

L.I. Sunco - Friday, Dec. 18, 1936 *Carman*

PEACE

President Roosevelt's peace voyage to South America is being followed by momentous results. I suppose you'd call things momentous today at Buenos Aires: - the delegates adopting a proposal for an interAmerican exposition of fine and applied arts to be held in Nineteen Forty.

And today the American delegation, headed by Secretary of State Cordell Hull, presented a plan for an exchange of students and professors. Maybe we could exchange our brain trust for the Bolivian brain trust. Maybe Phil Lafollete would send Professor Glen Frank to Patagonia. But, seriously, it's an important program of inter-American cultural relations. And today the twenty-one nations voted on it and said okay, let's do it.

President Roosevelt, after starting the peace proceedings, paid a visit to Montevideo in Uruguay - also in the interests of peace. There the results that have followed are equally momentous. At the present moment there's a censorship on in Uruguay, after a free-for-all fight in the Uruguayan

Congress when somebody blazed away with a gun.

Uruguayan parliamentarians were debating a proposal for constitutional reform. The faction opposed was claiming that the reform is merely a dodge to get another term in office for President Terra. Apparently a shot was fired as part of the protest. The bullet didn't hit anybody, just made a hole in a wall. But threw the Congress into a turmoil and in a moment there was a free-for-all.

A slightly sour note in the Pan-American harmony!

SPAIN

The State Department in Washington doesn't seem at all hot and bothered this evening about the attack on the American warship in Spanish waters. The facts seem to be that the Spanish Rebel battleship ESPANA, fired a few twelve inch shells, and at least one of these exploded in the water not far away from the United States gunboat ERIE.

If there had been a sea fight between those two craft, it would have been a clash of pigmy and giant, new pigmy and old giant.

The ERIE was built under the Roosevelt Emergency program. Two thousand tons, with four 5-inch guns. The ESPANA however, is the principal ship of the Spanish Fascist navy. An old timer - built in Nineteen Nine. Fifteen thousand tons, armed with eight 12-inch guns.

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The latest is that the Fascist battleship was shooting at the port -- firing from a six mile range. And the shell fire too close to the ERIE for comfort.

The captain of the American craft immediately ordered his crew to their guns, and he ran up the United States flag. The sight of the Stars and Stripes fluttering to the masthead made the Espang turn, and disappear out at sea.

The State Department confirms the fact of the shooting, and announces that nothing will be done about it. Just an accident, apparently.

More serious is the case of another ship - a Russian vessel - in the Mediterranean near the African coast. This craft was called the KOMSOMOL, named after the Communist Youth Organization in Moscow. The KOMSOMOL was reported afire, burning to the waterline. Late reports tell that the Soviet ship was seized by a rebel craft. Just why she happened to be set afire is not clear. The Rebels

took the soviet crew of twenty-five as prisoners. Just what they've done with their Communist captives is another thing that's not made clear.

Today Madrid was waiting in fear, in fear of the greatest sky bombardment ever. Fog has been hanging heavy over the Spanish capital, stopping the air raids. Today Rebel fighting craft again flew over, but they dropped no bombs. They dropped pamphlets instead, leaflets giving a warning. These Rebel messages told the people of Madrid that as soon as the fog cleared, they'd hear the sound of a siren. That sound would come from two Rebel planes which would fly over the city, with sirens shrieking the warning. When the Madrilenos had better scurry to cellars, subways, places of safety. Because the two airplanes giving the alarm, would be followed by two hundred and fifty bombers, which would blast the city with a havoc never known before.

Such was today's promise of what would come in Madrid when the fog cleared. So the people watched the white mist, the protective haze. Never has a fog, a blinding pea-souper, been so welcome and benign. At last accounts it was still foggy in Madrid, as the bombing by two hundred and fifty war planes was still awaited.

CHINA

The bloodless civil war in China seems as if it might be settled that way - without blood or bullets. (The negotiations to persuade the Rebel Marshal Chang to release the head of the government, Chiang Kai-shek, were climaxed today by a message from Chiang Kai-shek himself. He stated that Marshal Chang was about to release him, that he expected to return to Nanking tomorrow.)

Meanwhile, however, the tone of doubt and uncertainty still persists, with the statement from the commander of the Nanking army which has been mobilized to attack Marshal Chang and release Chiang Kai-shek. This general declares that he is dubious about everything and says he's ready to start an attack against Marshal Chang - if there isn't a quick settlement and then the civil war without bullets will turn into a crash of gunfire.

This Chinese fantasy has been one of the strangest melodramas of recent history - with the clash of those two personalities, Chiang Kai-shek and Marshal Chang. I've got

somebody here to tell us a bit about them - Captain Frank Hawks, the aviator, creator of speed records and designer of planes. Tell us, Frank, how you happen to know things about this Chinese puzzle.

FRANK HAWKS:- It was just plain aviation, Lowell. Two years ago I took a twin motored bomber over to China, to demonstrate to the national government. I flew the ship all over the place, and took up a number of prominent officials to show them how it worked. One of these was Chiang Kai-shek. Another was Marshal Chang.

L.T.:- So you flew both of the principal characters in this present Chinese melodrama? Frank has been telling me, in fact, that he put them both through an air fight - Marshal Chang in combat with Chiang Kai-shek.

FRANK HAWKS:- Yes, it was in Hankow. I had been flying Chiang Kai-shek around. I found him quiet, observing with a keen eye for military aviation. Marshal Chang was there, and I invited him for a flight. He accepted with pleasure.

He's a bit of an aviator himself, and I let him take the controls for a time. While we were circling around, I saw a plane take off from the field. It was Chiang Kai-shek's plane. The head of the government and his wife were flying from Hankow back to Nanchang. When they got into the air, I flew alongside of Chiang Kai-shek's plane, and waved to him. Marshal Chang was sitting in the co-pilot's seat beside me. So I thought I'd give him a thrill I made an attack on Chiang Kai-shek's plane, combat maneuvers, diving and swooping at it. A mimic battle. We had a lot of fun -- Marshal Chang and I in the attacking plane, and Chiang Kai-shek in the plane that was trying to escape.

L.T.:- Yes, it was a lot of fun, then, a mimic sky attack by the Marshal against the head of the government. But now the fun is over. The mutinous Marshal has his superior a prisoner, amid wild reports of firing squad execution.

ENGLAND

England's royal romance has had many a curious angle, and now it takes us to the longest word in the English language - antidisestablishmentarianism. A twenty-eight letter word as cross-word puzzlers would say. Perhaps the dictionary may show a longer word, some weird scientific term, not at all in common use. But don't say antidisestablishmentarianism is not in use. It certainly was at one time. In England the word "establishment" applies to the union of Church and state, the established church. Back in the last century, there was a great controversy about dissolving the union of church and state in Wales - the disestablishment of the Welsh church. The opinion opposed to this was called -- antidisestablishmentarianism. And it was a much debated issue.

(Today, the British newspapers were full of comment about the debates in the House of Commons - the parliamentary attacks against the Archbishop of Canterbury, the speeches criticising the way the Archbishop had denounced Ex-King Edward and his coterie of American friends.)

There is complaint that in the whole drama of abdication His Grace of Canterbury played too strong a hand in the proceedings that forced Edward to give up the throne.)

Today this controversy goes to the length of suggesting that it all might lead to a break of the ties between Church and State in England. The Archbishop of Canterbury's radio denunciation might lead to the disestablishment of the Church of England.

Some of the comment suggests that the Church itself might welcome this change. It would lose heavily in revenues, would have to renounce the financial support that the British government gives to the ecclesiastic establishment. On the other hand, the Church would enjoy a gain of independence. Right now the King is the head of the Church of England, and Parliament has the authority to pass on points of theology and Christian doctrine. This is a thing that sometimes irks and annoys high churchmen. Parliament -- including unbelievers voting on Christian doctrine.

Take the case of the revised prayer book. Back in Nineteen Twenty-Eight, the Anglican bishops authorized ~~the~~^{an} ~~revision~~ of the book of common prayer. This altered version had to be submitted to the House of Commons, and the Commons turned it down ~~on~~ on the ground that the new form of prayer book savored too much of the high church, was too Catholic in tone. This at the time aroused some discontent among the ~~bishops~~^{ecclesiastics}. The Bishop of Rochester was then quoted as saying that he would like to see the union of church and state broken and dissolved. He'd be in favor of - disestablishment.

Today, that romance of the King, the constitutional crisis, and the abdication of Britain's most popular monarch - they all lead around to that same idea of disestablishment. If the question should develop into a national controversy - well, I suppose the opinion of those opposed to the change would be called by that famous old twenty-~~four~~^{eight} letter word --

anti disestablishmentarianism.

KING

There's talk that Edward may become King again and that Mrs. Simpson may become a queen - not of England and the British Empire however. The vision of King Edward the Eighth on the throne with Queen Wally is raised on this side of the ocean -- on the island of Vancouver. It's pointed out that Vancouver has had its arguments with the Dominion of Canada and that therefore it might be inclined to declare itself a separate kingdom. The vast island is inhabited largely by retired army officers and their wives, also by Americans. It is supposed that the army officers and their wives, would welcome having a royal court in their midst. Maybe the Americans also are hankering for a king. Of course they wouldn't ask Edward to rule without the woman he loves. And in addition the Americans up there might be enchanted by the coronation of Queen Wally.

Such is the royal vision that comes from Vancouver. We notice that the leading protagonist of the idea is a real estate agent -- there would be. You might suspect that the main idea is to get some free publicity for Vancouver Island.

If that's the scheme, it's quite successful -- on this broadcast at least.

The hot news about the ex-king himself is -- that he had his picture taken today. The Duke of Windsor is finding out, as Colonel Lindbergh did some time ago, that publicity is a hard thing to dodge. Smilingly today, Edward failed to dodge. He delighted the photographers with many poses.

The way news pursues a figure of world fascination is shown by another hot dispatch today. The news from the royal retreat in Austria flashes epic-making tidings -- about a dog fight. His ex-majesty's Cairn terrier, "Slipper," got into a scrap with the Baroness de Rothschild's Sealyham, named Chu-chu. The two dogs were chew-chewing each other. Edward rushed in to separate them. His pooch was getting the worst of it, having its ears chewed off. With his own royal hands he separated them --and the cables flashed the news to all the world.

ACID

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Last night we had a chemical melodrama of the sea. A fuming mishap to a barge load of nitric and sulphuric acids. Tonight we have another chemical adventure which takes on a still more stupendous tone of melodrama. The strange affair of thirty thousand gallons of sulphuric acid - and a man named Gilhooley. At Troy, New York, they emptied a mighty vat of vitriol, drained out those thirty thousand gallons of sulphuric acid - looking for Gilhooley.

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He was an employee of ^{the} a chemical plant, and suddenly he disappeared. They ~~found~~ the manhole of the tank of burning fluid - open. Beside it were Gilhooley's flashlight and gloves. The measuring stick he used on the job was floating in the acid. So it was assumed that Gilhooley had fallen into the tank - a terrible fate. What could they do? ^{poor} ~~about~~ Gilhooley? They began a mighty labor, emptying the huge vat, ~~pipi~~ ^{to} ~~out~~ the thirty thousand gallons of sulphuric acid in ^{to} tank cars - looking for ^{some slight remnant} Gilhooley. They found no trace of him. Maybe Gilhooley had been dissolved in the sulphuric acid - to the very last atom. Weird and fantastic tragedy!

At a stricken home Mrs. Gilhooley was bowed in grief,
when today in walked Gilhooley. ^{Whereupon the Mrs,} ~~Mrs. Gilhooley~~ fainted. She
must have thought it a resurrection, not merely from the grave,
^{but} a resurrection from sulphuric acid.

The latest word indicates that Gilhooley was in
New York while all those vitriolic proceedings were going on.
He isn't quoted yet, as to why he wandered away so mysteriously.
As for the workers who drained the thirty thousand gallon tank
of acid, ^{their remarks are} ~~they're~~ not quoted either. ^{And so long until}
Monday.

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