

L.T. - SUNOCO. MONDAY, JULY 20, 1936.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

(At this moment the fair land of Spain is shut off from the rest of the world like a huge volcano raining with fire and surrounded by a sky-high wall. Not a train, not an automobile, not a horse, can pass the land frontiers. Not a boat can enter its harbors or land a living soul on its wide stretch of coasts. And -- inside those rigidly closed frontiers, rebellion runs red and fighting is ruthless.)

What has actually happened can't be told with any certainty. The government has screwed down on the news the most rigid censorship in history. Since Madrid controls the radio and all wires, it is obvious that only favorable correspondents are in Madrid. Most of the revolution, on the other hand, seems to be in Andalusia (Andalooseea), and other southern provinces.

What's its all about? To begin with, of course, (it's an uprising of the Right with a strong Fascist tinge.

The condition is nothing more or less than ~~XXXX~~ civil war against the Leftist government headed by President Manuel Azana (Athanya). When last February's elections put him into power, with a strong Leftist Radical majority, he decided to drop the turbulent burden of the premiership and step up into the safer and easier job of the presidency. To an extent that took him out of partisan politics *— only to land him tonight in the midst of wild revolution.*

As we had occasion to observe last Wednesday, this trouble has been brewing for a long while. Naturally, the Royalists and ~~the~~ Fascists were only biding their time for an attack on the government. On the other hand, the extremists among the peasants and workers were also becoming discontented. They were disappointed because their Leftist government was proceeding too slowly. They wanted what they wanted when they

wanted it. Thus we have the contrast of the rich landowners, *the* *done,* *Spanish* facing the distribution of their huge estates among the peasantry; *hidalgos* *of their land* *landowners* *with* the peasants furious because they were not turned ~~into~~ *landowners*

over night.

As premier, Senor Azana ~~has been~~ *was* able to handle the

situation. When he became president, the job fell into less experienced hands. So we had the serio-comic spectacle of three ~~ministries~~ ^{ministries} ~~governments~~ in Madrid in as many days.

Ostensibly, (as we have heard and read, the head of the revolution is General Francisco Franco. At any rate, he's the actual commander of the rebel troops.) But today we hear that the real man behind the rebellion is a fat, slovenly young lawyer-editor, who isn't in Spain at all. He's ~~an exile~~ across the ~~frontier~~ ~~border~~ French border in swanky, expensive Biarritz. The sword is the sword of Franco, but the brain behind the sword is that of the dynamic ~~exiled~~ dictator-maker, Gil (Hil) Robles.

We used to hear a lot about this fat little man now in Biarritz. He was the leader of the Right Wing, the white hope of the monarchists, the Catholics, the rich landowners. All his life he has been a violent opponent of the Reds and all other factions of the Left. Ever since he left school, he has been preaching that democracy was played out, denouncing parliamentary decadence. In short, he's a Fascist of the Fascists. Only a few who are able have the right to rule, says Gil Robles. Such

is the brain behind this revolution.

Now let's examine the man who wields the sword. Personally, General Francisco Franco -- brother of Franco the flyer -- is a jolly little fellow, stocky, with merry eyes. He's a Spaniard of the Galician type, olive skin, black pompadour, quick of movement, alert. As a soldier he's tops. It was he who was called out to crush the rebellion of Nineteen Thirty-Four, a rebellion of the Leftists against the Rightists, who were then in power. His handling of that situation gave him so much influence that he was talked of as the next dictator of Spain.

There's an ironic touch about his present activities. When the Leftists came into power a few months ago some of their leaders talked of exiling or demoting General Franco. He was obviously a dangerous figure. But he was too good a soldier, too able a general. So they left him where he was. In fact when the disorders broke out in Morocco, it was General Franco whom they loaded into a plane and told: "You go settle their hash." He settled it by joining'em -- joining the rebels.

One of the grapevine theories from Morocco is that the

Foreign Legion is at the bottom of the revolt. The new government recently ordered a "purification of the legion." The colonial commander-in-chief took his orders literally. He cleaned out the legion, root and branch, removed a lot of officers suspected of being politically disaffected. The answer of the legion was to turn upon the government.

As for the details of what is happening now in Spain, it's anybody's guess. The government announces that it is "master of the situation"; that one thousand rebel officers have been arrested. In the next sentence it admits that rebel strongholds in Madrid are being bombed from the air and bombarded with artillery. There seems to be more than a slight contradiction there. From Morocco we learn that the rebels have been conducting mass executions of government supporters.

Castles crumbling in Spain.

~~What a strange and drastic change of heart has come over the administration,~~ When one disaster after another swooped down upon the farming regions the first word from the government was "Millions of acres will have to be abandoned." And that meant "hundreds of thousands of farmers would have to be evacuated from the districts in which they lived, [^]removed and placed on better soil."

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Now the tune is different. Doctor Rexford Tugwell has been making a survey of the stricken areas. After a four day trip through Minnesota, the Dakotas and Wyoming he apparently reverses himself. ~~entirely~~ "It isn't abandonment we have to ~~xxx~~ think of," he says, "it's conservation and adjustment. It is true that on some farms the prospect of facing life seems impossible. But the Resettlement ~~xxxx~~ Administration now believes there is no farming district in the United States which will not continue to have some kind of agriculture or other. With a change of farming methods, by developing water resources many of those who live in the drought regions may find new opportunities right where they are."

The situation in the West is still acute. Government officials now doubt whether the eighty-five million dollars available will be enough. The immediate urgency is for loans, money grants to farmers, work relief projects with which they may sustain themselves.

Sorry news keeps coming from various parts of the country but it is not as it was. In some places the badly needed rains have been so torrential as to flatten the crops.

However, a touch of optimism comes from a new source. Railroad officials predict that the ruin of some thousands of farms will bring prosperity to other thousands. Where rain has fallen bumper crops are in sight. For those of course there will be bumper prices.

FARM JOURNAL POLL

Political experts and editors today have been discussing that FARM JOURNAL poll. I just learned one peculiar fact that has not been generally mentioned. Up to the conventions at Cleveland and Philadelphia, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Landon were running neck and neck in that particular straw vote. It is only since those conventions that the Kansas Governor took a spurt. I'm not going to repeat a lot of figures to you. But a substantial majority of the farmers among whom the poll was taken, are for Landon. Sixty point three for the Kansas Governor; thirty-nine point seven for the President. Landon's percentage is fifty-four point seven; Roosevelt's thirty-six point three. Lemke way down two point seven. Norman Thomas only six-tenths of one per cent: and two point seven hadn't made up their minds. 2.7% of the farmers still sitting on the old rail fence.

This is the fifth such piece of research, made by the FARM JOURNAL, reflecting opinion in farm districts.

EISELE

Here's one that ought to raise the self-esteem of the ladies, if indeed it needs raising. A woman has ^{again} won a prize as the best country newspaper ~~with~~ correspondent in America.

~~Furthermore, this is~~ the second year in succession that this particular prize has gone to one of the ^{gentler if not} sterner sex.

The winner for Nineteen Thirty-Six is Mrs. Susan Frawley Eisele. She won in a field of three thousand, six hundred. Mrs. Eisele runs a weekly column in the SENTINEL of Fairmont, Minnesota. She is described as a typical northwest farmer's wife. In addition to being the crack newspaper correspondent of the year, she is a model housekeeper. She does all her home work, has a splendid garden and a profitable poultry yard.

It's no idle honor that she has won. It means two hundred in cash, a trip to New York and to Washington. In country journalism this prize, established by the COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE, is the equivalent ~~is~~ in rural newspaperdom of the Pulitzer Award among the large city papers.

Oh, yes, I was almost forgetting to say that ~~the~~ ^{mere} second prize was ~~was~~ won by a man.

MISSING SHIP

One of the puzzles of the great War that has never been cleared up, ^{and} probably never will be, is the mystery of the CYCLOPS. Uncle Sam's ship CYCLOPS was in Nineteen Seventeen ~~with~~ the ultra-latest modern thing in colliers. She was a nineteen thousand tonner, with the most elaborate machinery for coaling warships on the high seas. On March fourth, Nineteen Eighteen, she weighed anchor at Barbados and sailed out into the broad Caribbean. She sailed to vanish ~~as~~ completely ~~as~~ any other vessel in all the history of the sea.

If a ship founders or is wrecked, some of her remains ^{almost} invariably ^{turn up,} a lifeboat, a grating, a fragment of ~~a~~ one of her boats. From the CYCLOPS nothing was found. Could she have been destroyed by a raiding German U-boat? The records of the Germany Navy contain no such information. In the navy departments of all the great powers, the disappearance of U.S.S. CYCLOPS is a subject still occasionally argued during the talkative watches of the night.

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All this becomes pertinent, because a modern, up-to-date ~~— the Muncoa —~~ passenger vessel is today missing in those same waters. She's not

a large craft, but she did carry twenty-two souls, thirteen passengers and a crew of nine. Three of Uncle Sam's coast guard vessels are still quartering the waters of the Florida Straits and the Gulf of Mexico. Overhead a coast guard plane is searching far and wide. Three gunboats of the Cuban Navy have been ordered from Havana to plow the Yucatan Channel. Every passenger liner, every freighter, every fruit ^{ship plying} ~~ship plying~~ those seas is on the lookout for the missing NUNCOA. ~~As~~ Has she become one of the tragic mysteries of the seas?

Actually, the search has been going on for several days. Until ^{now} ~~then~~ it was supposed that she might have met foul weather. ~~Not a single storm occurred on the course that~~

But today somebody looked up the weather records and discovered a curious fact. Not a single storm occurred on the course that the NUNCOA should have taken. She left Georgetown in the West Indies on July fourth, bound for Tampa, Florida. Nothing but bright skies and calm seas have been reported from ~~that~~ parts, from either the Caribbean or the Gulf of Mexico. Moreover,

she is -- or was -- a modern craft only three years old and absolutely seaworthy. ~~Altogether thirteen passengers~~ Of her thirteen passengers, nine are Americans, four Britishers.

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HURLING

Thirty good lusty New York Irishmen went out to play a game yesterday afternoon. When the referee ^{for the finish,} blew the whistle ^{of the first half}, nineteen of them were injured. "Tush, tush, that's nothing,"

they exclaimed. "Just a few scratches." Actually, five of them were quite seriously damaged. All of them, as soon as they recovered consciousness, insisted on getting back into the game and playing up to the last ~~xx~~ second of the last minute.

The game in question is one you won't see in many places outside of Ireland. It's called "hurling". There are fifteen to a side. The weapon, or club as they prefer to call it, is a piece of hard, seasoned ash, three feet long, ending in a broad, sharp ^{hook} ^{or gozazook}. They are called "hurleys". Most of them are bound with iron ^{hoops} ~~hooks~~ just to make them softer, I suppose.

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The ball is somewhat smaller and softer than a baseball. The idea is to catch ^{it} ~~the ball~~ in the crook of the hurley and hurl it through the goal posts ~~at~~ either end of the field. If an arm, shoulder, a leg or a head, happens to come in contact with those iron bound ^{Pat} hurleys, it's just too bad. ^PThe referee recognizes only two fouls. If you sock an opponent from behind with your

hurley or push him with your hand, that's against the rules. Everything else goes. A mere wallop in the head, if delivered from in front, is perfectly legal.

Another peculiarity of this delicate pastime is that no substitutes are allowed unless a player is actually and permanently unconscious. One of yesterday's victims was on his back, senseless for ten minutes. When he came to, his face was a mass of scars, but he wouldn't hear of being taken out of the game -- in fact he couldn't hear at all, for his head rang like the Great Bell of Moscow.

As a sample of the casualties, one left full back named McCarthy got a four inch cut over his head. It took six stitches to mend it and everybody said: "Why, that's a mere scratch; a mere six stitches!"

In short, the affair was described as a pleasant Irish Sunday afternoon. One side composed of men who formerly lived in County Cork. The others were from Tipperary. And -----
SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.