

B. J. - Sunco. Friday, Oct. 30/36.

STRIKE

I suppose

In a way, it's no exaggeration to call today's strike - the biggest ever. It certainly is the most far flung. Because the strike call flashed not only along the Pacific coast, but also across the widest of oceans to the Far East, Honolulu, Manila, Tokyo, Shanghai - calling out the crews of American vessels in those ports. At Honolulu, for example, six vessels are tied up, their crews joining the walk-out.

It's a general maritime strike of sailors and longshoremen, all the workers on ships and docks - forty thousand of them. Shipping is at a complete standstill, vessels ranging from little lumber schooners to great luxury liners. More than three hundred ships are tied up in various ports - forty in San Francisco, along the Embarcadero.

Tonight the San Francisco docks are an ominous spectacle - five hundred union pickets on patrol. They are confronted by heavy squads of police and special guards.

Assistant Secretary of Labor, Edward McGrady, calls the strike "sheer madness". He has been on the scene trying desperately to bring industrial peace to Pacific coast shipping.

He tried to prevent it all and now is trying to settle it - and have the labor war called off before it spreads and increases. A sympathetic strike of the maritime workers of the east coast is threatened, with the dark danger of that "sheer madness" along our entire shoreline.

This labor crisis comes just as the campaign draws to a close, with labor an important issue. What effect will the Pacific coast war of workers and employers have on the election probabilities? That's something to make the candidates do a bit of thinking - as they deliver their final oratorical haymakers - Governor Landon lashing hard at the New Deal in New York. He'll make his last speech in St. Louis tomorrow, Mrs. Landon with him for the first time. President Roosevelt addressing a crowd tonight in Brooklyn, and another tomorrow in Madison Square Garden. Weekend of Presidential climax - with politics blazing all over the nation.

CHINA

The Far Eastern shoe today is on the other foot, not the Japanese foot -- but the Chinese. Hitherto we've been hearing of accusations and demands shooting from Tokyo to Nanking, complaints of Chinese offenses against Japan. But today it's China that sends a protest, a stern diplomatic note, to Japan.

The Nanking protest is divided into three sections. The first concerns Japanese military manoeuvres. Nobody could deny that the Tokyo generals have a right to hold war games. But it happens that these spectacular Japanese military manoeuvres were staged -- in China. They thundered their drama of mimic war in the area of Peiping and Tientsin. This, China charges today, is a violation of Chinese Sovereignty and of international law! Holding your sham-battle in my back yard. Mimicry of war all over the place. The Celestial protest claims that the Rising Sun battle practice disrupted Chinese communications and destroyed their property.

After that -- there's a complaint concerning the assassination last week of Yang Yung-Tai, chairman of the government of the Province of Hupeh. That was interpreted far and wide as

a stroke of anti-Japanese terrorism. Yang Yung-Tai was described as pro-Japanese. Today Nanking says that's a mistake and blames that mistaken impression on Tokyo -- saying it was cooked up by the Japanese newspapers. The Chinese note denies that Yang Yung-Tai was particularly in favor of Japan, and declares that his assassination was a local affair and had no anti-Japanese significance.

Another item of the complaint sounds sinister -- also rather vague. It concerns the theme so dark and familiar in the Orient -- drug trade. China and opium go together. The protest intimates that in the city of Taiyuan Japanese have been dealing in narcotics. The Taiyuan city fathers have evicted several of them. The Nanking note tells Tokyo that this was quite okay. Because Taiyuan is not a treaty port, foreigners there have no special guarantees. So the city authorities had a perfect right to chuck out the Japanese drug dealers.

With China taking a protest to Tokyo -- no wonder the Far East feels that the tension between the two countries is coming to a new crisis.

In Nanking, however, Far Eastern faces were smiling today, and Chinese tongues clicked off the snappy syllables -- mah-jong. The Celestial gamesters are allowed to play mah-jong once more.

You'd think that China without the Green Dragon and the South Wind would be like Park Avenue without bridge. But Mah Jong is a stupendous gambling game, the way they play it out there. It got to be a menace. So the government passed a law forbidding it.

That turned out to be something like prohibition over here -- with public resentment and bootleg mah-jong.

Until now the Nanking government has bowed to the will of the people and has decreed mah-jong repeal. So tonight the dice are rolling and the Far East dominos are clicking along the China Coast.

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Thunder shook Madrid today, the thunder of bombs.
The Fascists war planes struck in grim earnest.

Hitherto the rebel flyers have strafed Madrid with explosives and machine gun fire, but more in a spectacular than in a deadly way. They ~~was~~ struck chiefly at the government flying fields.

But today it was different. Just observe the places where the sky torpedoes fell and exploded -- most of them in the business district around Puerto del Sol, the heart of the city. One bomb crashed in Bilbao Plaza. Another exploded near a large hospital. One hit right in front of the Papal Nuncio's Palace, residence of the Vatican representative in Madrid. And a huge shattering missile hit the roof of the Calderon Theatre, where the Left Wing Government had scheduled a gala celebration in honour of Russian and Mexican emissaries. The casualties? They were heavy, as might be expected when bombing planes hit the heart of the great city. Fifty people are reported to have been killed.

This sky action by the rebels sounds as if it were

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in response to the new turn the Spanish Civil War has taken. Yesterday we heard a triumphant declaration by Socialist Premier Largo Caballero -- that Left Wing Madrid had received large ~~x~~ shipments of military supplies, war planes and tanks. Today the truth of this was evident in Madrid, with the arrival of ~~xx~~ numbers of new tanks and planes.

Twenty sky craft were said to have come from MexicoO. Perhaps these include the fifteen American planes we heard about last night -- aircraft manufactured in the United States and sold by the round about way of another country.

The Left Wing government tells of quick results achieved by its new armament. Madrid reports that, helped by tanks and planes, it's hosts of militia have driven back General Franco's regiments -- and made an advance of several miles south of the capital. This Left Wing thrust is said to have cleared the rebels away from the point where they had cut Madrid's ~~x~~ last remaining ~~xxxx~~ railroad line. This tends to be verified by the arrival in Madrid today of a train-load of ~~xxx~~ provisions from the South.

KING

In England - King Edward keeps on his way as a breaker of precedents. Today in Parliament nothing transpired that might be kept out of the British newspapers. No news or gossip of royalty in big headlines over here, but kept in silence and on the q.t. over there. Nevertheless, a precedent was shattered. Shattered by the use of a short word. It couldn't be any shorter one letter. A pronoun. The traditional royal usage is the plural "we", not the singular "I". It is our royal pleasure. Or we have told our ministers

In contrast to all that, let's take King Edward's message to Parliament today. He didn't deliver it himself - it was spoken for him by the Lord Chancellor. Here are some phrases from His Majesty to the M. P.'s: "I am addressing you for the first time as your sovereign." Then - "I have been profoundly touched by the universal expressions of affection and respect with which my beloved father was regarded."

Always the personal "I", not the royal "we".

Parliament opened yesterday, but the traditional ceremonies will be staged next Tuesday. Then King Edward will appear in person. He will preside glittering and gorgeous in his royal

robes of ermine, and will address Parliament, speaking from the throne. Then also it will be no doubt the personal "I", and not the royal "we". King Edward shatters precedents in various ways - this time grammatically.

FOLLOW KING

The royal British news today contains a mention of ten million mugs -- mugs you drink from -- not mugs you look at. Orders have been placed for that many with British pottery manufacturers -- orders that call for using about six hundred and twenty thousand pounds of superfine clay, not to mention half a million pounds of other material. That's the biggest output of pottery since the depression and there's a shortage of skilled labor for the job. But why all of these ten million drinking cups? Seems like a lot of people are thirsty! Ah! they're Coronation mugs. They will be decorated with the portrait of His Gracious Majesty Edward VIII and will be sold as souvenirs during the ceremonies when the crown is placed on the royal head.

WILKINS

Sometimes there are extraordinary stories that don't come to light until a long time afterward -- news that is suppressed, or is just not given to publicity. I've just heard one like that from Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Arctic explorer -- who still has that ambition to go ^{to} the North Pole by submarine under the ice. He made a preliminary test three years ago, taking an obsolete submarine for some distance into the Polar Sea under the ice-pack. Right now he's making preparations for the big try -- under the pole. He'll use a wooden submarine this time, wood being ^a more resilient material for Polar conditions. We were talking about this -- and about that former trip under the edge of the Arctic ice-pack.

He told me how he had his old cranky submersible, the NAUTILUS, at Southampton, England, getting ready. Alongside, at dock, was a new British undersea boat, the last word in up-to-date submarine science. It had cost over two million dollars to build. And how the British sailors of the crack vessel laughed at the antiquated, shabby NAUTILUS, just a piece of junk to them! They felt sorry for poor old Sir Hubert and his men.

But the time came when they didn't laugh. The first time they took their magnificent craft out of Southampton Harbour to submerge in open sea -- it sank, went down like a rock. Every man lost except one, who was saved and told the story.

As Sir Hubert Wilkins explained to me -- submarine disasters are usually caused by some little something left undone. A commander in submerging must give a series of orders. But the captain of the ill-fated British "sub" forgot to give just one order. A sailor stood by an open rear hatch. He should have received the command to close the hatch, but the captain never gave it. The sailor, because of the rigid obedience of submarine discipline, just stood there beside the open hatch, as the vessel submerged. He could easily have closed, it but he didn't. So the water poured in, and he was lost with the others.

The story was not published then -- it was told only now.

MOLLISON

I was a bit surprised to note today that Jimmy Mollison's flight is ^{actually} the first one ^{direct} to London ^{non-stop} that has been completely successful. Today he brought his speedy ship down at Croydon airfield, the first ocean flyer ever to get there without a forced landing. Lindbergh, of course, made a perfect flight, but that was to Paris. Richman and Merrill were the last ~~previous~~ to fly to London, and they had a forced landing in Wales. ^{TP} So that Mollison London flight is a record-breaker of perfection - in addition to breaking all records for speed. Captain ~~Mr~~ Jimmy flew across the Atlantic in thirteen hours and thirteen minutes. ^{Lucky} ~~thirteen~~ ~~seems to have been lucky~~ His average speed was a hundred and sixty miles an hour. ^{TP} All of this record-breaking is the more astonishing when you consider the conditions under which the flight was made. Bleak, blustery winter is blowing on the North Atlantic. Day after day the news has come of the thundering of the storm and the peril to ships. Captain Jimmy flew through a blizzard of snow, and through a torrent of sleet. Ice formed on his wings. And accumulating ice is a deadly peril for a plane. The frozen

masses began to weigh down the wings. ~~of the plane.~~ To give the ice a chance to melt, Mollison circled low over the ocean, where it was warmer, ~~and the sun was shining.~~ He circled for an hour.

After the ice danger was over, along came another.

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He got lost, ~~but~~ ^{He} was nearly across, close to the Irish coast, when he missed his bearings. And he lost long minutes, before he got straightened out.

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~~and~~ ^{After} those misadventures he landed at Croydon, the first to make the perfect ^{London} ~~landing~~ flight - and at record-breaking speed. When he crawled out of the cockpit there was some surprise. He wasn't wearing that dress suit which had got him so much publicity. Maybe publicity was the big idea, but let's give Jimmy the benefit of the doubt, and say that maybe it was an ^{Englishman's} ~~Irishman's~~ sense of propriety. He had expected to take off from Newfoundland in the morning and get to London at ~~the~~ night. ^{The} ~~well~~ dressed man wears evening clothes at night. Moreover, Jimmy was going to a party, and soup and fish are the mode at a swanky London affair. But the weather delayed his take-off for hours, and he started out in the evening. That would bring him to London

in the morning, and it's hardly the thing to arrive for breakfast in a boiled shirt and tail coat. So Jimmy flew the ocean in a grey business suit - under his flying togs, all dressed for Chata hazari -- a pot of tea kipper and bit of marmalade in dear old Picadilly.

He's been sleeping all day, dead tired. His plan now is to fly from London to South Africa - the whole sky voyage to be from New York to Capetown. He's getting ready to push on -- but I'll bet tonight he has gone to a party - that's Jimmy Mollison's way. And I'm on my way and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.