

There are many of you who heard and took part in that vivid bit of radio and sea peril last night, with programs frequently interrupted by distress calls from the storm battered Japanese ship and by messages of cheer sent out to those Far Eastern sailors in danger. And you will find it pleasant to contemplate with your mind's eye, a picture of two ships steaming side by side through the stormy night toward the coast of England.

There is still no full, precise account of what happened aboard that disaster ridden vessel. The radio calls for help that it sent were too brief and fragmentary. You could hardly expect the Japanese wireless operator at his storm swept set ^{to} send ~~any~~ any copious sea story details. In fact, it is apparent ^{he flashed} from the calls ^{he sent} in English, that he's not too well versed in ~~the English~~ ^{our} language. And right there was a flash of bizarre oddity in the tale of oceanic peril - the calls for help, the brief account of disaster aboard, all couched in quaint stilted language, as if partly copied from one of those books of useful English ^{phrases,} ~~verses~~ ^{phrases,} altogether a kind of pigeon English.

But enough can be gleaned from the messages and from

reports of conditions on the North Atlantic, to tell a wild sea tale of a bitter wintry gale lashing the sea, sweeping from bleak and stormy Newfoundland across to the European side. Other ships felt the biting anger of the storm, but the Victoria Maru caught the fullest fury.

She's a Japanese freighter with a cargo of pig iron. She steamed from ports of the Netherlands to the United States, and that took her into the blasting path of the tempest. Five hundred miles north of the Azores, the towering seas overwhelmed her. It must have been one of the most terrific batterings a ship ever got from a storm, because the radio operator reported that the bridge had been swept away and that the captain, and two other officers, were killed, and eight sailors injured. Which certainly paints a picture of a giant wave sweeping over the bridge, smashing the superstructure and carrying the officers overboard. Her rudder must have been put out of commission because the radio reported that they could steer her only by the engines, the two propellers. The radio shack must have been overwhelmed, because the operator reported that his main set was out of commission and he was sending messages with an emergency set.

The Victoria Maru was unmanageable and in danger of foundering with all hands. So last night and this morning witnessed the spectacle so familiar on the sea of ships converging through the storm, hurrying to the rescue. This time it was no ~~fruitless~~ vain mission of mercy. They found the battered Japanese freighter. ~~It~~ They gave badly needed help to the storm-tossed ship and crew, and tonight the Dutch ship S.S. AMSTERDAM is playing the part of an oceanic nurse. She is convoying the Victoria Maru to a British port, the AMSTERDAM steaming slowly alongside, ready to give instant aid, while the half disabled Victoria Maru creeps slowly toward ~~along to~~ a safe haven.

LEAGUE

The talk was violent at Geneva today, with the representatives of the Little Entente making ^{slashing,} ~~the most~~ outright attacks on Hungary. There seemed to be the sharpest kind of danger in the way Yugoslavia, Roumania and Czechoslovakia were sticking together and presenting a united front in Yugoslavia's quarrel with Hungary over the assassination of King Alexander. ¶ The reason was exceedingly simple. It has been clear enough all along, and now it is flashing out in the open in the most precise and formal way. It's a combining of the words "terrorist" and "revisionist." ¶ We have been confronted constantly with the fact that the three nations of the Little Entente hold territories which were taken away from Hungary at the end of the World War, territories which Hungary wants back. She wants the Peace Treaty revised to give them back to her - hence the word "revisionist". ¶ The Little Entente's claim is that Hungary encouraged Croatian attacks on King Alexander as part of her revisionist campaign. So they laid down the doctrine that terrorism and treaty revision are interlocked, and that in acting against terrorism, treaty revision should also be attacked and tarred with the same brush. Hungary, backed by Italy, is ^{opposing} ~~attacking~~

19

51
this position, denying that there is any connection between the words "terrorist" and "revisionist".

It was this sharply, violently drawn issue that made things look alarming at Geneva. And then there were further rumors that if the League did not give a decision in favor of Yugoslavia, the kingdom ruled by the boy king Peter would withdraw from the family of nations - and also that there would be a boycott. It was said that there was a boycott lineup of Balkan and near Balkan countries, including not only the three nations of the Little Entente, but also Bulgaria, Turkey and Greece, and that these would refuse to buy any Hungarian produce or merchandise. This, as a reprisal against Hungary, if the League of Nations did not do anything decisive.

50
The situation looked so menacing that it seemed unlikely that there would be any compromise agreement. Nevertheless, "compromise" seems to be the word. The three big Powers, France, Italy and England, drafted a set of terms - France as a supporter of the Little Entente, Italy as a supporter of Hungary, and England in the ~~new~~ neutral middle. The hopeful thing is that the big fellows seem to be firmly determined that there ^{shall not} ~~should not~~ be another World War, just now. They agree definitely between them to put the

quietus on the warlike ^{ardor} ~~features~~ of their smaller friends. And that determination seems to be decisive, for ^{the nations of the little} ~~a quorum of the smaller~~ ^{Entene and Hungary} ~~nations~~ have accepted. According to the agreement, the Council of the League, backed by the big Powers, will issue a formal denunciation of terrorism, of one nation encouraging assassins who conspire against another nation, with which nation Number One has quarreled. The Yugoslav lineup has been demanding that Hungary should be openly censured by the League, publicly pronounced ~~guilty~~ guilty of helping King Alexander's assassins. This, apparently, will not be done. But the League promises a thorough investigation of the accusations against Hungary, and Hungary agrees to give the investigators all the help and convenience.

Meanwhile, the indication seems to be that Yugoslavia has called a halt in its deportation of Hungarians. The stream of refugees has dwindled down to a very few. The total number of deportations up to now is something more than two thousand. If the Yugoslavs really have abandoned their policy of expelling all the Hungarians within their border, why that removes one of the most perilous and aggravating causes for trouble.

NOBEL

Reports for a week have been that the Nobel Peace Prize winners would be Arthur Henderson, the Englishman who is President of the Disarmament Conference, and Sir Norman Angel, British author and lecturer. There are two Peace Prizes this year, one for 1933 and one for 1934. Last year they held it in abeyance, didn't award a Peace Prize.

52

So they are the winners, Henderson and Angel. Mr. Henderson is affectionately known as Uncle Arthur, a round-face, jolly man with a bristle-brush mustache. His platform has always been peace. He rose from the factories of New Castle, became a prominent leader of the Labor Party and home secretary in the Labor Government ~~some~~^{went a} couple of years ago. His activity put him in line for the Presidency of the Disarmament Conference, and he got it. He lost out, lost even his seat in Parliament in the Conservative landslide. More recently he ran for the House of Commons on a ~~simple~~^m platform of of peace and disarmament. And he won by a huge majority.

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Sir Norman Angel, whose full name is Norman Angel Lane is the world's most prominent and consistent writer and lecturer on peace. He has made speeches all over the world, especially in the United States, calling for the abolition of armament, and the abolition of war.

Char Balet

QUINTUPLETS

Now that the doctor of the famous quintuplets was sight-seeing in New York today and is giving an address at Carnegie Hall tonight, it's time ^{to} observe how thoroughly he earned the glory that has come on him, ^{and how gracefully and modestly he's carrying it,} His glory is considerable from the medical point-of-view. In every other case of quintuplets on record, the five babies have failed to survive. Most of them have not lived more than ^{an hour} ~~an hour~~ or two. None has ever lived more than six months. But Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe has kept the Dionne Quintuplets alive, every one of them, month after month. They are hale and hearty babies now, an important exhibit of human genetics.

Well, Dr. Dafoe came upon his glory in a logical way. When he was a young man he put aside all large ambition. He didn't try to work to a high post in a big hospital. He didn't care for a rich and lucrative practice. The young doctor from the Canadian woodlands said he liked his native forest, and felt that his own people needed his service.

So he turned his back on the world, and returned to Lake Nipissing to spend his life in obscurity. They are French Canadians in those parts, famous for their large families. They

QUINTUPLETS - 2

have plenty of babies. A doctor's practice amongst them necessarily consisted mostly of baby cases. In one family he brought seventeen children into the world for one mother and never got a penny. For the quintuplets he got \$25.

If there was anything wholesale in the way of babies to come along, Dr. Dafoe picked the right French Canadian kind of place to be on the scene when it happened.

And on the scene, on the job, he was when that unique event of medical science happened. And now in sophisticated New York he's getting the welcome of a king.

CEDARS OF LEBANON

The other evening I spoke about a tree. I said that the only Cedar of Lebanon in this country -- at Flushing, Long Island, was in grave danger. I had heard this at the Bowery Savings Bank, and assumed that it was the only Cedar of Lebanon on this side of the Atlantic. Since then I have been bombarded with letters from coast to coast. Apparently there is a cedar of Lebanon in every town, from Gunpowder Neck, Maryland, where they have a beauty, to Port Angelus, Washington, on the Straits of Juan de Fuca. Wrong again!

ATHLETICS

The new President of the Amateur Athletic Union, recalls the case of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the Czar of baseball. The A. A. U. is not going in for any new fangled kind of Czar, but it's newly chosen President is a Judge of considerable renown. In New York State Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney was at one time a ~~former~~ prominent leader in Tammany Hall. He began his political career as an Assistant Corporation Counsel in New York City, and proceeded to climb the juridical ladder, until Al Smith, then Governor, appointed him to the New York State Supreme Court. He was a prominent for some years as a Justice, ~~of the highest tribunal of the State,~~ and more recently has been the Chairman of the New York Regional ^{Labor} Relations Board, acting on labor problems for the Administration in Washington. Sports have always been his hobby, so now, when Avery Brundage retires from his long tenure as President of the A.A.U., Judge Jeremiah Mahoney is succeeding him.

That other Judge, so prominent in sports - Kenesaw Mountain Landis - will jump into the limelight on Wednesday, when he is scheduled to address a combined session of the magnates of the National and American Leagues.

ATHLETICS - 2

With the football season just over, baseball moves promptly into a prominent position on the sporting pages. The big bosses of baseball are flocking to New York for the meetings which the two Leagues will hold. The National League pow wow looks like the bigger news of the two. For in their session at the Waldorf the magnates of the elder circuit will formally stage their change of leadership, as John A. Heydler retires as President. After governing the League for seventeen years, he will move into an honorary position of Chairman, and turn over the League Presidency to Ford Frick, the sports expert of newspaper and radio, who recently has been acting as publicity director for the League.

FOOTBALL

This is a story of pants and punts. It is revealed as the inside secret of how the New York Football Giants beat the Chicago Pigskin Bears in yesterday's professional classic. It concerns the real hero of the game, the paladin who actually won the ^{battle} ~~game~~ for the ^{Giants.} ~~Bears.~~ Who do you think it was? Danowski with his shifty speed, or Strong with all his strength? No, the real hero who won the victory of pants and punts was Abie Cohen. Never heard of him? I mean, never heard of that particular Abie Cohen of football glory? Well, no wonder. He's no burly lineman or shifty back. He's not burly at all. He's something of a shrimp. And as for being shifty - well, ~~so~~ Abie Cohen, may be, just a little bit. He's not a coach, or even a waterboy. Abie Cohen is a tailor, a pants-maker.

57

Yes, Abie makes pants. So he's an expert on punts. This year he made the football pants for the team at Manhattan College, and that turned him into a regular collegiate football fan. Abie perceives a deep relation between pants and punts. Punts are kicked, pants can also be kicked. Anyway, Abie, in his football enthusiasm, was loitering around the Giants' dressing room between halves at yesterday's game. And the Giants' dressing room was a

place of turmoil. As you may recall, the New York footballers had all the worst of it in the first half ^{— licked to a frazzle, crushed by} the Chicago Bears.

^{Steve Owen,} ~~swarmed all over them,~~ The Giants' coach was ~~in~~ in a lather.

He knew what the trouble was. The field was frozen by the icy weather, and his backs and ends were sliding all over the slippery ground.

"We need some basketball shoes", he roared. "But where can we get them?" Yes, basketball shoes are designed for slippery floors, but where could a dozen or two pairs be got on a Sunday afternoon? He had nobody handy to send scouting around for them anyway.

That's where Abie Cohen enters the picture. As ~~XXXXX~~ a pantsmaker from Manhattan College, he was familiar with the athletic supply room. He spoke up. There was a brief colloquy.

"Go and get 'em", hollered the distracted coach, "and make it fast. The whistle will soon be blowing."

Abie dashed to a taxi and that was when he had a wild ride, a regular Paul Revere ride! He made a dash for Manhattan College, a couple of miles away. There he quickly procured all the basketball

FOOTBALL - 3

shoes in the place, nine pairs. And dashed back to the football game. They were just in time. The players jerked on the shoes and ran out on the field.

You know the rest. The rubber soles gripped the icy earth. It gave the Giants speed and sureness of foot. They scored twenty-seven points in the final quarter -- and won the game!

After it was over, the burly Giants of football surrounded the little shrimp of a tailor. The broad shouldered mastodons slapped Abie Cohen on his narrow back. The burly chested Goliaths shouted: "Abie, you're the man that won this game." And the little pantsmaker's flat and narrow chest stuck out with the pride of that triumph of pants over punts. And that's my last pant and punt with the news. And, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.