

(The most sensational spectacle in the world today was the parade of countries marching off the gold standard.

The first to follow in the footsteps of France was Queen Wilhelmina's realm of dykes and windmills -- the Netherlands.)

Of course this fore-shadowed in the week-end's news.

Nevertheless, it was a striking thing when you remember how long and how steadfastly the sturdy Dutchmen have stood by gold.

(Switzerland was next in line. Then Little Latvia climbed up on the band wagon. The Kingdom of Greece came next in the parade.) Word is in from Athens that the government of General John Metaxas will reorganize its currency to meet the dollar-pound-franc standard that has just been set up by France with the cooperation of John Bull and Uncle Sam.

(Germany remains obdurate. "The currency of the Reich is stable" so says the State Secretary of Finance. However, we seem to recall that both France and Holland made a similar statement only a few days ago.) Money experts say that Hitler's empire will have a tough time doing business with German prices so far above the level of the rest of the world.

Mussolini remains silent. That is, his finance minister does. Silent about the gold standard but he has taken the precaution of closing all the money markets of Italy until next Thursday.

The Stanley Baldwin government took a similar but not quite so drastic step in London. Downing Street has forbidden any dealing in French or Swiss francs or Dutch gulden.

Meanwhile Premier Blum and his fellow ministers were facing a severe ordeal in Paris. Last Friday's off-gold announcement brought a mixed reaction in la belle France. Even members of the cabinet were not wholly in accord. One of them stated that he personally objected to France abandoning the gold standard though he added "Of course as a minister I have to agree."

So the ordeal that Premier Blum had to face today was an encounter with his parliament. Which way would the Chamber of Deputy's go? A ticklish question, that. The answer was greeted with a sigh of relief not only in Paris but also in London and Washington. The Deputy jumped through the hoop

held out by Leon Blum -- gave him a majority of three hundred and sixty-five to two hundred and forty-eight; virtually a vote of confidence. However, it is conceded that today's session was just a preliminary skirmish. The real issue of today's debate was whether the French government should be forced to delay its devaluation of the franc. That move came from the extreme Right Wing. It was on this that they voted for Blum.

## SPAIN

(The picturesque and historic sidelight that stands out from the fall of Toledo is the extraordinary defense of the Alcazar. I can think of nothing like it in modern warfare. Seventeen hundred people holding out three months! Even after their fortress above ground had been blown up!) We stand amazed and curious. For one thing, how on earth could so many human beings keep alive underground during that long siege? The only reasonable conjecture is that such a siege was anticipated and prepared for weeks before the counter-revolution actually broke out. That there should have been an adequate supply of weapons and munitions in those many storied subterranean passages is not astonishing. The Alcazar was the site of Spain's military school, once a royal cadet academy. So naturally it also served as an arsenal. And -- presumably, there was at least one ancient well under the historic fortress, so the defenders did not lack water.

But, how they got food is still a mystery. A romantic supposition is that there might have been a tunnel from those underground vaults, a passage-way to somewhere outside the

besieging lines, a house occupied by Rebel sympathizers. But, probably that sounds too much like fiction. The most reasonable guess is that they were prepared with canned goods, smoked meats, sausages, and the smoked and salted fish to which the Spanish people are partial. (Now they are free. They only lost -- 80 killed -- 500 wounded.

Today even the Madrid government admits the seriousness of the loss of Toledo.) The Left Wingers have called every able-bodied man to the defense of the capital. The Popular Front regime, on its own admission, has its back to the wall tonight.

## SIMPSON

So an American citizen has to spend three years in a German Nazi prison! He has already had fourteen months of it, so that means twenty-two months more. Let's get the whole story clear in our minds.

Lawrence Simpson, a seaman aboard the U. S. liner MANHATTAN, had Communist and anti-Fascist literature in his possession. So, when the MANHATTAN docked at Hamburg one day fifteen months ago, Lawrence Simpson was arrested by the Gestapo, the German secret police. He was first hustled off to a Nazi concentration camp. There for eleven months he was held practically incommunicado.

But news of his incarceration reached the ears of American officials and a protest was made. After eleven months at that camp, Simpson was transferred to a prison in Berlin to await trial. That trial was delayed time after time. There were mutterings on this side of the water. The impression got about that the American diplomatic and consular offices had been negligent. An agitation sprung up.

This got the goat of Secretary Hull. He called in

the newspaper men, together with representatives of the International Labor Defense. Then and there he indignantly denied that his department had been remiss and showed proof that Uncle Sam's men in Germany had been active on Simpson's behalf.

Then the German government issued an explanation. The delay they said had been inevitable because of the extraordinary difficulty of obtaining evidence.

But when the case came to trial today in Berlin, Sailor Simpson admitted one of the charges against him. He was accused of two things, spreading Communist and anti-Nazi propaganda, also espionage. The espionage charge was dismissed. But Simpson freely admitted on the stand that he had brought anti-Nazi literature to Germany in his locker aboard the steamer MANHATTAN; he had also had balloons made in America to help distribute Communist pamphlets.

Simpson's confession in court raised the doubt as to how it had been obtained, because of his long incarceration, and whether the dreaded Gestapo had extorted the confession by

the well known third degree. But that seems highly unlikely in this case. The American consuls in Hamburg and Berlin have visited Simpson, and they say, he admitted that he had been fairly well treated both in the concentration camp and in prison.

Naturally, the anti-national aspect of the case today brought about a crowded audience at that much dreaded Peoples Court in Berlin. Simpson was defended not by an American lawyer but by counsel chosen by the court. The plea he put up in mitigation of his client's defense was that as an American, he saw no harm in distributing Communist literature.

The court thought it was being lenient enough by giving him three years and allowing him credit for fourteen of the fifteen months he has already served in jail.

As a matter of fact, though Communists are allowed free speech in some states in this country, there are parts of our own nation where such activities as those which Simpson admitted, would have got him just as severe a sentence.



FOREST FIRE

*the forey coast of*  
Encouraging news from Oregon! The forest fire

around Coos Bay is under control. At least, it seems to be.

More than three thousand men are still on the job, fighting the

flames. ~~back~~ C.C.C. lads, rangers, farmers, even business men

rushed into the fighting line. Governor Martin ~~of Oregon~~ *has*

mobilized the National Guard ~~all~~ of several cities to stand by.

From all over Oregon, State Police *have been* ~~were~~ rushed to the coast. And

their efforts have been successful to the extent of saving eight

towns that were threatened by the roaring ~~conflagration~~ *blaze*. Even ~~so~~

their endeavors would have been futile but for a shift in the

wind.

The casualty list is serious. ~~enough~~ Seven ~~persons~~

burned to death, at least twenty-five injured, more than a score

missing, Two towns destroyed, sixteen hundred people homeless,

~~many of them without clothes~~

The danger is not yet finally passed. If the wind

shifts back to its former quarter, death and destruction will be

on the move once more. More than ten thousand acres of forest

land are still flaming high. Bridges are destroyed, roads and

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railroads completely closed. President Roosevelt has been asked to allot three million dollars to the relief of the fire-damaged community.

WACO FOLLOW FOREST FIRE.

While flames raged in Oregon, rushing torrents brought death and destruction in Texas. Ironically enough, the stream causing all the damage is called the "Little River".

Fifteen years ago, the Little River rampaged over its banks,

drowned two hundred people and ~~caused~~ <sup>wrought dire</sup> a lot of havoc. <sup>at</sup> ~~is~~ many

points, ~~it is~~ <sup>'tis</sup> today up to the high water mark of that disastrous

flood of Nineteen Twenty-One. <sup>TP</sup> Not only the Little River but the

Bra<sup>Z</sup>os and others have contributed to the general misery. More

than twenty-five hundred people have been washed from their homes.

The Bra<sup>Z</sup>os has begun to subside at Waco. But the tributaries

of the Little River are still on the rise and several small

towns in their paths are threatened.

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JOURNAL

Just forty years ago today, the newspaper world was looking agog at a young man from San Francisco. He was new to eastern journalism, his remarkable success with a San Francisco paper had not registered in New York. Furthermore, he was a rich man's son and newspaper men have a tendency to say: "What can a rich man's son know about the newspaper business?" So they stood off and jibbed and jeered when young William Randolph Hearst turned the NEW YORK JOURNAL into an evening paper. <sup>And he used</sup> ~~using~~ the methods by which he had already <sup>pulled</sup> ~~built~~ the "San Francisco Examiner" out of the red, ~~into black figures~~. There was no room for another evening newspaper in New York, said the wiseacres. <sup>π</sup> They started ~~by~~ scoffing and finished ~~by~~ envying. For in less than two years, the circulation of the NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL hit a new high for America. On May First, Eighteen Ninety-Eight, one million, four hundred and eighty thousand papers were sold. That was when the journal got a beat, a scoop as some call it, on Dewey's victory in ~~Mankila~~ Manila Bay.

Today, the NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL celebrates its

fortieth birthday.

## BASEBALL

Only about forty hours more to the big baseball event of the year, the opening of the World Series. Already fans from all over America are pouring into New York. The main topic of conversation being the good left arm of old Doc Hubbell, ace pitcher of the Giants. Every year the World Series seems to focus itself on one personality. We are all sorry the days have passed when it was Babe Ruth. Then two years ago came Dizzy from the Ozarks. This year, we have Doc Hubbell.

On paper it would seem that Joe McCarthy's Yanks ought to win four straight. His long line of fencebusters, finished the season, with a spectacular lead of nineteen and a half games. And Bill Terry's Giants have no such wallopers on their side. Furthermore, unkind critics said that toward the end, the Giants more or less stood still and let the pennant fall into their laps, while the Cubs and Cards were cutting each other's throats.

Old Doc Hubbell himself says he hasn't the slightest qualms about facing Iron Man Lou Gehrig, the sensational young

Joe DiMaggio, Crosseti, Ralph Selkirk, Lazzeri, and the rest of Joe McCarthy's walloping Yanks. He pitched to Gehrig and DiMaggio in the all-star game and says they're easy for his screwball. The main Yankee batsman he feels leery about is Catcher Bill Dickie. Bill, (says Hubbell,) is not like the others. He doesn't swing from behind his ears. Despite their comparative records, Hubbell says Bill Dickie is the best batter on the Yankee team.

So there's the material for the exciting series of dramas we're going to see at the Polo Grounds and the Yankee Stadium.

METALS

I've just been shooting ducks. I didn't kill any, not because I was such a bum shot, but because I was shooting them with a ray of light and not with bullets. At the same time, I was learning something about <sup>ca</sup>caesium.

The weapon I was using was an ordinary rifle. The ducks were the same sort you see in almost any shooting gallery, a row of moving targets. # Actually, this new way of shooting <sup>birds</sup>~~ducks~~ is nothing more than putting to a new use the photo-electric eye. In each of those moving ducks there's a tiny tube of this hitherto mysterious caesium. The rifle shoots a ray of light. Whenever I hit the duck right, the light reacted on the tube of caesium and over went the <sup>wooden mallard.</sup>~~duck~~.

All this I learned on the third floor of the International Building of Rockefeller Center. The occasion is an exhibition of metal products which is being run with the cooperation of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. I also saw there a gadget that would have brought water to the mouth of many an old-time prospector. <sup>J-</sup> Coming from Cripple Creek, Colorado,

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it appealed to me particularly. A thing like a movie camera, which can be carried by one man, shoots a strong fluorospark against any kind of rocks. The fluorospark promptly indicates to the eye of the beholder what metals are in those rocks.

Under those rays, every mineral has a distinctive color.

Thus an Engineer is able to detect the presence of valuable minerals without any chemical or metallurgical tests. What

a lot of time that would have saved for old-time miners of the

Sixties, Seventies, Eighties and Nineties!

*I think*  
~~I'll leave for~~ go right back  
to Cripple Creek tonight - and  
start shooting fluorosparks  
at the rocks - of s-l-u-t-u.

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