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Today once more - the name, Stavisky. Perhaps it's the last time we'll hear those syllables figuring prominently in the news. Today rings down the curtain of the law on that startling melodrama of finance, swindling, death, mystery, and high politics. The jury has given its verdict in the Affair Stavisky. The case dragged out for a couple of years; the trial itself was a long drawn out affair of six weeks. The jury was out eleven hours and had to come to an agreement on two thousand separate questions concerning the innocence or guilt of twenty defendants. In many respects it was the most sensational of criminal affairs - banking swindles to a total of ten million dollars, with suicide of the wildcat financier, Stavisky, the implications of some of the most prominent people in France, the downfall of a cabinet, the outbreak of wild rioting in Paris. That's the Affair Stavisky.

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The verdict of the jury is this - of the twenty defendants, nine are convicted. Eleven are acquitted, on the grounds of extenuating circumstances. The importance of the case may be measured by the importance of those on trial. Newspaper editors were minor fish among the twenty defendants. On the list

of the nine convicted are men who at one time were of such dignity and station as member of the Chamber of Deputies, mayor of the City of Bayonne, ^{and} a general of the French Army.

One of the odd figures among the convicted is an actor who on the stage had specialized in playing millionaire parts. In one Parisian play after another he enacted the role of the golden money man. He had cultivated the manners of wealth with such finesse that on the stage he cut the very figure of fabulous fortune. Stavisky employed him to play the part of the millionaire and impress the government in putting across those immense swindles. This one time actor will now take his air of high finance into a prison.

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But the headline personality in the trial was - Madame Stavisky. She was the dramatic figure - the one time glittering beauty charged with complicity in her husband's frauds. Her two children, never told that their father was a suicide and that mother was in prison. She ~~played~~ pleaded her innocence saying that Stavisky had deceived even her. She knew that he had played a crooked game in times past. But she swore that after his

early difficulties he had promised her he would go straight, that he had kept all knowledge of his subsequent swindles from her.

She said ~~that~~ she believed that the money, jewels and fineries he showered on her were from profits of legitimate banking transactions.

Her fate at the hands of the jury is - Madame Stavisky,
not guilty!

ETHIOPIA

The war in East Africa seems to be flaring into another burst of military activity. (The Italians claim the biggest kind of victory on the southern front, with that big push I told about last night. Dispatches from Rome declare that the army of Ras Dantu has been utterly routed.) They claim four thousand enemy casualties, which would seem to put the battle quite out of the class of the usual run of skirmishes we've been hearing about. Last night the report was that the Italians had advanced forty-one miles. Tonight Rome claims that in some places their mechanized units have pushed ahead seventy-five miles during four days of fighting.

All of this is emphatically denied in Addis Ababa. The Ethiopian Government scouts the Italian claim of victory.

There's a nice point of etiquette in the forced landing of an Italian plane in British Sudan. The plane and two aviators have been interned to the British authorities. This is according to the rules of war -- only war has never been officially declared between Italy and Ethiopia. However, it is war. You can't fool the British about that.

ETHIOPIA

RETAKE

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Waldron.

Hammond.

Jan. 17,

1936.

(I have been waiting for one thing in this Ethiopian affair -- the return of my Fox Movietone colleagues, Laurence Stallings, Al Waldron, and Len Hammond from East Africa. They have been over there shooting pictures. I have seen their film coming in for months, and have wondered about the personal experiences behind the getting of it. Now they are back,) and ~~in~~ two of them are here right now to go along with me to a big party in their honor. One is Al Waldron who filmed the ~~xxxxx~~ bombardment of Dessie. The other is Len Hammond who spent most of his time with Haille Selassie. It was well known among the newspaper and newsreel men out there that Len Hammond was the pal of the King of Kings. But Al, how did it feel to be in the middle of that bombardment of Dessie, when those bombs came raining out of the skies?

AL: It was ten minutes to eight when we first heard the sound of motors and then saw the Italian planes. There they were, several thousand feet up. And right away the bombs began to crash. What I remember most was the terrific panic that broke out among the Ethiopians. They ran around in a wild stampede. Everyone that could lay hands on a rifle started blazing away at the planes.

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L. T.: How about the danger? Was there much?

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AL: Well, the panic was the chief danger. We dumped our cameras in the Movietone truck and hurried through the town to get some close action pictures. The Ethiopians were shooting everywhere. And when we got right into the middle of Dessie, they ~~we~~ even started blazing away at us. Just panic! A French newspaper correspondent was shot through the leg. Yes sir, those black babies were popping at our truck from doorways of houses. They must have thought we were a part of Mussolini's "Desperate Squadron." Two bullets hit the Movietone camera. One passed just behind our driver's head, went through the camera and killed

our Ethiopian interpreter who was riding on the running board.
The other missed me by about eight inches as I lay clutching the
camera. Things got too hot so we went to the hospital Compound
where the wounded were coming in. Then two incendiary bombs hit
that hospital and set it on fire. All the while the planes were
swinging back and forth above the town, bombing it. Quite a
party, I'll say. Brother, I'm glad to be home.

L.T.: And now, Len Hammond, you have had a lot of experience photographing kings all over the world. What was your impression of Haile Selassie?

LEN: This little brown man, whose people call him Negus Negusti, King of Kings, left me with a peculiar regard. It was my duty over there to film Haile Selassie's daily life in the most troubled time in the history of his country. To do that I virtually had to live with the Negus. Although nobody, not even his immediate family, is really intimate with Haile Selassie. He trusts no one. That is, no human being. Only two dogs, mongrels. To these alone he gives his trust.

L.T.: What about his ability as a ruler?

LEN: So far he has played the game with marvelous ability. He is perfectly aware that the villainies of European politics will make his beautiful rich country a pawn of western imperialism. And he knows that the only way he can survive is by playing that

same game. His idea is that he can only win by staving off the immediate danger of the Italian invasion, until his diplomacy can help bring about a struggle between Mussolini and the British Empire. Only in that way can he keep Ethiopia free and do his work of educating and enlightening his country,

and that the same opinion had been expressed by Colonel Sahartakopi, chief of the New Jersey State Troopers who directed the New Jersey police work. Governor Hoffman stated this as a reason for the review he granted Hauptmann, and he added his own words: "that full and real justice is done in this case."

The Governor made a general defense of his action. He said the attacks against him for reviewing Hauptmann were political moves -- the vain of impeachment. "If impeachment," he said, "is the price that must be paid for doing to follow the dictates of my own conscience, I am ready to pay it." As for specific explanation, he withdrew that, and says that later on, in due time, he will tell the world why he insists on a further investigation of the Hauptmann case.

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Governor Hoffman's statement today points to the angle that's been talked about so much. It's the belief so often expressed that Hauptmann, if guilty, was not alone in the crime, that there was more than one ^{culprit} in it. The Governor stated today that Colonel Lindbergh shared in this belief that it was not a one-man job. And, that the same opinion had been expressed by Colonel Schwartzkopf, chief of the New Jersey State Troopers who directed the New Jersey police work. Governor Hoffman ^{cited} ~~sighted~~ this as a reason for the reprieve he ^{has just} granted Hauptmann. And ^{the Gov.} he added [^] this hope, using his own words:- "that full and real justice be done in this case."

The Governor ^{today} made a general defense of his action. He said the attacks against him for reprieving Hauptmann were political moves -- the talk of impeachment. "If impeachment," he said, "is the price that must be paid for daring to follow the dictates of my own conscience, I am ready to pay it." As for specific explanation, he withheld that, and says that later on, in due time, he will tell the public ^{just} why he insists on a further investigation of the Lindbergh kidnapping.

Thus the Governor defends, while the attacks upon him continue,

There's a report that a group of New Jersey taxpayers are planning to go to court in an attempt to knock out the reprieve.

It is said that they will file suit in a few days on a writ of mandamus, to force the execution of the sentence against Hauptmann.

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Rand-

EAGLE

This afternoon a gentleman rushed into my office, all excited, shouting in British accents: "Let me look out of your window!" With that he dashed to a window, took out a pair of field glasses, and began looking and looking. I must confess that you get a magnificent view of New York from an upper floor in the R.C.A. Building. But I knew that my visitor was not merely C.W.R. interested in the scenery. He was Captain Knight, the eagle man, an adept in the ancient art of falconry. He is known to fame as the man who succeeded in taming and training one of those imperial birds, symbol of ancient Rome, symbol of our own United States. Captain Knight's pet eagle, Ramshaw, is known far and wide. For Ramshaw has been the Captain's partner of many an extended lecture tour.

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So all was clear when the eagle man, still peering through his field glasses, exclaimed: "Ramshaw has escaped!" He went on to explain that he had left the great bird of prey for a sunning on the roof of the Hotel Gotham, Ramshaw tied and tethered with a chain on one leg. The powerful fowl had broken the chain, and flown away. So that was the alarming situation -

the giant eagle, soaring and swooping, among the big buildings of New York. "He was last seen flying back and forth between the lofty R.C.A. Building and the Waldorf Towers," said the Captain.

I tried to console the worried Captain. "He'll come back", I said, "when he gets hungry."

"Oh, I say", responded the disturbed master of falconry, "I'm afraid he won't. He'll probably go chasing pigeons. There are pigeons flying all around New York, and an eagle might well regard them as an excellent dinner, what. Or- Somebody might shoot old Ramshaw, and that wouldn't be as jolly, what?"

Captain Knight's distress was painful to behold. He thought that somebody might see an eagle swooping after pigeons and take a shot at Mr. Ramshaw.

Then Captain Knight was obliged to leave New York and Major Teaboy, one of the heads of the British Legion in America, was left to conduct the search, among the tops of the skyscrapers of Manhattan -- chasing an eagle.

Oh, here's the latest. The New York police got on the job. And the cops have caught Ramshaw.

MEDAL

Memories of far northern tragedy stalked today in Washington, when a medal was pinned on an army sergeant - The Soldier's Medal, which is the highest peacetime decoration that the War Department can confer on a man below the rank of commissioned officer. Sergeant Stanley Morgan, the radio operator who, stationed at Point Barrow, Alaska, flashed to the world the word of the crashing death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post.

Fifteen years ago a gangling youth stopped in front of a recruiting poster in San Francisco. The poster read: "Join the Army, adventure, travel." So Stanley Morgan joined the Army and quickly found that the recruiting poster told the truth about traveling and adventure.

Point Barrow, the ^{northernmost} ~~northernmost~~ settlement of Alaska, on the Arctic Ocean, has a population of a hundred and ten, ~~Ten~~ ^{nearly all} ~~white folks and a hundred~~ Eskimo. There, Sergeant Morgan's job is that of Acting Postmaster, Weather Bureau Observer, radio broadcaster and United States Commissioner for the Department of the Interior. He is also an amateur archeologist, studying the old ways of the Eskimo.

When Will Rogers and Wiley Post crashed near Point Barrow, it was the soldier radio man who handled the situation - with excellent judgment. His wife, by the way, is a radio operator too. It was she who ran the wireless set while her husband made his way to the Eskimo village where the crash occurred. Morgan won a reward of promotion, he was raised to the rank of Master Sergeant. As for his wife, the War Department ~~couldn't~~ very well promote her, so she retains the rank of ^{the Sergeant's} "Mrs." The medal today, however, concerns still another exploit. Last April there was an influenza epidemic at Point Barrow. Both the sergeant and his wife fell ill. Burning with fever, Morgan did not take to his bed. Although he could hardly remain upright, he stuck to his radio set, called for help, and kept the outer world informed of the epidemic. Thanks to his gameness, help came by dog sled, doctors, nurses and medicine from Nome.

So today they pinned the medal on him.

58
(Tonight Lincoln Ellsworth and his pilot, Captain Hollick-Kenyon, are aboard ship. After being marooned for two months on the Antarctic ice, they are once more enjoying civilized comfort.) That is -- as civilized as comfort can be on a whale-scouting ship off the polar shore. But that's a lot more luxurious than anything the two men have experienced since they took off on that superb flight, which ended in such blank mystery.

58 1/2
So runs the latest word -- that (the shore party from Discovery^v Second found Ellsworth and Hollick-Kenyon at Byrd's old camp in Little America, and brought them safely to the rescue ship.)

The explanation is just what had been surmised as a possibility all along -- radio trouble. The transmitter went out of commission. (The two flying explorers made their stupendous sky-voyage across the Antarctic continent with first-rate success -- except that they ran out of fuel within twenty miles of their destination. They had to land on the ice, and then ~~just~~ push their way afoot to Little America, where they

found ~~stores of~~ supplies which ~~Admiral~~ Byrd cached for the use of future explorers.) Thanks to those supplies they

got along ^{okay these past} ~~quite well for~~ two months.

^{Hallish-Kernon,}
The aviator, is in tip-top shape, Lincoln Ellsworth

has nothing more than a cold. And so -- the hope which we hardly dared to feel or ~~to~~ express last night turns into the brightest reality today. *and along until Monday.*

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59 1/2

hourly Bulletin from San Francisco. Effect of these bulletins
side nothing to what we had and heard the first being late
morning. The King is a pilot. His number was 44,444, last
Pond of Deacon privately admitted that it is a question of hours
before the King will be at half past six and that the day is
which the sun never sets. And that the weather will be
"The King's life is drawing to a close."
But it's not only the King's life that we are waiting for
wait is the straits to hear the news from Antarctica. An even
more remarkable fact is observed in the history of Antarctica in
the health of a British king. Every day the British navy
telegraph office, every radio station within the world
for another bulletin from the King's ship.