

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

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The front page headline tonight is Geneva. And two things are to be inferred. First, the agreement looks like a victory for Mussolini. And second, the agreement won't come to much ^Xanway.

The British, French and Italian delegates nodded their heads and said "Okay". They decided that the arbitration proceedings shall be continued in the [†]Ialo-Ethiopian dispute. Arbitration sounds peaceful enough, but in this case it means that the League of Nations won't do anything on its own account, won't undertake to go into the whole East African question, as was threatened. It will let the conciliation commission see what it can do, and will lay off while that's going on. Mussolini

has been strongly opposed to the idea of the League taking hold of the situation and giving a verdict. He has been insisting that Geneva should confine itself to an agreement on the subject of the arbitration committee. And so it is *to be*.
etc.

Today's formula provides that the Conciliation Commission shall inquire only into the merits of the frontier skirmishing. No fooling around with the question of determining *frontiers* ~~--- borders~~ who own what. This again meets the Duce's demands.

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 A fifth member is to be added to the conciliation commission. In its previous useless discussion, there were four members, two Italian representatives and two Ethiopian representatives. Naturally, ~~they~~ were deadlocked most of the time. Mussolini apparently was quite content with all the deadlock, getting nowhere. He has been chary [^] about the ~~■~~ appointment of a fifth arbitration member, a neutral who would have a deciding vote. But now the Italian representative at Geneva has agreed.

Great Britain tried to get a clause written into the terms, decided on today, a clause pledging Italy not to go to

war while negotiations were going on. The Duce objected to this all along the line, saying he wanted to keep a free hand in case anything happened to break loose. ^{And-} He had his way. The provision pledging Italy not to use force was not included in ~~the~~ today's document.

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So now the League of Nations, for the time being, turns the Ethiopian problem over to the Commission of Conciliation and keeps its own hands off. That just stalls things along. And it all seems to be useless, because nobody expects the conciliation to do any good. It is highly doubtful if they can agree on anything, and even if they do, it ^{concerns} a mere small matter of some border fighting - not the real heart of the affair, nothing to satisfy Italian ambitions.

The most hopeful thing is another ~~xxxx~~ clause of the agreement, calling for three-power negotiations between Britain, Italy and France -- these negotiations to be on the basis of the Nineteen six ~~xxx~~ treaty. That treaty provided for the independence of Ethiopia, the three big European powers to have spheres of influence. You know, ^{influence!} ~~independence~~ You

might call "spheres-of-influence" -- partition. But skip it.

England had been calling for a four power treaty instead of a mere three. London wanted to include Ethiopia in the confab, ~~To~~ this the Duce objected strenuously. He keeps pointing to that Nineteen Six Treaty, and demands a settlement by the Three Powers that signed it.

All that remains now is for the Duce to put his own okay on today's agreement. In Geneva they are anxious about that -- even though there have been so many concessions to the Mussolini viewpoint.

GENEOLOGY FOLLOW GERMANY

The German drive for racial purity, one hundred per cent Aryan, is producing a curious result in Boston. Yes, our own bean town Boston. The reason is that in Germany it's of great advantage to prove that your ancestry is entirely Aryan for several generations back. You've got to do that if you want to be in the good graces of the Nazis.

But still, how does that effect Boston, the land of the bean and the cod? Well, there are quite a few Germans with American forebears, mostly as a result of American women having married Germans in the years gone by. So in many cases the family tree leads over here to the U. S. A. But why Boston in particular? Why the special emphasis on the baked beans? The reason is that birth records throughout the greater ~~part~~ part of the land are not so precise and complete, when you go back some years. Many places didn't have any birth records at all in the past century. New England has them the completest for the longest time, ^{— Fair New England,} — the precise, proper and methodical land of many a prim priscilla. So Germans who have American forebears are best off if they had Puritan New England great grandfathers

GENEALOGY FOLLOW GERMANY - 2

or mothers. All of which is booming business for the Boston Genealogists. New England always was a great place for ancestry. The tracing of family trees is a popular Boston pursuit. The Back Bay has a copious ~~xx~~ corps of Genealogists and these are ^{now} doing a land office German business, flooded with orders to search among musty old records and prove that American back stretches of German families were completely Aryan.

It seems like a grim allusion to compare Nazi Germany with "Alice in Wonderland." And still more so to point to the Queen of Hearts, and her pleasant little by-word, "Off with his head." But ~~in~~ Berlin the State Secretary for the Ministry of Justice reminds one of a sinister version of the Queen of Hearts. "Off with his head," he says. It is common enough for the law to regard acts against the State as treason, but Germany classifies acts against the dominant political party, the Nazi Party, as treason.

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A more formal statement is -- that A decree is announced putting the death penalty upon anyone who opposes the Nazi Government. The secretary of State for the Ministry of Justice explains it this way: "It must be clear," he says, "that the Nazi movement is the pillar of the German nation, and it must be protected by provisions against treasonable activity. A severe crime of this kind must be punished with the death penalty."

As the German way of executing a capital sentence is by the sinister medieval axe -- there is a sardonic

reminiscence of the Queen of Hearts echoing, "off with his head."

This menacing "Alice in Wonderland" business coincides with the anniversary of Hindenburg. It was just a year ago today that the old Field Marshal, Germany's World War leader, died. It is a year since Hitler took the final step up to the most absolute of absolute power. There were ceremonies of mourning for the Field Marshal today, with memorial exercises at the great monument on the Field of Tannenberg, scene of Von Hindenburg's mightiest ~~x~~ victory. One thing noticed there, was the absence of the Stahlhelm. *H* You'd think that War Veterans would have had the foremost place in the dedication of honors to the great war leader. The steel helmets are the premier organization of German veterans, a Teutonic American Legion. But then the Stahlhelm, like the Jews and Catholics, is out of favor with the Hitler regime.

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ENGLAND

Here's something with a familiar sound -- the depression is over. ^{Oh yea? Well, the glad} ~~The~~ word comes from England. John Bull is smiling broadly, jangling the change in his pocket, and counting fewer unemployed. He finds that for the first time since the summer of Nineteen Thirteen, he has less than two million jobless. There is a huge decrease as compared with the depression low point-- nearly three million unemployed. One third, [!] one million, ~~back~~ back to work in two years-and-a-half.

And there are wage increases -- pay cuts being restored, all the way from London dockers to His Majesty, the King. One Englishman is getting a quarter of a million pay cut restored. His salary was slashed that much. ^{Sure,} ~~Yes, it's~~ the king. In Nineteen Thirty-One King George voluntarily gave himself a depression reduction of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, in his civil list. That was out of ^{the} ~~a~~ total of two million and three hundred and fifty thousand dollars ^{paid yearly in} ~~a year~~ annuities to the King and Queen. Now the royal payout - is ~~not~~ cancelled.

WEDDING

In this part of the world, the United States and Canada, if there's a fashionable wedding the newspapers print a list of the guests and what the ladies wear. In London they do something different. In the dear old LONDON TIMES I found almost a column of type devoted to the wedding presents -- at just one wedding, mind you -- and who gave each present. Yes, and the young man is an American -- his parents were, Whitney Straight. His bride, half American, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton. Her mother was a Philadelphia Drexel. And they've just arrived in America on their honeymoon.

But, that list of wedding presents:- If you read it you'd think there couldn't possibly be a depression anywhere on earth. From the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham the bride receives an aquamarine and diamond tiara; from the bridegroom a rope of pearls; from Lady Violet Astor a diamond and aquamarine clip; from Viscountess Hinchingbrooke a pair of aquamarine earrings; Prince Alvaro of Bourdon-Orleans, antique silver bowls; and so on and so on and so on.

But in all that dazzling list of diamonds and ropes of pearls and other jewels, I suddenly came upon one that was a startling contrast:- from Lady Curzon, a book. And, the LONDON TIMES devotes a column to it.

TAX

Congress is going to be spared a lot of talk. Of course Congress is hardened to voluminous gabbing. The congressional eardrums must be as tough as leather, barnacled by bombardments of words.

Here's a filibuster called off. The Republicans have dropped the idea of trying to block the Tax-the-Rich Bill by dint of prolonged orations. They're not going to try to put it off by talking it off. It's a sort of a compromise agreement, the Republicans promising not to filibuster, while the Democrats promise they won't force a vote on the tax matter until Monday. Meaning - a few days of grace, during which Congressmen can have some debate and offer a few amendments.

One point being mentioned is Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau's failure to say explicitly just what he thinks of that colossus of taxation.

Anyway, the filibuster is off. The Republicans won't try to talk the tax titan to death.

SCHULTZ

The wide interest in New York's case of Dutch Schultz was because the former beer baron is the last of the prohibition big shots to be in trouble with the law. But the guess is that there won't be any more Dutch Schultz trials. Of course, the Federal Government tax evasion charge went right out the window when the jury at Malone, New York, said:- "Not Guilty," which brought for the twelve men good and true a fiery bawling out from the judge.

There are local New York charges of State Income Tax evasion, but today the authorities gave out a statement which makes it seem highly unlikely that there will be any prosecution. Still, the Federal authorities say they get him on other charges.

The jury may have said innocent, but the irrepressible Mayor LaGuardia of New York says that Dutch Schultz will have to be innocent somewhere else than in the Big Town. Today the Mayor, who is never at a loss for downright declarations, had the following to say: "This man will not be allowed to be a resident of New York City so long as I am Mayor." His Honor promises to make the big burg along Broadway too hot for the erstwhile sultan of suds to live in.

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More jobs for the "G" men. Right now the protection of national banks and Federal Reserve Bank members is part of their task. If any burglar burglars any such bank, J. Edgar Hoover's bonnie lads have it in their jurisdiction to jump into the sleuthing and hunt down the criminals. Now, this is being extended to all other banks, all the small town depositories of funds. If any bank whatsoever is robbed, the "G" men will take the trail upon the manhunt. The new ruling gives them a beat of fourteen thousand banks, the country's total, with an aggregate sum of forty-one billion dollars of deposits.

This comes about because of one section in the Banking Bill which is about to emerge from Congress as a law. The Legislators think it is a good idea to put ~~the~~ "G" men in all bank robbery cases -- because of what they've been doing in their present scope-limited to national and Federal Reserve Banks. Bank crimes have decreased by more than fifty percent. A hundred and forty bank robbers were captured last year. We all remember the fate of those biggest of big time stick-up men -- Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd, and Baby-Face Nelson.

Polo the fast game -- and fast automobiles. Speed !

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and over and over it went, bouncing and shattering. The woman with him, a ^{German} Baroness, gravely injured. And, as for Prince Alexis Mdivani, the money-marrying romeo, the sheik of ^{the} a century -- his epitaph might be written like this: His speed at Polo helped him to his splendor; his speed in an automobile brought him to his end.

COLLECTION

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~~They're doing big things - I mean, they're doing~~
~~tiny things. Great - I mean, exceedingly small.~~ The fanciers
of minute curiosities are jubilant because George Levind, a
New York engraver, has written the English alphabet five times
on the head of an ordinary pin. That's in a class with the
Biblical verse containing two hundred and ninety-four letters
which is written in a space the size of a needle point. It
was engraved by another New Yorker, A. McEwen, President of a
brush company. At that rate the entire Bible, which is written
with three million, five hundred and sixty-six thousand, four
hundred and eighty letters could be put in a space about twice
the head of a pin.

8/2
These facts are from Jules Charbneau owner of a famous
collection of the world's tiniest objects which he has taken on
exhibition tours five times around the world. It is now on show
at the Radio City Music Hall.

It contains a sewing machine about the size of a man's
thumb nail, and it really sews. The tiniest jug in the world,

COLLECTION - 2

too tiny to hold even one drop of water. A hickory nut shell contains three thousand infinitesimal silver spoons. An airplane so small that its resting place is ~~xx~~ on a grain of rice. And a camel that will go through the eye of a needle. Also the world's smallest compass set in a sea bean. And the compass here that plots my course is pointing toward the door through which I'd better be on my way, and --

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.