

L.T. - SUNOCO. Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1936.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

For the first time in many a long month, Washington is talking back to Tokio. Doing it indirectly and not through the mouth of the Department of State. It was Mr. Swanson, Secretary of the Navy, who came out today with the statement that the latest naval plans announced by the Mikado's war lords are a breach of the London Treaty. And the broad inference is that your Uncle is not going to take this lying down.

This was the first public utterance by Secretary Swanson in quite a while. He returned to his desk yesterday after those months of illness and found that Treaty problem awaiting him.

The crux of the whole business was the declaration from Tokio that the Mikado's admirals do not intend to scrap the fifteen and a half thousand tons of submarines they had promised to get rid of. They are, to be sure, superannuated vessels. Nevertheless, by the London Treaty, the Japanese had definitely agreed to throw them into the discard.

By the same token we learn that another moot point has been hanging fire between Washington and Tokio. That is, the proposal to limit battleship armaments to fourteen inch guns. Uncle Sam is willing to play ball, but he doesn't want to play solo. Japan has until April next year to agree to this. If she doesn't, our own Navy chiefs say, the sky will be the limit for heavy armament.

Incidentally, Secretary Swanson took this occasion to announce the locale of the next manoeuvres of Uncle Sam's navy. Our fleets will play their war games in May and June, Nineteen Thirty-Seven in North Pacific and Hawaiian waters.

POLITICS

Not only in America but in other parts of the world, politics occupied the center of the stage today. (Governor Landon sprung a surprise on the Democrats when he announced his eleventh hour descent upon Maine. Of course we all know the old campaign superstition, "As Maine goes, so goes the nation." Undoubtedly, a G.O.P. victory in the Pine Tree State next week would be an important psychological triumph.) Mr. Landon's decision astonished even Republican leaders who had expected him to stay in the mid-west. But the G.O.P. candidate is so keen on winning this advance victory, that he is going to make every effort to achieve it.

This happens to be the forty-ninth birthday of Alfred Mossman Landon. But getting ready for his dash to Maine kept him too busy to indulge in any celebration. Incidentally, if he gets to New York in time, he will have an opportunity to confer with Ex-President Hoover, ^{who arrived this morning} at his Waldorf headquarters. The news of Mr. Hoover's coming was the signal for a parade of Republican leaders seeking interviews -- the Waldorf corridors crowded with them. To newspaper men, Mr. Hoover was exceedingly reticent. However,

his secretary, Larry Ritchie, announced that the Ex-President will speak for Mr. Landon not once or twice, but several times. His first address will be in the east, probably New York, early in October.

(Meanwhile President Roosevelt was improving the shining hour of his visit south. He left his special train at Knoxville, Tennessee, and climbed into a car for a motor ride through great Smoky Park. He will be in Ashville, North Carolina, tonight and will drive on to Charlotte, where he'll make a speech at the municipal stadium tomorrow afternoon.) On the way he will make the usual rear end platform appearances in all of the seven states he is covering on this rapid swing.

At the same time, the President's other rival, Mr. Lemke, white hope of the Union Party, of the Townsendites and Father Coughlin, is campaigning in Illinois. The slogan of his speech at Quincy today was, "A square deal in place of the New Deal."

While the President was campaigning and sightseeing,

one of the hottest preliminaries of the ^{Political wars} ~~campaign~~ was marching through Georgia. ^{For} It's a crucial day for one of Mr. Roosevelt's bitterest enemies, hot-headed Gene Talmadge. Georgia's Governor has obviously risked everything on this fight, ~~stake~~ staking his political future on his ability to unseat young Senator Richard Russell, Jr. The latter ^{being} ~~of course is~~ a staunch New Dealer. ^{TP} In Georgia ~~of course~~ the Democratic nomination ^{still} means election. It has been a bitter, acrimonious, slam-bang campaign. Lean, red suspended, Gene Talmadge loses no opportunity of referring to young Senator Russell as "Junior". And there's a barb behind that epithet. Junior, says Governor Talmadge, is no better than a stooge for his aged father, seventy-five year old Chief Justice Richard B. Russell of Georgia's Supreme Court. The Chief Justice is characteristic of some phases of southern politics. He has been on the public pay-roll in one capacity or another ever since he was twenty-one. Evidently, he has thrived on it, for the son who is today running to succeed himself in the United States Senate, is one of eighteen children.

There's nothing sissified about these Georgia primaries.

Tumultuous meetings, hecklings, fist fights, and arrests are reported from several parts of the state. Says Governor Talmadge: "All the trouble has been made by the hired hecklers of the opposition." Replies Senator Russell: "The disorder was caused by the Governor's bodyguards." The latest word-scattered returns with young Russell way ahead of Talmadge.

Out in Colorado, Ed Johnson, twice governor of the state, seems to have captured the Democratic nomination for United States Senator. At latest reports he was running ahead of the Townsendites. Out in Seattle, the citizens were deciding who should succeed the late spectacular Congressman Zioncheck. Several Townsedite candidates on both tickets are going strong in the State of Washington.

The case of Father Coughlin took on a new aspect today. It began to look like the subject of an out-and-out controversy between the Vatican and Bishop Gallagher of Detroit, the Radio Priest's superior officer.

Last week you will recall, (the OSSERVATORE ROMANO, the Vatican's official newspaper, published a measured rebuke to **Father** Coughlin for calling President Roosevelt a liar and betrayer. ~~AND~~ The priestly politician made no reply to this himself. But his Bishop, Dr. Gallagher, took up the cudgels for him, made light of the statement in the OSSERVATORE ROMANO, said it didn't mean anything, didn't represent the official viewpoint of the Vatican. A direct retort to this episcopal statement was made public in Rome today. It came from officials of the Holy See. The Vatican specifically requests the newspapers of the world to repeat that comment published in the OSSERVATORE ROMANO last week. And the official statement ~~from~~ ^{from} the Vatican further specifically contradicts ~~the~~ ^{Bishop} Gallagher. ~~That statement in the~~ ^{It declares that the} newspaper did ^{for} OSSERVATORE ~~does~~ ^{convey} the viewpoint of responsible Vatican authorities, ^{for} the OSSERVATORE is the official Vatican organ, and statements published in it must be so considered.)

GERMANY

There's no reason to be surprised by the latest pronouncement by Hitler. His proclamation to the Navy Congress at Nuremburg has been anticipated these many months. (In effect the Fuehrer says to his cheering followers:- "We have put the Fatherland back on the military map of the world. Now, our next step is to recover our colonies. There it is. What we've been expecting. And, he added, Germany will not be denied.

And there was no mistaking the boast in the tones of the German Chancellor as he jubilantly rejoiced over the tearing up of that scrap of paper, the Versailles Treaty.) He made no bones about it, reciting with glee that, as he put it, "the shackles of the Versailles Treaty have been rent from our limbs." "And so," he shouted, "ends the shameful period of Germany's dishonor. German arms once more are able to defend German soil. Once again we are strong enough to protect the Fatherland from all enemies."

But there was another interesting feature in Der Fuehrer's statement to his subjects. He has taken a leaf out of the book of his hated enemy, Stalin. Only, instead of the Bolshevik five-year plan, the Nazi dictator announces a four-year

plan. "Germany", he says, "must become economically independent of all foreign nations. We must be able to rely upon ourselves alone, our own soil, for all foodstuffs and raw materials."

It was in that connection that he sounded his long expected clarion call for the return of the colonies. And one wonders how that will be received today on the banks of the Thames. For most of those colonies, at any rate the most profitable and attractive of them, as for instance Kenya in East Africa, are today under the Union Jack. And does John Bull ever give up land once he has had his hand on it? Only when it's taken from him. And that's no easy job.

FOOTBALL

There's one curious aspect to that football game at the Polo Grounds in New York last night, the game between the professional Giants and the College All-Stars. In effect, it was to be a showdown between pros and college players. Everybody thought that the New York Herald Tribune which promoted the game would achieve a double purpose: - swell the Tribune's most admirable Fresh Air Fund, and settle a vexed and troublesome question, the controversy that has been raging for years as to whether college players could hold their own against a good pro team.

Topnotch sports writers could be found on both sides of that discussion. Some saying such teams as Minnesota, the California Trojans, the Pittsburgh Panthers, Princeton or Notre Dame in their best years could give the best professional team a trimming. On the other side of the fence just as many experts said:- "Tosh and Pooh-pooh, the rah-rah boys would take it on the chin if they collided with the pros."

As it turns out today, the New York Herald Tribune achieved only one part of its noble purpose. It did handsomely sweeten

its Fresh Air Fund. But the results of last night's gridiron battle have far from satisfied the partisans of the college players. To be sure the professionals won twelve to two. But it was being pointed out today that most of last night's all-star amateurs will themselves be professionals next week. Furthermore, say the college partisans, the team of all-stars was not properly seasoned. To be sure they had been practising four weeks together. But they had never played together as a team. And, until a group of players has done that it can't be considered a team at all. Although the pros won it looked to me as tho the all-stars, had the breaks gone their way, might have run wild over the Giants. At any rate it was a gorgeous spectacle.

So that old controversy refuses to be squelched and probably will live as long as football does. One other thing stands out as a result of that game: that the standard of college football is infinitely higher then the standard of college baseball. Where are the nine college ballplayers, picking the best from all the colleges in the country, who could stand up against the New York baseball Giants, ~~or~~ or for that matter against the

Brooklyn Dodgers, or the lowly Philadelphia Phillies -- or the Yanks who today clinched the American League pennant?

WHISTLER

I wonder what the immortal Whistler, Artist of the magic palette and the acid tongue, would say about the news from Stonington, Connecticut. The city fathers of Stonington are going to make a shrine of the house in which Whistler lived. Thus his countrymen have waited thirty-three years after his death to commemorate the name of America's most famous painter and etcher.

It was in Stonington, Connecticut, that young Jimmy Whistler lived, before he received his appointment to West Point. He was the son of a soldier, Major George Washington Whistler who built the St. Petersburg to Moscow Railroad. Strange to relate, Jimmy assimilated the rigid discipline of West Point with ease. But army service in peace time was too much for him. After a short time with the U. S. Geodetic Survey, he escaped, resigning his commission, and ran off to paint and make wise cracks.

Except for short visits, he never returned to the country of his birth. But curiously enough, he was always proud of his military background. Every now and then, in the course of studio quarrels in Paris, the eccentric young American's colleagues

were astounded to observe him swashbuckling it around for all the world like a fire-eating colonel.

GREEN

"Where there's a will there's a way," says the hoary ~~proverb~~ proverb. Sometimes it's true. A cynical lawyer paraphrased it, "Where there's a will, there's relatives." Today we can alter that again to read: "Where there's a will, there are taxes."

That's being illustrated by the testament of the late Colonel Edward Howland Robinson Green, son of the famous Hetty Green. Some weeks ago, I commended on the extraordinary contrast between mother and son, the penurious, miserly, shabby old woman who gathered that huge fortune, and the spacious, jovial, robust offspring who did his best after her death to spend it.

But he didn't get far. With the best intentions in the world, it's difficult to spend eighty millions. And that's what Colonel Green was worth when he died at Lake Placid.

Now there's a curious problem attached to his estate. He made his Will before he got married. In that Will he left all those eighty millions to his sister, Mrs. Wilks. After he married, he forgot to make a new Will. So his widow was left practically penniless. The sister, Mrs. Wilks, was already

handsomely provided for, as she shared in the hundred million dollar estate of her mother, the famous old miser. Nevertheless, Colonel Green's widow has to go to law in an attempt to collect a share of that huge fortune. But she isn't the only one involved.

Colonel Green had residences in five difference states. He had a house in New York City, a country place at Lake Placid. During part of the summer he used to live on his huge estate, "Round Hill", Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts. In the winter he divided his time between his ranch in Texas and at his magnificent summer palace on Star Island, Miami. And now all those four states, New York, Massahusetts, Texas and Florida, want their cut of the Green estate. Also of course Uncle Sam will ome in for a large slice. So with the federal government and four states all stratching out their hands, it looks like a strain upon even eighty million dollars.

Yes where there's a Will there's no way to avoid taxes. Just as there is no way for me to avoid saying, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.