

## DAILY NEWS

Trademark Registered U. S. Patent Office

Entered as 2d class matter Nov. 21, 1915, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Telephone MUrray Hill 2-1234

Published daily except Sunday by News Syndicate Co., Inc., 230 E. 42d St., Borough of Manhattan, New York, N. Y. Daily mail subscription rates: U. S. \$5.00; Canada, \$12.00 a year. For the Daily and Sunday News, U. S. \$10.50 per year; Canada, \$16.00. President, J. M. Patterson; Treasurer, R. R. McCormick; second vice president and general manager, Roy C. Holman; secretary, John W. Harbath; all of 230 E. 42d St., New York, N. Y.

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## WHEN DO PARALLEL LINES MEET?

Last Monday morning, the British steamer Endymion was sunk by a "pirate" submarine or a mine sixteen miles off Cartagena, Spanish Mediterranean port; eleven killed.

## Two British Ships Sunk in One Week

Britain and France thereupon announced that their warships would sink any unescorted submarine spied inside their respective patrol zones. Following this decision, and maybe in reply to it, two seaplanes from the Italian air base at Majorca, Balearic Islands, bombed and sank the British steamer Alcira twenty miles southeast of Barcelona, according to members of the Alcira's crew arriving at Barcelona yesterday by rowboat. None killed.

It's the latest in a long string of these frictions between Mussolini and Britain—frictions which each time seem about to rub up a war spark. They have been going on ever since Mussolini flouted British sea power and took Ethiopia, beginning Oct. 3, 1935.

What we wonder is how long these two nations can go on spitting at each other without actual, declared war; when and where, if ever, the parallel lines will meet.

We hope they never will; but our guess is otherwise. We have a hunch that eventually Britain will tire of Mussolini's threats and provocations, and that there will be a terrific unleashing of the Lion's ponderous paw. In such event, we can see nothing but the ruin of Mussolini. He may bomb some British towns, destroy some British ships; but British sea power so far outweighs Mussolini's sea power now, and Britain's rearmament program is so enormous, that we can't see how he can win.

We're lucky to be out of it; and we'd better stay out of it. This, though some Congressmen and Senators send love letters to the Loyalist government, and various other Americans are equally hot for Franco. We've got to accept that inevitable division of sympathy in this country; but we don't have to let it get us into war, as the pro-Ally, pro-German division of American opinion helped to do in 1914-17.

## SENATOR HERRING SLAMS RADIO

Senator Clyde Herring (Dem., Iowa) is the latest politician to come out against the radio, in a long and hotly worded statement.

## Another Call for Radio Censorship

The Senator didn't like Boris Karloff's last Sunday evening broadcast of Edgar Allan Poe's shudder tale, "The Evil Eye." Herring says it was too gruesome, and that he has hundreds of letters from parents sobbing about how little Knatchbull or Wilhelmina glue their ears to the radio when the horror stories are on the air, thereby getting nervous thrills, and won't the Government please do something to pry the children loose?

Herring then gets around to complaining because some radio artists commit wisecracks about our lofty lawmakers and the laws they make—which seeming inability to take it as well as dish it may be the real reason why Senator Herring wants radio "handled" by the Government.

We hope the radio public will build a backfire against this and similar attempts to bring about Government radio censorship. If the radio public takes these political attacks on liberty lying down, it will lose the world's most varied and interesting radio programs and get a lot of Government propaganda over the air in exchange.

## Public Had Better Fight

As for Herring's complaint—parents who can't control their own children's radio listening-in don't deserve Uncle Sam's help in the matter. And if a broadcast horror tale by Edgar Allan Poe, in our opinion the greatest American writer who ever lived, gives little Willie a shudder, that's all to the good. It will probably interest little Willie in Poe, who is one man little Willie should know plenty about.

We move to lay the table on Senator Herring's motion.

## BLOOD TEST BILL O. K.

We suppose objections will be raised to passage by the Legislature of the Desmond-Breitbart bill to require blood tests for syphilis of all New York State applicants for marriage licenses. But we can't think of any reasonable or proper objections, and hope the bill passes.

Such a law would cut down the percentage of miserable children born with inherited venereal disease, its primary and excellent objective. It would also, by making the blood test compulsory, eliminate many an embarrassing situation, such as that of a father who feels it his duty to ask his daughter's intended to take a blood test to clear all doubts of the young man's fitness for marriage. Why not just adopt this enlightened and progressive public health measure without delay?

## THE INQUIRING FOTOGRAHER

By Jimmy Jemall.

The News will pay \$5 for every timely, interesting question submitted and used in this column. Today's award goes to Miss C. McIntyre, 1016 Washington St., Hoboken, N. J.

## THE QUESTION

Do comments from the audience annoy you when you are wrestling? What are some of these comments?

## THE PLACE

Room 1003, Times Building.

## THE ANSWERS

(By professional wrestlers.)

Dean Detton, weight 205 pounds, former world's champion:

"No, not when I'm actually wrestling, because I am so absorbed in my work that I am not conscious of what they are saying. Sometimes, when I am leaving the ring, after winning, an insulting remark from a sore fan will irk me, such a remark as 'You're lousy, you big bum!'"

Orville Brown, weight 228, Kansas cowboy:

"Such remarks have seldom been directed at me, because I always wrestle clean, but I have been considerably annoyed on certain occasions when they were directed at my opponents, and were followed by such missiles as whisky and pop bottles. I've risked serious injury."

Dr. John Murphy, heavyweight:

"Yes. When my opponent and I were practically exhausted after doing our best, and some coarse-mouthed fan would shout, 'Throw the bums out! I've occasionally been annoyed. About the worst crack was, 'Say, Elephant, can I have the next waltz?'"

Firpo Wilcox, heavyweight: "No. These remarks are music to my ears. The louder and more frequent they are, the more I am delighted, because I know that there's more cash customers. Even so, the American fans at their worst are not nearly as bad as those in South America. They're crazy down there. It's good I can't understand Spanish."

Bob Burns, weight 218 pounds, Illinois State champion: "Although I am an orthodox wrestler, the fans are occasionally displeased at something that happens in a match. During the excitement they forget themselves and feel privileged to throw lighted cigarettes, etc., into the ring. I fear the burns more than insulting remarks."

Carlos Martinez, heavyweight:

"No. The more insulting the fans become, the more ambition I have to wrestle to win. I feel that the insulting remarks are part of the game. Wrestling is no place for a sensitive man. Some remarks can't be printed, but the one I hear most often is, 'Go back where you came from.'"

## JAPAN: "I WONDER IF HE IS DEAD—OR JUST ASLEEP."

MUSS: "PERSONALLY, I THINK HE IS DEAD."



## VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Please give name and address with your letter. We will withhold both on request.

## ATTRACTIVE ALEUTIANS

Manhattan: I lived for seventeen years in the Alaskan village of Unalaska, better known as Dutch Harbor; and your editorial "Salmon," with its accompanying Bachelor cartoon, suited me. I used to do my share of fishing for halibut, cod and salmon in the Aleutian Islands—and the Japanese fishermen eventually ruined us natives' cod industry by delivering fish to the coast markets at prices we couldn't meet. The Mikado, I am sure, would like to colonize the Aleutian Islands. These 155 islands have no trees, but have plenty of cranberries, huckleberries, mossberries and strawberries, along with various native vegetables, all growing in extremely rich black volcanic soil. I hope some action will be taken by the United States Government before it is too late; and thanks again for that editorial. NUTCHUK.

## DROP IT TO 15 DAYS?

Manhattan: I protest against the proposal to pension widows and orphans of veterans who served ninety days or more in the World War. Why discriminate against widows and orphans of men who served from fifteen to sixty days? There ought to be a graduated pension for widows and orphans of all who served fifteen days or more. These men, too, did their bit. VETERAN.

## DAMAGED—NO DAMAGES

Brooklyn: My friend and I were seriously knocked down by a reckless truck driver who carried no accident liability insurance. We ought to have compulsory accident liability insurance in this State, as in Massachusetts—and how about a law to revoke a driver's license for life after one serious accident? UNLUCKY WRECK.

## IRON LADY

Manhattan: The Dragon Lady, my dear Disgusted Murphy, isn't so phenomenal. If Dick Tracy can get blown up by a bomb, be shot time and again, and still live to solve mysteries, why shouldn't a gorgeous gal like the Dragon Lady come up smiling after being on the receiving end of a few bullets? Maybe she had a bulletproof waistcoat on, anyhow. DAVID SHEREN.

## LUNACY GRAVY

Manhattan: It looks as though the lunacy commission game is on the way out—which is all for the best. The custom is for the court, when some person commits a ghastly crime and pleads insanity, to appoint a commission of three politicians, one doctor, one lawyer and one layman, to investigate. Since when have lawyers and laymen known enough about the strange and complex disease of insanity to judge whether somebody else is sane or insane? In plain English, it is just a racket to enable politicians to make \$250 apiece for trying to do something they don't know how to do. We should have city hospital psychiatrists regularly charged with the duty of investigating sanity of defendants in criminal cases. I hope the Legislature will see the light. HERMAN SANDERS.

## SAY IT TO THE VETS

Bronx: Answering James Kash, the Stalin-minded yogi who tells the Voice we ought to slaughter all those over 65, those incurably diseased and those who can't find jobs—I suggest, eh yogi, that you go to a Veterans of Foreign Wars meeting some day. The majority of these gentlemen have parents over 65. Just say such things to them, and see what will happen. JOHN J. METSGER.

## EXPOSED AGAIN!

Brooklyn: I have figured out, after a great deal of meditation, the way the Voice letters are selected. The daily Voice mail is submitted to a large group of clippers, who clip choice bits of poison for the Hearst papers, the Nazis, Mussolini, Stalin, Franco, the Rumanian anti-Semites and all the other dirt dealers in the world. What they leave after taking their pick gets into the Voice. NERTS.

## Beg Pardon

The NEWS in its issue of January 19, 1933, reported that Raymond Hooper, who was found dead in the rear yard of 125 W. 133d St., was homeless. The fact is the deceased lived with his mother at 423 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City.