

R. J. S. Waco. Wed., Apr. 3, 1935.

EUROPE

Continued

The biggest worry of European statesmen today is Poland.

The Warsaw diplomats are playing a canny poker game. They obviously know the value of not saying "yes" too easily. When John Bull sent

Lord Privy Seal, Captain Anthony Eden, ^{on that visit some} ~~it was confidently~~ expected that he would be as successful as he was in Moscow, ~~and that he would prevail upon the Polish government to join in the ring of steel that the Allies are trying to build around Germany.~~ The news of the

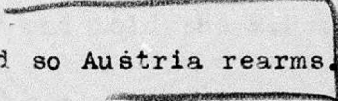
real results of Captain Eden's mission to Warsaw has trickled out in spasms. At first we were ~~going to be~~ given to understand that Poland was acting coy, ~~and~~ reluctant to play ball with the Allies without being sure what she was going to get out of it.

But now the information is more definite. Poland's government is laying back its ears and balking at the notion of ganging up on Hitler with John Bull and France. Though the Poles have a strong army, they don't want to fight unless they absolutely have to, and they don't want the risk of entanglements with the Germans while so many ticklish frontier problems are unsolved. When Poland was given Silesia, she acquired a large number of German-speaking and reluctant citizens. So she doesn't want any trouble she can dodge, she doesn't want to be set to pulling John Bull's

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chestnuts out of the fire for him. She shies at the prospect of having to fight somebody else's battles and incurring the possibility of foreign troops on her soil once more. In other words, this means that Reichsfuehrer Hitler has one strike on Captain Anthony Eden - maybe.

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 And so Austria rearms. It's been due for weeks now.

And, a new factor made its appearance. You may recall that the Treaty of St. Germanin, which carved the Hungarian goose into various slices, gave a bit to Austria. This was to compensate the Austrians for losing their seaport on the Adriatic.

Naturally, this was not received with cheers in Hungary, and the Magyars have been resentful ever since. The prospect that alarms Vienna is that Hitler's example in repudiating the Treaty of Versailles, may stimulate the Hungarians to imitate him, repudiate their treaty and try to grab back that territory.

This will be another problem for that meeting of the Allied statesmen at Stresa next month, the meeting from which Mussolini has warned us to expect no miracle.

LONDON FOLLOW EUROPE

One international incident that might have ended in a row has wound up in a laugh, or at any rate in a giggle. It certainly was a score for Sir John Simon, John Bull's lanky Foreign Minister.

It began ~~with Sir~~ when Sir John went before the House of Commons today and told the M.Ps. that Reichsfuehrer Hitler had told him that Germany's air force was as large as England's. Such an admission could not help being a sensation in London. This explosive announcement had hardly reached the news-stands on Fleet Street before the German Embassy in London issued a denial, a flat contradiction. Though it was couched in the customary diplomatic verbiage, it was tantamount to calling His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs a liar. Whether that was a tactful thing to do, you may judge for yourself. At any rate, the German ^{foreign} embassy offices in Berlin did not think so, for they ordered ^{their London ambassador} ~~him to~~ ^{prevaricator} retract. So an hour after calling Sir John Simon a ~~liar~~, the German Embassy in London was obliged to apologize. The obvious guess is that the Fatherland will shortly send a new ambassador to the Court of St. Jameses.

MACDONALD FOLLOW LONDON

A rumor that comes from London today opens the way for much speculation and conjecture. It is really a revival of the old rumor that Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald is about to resign. That is, he won't retire altogether.. He will take one of those offices in the Cabinet that require no administrative work, no department to handle. The prophecy is that he will either become Lord President of the Council, ~~with~~^{with} nothing to do except preside over the Privy Council when it meets, or remain in the Cabinet as Minister without Portfolio.

The grapevine information is that Stanley Baldwin will step into his shoes, ~~and become Prime Minister once more.~~ Of course inevitably this will tip the balance of power in England's coalition government over to the side of the Tories, of whom Stanley Baldwin is the leader. The question is what effect will this have upon the Labor Party in Great Britain. Of course, the Laborites long ago expelled the genial canny Scot from their ranks, proclaiming him a traitor to labor.

But this decision of Ramsey MacDonald's, to take a back seat, has no political ~~background~~^{color.} At least that seems to be the

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authentic information. It is no secret that his health has been failing for some time. *The news reels certainly show that.* A British Prime Minister has to work

terrifically long hours when Parliament is in session, and the strain has been telling on Premier MacDonald. At first it was supposed that he would not retire until after the celebrations of King George's jubilee were over. As the festivities will last well into July, Mr. MacDonald is afraid that the extra work and additional public appearances will be too much for him. So we may hear any day that the solid Conservative but unmagnetic Mr. Baldwin is once more His Majesty's Prime Minister.

LITVINOFF

The intimate family affairs of Maxim Litvinoff, Russia's smooth and effective Commissar of Foreign Affairs, are on the spot again. Comrade Litvinoff is smooth when he's handling foreign diplomats, but his treatment of his kinsfolk is not so suave.

A few weeks ago ^{we heard} ~~I mentioned~~ that Commissar Litvinoff's brother, a rabbi in Lodz, Poland, was impoverished and almost starving, while the powerful Commissar has been living as only Commissars and rich foreigners can live in the land of the Soviet Union. ~~The rabbi tried to communicate with his powerful brother, and received a reply from one of the Commissar's underlings that "The Socialist Union of Soviet Republics permits no money to be sent out of the country."~~

This has been followed by a dramatic and pathetic episode in ~~the~~ court room in Lodz. The rabbi and his sister, Commissar Litvinoff's sister, Esther Finkelstein, have been evicted from the tenement in which they lived in the Lodz ghetto. Their landlord summoned them to court, demanding Forty Dollars back rent. The court asked the rabbi and his sister if they could ^{not} get help from their famous brother in Moscow. The sister replied tearfully :

"My brother refuses to know us. It is useless to ask him for anything." Such is the information gathered by the LONDON DAILY EXPRESS.

So these two old people were thrown out of their miserable quarters. A bailiff removed the few sticks of furniture they possessed. When ~~he~~ ^{the bailiff} asked where he should take the things, the rabbi and his sister replied: "No place. We've no place to go." They were urged again to communicate with Commissar Litvinoff. With tears in her eyes, the old woman raised her head and replied:

"One of ~~us~~ ^{our family} lives in the Kremlin, but we have no place to lay our heads. It is better we should die." A compassionate friend put through a call to the Kremlin, asking for Comrade Litvinoff. The Foreign Minister's secretary answered for him and said: "The Commissar cannot ~~hear~~ speak to either his brother or his sister."

Well, it takes courage - of a sort - to take and maintain such an attitude.

CHICAGO

The victory of Mayor Edward J. Kelly in Chicago turns out to be even greater than first optimistic reports. Chicago wished its engineer Mayor back into office by around eight hundred thousand votes. The sensation in that this represents seventy five per cent of the total vote of the city. Unless I'm mistaken, it's the most overwhelming majority anybody has ever seen in a municipal election, at any rate in a place of that size.

As Mayor Kelly is a Roosevelt Democrat, naturally the administration partisans point to it with pride as a victory for the President. They say it's a stentorian answer to the claims of his opponents that the Presidents popularity and prestige were wanning.

Perhaps they are right. However, it must be admitted that Mr. Kelly had the breaks in his favor. For one thing, he had the benefit of the tremendous success of the Century of Progress Exposition, which had been planned before Mr. Kelly was catapulted into office by the assassination of Mayor Tony Cermack. That World's Fair brought millions of dollars to Chicago -- fattened the incomes of many thousands of her people. Then too, even his bitterest opponents could not deny that he had made things humm on his own initiative. He got a big loan from Uncle Sam's

Reconstruction Finance Corporation and gave the teachers, policemen and firemen their back pay. And, as Al Smith has remarked, "We never yet heard of anybody shooting Santa Claus." Mayor Kelly also showed himself a doer, and not a doddler in the way in which he wrestled with another of Chicago's big problems - the collecting of back taxes. So this Democratic sweep was accomplished along lines considerably different from other Chicago elections.

Out in Los Angeles, the principal ^{election's} issue was the prolific, not to say ^{al} prolix, Upton Sinclair and his Epic Program. Several candidates whom he had backed ran for office of various kinds.

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The Long Angelinos elected only one of his councilmen, and turned thumbs down on a dozen others. In the race for jobs on the bench, the Epic Party was more successful. Three out of ten lawyers okayed by Sinclair were chosen judges.

VOLIVA FOLLOW CHICAGO

But the election which will amuse most people was the one in Zion City, Illinois, out where the earth is flat. ~~From~~ There the voters hand us a real surprise. We've taken it for granted that Wilbur Glenn Voliva, Zion City's Overseer, was a ruler as absolute as Duce Mussolini or Fuehrer Hitler, ^{forever & a day.} One would have thought there was as much chance of turning Voliva out as of turning Rome over to the Communists. But the miracle has happened. Wilbur Glenn Voliva is out, and his power is smashed. After ~~two~~ years of dictatorship, his rule is at an end. And it looks final. Zion City's new Mayor is William ~~R~~ Edwards, leader of the anti-Voliva party, and seven out of eight commissioners are also anti-Volivists. The campaign of Mr. Edwards and those seven commissioners was made on a straight, uncompromising vehement platform, a simple one which read: "Down with Voliva". And down he goes.

~~The amazing part of the story is that the Overseer Dictator's candidate never had a chance.~~

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Well, twenty-eight years is a pretty long reign for any monarch. ~~Anybody~~ Nobody had heard of Wilbur Glenn Voliva until Zion City revolted against the rule of John Alexander Dowie, who made no bones about his conviction that he was the reincarnation of

the Prophet Elijah. He called himself "Elijah the Second".

He also called himself, "First Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ and General Overseer of the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church in Zion." ^RElijah the Second established the precedent for ruling Zion City with an iron hand. But his rule lasted only five years. He was toppled off the throne on a long list of charges, which included the accusation that "The First Apostle" did not walk in the straight and narrow path that might be expected of an apostle and the reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah.

His place was taken in Nineteen hundred and seven by Voliva, who, up to that time, had been a paster of churches in various small ~~vivid~~ midwestern towns. He soon made the rule of "Elijah" Dowie seem mild and liberal. Overseer Voliva not only prohibited drinking and swearing, but smoking and chewing gum. No ladies of Zion City were allowed rouge, power or any kind of cosmetics. ^{In his} ~~In~~ Zion ~~City~~ there were neither dance halls, theatres nor doctors. The rules of the church even forbade the eating of ^{Lobsters were not chewed - they were eschewed.} pork, oysters and all shell fish. ⁿ Doctors were prohibited because, as Voliva said, "Only the Lord may heal thee."

Zion citizens considered that the Overseer had reached the height of his fury when he expelled three girls for snapping their chewing gum. Also when he took a high school diploma away from another young lady because she had bobbed her hair.

The absolute rule of the Overseer was possible because the church owned every foot of land in Zion City. This land could be leased only to church members and if any disobeyed orders, the leases were cancelled. However, even Voliva could not vault forever in the face of the city's constitution.

Mr. Edwards, the new Mayor, is a plasterer by profession. In fact, although a Zion citizen, he was employed in the remodeling of the White House in Washington during the reign of Calvin Coolidge in Nineteen twenty-seven.

Maybe the next thing we shall hear will be that the earth is no longer flat in Zion.

ILLUSTRATORS

I heard a curious tale while walking through the Thirty-third Annual Exhibition of the Society of Illustrators, which is being held in the R. C. A. Building here at Rockefeller Center.

The story heard concerns Legaren Hiller. He had to do an illustration, a photographic illustration for a deathbed scene, a young girl kneeling at the bedside of an old man, imploring him not to die. Hiller had scoured the streets of New York to procure the proper type for the old man and finally picked up an aged foreigner from a park bench in Madison Square.

He finally got both models posed as he wanted them, shot his picture, then told the old man: "All right, you can get up now." But the old man didn't get up. In fact, he couldn't get up. He was dead.

WOOD

More echoes of the Hauptmann trial. Chief Defense Attorney tossed out by the Hauptmanns. Mr. Reilly presented too it seems.

And here's a new work for you -- Xylotomist. You won't find it even in the dictionary. It's a new word to describe a new profession, the occupation of Arthur Koehler, that wood expert of Uncle Sam's who provided the last link in the chain that convicted Bruno Richard Hauptmann at Flemington. It seems I was wrong in calling Mr. Koehler a dendrologist, as I did at the time. He's a Xylotomist.

You may remember that one of the defense lawyers made a great to-do about Mr. Koehler. The lawyer in question is the owner of a sawmill, and on the strength of that he claimed there is so such thing as a wood expert. Nevertheless, Mr. Koehler testified and explained the amazing job he had done in tracing the wood in the kidnap ladder through two thousand lumber mills in the United States to a lumber yard in the Bronx, and thence to the attic of Hauptmann's house. It was he who cinched the prosecution's case and left on record probably the most laborious,

painstaking job of sleuthing of our day.

Now Mr. Koehler has another New Jersey job. He's using his microscope and the rest of his apparatus on a specimen of the famous eight-mile Atlantic City boardwalk. The City fathers have asked him to find them a wood that will stand the wear and tear that a boardwalk has to undergo -- the effects of salt water, sand, wind, and the friction of wheel chairs. Not so dramatic as the Lindbergh Case. But it gives us an idea of the varied uses of a Xylotomist. It's a hard word but here's an easy one - solong --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.