

P.T. - Sunoco. Tues, Oct. 15, 1935.

Carter
M.B.C.

Those Americans who went out hunting in Mexico and got tangled up with a revolutionary outbreak -- seem to be safe, every ~~man~~ one of them. Arthur Norcross publisher flew to New York today. He was one of the six American hunters seized by the rebels. There was some doubt about the five others. They were still down among the mountains of Mexico. Now they are reported safe and sound -- except for their shot-guns and ammunition. The revolutionists grabbed every bit of their hunting artillery, to use as weapons.

Arthur Norcross, arriving in New York after a swift plane flight, declares that the men who seized him and his companions were by no means bandits. "They were a decidedly *higher* ~~sort~~ sort," says he--mainly bent on overthrowing the regime ⁱⁿ ~~and~~ power. ~~in Mexico.~~

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Shortly before they captured the Americans the band had raided a town in the state of Sonora and executed two of the principal government officials of the locality. This same revolutionary element in Sonora ^{is} ~~was~~ fighting with such menacing boldness that there's a panic in the city of Nogales on the border. Mexican authorities in Nogales asked the American sheriff across

the line for machine guns to use in defending the town against
the rebel band. The ^{Gringo} sheriff refused.

It may be the beginning of a real storm in northern Mexico.
^{And that's}
-- the hatching ground of most Mexican revolutions.

JAPAN

Tokio provides the delicate diplomacy. Moscow today provides the indignation.

It all began, you know, with those savage clashes on the border of Manchukuo and Siberia. The Russian Bear sent a protest to Tokio. The big Red animal was conciliatory and made the suggestion that the thing should be arbitrated, an inquiry started to find out who was to blame for the fighting, the troops of Moscow or the Manchukuoan-Japanese regiments?

To this simple, sensible proposal by the Bear, the Nipponese Dragon replies with a Far Eastern smile, a dragonish smile - of "yes, agreed." That is - Tokio now replies to Russia saying the idea of an arbitration commission is excellent, okay, A-one. A commission to determine and mark out the frontiers between Manchukuo and Siberia.

The Bear wants to arbitrate the fighting. The dragon wants

to arbitrate the boundaries. So no wonder the huge Red animal is growling ferociously, because Russia has never imagined there was any question about the boundary of Manchukuo and Siberia, that ~~that~~ ^{say they was} border ~~line had been~~ fixed once and for all, way back in the last century. The Red lords in Moscow can only surmise that Tokio's boundary proposal means that Japan has designs on some Russian territory. So the results of those border clashes shape up today - as another tangle of perplexities and dangerous diplomacy.

ETHIOPIA

9
The drive for peace is pushing hard, and the man at the front of the ^{peaceful}~~pacifist~~ battle is the small dark Premier of France, M. Laval. That's to be expected. France is desperate at the dark possibility of a clash between England and Italy, of Paris having to make a definite choice between her two friends, necessary friends, London and Rome. So Laval has sent a diplomatic communication to the British Foreign Office. He suggests that England withdraw her fleets from the Meditteranean, those mighty squadrons of warships that are there as a direct threat to Italy. Laval's argument is that a British fleet withdrawal would ease the tension immensely, would bring a less belligerent state of mind in Italy.

London tonight is reported to be cold to the French Premier's proposal. The English are of no mind to take their ships out of the Meditteranean. They say it would be impossible while the Italianx drive goes on in Ethiopia.

But, ^{that's}~~there's~~ another point. Italy is suggesting terms -- compromise terms. Mussolini is said to be willing to stop his African armies, if England will settle down and come to an arrangement along this line -- no complete conquest of Ethiopia by the Italians.

They are willing to take a couple of provinces, ~~and~~ be able to build a railway from Eritrea to Somaliland. ~~Also~~ they want to keep the northern province of Tigre independent of Addis Ababa.

Right in the middle of this new peace drive is a proposal made by Pope Pius the Eleventh. The Pontiff suggests that the heads of the British, Italian and French governments get together and in a formal and personal conference ~~xxx~~ work out a peace agreement. The report is that Paris is strongly in favor of this and would like to see the Pope arrange such a meeting.

But against the word "Peace" -- is the word "War." Savage fighting on the southern front of Ethiopia, stories of huge Ethiopian forces driving against the Italian ~~x~~ mechanized battallions. Frightful casualties among the Ethiopians from sky bombs, gas and machine ~~xxxx~~ gun fire.

And more threats in the Mediterranean. The British fleet manuevring off Suez. And seventeen thousand more Italians landed ~~ly~~ secretly in Libya -- threat of a drive into Egypt and against the Suez canal.

The bystander on this side of the water would venture a guess that today's peace moves won't get anywhere right away,

although they may be the future basis for negotiations later on. For the moment, it seems ~~me~~ a necessary policy for Italy to push on and occupy more of Ethiopia. And it seems equally expedient for the London government to hold things up and wait for the general election that is coming within a few weeks -- the election in which they hope to put the Tory party more strongly in the saddle, and, probably will.

TRIBUNE

Some significant declarations about the international crisis were made today at the Fifth Annual New York Herald-Tribune Forum on Current Affairs directed by Mrs. William Brown Meloney. The startling thing was voices from distant cities and continents flashing in rapid and dramatic sequence across the world. Mrs. Roosevelt, First Lady of the Land, was the first speaker in the crowded hall at the Waldorf-Astoria, and our Ambassador at Large, Norman Davis. Then came flashing from Washington, the voice of Secretary of State Hull. And Paris put in its word. And from London - the ether traveling words of Sir Samuel Hoare, British Foreign Secretary.

The theme of the discussion was peace and war, and Secretary of State Hull declared that one most important principle for maintaining peace was - free trade. "The nations", he said, "can and must simultaneously endeavor to facilitate the movement of trade ~~how~~ between them." And the meaning was there - if a nation could buy and sell as freely in the world as an individual does in his own country, there would be no need for these

desperate international struggles for markets and for industrial resources - like Italy's struggle to get mineral resources, coal, oil, ~~iron~~ and ore.

~~And~~ ^{Then} the voice of the British Foreign Secretary came from London - endorsing the free trade arguments that our Secretary of State had spoken. ~~Then~~ ^{And} Sir Samuel Hoare, reiterated that England was firmly and entirely basing her ~~position-decision~~ ^{stand} on the League of Nations Covenant, ~~and was~~ governing her policy by the idea that nations should settle their differences peaceably and reasonably, without war.

HAUPTMANN

Another legal step in the dark destiny of Richard Bruno Hauptmann. Another act by a court of law. The New Jersey law says that the Court of Errors and Appeals must review all death sentences. And the review of the doom of Hauptmann was handed down today.


It gives the iron-faced German thirty days more. The execution of the death sentence is stayed for one month. And that points to the last legal step of all. Hauptmann gets the extra thirty days to give him time to appeal to the United States Supreme Court. His lawyers are going to take the case all the way up. The Supreme Court decides on cases of constitutionality, and they claim that Hauptmann's constitutional rights were violated. If the Nine Justices refuse to do anything, it's all up - so far as the courts of this land are concerned.

In New Jersey there's no appeal to the Governor for commutation of the death sentence. Such an appeal goes before a Pardons Board, of which the Governor is a member, and that Pardons Board is partly composed of the judges who sit on that same Court of Errors and Appeals *which has already passed on Hauptmann's fate twice.*

ARTIST

54
A mad, fantastic story of an ~~author's~~ ^{artists} life, haunting terror in a studio, terrifying spectrums amid canvases, brushes and paints. It tells of Herman Niemeier, a painter of ~~some note~~ ^{renown}. He did portraits of notable people, one of General Pershing. Seventy-eight years old, he had his studio on the top floor of a four-story house in Brooklyn. There, surrounded by landscapes, studies in oils, portraits - he painted, and was terrified.

He was afraid of kidnappers. He went to the local police-station and told the cops that a gang was plotting to abduct him. He went a second time and a third. The police looked at each other with meaningful glances. They said the old man was suffering from hallucinations, haunted by ghostly kidnappers. ^{R well,} Last night Niemeier rushed into a candy store around the corner. He had a frightened look. He told the candy storekeeper that the gang was after him, and begged the man to walk home with him, and protect him. The candy storekeeper was too busy to oblige, so the old artist went his way, looking to the right and left, trembling.

 Last night terror came to another apartment in the building in which Niemeier lived, an apartment occupied by two women, mother and

55'
daughter. They heard a noise. It was on the fire-escape outside
of their living room window. "Tap, tap," there was a knocking on
the window. They grew pale. They thought it was a burglar. They
crept in their bedroom, crawled into bed, pulled the covers over
them and waited trembling in the darkness, until they fell off to
sleep.

This morning in the back yard of the building, right ^{under} ~~on~~
~~the~~ fire-escape, a body was found. The old artist, killed by a fall.
The police found the door of the studio heavily barred. They had
to get in by the fire-escape and the window through which Niemeier
had got out. They found a canvas on the easel, brushes and paints
ready. Apparently the old ^{man} ~~artist~~ had sat down to begin a picture,
when his terrors ^{swarmed} ~~swamped~~ upon him - phantom kidnappers. Frightened,
he attempted to escape them, through the window, down the fire-escape,
trying to take refuge in the apartment below. And then, somehow -
a fall, ~~to~~ the end.

PHILIPPINES

56
Personality bits are frequently beguiling - ~~sometimes~~
sometimes significant. Take the new President of the Philippine
Islands, ^{Mr} Señor Manuel Quezon; First president of a new nation,
recently inaugurated; A lifelong ambition achieved, ^A Word from
Manila tells us how Señor Quezon is enjoying his new honor and
dignity. They say he never ventures forth unless surrounded by a
whole cohort of bodyguards. Among these protectors are high
officers of the Philippine constabulary. Anybody admitted to see
him is examined from head to heels, to make sure he isn't armed.
The President always carries, even at formal receptions and banquets -
carries a loaded riding crop, ready to strike out, if need be.
Most often he doesn't trust himself ^{to} ~~with~~ the chances ^{of} solid earth,
but passes the night aboard a revenue cutter, anchored in Manila Bay,
a safe distance from shore.

These personality bits about the new President of the
Philippine Republic tell the story a lot more clearly than any
general analysis - a story of threatening trouble. Already there has
been a political assassination in the new government. A politician
elected as an assemblyman. He hadn't yet taken office. His enemies

killed him and got away. No arrests.

Then look at Quezon's defeated rival for the presidency, Aguinaldo, the famous old guerrilla fighter who battled his way to fame fighting the American army in the Philippine Insurrection. Aguinaldo's back yard is a place of political meetings. His followers gather and ^{plan.} ~~threaten~~. It is reported, on several occasions, Quezon's policemen were too keenly interested in what Aguinaldo's men were saying. And Quezon's listeners ~~would have been set upon and soundly beaten.~~ were set upon and soundly beaten.

In five provinces of the brand new island republic, rice riots have broken out. Hungry mobs storming warehouses and looting the white grain.

This all fits in with many a prediction that independence for the Islands would ~~more likely~~ mean anarchy. But on the other hand, it is common enough for a newly set up nation, and government, to have an initial period of disturbances. That's the rule, rather than the exception.

CANADA

Now for a look at Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King. Canada is looking at him today. The new Prime Minister of the Dominion with the biggest majority in Canadian history. But then Canadians have been looking at Mackenzie King for a long time. He was Prime Minister before, and he has been head of the Liberal Party all along.

Well, the Mackenzie Kings have not been known to be meek, mild, supine people. The grandfather of the new Prime Minister was something of a stiff-necked recalcitrant. So much so - he had to skip Canada and flee to the United States, because he printed what was considered to be seditious, rebellious literature against the British Government.

Mackenzie King was educated in Ontario, but soon drifted to Harvard. Took a doctor's degree there and became a Harvard instructor of law. Then back to Canada, where twenty five years ago, he took up the portfolio of Minister of Labor.

Again his career drifted below the border. Just before the World War he joined the Rockefeller Foundation to make a

world-wide research into industrial relations. He built up such a reputation as a labor expert, that the Carnegie Foundation and the Rockefeller Foundation competed for him. But, he returned to Canada and became Prime Minister of the Liberal government. He steered the ship of Canadian state from Nineteen-Twenty-One to Nineteen Thirty. Then the Conservatives were swept into power. And Mackenzie King was among the "outs".

But now Canada once more sees in the Prime Minister's chair a bland, round-faced scholar, a confirmed bachelor, who apparently doesn't need any wife to run the house. In his long previous term of office, Mackenzie King demonstrated that the Dominion of Canada wasn't the only thing he could govern. The Scottish bachelor ~~himself~~ put the Prime Minister's mansion on a budget and operated the budget himself, with an eye on the expenditure of every nickel and dime.

And with an eye on the clock, I'll say -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.