

Weekly News Review

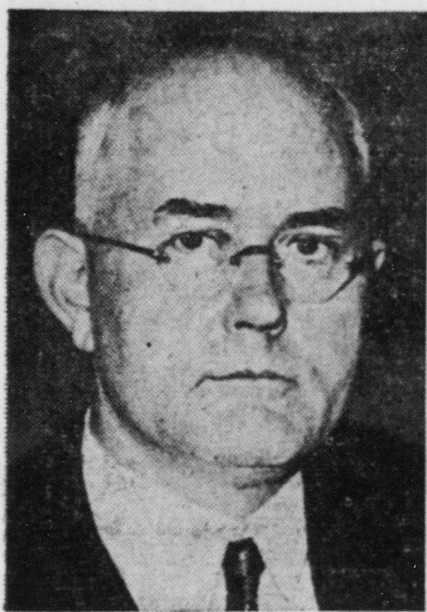
New Dealers Win and Lose;
Girdler Storms Strike Quiz

Politics

In Idaho, Republicans were jubilant. In Ohio, they were hopeful. In Arkansas, where they never had a chance, Republicans went about their workaday tasks and forgot politics. But as homeward-bound Franklin Roosevelt looked at rapidly mounting primary returns from his 48 states last week he must have wondered whether his next congress would be any more coherent than the last.

His "purge" had partially failed because Iowa's Gillette, Missouri's Clark and Nevada's McCarran were sure of re-election. But with a few exceptions his wheelhorses were sure to be back in Washington next winter. To most observers it looked like congress would again be a hodge-podge of multi-colored political thought without party lines.

Judiciously timed, the National Emergency council's report on conditions in the South was released



SENATOR POPE
Idaho had its own "purge."

just as the President marched through Georgia to crack down on Sen. Walter F. George, the bitter-tongued New Deal foe whom he hopes will be defeated by Lawrence Camp. But Franklin Roosevelt had to march around South Carolina on his way back to Washington, because Sen. "Cotton Ed" Smith was almost certain to be renominated regardless of Presidential wishes.

Severest blow to New Dealism last week came when Sen. James Pope, in-and-out administration supporter, was defeated for renomination by Rep. D. Worth Clark, conservative Democrat. But Idaho's Republican primary vote was small, indicating that many a G. O. P. had voted the Democratic ticket to out Pope.

In Arkansas, New Dealer Hattie W. Caraway was renominated to the senate and will be elected next November. In Ohio, Franklin Roosevelt's classmate at Harvard—Sen. Robert J. Bulkley—was given the Democratic nomination over Gov. Martin L. Davey, arch foe of the C. I. O. Ohio's senatorial race will be interesting because Bulkley will face Robert A. Taft, a former President's son, in the final election.

Labor

Republic Steel corporation's Tom W. Girdler has never been soft-spoken. Last week he stormed Washington and in one fell swoop denounced (1) John L. Lewis' C. I. O. for "violence and intimidation"; (2) the National Labor Relations board for "abridging freedom of speech," and (3) Sen. Robert M. LaFollette's civil liberties committee for keeping its work "one-sided."

Behind these blasts was last year's Little Steel strike. Ready for release was an N. L. R. B. decision finding Republic guilty of "unfair labor practices" in the Little Steel fiasco. Ready, too, were orders for Republic to reinstate 5,000 C. I. O. strikers, and to disestablish alleged company-dominated unions.

That Republic objected, is to state the case mildly. In its 136-page brief were 618 exceptions. What Little Steel most wanted was a chance to state its opinion of C. I. O., a chance the labor board seemed unwilling to offer. Thundered the report: "We contend the National Labor Relations act, as construed . . . in this connection, is unconstitutional as abridging freedom of speech."

Next day Tom Girdler carried his fight to the civil liberties committee, climaxing a three-week probe of last summer's bitter labor strife. Flaring up before Senator LaFollette's quiet, relentless cross-examination, he proved no humble witness. Denied was the right to read a statement criticizing the committee's work as "one-sided," and declaring it would be only fair to probe C. I. O.'s records to show what was being done with a \$1,500,000 steel workers' fund.

Domestic

Last month a Saturday Evening Post article by Alva Johnson estimated Son James Roosevelt's annual insurance business at \$250,000 to \$2,000,000 a year, in itself not a very definite guess. Last week to rival Collier's magazine went Jimmy Roosevelt's income tax returns for the past five years, showing total annual income ranging from \$21,714

to \$49,167. The five-year total: \$172,978.03.

Said Son James in comment: "I got into places I never would have if I wasn't the son of the President. But son or no son, I got tossed out a lot, too."

Countered Alva Johnson: "His figures show that his net income would have been more than \$60,000 last year except that he split it . . . to avoid higher tax brackets."

Aviation

Last week at Floyd Bennett field ended the first non-stop Berlin to New York flight. Down from rain drenched skies dropped Germany's 24-passenger monoplane, Brandenburg, carrying a crew of four in record time of 24 hours, 57 minutes.

Because tiny Canton and Enderbury islands are perfect mid-Pacific stopping-off places for transoceanic planes, the U. S. asserted its claim last march by planting colonists on each. Great Britain protested, anxious to guard her thus-far undeveloped Pacific air rights. Last week came as novel a settlement as diplomats have ever seen. Canton and Enderbury will be owned and developed jointly as U. S.-British aviation bases.

Crime

In the early 1930s, Chicago's gang warfare was so bad that many an out-of-town visitor wired ahead for police protection. But Scarface Al Capone finally went to Alcatraz and A Century of Progress exposition helped make the town decent. Last week peaceful Chicago wondered if it would again have gun trouble.

Checking their records, police found six underworld murders since Bookie Harry Minor was shot down June 29. Four others had been reported the previous 12 months. But while Al Capone and "Bugs" Moran fought a bootlegging war, Chicago's current massacre apparently has roots in labor warfare. Five victims have been union workers, two were aides of an alderman.

Foreign

"The Japanese say Changkufeng hill has fallen into their hands. They lie. I, Peter Mikolovich Klejm, lieutenant of infantry in the Soviet army, am now with my division in the trenches on the hill which is safe in our hands. I can see the Japanese trenches only 220 yards away. The yellow bandits are plastering our positions with machine gun fire."

Seated at their radios one night last week, the whole of Russia's Soviet Union heard machine gun and rifle fire along the distant Changkufeng front where Siberia, Manchukuo and Korea converge. Next day heavy Soviet artillery pounded the whole four-mile front.



MAXIM LITVINOFF
He crossed swords and won.

Japan and Russia were continuing their five-year "secret war" which broke into international headlines July 11.

Throughout the day cannons boomed fiercely. All doubt about Soviet artillery accuracy was dissipated. Only one or two sighting shots preceded each direct hit. If they had held Changkufeng hill the night before, Japan's soldiers now retreated under the heaviest bombardment since the World war. Still more disturbing were reports that Russia was building new defenses on nearby Possiet bay where hostilities were sure to break out.

Next night the fight continued, but at 11 o'clock in the morning bugles sounded from either trench and ominous silence filled the shell-torn air. Then it was apparent the war was over.

Thus, temporarily at least, ended a skirmish of diplomatic wits in far away Moscow. Foreign Minister Maxim Litvinoff had crossed verbal swords with Ambassador Mamora Shigamitsu for two solid weeks, finally besting him. Terms of truce: (1) Firing would stop and troops would remain at their present fronts; (2) All other points at issue would be negotiated between the two nations.

Japan had sued first for peace, had surrendered to Maxim Litvinoff's insistence that the redemarcation commission carry two Japanese and two Russians, rather than three men each from Japan, Russia and Japan-dominated Manchukuo.

People

When Sweden's eligible Prince Bertil visited New York last month, he wined one night at a fashionable Manhattan night club with friends. One friend was blonde and buxom Lesley Hyde Ripley; lauded in next morning's papers for drinking milk instead of champagne. If Lesley Ripley drank milk to save money, her father spent much more than her savings on his daughter's debut last week.

A seldom-fallible sign of U. S. business trend is the amount invested by socialite fathers on their daughters' "coming out" parties. When Franklyn Hutton staged Barbara's debut, money ran free throughout the U. S. Depression



LESLEY HYDE RIPLEY
She was launched for \$50,000.

debutantes fared not so well. But when Henry B. H. Ripley spent at least \$50,000 to launch Lesley in the social swim, it appeared that Recession must surely be over.

One thousand guests besported themselves in a \$25,000 ballroom added to the Ripley mansion. They washed down supper and breakfast with champagne for a total outlay of \$10,000. They danced, and the pipers earned \$7,500. Decorations nicked the family purse for \$5,000. But unlike many such parties, the Ripley Roman Holiday was bought and paid for within 24 hours.

Samuel Insull, once monarch of a \$4,000,000,000 utilities empire, died in a Paris subway station July 17, clutching a five-cent commutation ticket. Last week his will was filed in Chicago's probate court. Samuel Insull's estate: "Not in excess of \$1,000."

Business

In 1934, NRA Administrator Hugh Johnson organized a consumer goods industries committee to make periodic forecasts on U. S. trade winds. Last week came its most recent report. Trade winds are blowing well, said 20 major executives, will blow even better in the autumn. Excerpts from typical replies:

From Lamont duPont: "Since July 1 we have operated 5 per cent above standard. Business has improved about 15 per cent."

From General Foods' Clarence Francis: "We believe the last half of the year—particularly the last quarter—will give a fairly good account of itself."

Miscellaneous

A fortnight had passed since Howland Spencer sold to Father Divine his 500-acre estate across the Hudson from Neighbor Franklin Roosevelt. But not until last week did Father Divine's personal army of cherubim and seraphims make a tour of inspection. Led by the man they call "God," 2,500 black and white cultists plied up the river from Harlem in a sidewheel excursion boat, stopping first at a newly acquired "Heaven" near Milton, N. Y.

Over a table piled high with cold chicken and steaming corn, Harlem's self-appointed messiah told his rapt audience:

"As his close neighbors we are not going to disgrace the President. We aim to grace him by our presence. Peace, everybody."

"Peace!" answered a thousand throats.

Next day, as Father Divine made his personal inspection at Crum Elbow, Eleanor Roosevelt hopped in her car across the river, headed for nearby Poughkeepsie. If inquiring reporters thought she would talk about her new neighbors, the First Lady outfoxed them.

"Father Divine?" she parried. "What estate? Oh, you mean that place across the river that's been sold?"

June 30 found the average U. S. citizen with \$49.67 in his pocket. By July 31, said the U. S. treasury department last week, the figure had dropped to \$49.57. Throughout America John Public checked his bank account, tried to figure where he had lost 10 cents in 31 days.

One night last week handsome, wealthy Mr. and Mrs. William Townsend Adlee retired at their Monroe, N. Y., estate. Sometime later a handyman smelled smoke. Down from a second-story window jumped Nurse Lillian Henry with the Adlees' 21-month-old infant. As firemen watched, helpless, the flaming house collapsed and the baby became an orphan.

Bruckart's Washington Digest

Does F. D. R. Seek Third Term?
President Has Many Reasons

If Roosevelt Is Sure of Victory He'll Run; Meanwhile It's a Waiting Game with President Holding Cards, Says Observer

By WILLIAM BRUCKART
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WASHINGTON.—Senator Burke, the Nebraska Democrat, has come forward with a proposition fixing the term of the President of the United States at six years and limiting the individual to one term. It is not a new proposition. It has been suggested before—as long ago as President Jackson's term—but it takes on a new significance now. Its new importance is not because of Senator Burke's declared intention to press the thing through to enactment so much as in the fact that "third term talk" is all over the place these days.

I do not profess to know what is in Mr. Roosevelt's mind about a third term. That is one subject upon which he has kept his own counsel quite severely. He is completely capable of keeping his own counsel.

Precedent Maker

The third-term precedent will be no barrier to Franklin Roosevelt if he thinks four more years will help him to achieve history's rating as a great president, thinks William Bruckart. Two of Mr. Roosevelt's outstanding characteristics are his enjoyment of the power of the chief executive and his willingness to create new precedents.

when he desires, and I can say without equivocation that he has kept it in this case. The Washington correspondent or observer usually can get a tip-off as to the presidential mind in ordinary matters, but not so regarding the third term.

Thus, having made a reassuring statement that this is only a guess as to the future, I shall try to put the puzzle sections together and make a prediction. There are many, many factors to be examined. Without them, there can be no judgment as to the circumstance. With them in full view, certain conclusions appear inescapable. Note that I said "appear." I use that word for the reason that Mr. Roosevelt is one of the few men ever to occupy the White House whose whole attitude may change completely overnight on any given subject.

Mr. Roosevelt Moves In the Presidency

Mr. Roosevelt has a consuming desire to go down in history as a great President. There can be no doubt of that. He wants history to show him as an outstanding friend of the people, the masses. He will let nothing prevent him from that course if it is within his power.

If there is one trait in the makeup of the man that transcends others, I believe it is his desire to establish new precedents. We speak of him as precedent-breaker. That is incorrect. He likes to make new ones. No other President has ever done more than make motions about a third term. Mr. Roosevelt would not be disturbed by the fact that never before had any President occupied the White House for 12 years. I suspect that he would enjoy doing that sort of thing.

And when I mention enjoyment, I need to refer at the same time to the very well known fact that Mr. Roosevelt enjoys being President. That is, he has what we say is a "good time" on the job. There is no real weariness for him as Chief Executive. Within the range of my quarter of a century as an observer, there has been no other President who so reveled under the generally accepted tremendous burden of the presidency.

President's Popularity Has Religious Fervor

Behind the scenes, no President has ever had a hallelujah chorus of so many voices around him. There has never been a President with such great personal popularity as Mr. Roosevelt. The combination of these things, the continual songs of praise that he hears from his close advisors and the adoring multitudes—well, I firmly believe that no living man can maintain the equilibrium necessary for sound and sane thinking while such semi-religious fervor toward him is shown.

Seldom, if ever before, has any President had the same type of promoting theorists, starchy-eyed dreamers around him. The country never has had an administration as radical as Mr. Roosevelt's regime. At no time have as many crackpots, schemers, theorists with untried panaceas had a chance to get their plans put into action. Some are workable; most of them are not. The fact that some have worked, however, is the very reason the whole crew sticks around and keeps plugging for further trials of this, that or the other. For most of these folks, it is the first time in public life, their first entry into national office with authority. They like it. Also, they like the payroll. It is natural that they want to stay.

Effort to Restore Party To Old-Line Democrats

There is, beside all of these factors, the differences within the party of which Mr. Roosevelt is the titular head. I believe that the Democratic party machinery was completely taken over by the radical wing, and so now there is a definite effort under way to restore the party control to old and tried Democrats. That is to say, the effort is to unhorse the type of men like Ickes, Wallace, Corcoran, Minton of Indiana, and others of that stripe. Men like Senator Harrison and Vice President Garner, and even Jim Farley, do not like to see those other fellows in a position of responsibility. They believe in the Democratic party for Democrats.

So, it is quite apparent that the struggle for party control is a rough and tumble fight from now on, because there is a convention of the party to be held in 1940, and it is not too early to line up delegates. Were it not for the battle ahead and the desire of those surrounding Mr. Roosevelt to keep on with his reforms—and the jobs—Mr. Roosevelt would control the 1940 convention. His declarations of a "purge of the party" has made it impossible for him to control the convention without a fight. That is to say, he will be unable to pick the 1940 nominee (to carry out his plans) without a battle.

President Is Playing Waiting Game

Now, there are many who believe that Mr. Roosevelt's personal popularity will be the only thing sufficient to swing that party control. He will not be able to nominate his own pick, but he will be able to nominate himself, say these observers.

When we have reached that stage, therefore, we have reached the point of determination of the course which Mr. Roosevelt will follow. My own conclusion is definitely that Mr. Roosevelt is preparing for any eventuality. He is unlikely to say he will or will not run. He will wait. If the situation makes it appear that he can win, he will "accept" the nomination; if, however, he believes that he will get licked, he will try to pick the nominee. He will select a man who will do his bidding, if he has not lost control of the party convention. I am convinced Mr. Roosevelt would like to run, but he will not run if there is certain defeat staring him in the face.

And when we talk of third terms and precedents, etc., I must recall a certain vote in the senate on February 10, 1928. President Coolidge had said he did not "choose" to run, but there were many Democrats who thought that was a trick to invite the nomination. So the senate adopted a resolution, a precedent-making resolution, saying it was the sense of the senate that no President ought to have a third term or something to that effect.

How Will They Vote This Time?

It gave me quite a laugh when I looked up the vote on that resolution, because I can see some very delicate situations developing for some of the senators who voted for that resolution. It was good politics then, of course, but what, I wonder, are some of those men going to do if Mr. Roosevelt moves in on them with a third term campaign?

Of the present Democratic members of the senate, we find the following as having voted their expression that no President should have a third term: Ashurst of Arizona, Barkley of Kentucky, Gerry of Rhode Island, Glass of Virginia; Harrison of Mississippi, King of Utah, Thomas of Oklahoma, Wagner of New York, Wheeler of Montana, McKellar of Tennessee, Neely of West Virginia, Pittman of Nevada, Sheppard of Texas, Smith of South Carolina, and Tydings of Maryland. We find also that Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin, the great Progressive leader, voted against a third term, and we also note Senator Norris, another Progressive, who said by his vote that no man should have a third term.

Well, it struck me as being funny. Take such men as Barkley, the New Deal leader in the senate; and Neely and McKellar, who continually have popped off in praise of Mr. Roosevelt and who have no complaint about any phase of the New Deal. Or consider the plight of Thomas, of Oklahoma, who probably will be re-elected and who, therefore, will be faced with a decision if Mr. Roosevelt decides to seek a third term. It will be easy for Pat Harrison, or Wheeler or Smith of South Carolina, to vote for a similar resolution in the next session; but it won't be so easy for the others to decide, because those who have opposed some of Mr. Roosevelt's program will be able to say they are being consistent.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—The playing fields of Eton have been given due credit for Britain's power and durability. We seem to have overlooked

the playing fields of West Point. A sweeping technical reorganization of the army is news this week. It might not have come off had it not been for a certain incident on the West Point football field. Gen. Malin Craig, chief of staff, is the reorganizer. He is preparing the army for the open game—swiftness, mobility, adaptiveness, as in modern football.

It was an instant of inspired open football, back in the juggernaut days of the guards back and the side-line buck, that saved young Malin Craig for the army and the current reordering of tactics and equipment.

Just before the game with Trinity college in 1897, the West Point scholastic command had decided to retire Cadet Craig. Of an ancient army line, with many relatives in the service, he had been visiting around army posts. His marks had suffered. The ax was to fall just after the game.

Craig was a brilliant backfield player, but somewhat given to unplanned maneuvers. Carrying the ball at a critical turn of the game, he lost his interference in a broken field. He shook off several tacklers, but, somewhere around the 35-yard line, a stone wall of Trinity players loomed ahead.

Ducking a hurtling body, scarcely checking his stride, he booted a perfect field goal—

winning the game, with appropriate Frank Merriwell trimmings. Of course, the faculty couldn't fire a hero. The ax was put away, a tutor was found, and Cadet Craig finished creditably—to establish the open game in the American army.

He was a baseball star, also, and old Pop Anson tried to sign him for the Chicago National team. Born in St. Joseph, Mo., he was the grandson of a Civil war general. His father was a major and he has a son recently out of West Point.

In the Spanish-American war, the Philippines, France and in minor mixups, he was a quick thinker and a self-starter, heavily garlanded from the first and known as a "progressive" tactician.

A FEW years ago, Richard Strauss was in trouble with the Nazis. The libretto of his opera, "The Silent Woman," had been written by Stefan Zweig, a "non-Aryan." The opera was a flop and Herr Strauss was ousted as president of the Reich Culture chamber and chairman of the Federation of German Composers. He is now restored to official favor.

His librettist for his new opera, "Der Friedenstag," is a certified Aryan, Joseph Gregor, a Viennese poet, and his world premier at Munich is a brilliant success, with new garlands for the seventy-five-year-old composer.

So apparently all is forgiven, and the traditional rebel of the musical world is rebelling no longer. He had decided to save the world at any cost, but turning sixty, he concluded he was doing well enough by merely keeping out of jail.

When "Salome" was presented in 1905, puritanical New York was shocked, and the mere idea of its being given here caused a row. Its presentation in New York in 1921 was taken calmly. Strauss' "Murky Psychographies," as the critics called them, didn't bring any riot calls. These muddly phantasmagorias of his earlier years got him into many battles, but he settled down to writing and—being a good business man—to money making. Once, when he was quarreling with Berlin, he was asked if he would play there. "I would play on a manure pile if they pay me for it," he said.

He is no kin of the famous waltz family of Vienna. In melow and beery old Bavaria, his father was a horn-blower and his mother a brewer's daughter. He has prospered through his later years, the owner of a castle in Vienna and an estate in Bavaria.

In 1930, German cities were fighting for him as their leading citizen, with chambers of commerce competing and making offers. Then came the brief eclipse over the "non-Aryan" associations, and now the full effulgence of his restored career.

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