

PRINCESS

L.V. - Monaco. Wed, April 8, 1936.

Amman
NBE.

In a room on a lofty rock, high over the blue Mediterranean, a pretty young Princess is locked up. If that isn't a good beginning for a romantic tale, I don't know what is.

The young lady is the Princess Antoinette of Monaco. The news came out because her father, the Prince Pierre de Polignac, ^(Polheemyac) went to a police court in Paris and complained that his daughter had been abducted. He said she had been stolen from his home in Paris by persons unknown.

However, the mystery was solved by the young Princess' mother, ~~the Princess~~ Charlotte of Monaco. Three years ago, she was divorced from the Prince de Polignac. Under the terms of the decree, the fourteen year old Princess and her brother were to spend one year with their mother and grandfather, the next with their father. But the mother and grandfather became disturbed. They found that the little Princess was surrounded by English governesses and tutors, ^{and} ~~They~~ thought she was getting too English. So they contrived to get her away from the Prince de Polignac and removed her to Monaco. And there she now is in the custody of her grandfather, Prince Louis the Second, ~~of Monaco~~, one of the few remaining sovereigns who still

rule. He's the last of the famous family of Grimaldis. They have held sway over the rock of Monaco for almost a thousand years. Until recently, they were also one of the richest families in Europe.

Though
^ their subjects paid no taxes, the gambling tables of Monte Carlo

furnished the Grimaldis with a handsome income and paid all the

expenses of the tiny principality into the bargain. ^{of} ~~Over~~ late

years the glamour has somewhat departed from picturesque Monte

Carlo and the most famous gambling resort in the world has fallen

on hard times. Nevertheless, they manage to carry on.

LEAGUE

President Roosevelt is back from his fishing ~~and~~ trip tanned, smiling and ready to go, and here's something for his consideration from Europe. Fireworks at Geneva! Fuehrer Hitler and the Rhineland take a back seat for the time being. Duce Mussolini and his colonial war are again in the forefront of bitter dispute. All of which is over the fierce protest of the French.

John Bull's Foreign Minister made it clear at Geneva today that the recent events in the Rhineland have in no way altered the determination of the English government to oppose Italy's aims in Ethiopia. The meeting was a secret one of the

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League's council of thirteen. On that council Italy is not represented. We don't know exactly what happened behind those closed doors. But it is evident that Captain Eden imposed his will on the council. On his side he had a new helper, the representative of our neighbor, Mexico. The outcome of the discussion was a message to Italy. It will be delivered formally to Baron Aloisi tomorrow by Spain's representative, Salvadore ~~da Madaralga~~^{arce/aga}. The gist of that message is: "The time has come for Italy and Ethiopia to negotiate a peace." ¶ That message is loaded with prospects for more violent dissention in Europe. Italy's answer is a foregone conclusion. While Captain Eden was haranguing the League's council, Mussolini was talking to the ministers of his Cabinet. ^{But -} He spoke for public consumption. And the essence of what he said is: "Italy will not turn back one step until the armed forces of Haile Selassie are wiped out." Those, it seems, were almost his exact words. "Italy must do that without delay," he thundered, "for the safety of her colonies she already has."

The Duce's belligerent announcement hit the wires at

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almost the exact moment as the result of the deliberations of the League's council. The inference is obvious. It will be a superfluous formality, mere waste of breath, for Senor Madar^{aga}~~aga~~ to deliver the League's suggestions to Baron Aloisi.

One of the issues brought up by Captain Eden at Geneva was the accusation that Italy is using poison gas in Ethiopia. The League's action on that was to ask the Red Cross for evidence.

Another thing that Mussolini said sounds like a note of warning to John Bull. Italy is not only going ahead in Africa. She is reenforcing her home defences. The army is being increased, the entire military establishment ~~on~~ land, ~~the~~ air and sea, *being* ~~even-strengthened~~ with might and mame.

The indignation of the French is no secret. Captain Eden's aggressiveness against Italy destroys the hopes of Paris for enlisting Mussolini as an ally against Hitler. An indiscreet remark by a German Cabinet Minister was oil on the troubled ~~w~~ fires. It was made by Dr. Hans Frank, who is a minister-without-portfolio in Hitler's Cabinet. Said he: "Italy and German~~y~~ must

be friends now, they have the same enemies in common."

All in all, there seems nothing but menace in the ~~RM~~ European scene. We are likely to see more fireworks at the Locarno conference tomorrow. [#] France declines to take Captain Eden's actions in good part. Her Foreign Minister will repeat his demands for an unfortified Rhineland. On that the French government is absolutely implacable. As a matter of fact, all the signs point to a ^{French} call for financial and economic sanctions against Germany.

At breakfast at the Waldorf this morning I was reminding ^{of} something that hasn't been forcefully pointed out to us. Sir John Maffey, head of the British Colonial Office is in America and he mentioned to me that the control of Lake Tana in Abyssinia is not worrying the British. The Lake is so situated behind of a wall of mountains that its waters can only flow down the Blue Nile into the Sudan and Egypt, can't possibly flow anywhere else, can't be of any use to anyone else.

SPAIN

One of the dramatic features of the political crisis in Spain today is the fact that Diego Martinez Barrio, the new President of the Republic, used to be a linotype operator. There's a situation for the former kingdom of the Hapsburgs! In that land of grandees, nobody used to amount to anything unless he had at least sixteen quarterings on his shield.

The sudden exit of ex-President Zamora was almost as sensational as his entry. Five years ago the streets of Madrid were lined with thousands who cheered while troops triumphantly escorted the hero of the hour from a death cell in the prison to the presidential palace. For when the monarchy fell, Zamora was in jail, awaiting execution at the pleasure of King Alfonzo. That was the great day of his life. He enjoyed it to the hilt, for the love of show and ceremony is in his blood. Niceto Alcalá Zamora, a white-haired native of Andalusia, boasts of his Moorish descent. And in that parade were thousands of white-robed Moorish cavalry. The blaring of trumpets and the clashing of cymbals, accompanied that triumphal procession. Today some of those same troops were guarding him, protecting his life in this

hour of disgrace. A pathetic ending for the first President of the second Republic!

And today the Radicals of the Left Wing were gleefully laying plans for an election, confident that they will put a man of their own choosing into Zamora's place. Martinez Barrio of course is only the interim president, so his hour of glory will be brief. Nevertheless, it's interesting to see Spain today as a country in which former linotype operators can climb into the chair once occupied by the great Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Wellington.

Apr. 8, 1936.

INTRO TO JIMMY WALLINGTON

L.T.:- Somebody's with me here in the studio tonight who has been here plenty of times before. You've heard Jimmy Wallington tell you plenty about the virtues of Blue Sunoco. Tonight he just dropped in to say Hello -- before flying West. Jimmy, you've done a great deal of flying in recent years. What ^{jaunt}~~one~~ do you recall most ~~gi~~ vividly.

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JIMMY:- Last September, Tommy, when I left here in a hurry and flew from Guatemala in Central America, to Los Angeles. That's about twenty-three hundred miles by air and over some of the most spectacular and hair-^{raising}~~raising~~ flying country on earth.

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L.T.:- How's that?

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JIMMY:- Well, every possible type of terrain flits by, under you. Heavily wooded mountains, vol^{cano}es both alive and extinct, and desert like the Sahara.

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L.T.:- Oh, is that all?

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JIMMY:- No. No indeed. The temperature varies from the coolness of the high altitudes of Guatemala and Mexico City to the blazing heat of Hermosillo and Mexicali, below sea level, in the desert. Yes, and there are stretches where it would be impossible for a plane to land for perhaps four hundred miles.

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L.T.:- So you got a thrill out of it?

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JIMMY:- Yes, especially from the volcanoes. The active craters send chills up your spine. We almost flew into some of them -- blazing, smoking.

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L.T.:- And that brought you back blazing, smoking and erupting into the microphone. You're a cheery volcano, Jimmy. And all us N.B.C. seismologists are glad to see you.

REDFERN

Jimmy, here's a flying story from that section.

Still another expedition is going to look for Paul Redfern the American flier who is supposed to be a captive ~~of~~ in the jungles of British Guiana. A couple of months ago we learned about the one that was sent out by the American Legion post in Colon. The head of it was James Ryan, an American newspaper man. I've word here from Beach Conger, who is traveling in South America for World Letters telling me that Ryan has failed to find Redfern and is on his way back.

So Art Williams, a British Guiana flier, is going to make another attempt. He will take off in a five-passenger amphibian filled with supplies and gasoline. His starting point will be the mouth of the Demerara River at Georgetown, British Guiana. He will fly to the boundary between British Guiana and Suriname. There he will establish a base camp, and then start cutting his way through the ~~brush~~ bush for a hundred miles to reach the spot where he ~~xx~~ believes Redfern will be found.

This isn't the first time we've heard the name of Art Williams. He's a native of Wisconsin, who went to British Guiana in 1934 to start a plane service. Some time ago he

discovered a new waterfall in British Guiana, a fall one hundred feet higher even than the famous Kaieteur Falls. (He's been doing a lot of reconnaissance flying for the Boundary Commission, which has been surveying the frontiers between Brazil and British Guiana. This won't be the first time he's gone looking for Paul Redfern. On December 4th last he took off from Georgetown accompanied by his co-pilot, Harry Wendt. With them was Edward Bill, a timber cutter of British Guiana, who financed the trip.) Williams says he has positive information that Redfern was still alive five years ago. What has happened to him since is uncertain. After his experience in trying to get through the bush he could understand quite well why a man who crashed in the middle of it would not even make any attempt to get out.

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Never in the history of exploration, so far as I know, have so many attempts been made to find a lost traveler.

BASEBALL

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In baseball everybody knows that Dead-pan Joe doesn't show his feelings. An Italian is supposed to be vivid, and vivacious, sawing the air with gestures and working up to shouting. But there's Joe Di Maggio, the new outfield phenom on the New York Yankees. His face seldom cracks into a smile or shows a flash of anger, chagrin or delight -- Dead-pan Joe. He doesn't even exhibit any emotion about his sore foot, which threatens to keep him out of the opening game at the Yankee Stadium -- though that would be a bitter disappointment for any rookie touted so highly.

So you can't expect Joe to blaze with enthusiasm when he tells you his human interest story. It goes something like this:--- You worship an idol, and then you yourself are worshipped by your idol. In this case we find the idol to be a mighty Irishman, none other than Lefty O'Doul. In San Francisco where Joe Di Maggio comes from they had heard about Babe Ruth of course, but to the kids out there the Babe was merely a vague and perhaps improbable legend. The magnificent ~~Irishman~~ reality was -- Lefty O'Doul. He was from San Francisco, played in the Coast League, and rose to renown as a prodigious slugger in big time

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baseball. So Lefty O'Doul was the idol of Joe Di Maggio, a kid baseball player in San Francisco's Italian section.

Lefty, the mighty Irishman, grew old in baseball years, his legs were creaking, and he got a job as manager -- back in his old home town, on the San Francisco Seals. Meanwhile, his kid admirer was attracting attention with his hitting and base running. And he got a try-out with the home town team, the Seals -- under the management of Lefty. And that was when the mighty Irishman and the Italian kid changed places as idols.

In his first season Dead-pan Joe hit safely in sixty-one consecutive games. That smashed a record which had been on the books since 1915. Lefty O'Doul said the lad was the best hitter in ~~ix~~ baseball. Playing the outfield, he threw out thirty-two base runners -- tremendous heaves from deep in the outer garden, straight, fast and low to the home plate. Lefty O'Doul says the kid has got the greatest throwing arm he ever saw. The rich New York Yankees bought the young phenom from Lefty's minor league club, and paid seventy-five thousand dollars for him. That didn't diminish O'Doul's admiration either. So Lefty used to be Dead-pan Joe's hero, but now Dead-pan is Lefty's hero.

BLUFFING

The American colony in London has been snickering over an episode in the famous old English court known as "Probate Admiralty and Divorce." One of the eminent barristers in a trial explained the actions of his client with the words: "M'Lord, my client was only bluffing."

His Lordship wrapped angrily with the judicial pencil, and exclaimed: "Tut, tut, Sir Ernest, you must not use that word in my court. We can't have that sort of thing, you know; it isn't done."

The astonished K.C. stammered apologetically: "But, M'Lord, -

His Lordship again interrupted: "I will not have those Americanisms used in my court. I don't want to hear anything but English here. The proper word would be, not 'bluffing', but 'pretending.'"

Thereupon the eminent barrister replied: "Awfully sorry, M'Lord, I was not aware that the word 'bluff' was American."

And His Lordship pronounced: "It comes from an American game called poker. Haven't you ever heard of it, Sir Ernest? It is terribly American." And, so am I - and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.