

ARMISTICE

L. T. - SUNOCO - WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1936

This is Nov. 11th so let's talk about Nov. 7th. The celebration of Armistice Day takes Americans back not only to November Eleventh, Nineteen Eighteen, but to four days earlier. At eleven o'clock on the morning of November Seventh Eastern Standard Time every newspaper carrying United Press Service appeared on the streets of all big cities in the United States, with the smashing page one headline:- "World War Over! Armistice Signed!"

There were mad, impromptu rejoicings, The War was over! The Armistice signed! so they thought. Then the following morning the country, in the throes of that celebration-hangover found that the news was premature. Just wasn't so. The real armistice came four days later.

The dispatch had been sent from Brest by Roy Howard, of the United Press and of the Scripps-Howard newspapers. He had the information from Admiral Henry B. Wilson, commanding officer of all the United States naval forces in France. When

Roy Howard asked him whether the information was official, Admiral Wilson replied: "I should say it is official! ~~It~~ Just received ~~this~~ ^{it} over ~~xx~~ my direct wire from the embassy in ~~ap~~ Paris from Captain Jackson, the naval aide."

For all these years, that premature report by the U.P.
has been a mystery. ^{And} That mystery is the subject of one of the chapters in a newly published book entitled: "I Found No Peace", written by an old friend and colleague of mine, Webb Miller. "I Found No Peace" is a ~~narrative~~ narrative of some of the most stirring and interesting events Webb Miller has seen and been through, from his old days ^{with me} ~~in~~ on the Chicago Loop to the Ethiopian War.

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The chapter on the false Armistice report was written by Webb Miller's boss, Roy W. Howard himself. "After nearly a score of years," writes ~~Roy~~ Howard, "the answer to the question: 'Who caused that premature report, is still a mystery.'" Who caused that premature report, is still a mystery."

An official investigation by no less a potentate than Colonel House, has definitely established that there was a message telephoned to the American Embassy in Paris on November ~~seventh~~ seventh, saying that the Armistice had been signed.

"Investigation at the Embassy in Paris," says Roy Howard, "revealed that a secretary had received a phone call from the French Foreign office during the afternoon of November Seventh via the Embassy's private foreign office wire."

Howard then sets forth a new theory: "In my opinion," he writes, "no French official ever phoned the news of an Armistice to the American Embassy on November Seventh! In my opinion, based largely upon conversations I have since had with American and French Intelligence offices^{re}, the bulletin communicated to Ambassador Sharp was most probably phoned by a German secret agent located in Paris. It seems logical to believe," he goes on, "that this agent had successfully tapped the private wire connecting the American Embassy and the Quai d'Orsay -- ~~that~~ ~~they~~ may have had it tapped for months. So, when the situation warranted, ^{the German spy} ~~he~~ merely rang the Embassy, announced himself in perfect French as speaking for the Foreign Office, and communicated his message."

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"The reason," Roy Howard infers, "is that the Germans wanted an armistice desperately and wanted it quickly. Those

behind the Allied lines were also eager for peace. If the people of the Allied nations could be told that an armistice had been signed, it was reasonable to suppose that their joy would be so great that no power would risk continuance of the War."

Roy Howard's
So there's a theory on one of the great puzzles of

the journalistic world, a theory from the principal actor, the

leading man in the drama of the false Armistice report, *told by Webb Miller ace foreign correspondent.*
~~who~~ *mild mannered Webb who found no peace. He's in Spain now.*

SPAIN

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The Spanish Rebels were treated to a most unwelcome surprise ^{today.} Just as they had forty whole blocks of Madrid on fire, just as they expected the city to fall into their hands like a ripe plum, they found to their dismay a stiffened and violent resistance. [#] The most furious battle of the entire counter-revolution has been raging all day in the Spanish capital. The government's troops not only got that ^{vast fire} ~~conflagra~~ ~~tion~~ under control, but ^{they} pushed the Rebel invaders back into the suburbs.) In one district the air was described as being ^{full of} ~~literally thick with~~ machine gun bullets. ~~Civilians and militiamen fought side by side with soldiers.~~

An explanation of this sudden reversal came later in the day. The Loyal garrison had ^{just} been reinforced by a strong division of rescuers from Catalonia; ~~the~~ Catalans poured ^{ing} their troops into the city by the thousand^s.

(There was also additional proof today that the ^{left wing} Spanish government has received mechanical reinforcements from somewhere. Red activities in the air have been redoubled. Squads of big bombing planes ~~have~~ ^{ing} bombarded key positions of General Franco's army.)

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Today was the sixty-seventh birthday of King Victor Enamuel. In case you've forgotten, he's king of Italy; ~~and~~ its nominal ruler; also, Emperor of Ethiopia when and as the rest of the world decides to recognize Mussolini's conquest.

A curious light on that conquest has been shed by a book recently published in Italy. Indeed it ^{'s} so curious that one can't help being somewhat amazed that the Fascist censorship allowed it to ^{appear.} ~~be published.~~ Its author is Field-Marshal de Bono, the first Italian generalissimo in Africa, who was somewhat humiliatingly superceded by Field Marshal Badoglio. The sensational feature of Marshal de Bono's book is his statement that the war was practically won before a shot was fired. Italy won, he says, by bribery, rather than by force of arms. Of course the whole world knows that Haile Selassie's son-in-law, Ras Gugsa, came over to the Italian side after the war was started ~~because he was~~ bought off. But ~~I, for one,~~ ^{we} never knew ^{for}

^{sure} before that a systematic campaign of bribery was going on for [^] two years before a shot was fired. [^] *Although one might have guessed it.* Mussolini's agents were at

work quietly and deftly buying up all the Ehtiopian chieftains,

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who could be reached -- and most of them reached.

To return to King Victor Emanuel, all Italy today celebrated his anniversary. Twenty-five thousand troopers, the entire garrison of Rome, paraded in full dress uniforms. Whether the King enjoyed it all is another question. The report is that he hates pomp and ceremony, prefers the life of a country gentleman, keen on agriculture. He'd rather be in his villa Savoia, his suburban residence outside Rome, than his stately palace in the Quirinal. In all weathers the little monarch, only five feet three with his bristly red hair and his toothbrush mustache, can be seen on horseback or afoot supervising the husbandry of his well manicured acres as earnestly and intelligently as any peasant farmer among his subjects.

In the thirty-six years of his reign King Victor Emanuel the

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Third has achieved the record of being the perfect constitutional monarch. His own ~~formula~~ formula is "a constitutional king should be a permanent undersecretary to his Prime Ministers." Consequently, he has kept aloof from the struggles of the political parties in his kingdom. He broke that rule only once. That was thirteen years ago when he signed the decrees that gave ~~the~~ absolute power into the hands of Mussolini. ^{So} He has reigned longer than any ^{other} ~~ix~~ living king.
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SHOWS

New York seems to be getting rather more than its share of entertainment right at the beginning of what promises to be a season that will break all records in ~~many~~ ways of *entertainment.*

As usual, the Horse Show thrilled scores of thousands. The unexpected victory of the British army team in the international jumping contests, produced an extra spine tickler, and the ~~Royal~~ Canadian Mouted [^]Police _^ put a greater splash of color than ever into this most exciting of ~~all~~ spectacles.

Two stage presentations of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" have the whole town talking, with Leslie Howard as the latest Prince of Denmark, *To be or not to be - ing all over the stage.* Leslie Howard, by the way, is appearing under the management of the foremost Shakespearian manager of all time, Percy Burton of London, the man who handled most of the great Shakesperian stars of this and the last generation. Mr. Percy Burton started with none other than the immortal Sir Henry Irving. Later he was with Sara Bernhardt,

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Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, and now Leslie Howard ~~the~~ ^{at this armistice night} latest ~~to~~ Hamlet. *If you want peace see Leslie Howard's Hamlet.* ~~And, if you think Shakespeare is dull, just see this one!~~ *If you want war take a look at that thrilling new film The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

AUTO SHOW

Let's take the magic carpet of our imagination on another voyage into the past. It is November 1900 in New York City. It is the first National Automobile show. Over in Hoboken, New Jersey, is a young man with a Princeton diploma and a carload of worry. Claude Mathews, an employee of the Packards in Warren, Ohio, has the job of getting four automobiles into the old Madison Square Garden building where the auto shows used to be held. The N. Y. ferry boat officials made him drain out all the gasoline. Having crossed the river, Mathews had to ransack grocery stores for fresh gasoline, which he had to buy by the quart. Mathews hadn't gone far before the car he was driving got stuck in the car tracks. A crowd of jeering teamsters lined up to laugh and poor Mathews had to enlist the help of a truckman to pull him out with horses. At any rate, he did contrive to get those four horseless carriages into Madison Square Garden. As he was dusting them off a stranger walked up to him and began to fire a barrage of questions. After he had answered them he nearly fell over backwards when the stranger said: "Please deliver three of these machines to the stables of Mr. William Rockefeller."

Next morning Mr. Packard arrived from Ohio and learned about those orders. "My boy," he shouted, "if those are bona fide, it means we are in the horseless vehicle business. If people will buy these things that easily, we'll have to build a factory right away and get busy."

Claude Mathews told this story on himself to the Rockefeller Center weekly. Said he: "I didn't think there was any future in autos so I went into the electrical business."

That funny little old, high-pocket Packard that got stuck in the car tracks on the New York waterfront thirty-six years ago is a part of this year's Auto Show, which opened today at the Grand Central Palace, New York.

As usual the General Motors opened a special show of its own at the Waldorf. That's where last week we heard of the handsome profits declared by General Motors. This morning Chrysler came out with an equally profitable announcement. Steel, which always thrives when plenty of motor cars are being built, reflected its prosperity not only in dividends but a raise of wages for employees.

Tonight comes the information that Eastman-Kodak, declares an extra common stock dividend and in addition a wage dividend of two million odd dollars. And from New Jersey we hear that Johns-Manville announces an increase of wages.

In fact, check-up on an adding machine reveals the fact that holders of stock in American corporations will have received more dividends by the end of this year than they did in peak year Nineteen Twenty-Nine.

This condition is not regarded with unmixed joy. Conservative men both in finance and industry are shaking their heads and fearing a return to the extravagant, high rolling boom times of Nineteen Twenty-Nine.

LABOR

The fight between the rival factions of the labor union world appear tonight to be growing more bitter, a battle of words at long range. "You're a bunch of Communists", says one side. That's hurled at John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization. Hurlled by John P. Frey, President of the metal trades department of the A. F. of L. "The C. I. O.", says he today, "is opening the door to Bolshevism in our trades unions."

That verbal projectile didn't go without a retort. The Lewis Committee hurled back -- accusing William Green, A. F. of L. President, of conspiracy. This from the United ~~States~~ Mine Workers of America, of which Lewis is President. The Mine Workers went so far as to summon Mr. Green to appear before its executive board and answer those charges. The date for his appearance is set for November Eighteenth. Then Mr. Green will be in Tampa at the A. F. of L. meeting.

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Last night we made a weird attempt to apply logic to love, ~~the~~^a proposition about a million times more difficult than squaring the circle. ~~And~~^{And} This seems to be romance week in the news. Tonight's love story concerns still another celebrity. We haven't heard of her for sometime but ~~every good~~^{many} ~~American~~ will remember the name -- Peggy Upton Archer Hopkins Joyce Morner. In short, the Countess Gosta Morner, more celebrated in the list^s of love as Peggy Joyce. Peggy evidently heard about Jack Barrymore's wedding which tied the score between them at four all. So Peggy has ~~just~~ decided to be one up on Caliban. She's taking her fifth. In making this known one New York make-up editor permitted himself a flight of humor. From one headline we learn that Peggy was to take husband number five. Right next to it was a head reading:-- "The Moon Will Wear a Veil."

There's one difference between her and the other famous brides of the week. Peggy is no mere fledgling of twenty-one. According to the most learned genealogists she is now well over forty. The blushing bridegroom, Dr. Vivian Jackson,

is a thirty year old professor of astro-physics at the University of London.

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Our Peggy was only seventeen when she ran away from school to marry a young man from Denver. That one lasted six months. Mr. Peggy number two was Sherburne Hopkins of Washington, D. C. By this time the lady had learned that it's just as easy to fall in love with a rich man as a poor one and a darn sight more comfortable. After two years Peggy was in circulation again but not for long. Number three was J. Stanley Joyce, a Midwestern lumber millionaire. Married in 1920, divorced in 1921.

Her third divorce left her in ~~such~~ such comfortable circumstances that three years later she was able to afford herself the luxury of ~~being~~ a Swedish count, ~~for~~ number four. That one endured four years, but its reaction upon Peggy was summed up in the vow "never again" which she publicly uttered in 1923.

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PP Now she's changed her mind!

The romance of the ex-countess and Professor Jackson was born through a common love for horses. In addition to his distinction in the realm of astro-physics, Dr. Jackson is an

accomplished steeplechase rider.

Only the day before yesterday the cables from London brought the news that Peggy had been having an argument with the management of the hotel where she lives. She was quite annoyed to find sand in her bed when she went to retire.

And, tonight ^{it's not sand, it's} ~~we learn that she is to take~~ another husband.

~~Oh yes, and he is, to put it conservatively, quite well off.~~ And s-l-u-t-m.

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