ~~he~~ has been in foreign parts, he has been traveling

in airships of American make, with American equipment. ~~Strike~~

Guy Vaughn, President of Curtiss-Wright, tells me that ~~one~~ ^{for}

over seventy-five per cent of his round-the-world race, Ekins

will have been carried in craft of ~~good old~~ American origin, ~~or~~

~~rather good new American origin~~. He traveled a large portion

of the distance ^{via Koninklijke Luchvaart Maatschappij} ~~on the K.L.M.~~ the Royal Dutch Lines. They use

American planes. And of course Pan-American does ^{also.} ~~the same~~

Guy Vaughn tells me that no fewer than forty-six foreign

countries use planes of American invention, ~~design~~ design and

manufacture. ^{Which is} ~~That's something to think about. It's~~ a vastly

different picture than ~~that~~ I beheld when I was trotting the

airlines of Europe with Major Lester Gardner, just ten years ago.

SPAIN

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There's rain in Spain and the fighters flounder around in mud. But that's ~~xx~~ nothing to the flundering among the diplomats. They ~~will~~ get all the countries of Europe at one another's throats yet, if something doesn't stop them. The threat today comes from Moscow. The Soviet is ~~putting~~ ^{doing} its darndest to upset the peace applecart. The Bolshevik government demands nothing less than a blockade of Portugal. ~~Why Portugal?~~ Because ~~it~~ that's supposed to be the center of traffic for arms, ^{and munitions} ~~supplies and re-enforcements~~ for the Spanish rebels.

The Russian Bolsheviks are apparently quite in earnest in this last endeavor to help their partisans in Spain. Their demand was communicated officially and most peremptorily in a message to London. That of course is the headquarters of the International Committee on non-intervention. This communication to Lord Plymouth chairman of the committee insists upon the establishment of immediate control over all Portuguese ports. And it ~~suggest~~ suggests that this control should be entrusted to the fleets of ~~Great Britain~~ ^{Britain} or France or both. ^{And meanwhile that battle for making the battle in the mud grows more desperate.} Another ^{scare} comes from Paris. French Fascists are arming

for a rebellion. That's the charge being broadcast from France today. The serious point of it is that it comes from Premier Blum's own newspaper. Colonel De la Rocque, head of the disbanded Cross of Fire ~~organization~~ is arming his followers for a "putsch", a coup d'etat to upset the government and put the Fascists on the throne.

WALES

Today's news takes us into an untrodden by-path of history. The latest problem to disturb the constantly troubled dreams of John Bull is that of the Welsh, a problem everybody thought was solved long ago. The ancient name of the Welsh is Cymry. They - and the Cornish - are supposed to be the only real descendants of the original inhabitants of England. Conquered first by the Romans under Vespasian, then driven out by the Saxons, they took refuge in the mountains of Wales. There ~~xx~~ the ancient religion of the Druids survived long after it had perished in Gaul and in England. When the Cymrians were converted by St. David, their patron saint, they adopted Christianity with a highly poetic and mystic fervor. There is even a tradition that the holy Grail is in a monastery hidden among the mountains of Wales.

In Anno Domini, Nineteen Seventeen, a fellow named

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Tom Wilson, whose ancestors lived in Carlisle, not so far from the borders of Wales, made the air of the world ring to a pregnant phrase, "determination of small nations." We know him better as Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. That phrase made a lot of difference in ~~the~~ history, also a lot of difference in the fees travelers have to pay for passport visas and the number of customs houses they have to pass through. The phrase was applauded vociferously in England, until it began to attack British ~~xx~~ interests. And today ^{another} ~~one of~~ the chickens hatched by that phrase is coming home to roost in Downing Street.

The British ~~Raj~~ had set up a military aviation school on the sacred Cymric soil. The purpose of this educational institution ~~was~~ to teach young men how to deposit bombs from the air upon the landscape and its occupants. The place where this bombing school was established is spelled ~~P-w-l-l-h-e-l-i~~ P-w-l-l-h-e-l-i, and you ^{all} have to pronounce it for yourselves. A fire broke out at that bombing school. Most of its buildings were destroyed by the flames. The circumstances were suspicious.

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Investigation showed that the fire was no accident. ~~But no~~
~~ordinary fire bugs had started that conflagration.~~ The blame
was fixed on three men. One of them a clergyman, another a
scholar, the third a schoolteacher. Did they deny their guilt?
They did not! They were proud of it. "We acted in fear² of God
against the moral violation of the natural rights of the Welsh
nation by the British government," said the Reverend Louis
Valentine, the spokesman of the three. The erection of a
bombing school on the soil of holy Wales was not merely an
outrage but a sacrilège, he claimed. At that² trial the jury
disagreed and a crowd² of triumphant nationalistic musical
Welshmen carried the three arsonists on their shoulders, singing
the "Men of Harlech" and a few ^{Welsh} ~~Baptist~~ hymns for good measure.

Shrewd observers of British affairs offer the guess
that this will be the end of the episode. John Bull, they say,
usually knows when not to stir up any unnecessary trouble.
It's only ten years since John had his panier full with the
Irish question, and maybe that isn't over yet. It's a
cinch he's not going to ask for trouble by ^{arousing} ~~stirring~~ the Welsh

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~~up~~ after they have been quiet for some five centuries. ^PTo
the rest of the world, it comes as news that there is a Welsh
nationalist party with serious ambitions. Since the anthracite
mines of Wales, with their "good sea coal", are among John Bull's
most valuable possessions, we may imagine how warmly he would
welcome a separatist movement on his eastern marches.

HUTCHINS

We cannot help wondering what the ghost of Elihu Yale would say to the rumor that a youngster of 37 ^{is} ~~is was~~ to be made president of the university he founded. Of course we all know the ^{old fashioned} tradition that the president of a university, of a college or any institution of learning should have a long grey beard and ideas to go with it. When young Bob Hutchins at the age of twenty-nine became Dean of the Law School at New Haven, ancient alumni scratched their polls and said:- "Tut, tut, what's the country coming to?" They ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ scratched a little deeper when they read that young Master Hutchins had been snatched away from Yale to become President of the University of Chicago. "Well, well," they said, "it's a young university, has no background and no history, so I suppose that's all right." ^{Whereupon} Master Hutchins ^{proceeded to make} ~~made an astounding~~ ^a record on the south shore of Lake Michigan.

Obviously a precocious fellow he demonstrated ^{striking} ~~amazing~~ ability. Mixed with his ~~fine~~ Phi Beta Kappa erudition he showed a sharp ^{speech} tongue, a swift facility in the vernacular, the ^{tongue} that us plain Americans talk. And he evinced to boot the plain American common sense that goes with that vivid

vocabulary. And now behold we have today the spectacular picture of a thirty-seven years old educator mentioned for the formidable post of President of Yale. Some think it almost a sacrilege that anybody who is not senescent should become the head of one of the two oldest universities in America, one of the most famous in the entire world.

You may ask how can such a comparative adolescent hold the reins of a great university, hold and retain authority, over master-in-artibus, professors - in-partibus, doctors of the higher learning who were mature before he was born? The answer seems to be that, in the common parlance, Proff Hutchins is a regular fella'.

There's an anecdote about him which maybe hypercritical, but which illustrates him pretty well. Said a Justice of the United States Supreme Court: "I suppose you tell your students that we of the Supreme Court are old-fashioned and getting well on towards our dotage." To which Hutchins replied: "No sir, I let them find that out for themselves."

Anyway James Rowland Angell for so many years president of Yale is about to retire. Five alumni from New Haven are being

considered. But the most spectacular and interesting is Robert Hutchins.

POLITICS

A curious picture confronts us in the political scene today, another dramatic juxtaposition. In the first place, we have President Roosevelt invading the heart of the enemy country, the state over which his rival is governor. The President in Kansas. And what did the Kansans do? They gave an ovation to the intruding rival of their native son. Then the President went on to Illinois where today he continued his campaign oratory.

But here's the other side of the picture. Governor Landon was in Detroit. After last night's speech at Navin Field, he went to Dearborn to visit the grand old Nestor of industrialism, Henry Ford. And the outcome of that visit was an authorized announcement from Dearborn. Says Henry Ford "I hope Alfred M. Landon will be elected. After having a long talk with him, I admire and believe in him. I think he is exceptionally well informed, has had experience along many lines, is open and honest in his opinions, knows where he stands." It is interesting to be reminded that some

eighteen years ago, Mr. Ford was a candidate for the ^{senate}~~presidential~~
~~nomination~~ on the Democratic ticket. ~~Ever~~ Since then, ~~of course,~~
he has been a ~~staunch and rugged~~ rock-ribbed Republican.

But here's a political story to divert us from the
more serious aspects of the campaign. The story of a fight,
black eyes, sore heads, knockdowns, a regular brawl, teeth
busted out. Was it a political rally? Gangsters, plug-uglies,
bruises, rioting? Nothing of the sort. The story comes from
the pleasant academic and maidenly groves of Northampton,
Massachusetts, the virginal site of Smith college. The
participants in the brawl were sweet girl graduates. It began
with a rally of two hundred and fifty sweet young things of
Republican persuasion. Torches and everything, chorus ^{es,} songs of
"Oh Suzanna!" and other campaign ^{chanties.} ~~songs.~~ And ~~S~~ sunflower standards
~~were~~ boldly in evidence. ^{TP} Almost at the door of the hall, the
procession met another procession. This also had gaudy
standards. But the legends on them were not polite. They
carried such sentiments as "Sunflowers die in November."
Others urged their sisters: "Don't be dumb, be a Democrat!"

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One particularly graphic illustrated placard had a picture of President Roosevelt on one side and ^{as his rival} on the other was a mouse.

That seems to have started the riot. ^H From all accounts it was

one of the swellest little rumpuses that ever took place in a

college town. Even Oxford, Cambridge and Paris, in the good

old days when they used to have town and gown riots, violent

affrays between students and citizens, couldn't have done

much better. Some of the bystanders took part. And then the

fight was on ~~really~~ in earnest. ^H ~~And~~ Today we hear ~~they were~~

~~not only~~ there are not only black eyes but broken finger nails

on the campus of Smith College, to say nothing of permanent

waves almost permanently ruined. *And s-l-u-t-m.*

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