

L.J. - Sunoco. Feb. 17, 1937. Wed.

SPAIN

(The civil war in Spain has reached another crisis. If today's reports mean anything, Madrid is virtually surrounded.)
From the northeast, from the northwest, from the southeast and from the south, General Franco's armies are converging on the capital. One division is swooping down from the Guadarramas, another from the Jarama River. If they can join forces, the Nationalists will have Madrid bottled, ~~and~~

General Miaja, Commander-in-Chief of the defending army, has established temporary headquarters at a place called Chinchon, some twenty-five miles away to the south, and that, according to reports, is where the fate of the beleaguered city will be decided.

On the other hand, the government claims that its armies have started a counter-offensive in the north. And Barcelona reports there's a Dutch freighter that just entered the harbor, bringing hundreds of machine guns and ~~quite the latest model of~~ millions of rounds of ammunition.

BIARRITZ FOLLOW SPAIN

And here's a bit of grim irony! While most of Spain is crippled, while many of her once lovely cities lie in ruins, one place on the country's border is actually thriving on the civil war. Biarritz, the favorite resort of kings and millionaires, is having the biggest boom in its history. Within earshot of the cannon of the opposing armies, business is humming, people are revelling, everything is gay, in this normally ~~quiet~~^{very} town on the coast of Gascony.

Actually, Biarritz is French. But if you were to walk along its promenade today, you'd think it was Spanish.

There are more Spaniards than Frenchmen in Biarritz now.

— *done and hidalgos* —
Grandeos, dukes, marquises, just plain millionaires, refugees

from the civil war by the hundreds, are living in Biarritz.

Usually, the season is over in September. But hotels, bars, night clubs, are jammed. The casino is open. Golf links and tennis courts are crowded. And all this while Spain is in the grip of bloodshed and destruction.

WARSAW

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Europe always has something to get nervous about. Today, it's the visit of Colonel General Herman Goering, Hitler's ~~Number One iron man~~ ^{a visit} to Warsaw. The Polish capital received Goering with all the pomp and ceremony that he so dearly loves, and which has made him the subject of many a private chuckle in his own country.

All this produced the rumor that the purpose of this ceremonial visit was to restore Danzig to the Fatherland. Naturally, such a rumor caused an acute case of the jitters on the banks of the Seine. However, it was promptly denied in Germany. Peace, just peace, is the sole purpose of this ~~little~~ ^{ex-war aviator} ~~journey of the ex-tuber player~~, Beau Brummell, Air Minister, Prime Minister for Prussia, Commissar of the Four-Year Plan, head of the Secret Police, and Colonel General.

PLANE

One billion dollars for aircraft! That's what the world is spending this year. Thirty thousand airplanes, most of them for warfare!

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Where do we get this news? From the League of Nations. The Secretary of the League has been making a detailed survey of the question, adding up the information gathered in fifty-six countries. Those fifty-six already own sixty-three thousand fighting planes. And some of the leaders in this warlike race are the smaller countries. Jugoslavia, Roumania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, are in the forefront of the movement. However, the most ambitious plans are those of Russia. The Soviet Union is building itself three thousand fighting planes. And Uncle Sam, it's interesting to learn, is constructing twenty-seven hundred, ~~but not for warfare.~~ That's one contrasting note ~~in the report from Geneva.~~

LONDON

Armaments, armaments! East and west everybody is talking armaments. But not for war, Oh, no! Listen to the elder statesmen of every nation engaged in this armament race and they'll assure you that they're doing it for peace.

For instance, the labor leaders in England have been denouncing His Majesty's government for ~~xx~~ that seven and a half billion dollar war equipment program. "You are wrong," says the Right Honorable Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer. "Before we get through it will be more than seven and a half billion. But not as a war measure! All these battleships, airships, cannons, all those terrific engines of destruction, are not to make war but to preserve peace!" And he added: "We have to have them for our own safety."

There was just one cynical note in the speech of the great Chamberlain's son. "No one can view this growing accumulation of burdens without a feeling of shame, disgust for a civilization that prefers to break its own back rather than settle its differences by reasonable means."

JAPAN

While Neville Chamberlain was trying to reassure his countrymen, ~~a scene of a~~ ^{something} different ~~sort~~ went on in the Japanese Parliament. The Diet of Tokyo became the scene of a bitter attack on the Mikado's war lords. The most remarkable part of it was the personality of the man who delivered it. The speaker was Yukio Ozaki. He's not only one of the foremost liberals in Japan, but he's the oldest member of the Diet, has been a legislator ever since Nippon was given a Constitution.

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"The war lords," he said, "are rushing the country towards suicide. Japan has neither the population nor the wealth to compete with Uncle Sam, with John Bull, with Soviet Russia or even with China." ¶ Then Mr. Ozaki went on to speak bitterly about the bloodthirsty uprising of a year ago, when army officers assassinated several of Japan's statesmen and cabinet officers. This aroused the ire of General Sugiyama, Japan's War Minister. "Those murders of a year ago," he said, "should not be blamed upon the army but upon the corruption and degradation of the politicians." That, it might be added, is the standard reply of ^{Japanese} ~~the~~ army leaders to all objections and attacks. The politicians are

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so corrupt, they say, that the country would be ruined if the
army didn't take a hand, ~~in it.~~

BONNET

For several years in succession, it seemed to be an accepted French custom to send men of letters as ambassadors to Washington. But today a different type of envoy landed on our shores. Georges Bonnet, the new head of France's Washington embassy, is a banker, a big-shot in the money world.

Naturally, that aroused the curiosity of the interviewers. Was Monsieur Bonnet picked in order to smooth the way for an American loan to France? Ah oui! I mean:- "Gentlemen, you astonish me," said Ambassador Bonnet. "How could you think such a thing?" Further than that, the wily diplomat declined to say anything whatsoever on the subject.

The keynote of his diplomacy in Washington, he said, would be to continue the economic cooperation between France and Uncle Sam. That, he declared, was the surest means of maintaining peace. And here's an item of information that will interest folks who are on the visiting list of the French embassy. Monsieur and Madame Bonnet brought with them a whole year's supply of truffles and pate de foie gras -- just as our Ambassador Davies took a supply of milk and cream to Moscow.

LINDBERGH

A sandstorm in the desert interrupted the even tenor of the journey of the Lindberghs. The Flying Colonel and his wife took off from Cairo this morning, hoping to make Baghdad without a stop. When they were overdue and no word was received from them, the rumor arose that they were lost. It's curious how these rumors will always crop up in the face of the fact that about the last man in the world likely to be lost anywhere is Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. However, the sandstorm was so terrific that he made a forced landing in the Syrian Desert

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about midway between Damascus and Baghdad. That's on the ancient caravan route traversed by the armies of Sennachabib and Sargon. That way Nebuchadnezzar took the Children of Israel into captivity. The most historic of all ~~roads~~ highways. Now the Lindberghs parked there tonight - in the sandstorm.

CRASH

A tragedy at the Golden Gate, an accident to San Francisco's pride, the new monster suspension bridge. A catwalk crash, carrying with it ten tons of steel and mortar and nobody knows yet how many human lives! From the latest feverish account, it seems possible that no fewer than nine men may have fallen ^{one} ~~two~~ hundred ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{fifty} feet to their death in the waters of San Francisco's lovely Bay.

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It happened while hundreds of men were at work on the magnificent span. The engineers have been doing their utmost to make sure ~~that~~ it would be finished and ready for traffic by May, when the bridge is to be opened with ~~magnificent~~ pomp and ceremony. The first signal of disaster was a sudden, tremendous roar. The construction platform, which weighed ten tons, gave way as though an earthquake had struck it.

A similar previous accident had happened without casualty. On that occasion fifteen men fell, but the safety net spread below them saved their lives. Today, however, that ten ton platform crashed down carrying with it safety net and all, including more than a dozen workmen.

The strangest part of the story is that two of those who fell were rescued alive; ~~They were~~ picked up by a fishing boat. But though they live, their condition, after that two hundred foot fall, is reported serious. ~~That~~ The first really grave accident since ^{they started work on that} ~~the building of that magnificent and~~ gigantic bridge, ~~began~~.

WRECK

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Little more than a month ago, a large freighter with thirty-four men aboard, ^{was lost at} ~~perished in~~ the mouth of the Columbia River. And today another ship was wrecked in those same waters. In the most ferocious storm of the season so far, an Italian motorship collided with an American vessel and sank clear up to the promenade deck. This time, however, no lives were lost. The collision took place barely forty miles from Portland, Oregon.

COAL

This was the first day of the negotiations for a new contract in the soft coal mining industry. It began none too hopefully. The opening arguments for both sides were about as far apart as the Poles. Said Vice President Murray of the Mine Workers: "If we don't get what we want you'll see rebellion in the ~~coal mining industry.~~ ^{mines}" Said the spokesman of the operators: "What you ask for is ~~quite~~ amazing and ~~utterly~~ impossible." The mine owners said further: "So far as shortening the working hours of the miners, we shall have to increase them if the industry is to survive."

And that sums up pretty much the soft coal situation today, *deadlock,*

SUPREME COURT

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Just by way of a change, it would be nice to be able for one day to quit talking about the Supreme Court. But there's no such luck. The subject ^{this time is} ~~was~~ thrown into the forefront of the news by that profound and respected Senator Bertram K. Wheeler of Montana and his colleague, Mr. Bone of Washington. They leaped into the fray with a compromise suggestion. What they propose is a constitutional amendment. This would make it legal for Congress to override the Supreme Court just as it now can nullify a presidential veto - by a two-thirds vote.

As a matter of fact, such an amendment narrowly escaped becoming an original part of the Constitution. It was suggested by that venerable founder, the Honorable James Madison of Virginia. The Constitutional Convention considered it quite seriously but eventually decided against it. And now Senators Wheeler and Bone bring it to life once more. It is believed in Washington that many other senators who are opposed to Mr. Roosevelt's ideas will support the Wheeler-Bone suggestion.

However, there's quite a string to this amendment. If it were ratified, Congress would not be able to override the

Supreme Court immediately after a decision declaring one of its laws unconstitutional. Such a Supreme Court decision could only be overruled by the succeeding Congress. In other words, let us say for instance that a law passed by the Eightieth Congress were pronounced invalid by the Supreme bench. That ruling could not be voted down until the Eighty-First or Eighty-Second Congress took the matter up.

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PANTS

One of the moot questions of the day on this continent concerns neither warfare nor armaments nor strikes nor economics. One of the topics of the moment is nothing more or less than the President's pants. Specifically, the pants he wore on the day of his inauguration. Hitherto, it has been a law of the Medes and Persians that a gentleman formally arrayed in a morning coat must clad his legs in stripes. Mr. Roosevelt, appropriately to that first historic January inauguration, broke a precedent. His pants were of the same colour and material as his coat and vest. This was the subject of sad head-shakings, eye-brow-lifting and lububrious comment in Philadelphia, where the National Association of Merchant Tailors of America are holding their convention. They're the Supreme Court of Coasts and Pants. With one breath they proclaimed Mr. Roosevelt the best dressed man in America. "But," said these sartorial supreme judges, "He violated all the sartorial laws including the sartorial constitution.

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RETAKE

President Roosevelt has answered one question that the politicians have been asking. That question was "What was going to be done with Paul McNutt, former Governor of Indiana?" In that capacity and elsewhere he had been an ardent and highly useful New Dealer. As the late William Jennings Bryan would have put it, he ranked high among "deserving Democrats." The answer to the question is that Indiana's deserving Democrat becomes United States high commissioner to the Phillipines. *A land that is* ~~that~~ *a long, long* way off. But, still it is considered one of the important jobs.

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he wears; he's far too great a man to worry about clothes."

But the most serious consternation was felt in Canada. Ottawa, the Dominion's capital, was gravely shocked by that pronouncement made in Philadelphia. Not only Premier King and his opponent, the Right Honourable R. B. Bennett, leader of the Opposition, but even His Majesty's representative, the Governor-General Lord Tweedsmuir, all wear gray pants with their grey morning coats. Lord Tweesmuir improperly dressed! I say -- what? And -- -- -- SO LONG UTIL TOMORROW.