

ABYSSINIA

The Council of the League of Nations has been at it all day trying to find an Italian-Abyssinian solution. The Council received an urgent telegram this afternoon from the Lion of Judah, imploring the League to do something, do anything, to avert warfare. So far the League's council has done nothing but listen. Curiously enough, the man banging the gavel at this meeting, the Chairman, was none other than Maxim Litvinoff, Russia's wily Foreign Commissar.

Of course the delegates of the black bearded Ethiop monarch blame everything on Mussolini. And equally, of course, the Duce's spokesmen declare that Italy is on the defensive. If the Lion of Judah cannot restrain his tribesmen from attacking Italy's colonies in Italian Somaliland, the Italians say, he should stand aside and let somebody tackle the job, who can push it through.

The general feeling seems to be that Mussolini has already gone too far to step back. And the League of Nations once more is in a tight spot.

There's a strong chance that if it takes too aggressive a stand, Mussolini may withdraw Italy from the League. With Japan and Germany already out, and Uncle Sam never in - that would leave John Bull, France and Russia as the only great Powers at Geneva.

Meanwhile, British and French agents are all over Italy, investigating. This is an open secret. They claim to have discovered that Mussolini has a million effective troops drilling hard. The black shirted leader has admitted to having a modern mechanized army of Eight hundred thousand, partly mobilized already. The rest will be set to leave at the word "go", the word avanti.

FRANCE FOLLOW ABYSSINIA

At the same time, there's a curious situation in LaBelle France. With one hand she's arming heavily. With the other she's extending a friendly gesture to Germany and Poland, a disarmament gesture.

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On the German border French fortresses and mile-long subterranean trenches bristle with warlike preparation. Relations between Paris and Rome are so easy that the French have withdrawn most of their troops from the Italian frontier, ^{which} until recently, ~~that frontier~~ was strongly fortified. But now every available soldier and gun have been moved north to face the Hitler threat.

Then again, France is moving most of her Mediterranean fleet to the North Sea. Again a sign that she feels secure from attack by Italy. Also that she feels the need of stronger protection than ever against Germany.)

So much for what she is doing with one hand. ^{But,} Foreign Minister Laval has been putting in a weekend in a three-cornered conference with Poland and Germany. His original purpose was to coax Colonel Beck, ~~is~~ now the Number One statesman of the Poles, into an alliance with Paris. Colonel Beck brought General Goering,

Hitler's right hand man, into the discussion. This is rather curious, because it is known that Beck is only a half hearted partisan of the alliance with Berlin.

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The conference seems to have broken up without any results. France made no concrete offers. But it is no secret that Hitler is worried about the ring of steel that surrounds the Fatherland. One thing Laval told Goering was that the other alliances which France has signed with European Powers are subject to one condition. That condition is that Germany is welcome if she wants to get on the peace band-wagon.

LAWRENCE

Colonel Lawrence, "Lawrence of Arabia," put in most of the last fifteen years of his life trying to avoid fame. And now, England wants to bury him in Westminster Abbey, Britain's Hall of Fame. Could there be anything more ironic than that?

Actually Lawrence was killed trying to escape his inevitable celebrity. His one expressed wish was, to be forgotten.

As a matter of fact he not only wanted to avoid military and political honors; he could have had any number of them, and violently turned them down. But, more than that, he didn't even want the celebrity of authorship. He was a brilliant writer, as anybody knows who read his "Revolt in the Desert." And George Bernard Shaw has declared that, "The Seven ^lPilars of Wisdom," of ~~xx~~ which the "Revolt in the Desert" was an abbreviation, is one of the pillars of English literature. But Colonel Ralph Isham, who was on the air with me the other evening, told me of a remark Lawrence had recently made to him:- that he would never write another line! Now a man who deliberately shuns the pride of authorship is indeed a rare person. In fact almost incredible.

But England-at-large is trying to say "No" to Lawrence's desire to escape acclaim. They are saying he belongs in the Abbey, with great poets, great national heroes. Lawrence's younger brother is already preparing to bury him according to his wishes -- quietly, in a small country churchyard in Dorset, near that cottage of his with the motto in Greek carved over the door -- the motto: "Leave me alone." But Britain says he belongs in Westminster Abbey.

And how could any nation avoid heaping honors on so miraculous a figure as the small, slim archaeologist of Oxford who became such a legend? Tributes from the highest places were showered on his memory today. There's no need of repeating tributes. Still, there's one that will ~~xxxx~~ be of the most pertinent interest to those who have followed the magical career that was T. E. Lawrence's. Of recent years he had his critics. Some of them, British army officers who served out East in the World War. The officer caste frequently didn't like Lawrence's unconventional, unmilitary ways. So there's a special pertinence in the final statement just made in London by his Commander-in-Chief, in the Near ^{East} _λ

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Viscount Allenby, who led the Last Crusade.

Of Lawrence, Allenby says "He was the mainspring of the Arab movement. He knew their language, their manners, their mentality. He understood their sly humor. This shy, retiring scholar, archaeologist and philosopher was swept by the tide of war into position undreamt of." And he speaks of Lawrence's well-balanced brain and disciplined imagination, and sums it up this way: "A brilliant tactician, with a genius for leadership."

And his mother has just heard of his mishap -- and his death. So far off in the Himalaya Mountains in Tibet.

GORKY

There are one or two curious epilogues to that tragic plane crash in Russia. For one thing, the Soviet Government is determined that the disaster to the monster ~~airplane~~ ^{sky-ship} Maxim Gorky will not stop the building of similar ~~x~~ aircraft. The ink ~~ix~~ ^{was} hardly dry on the news of the collision in mid-air when Moscow made public its plans for building three more planes just as big and powerful as the Gorky. In fact, the Commissars have ~~been~~ even chosen names for their new ships. They will be called "Maxim Gorky", after the one that was lost, "Vladimir Lenin" and "Josef Stalin".

And here's a tragic follow-up story that came to light today. It concerns Pilot Blagin, the man who flew the smaller ship which collided with the Gorky. He was known and somewhat feared among aviators as a man addicted to pranks in mid-air. He lived to stunt. ~~xxxxxx~~ Before the big Maxim Gorky took off, its pilot warned Blagin not to try any of his pranks this time, ~~The dead pilot was~~ afraid of just such a crash as happened. Blagin replied, ~~to him~~ "Don't take me for a fool! ~~xxxxxx~~ I've been flying for fifteen years." ^{But} ~~on top of that~~ when he got ~~up~~ into the air, his passion for stunting overcame him.

The two planes were sent up together so that a cameraman in a third could take pictures of them. The idea was to show the contrast in size.

An equally amazing story comes from that third plane, the photographing plane. When they saw the crash, the cameraman went clean off his head. He sprang at the pilot. There was a desperate struggle. Rubushkin, the pilot of the camera plane, told the story when he came to earth. They asked him: "What did you do?" Pilot Rubushkin ~~XXXX~~ answered, apologetically as though he were ashamed: "I had to slug him with a monkey-wrench."

And now - the funeral of nearly half-a- hundred victims.

AIRSHIP

Two Portuguese aviators have completed their plans for a non-stop flight from New Year to Rome, the season's first trans-Atlantic stunt. These two Portuguese gentlemen are amateurs, the Marquis George de Monteverde who is only twenty-seven years old and his brother Count Alfred de Monteverde. They haven't anything to sell and they aren't promoting anything, so I'm told by Douglas Williams, New York correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph.

These brothers say: "We want to do it for the honor and prestige of Portuguese aviation".


"But why fly to Rome instead of Lisbon?" The answer is:- "A sentimental reason. We lived in Rome for many years when our father was Portuguese Minister to Italy." The Monteverdes will be flying a single engined Bellanca.

SAVANNAH

There's another reason why Wednesday will be a date of some importance on the calendar. President Roosevelt has proclaimed it "National Maritime Day". This is a part of the celebration of "Foreign Trade Week", which was formally opened yesterday at New London, Connecticut, by Governor Cross of that state and Governor Talmadge of Georgia.

You may ask "why the Governor of Georgia?" Thereby hangs a tale. The opening ceremonies took place at the grave of Captain Stephen Rogers, a historic figure in the annals of our merchant marine. Captain Rogers was navigating officer of the Steamship "Savannah". It was the first steamer to cross the Atlantic. It's just a hundred and seventeen years since Captain Rogers, in command of this little chugging craft only a hundred feet long, sailed from Savannah, Georgia, to England.

The New London celebration is part of Connecticut's 300 year celebration.



ADDAMS

Meanwhile a world famous American woman is critically ill. Jane Addams, the founder of Hull House in Chicago, underwent a major operation. Last night the physicians had given her up. But today they say she's better and will probably recover.

Jane Addams, who is seventy-five years old, is the only American woman who ever won the Nobel prize. It was given her in 1931 for what she had contributed toward World Peace. It was forty years ago that she founded the great settlement house in Chicago, with which her ~~name~~ name is always associated. Distinguished, serene and charming, her graciousness is almost as celebrated as the sincere and disinterested work to which she has given her entire life.

BONUS

In America the big warfare of the day is still the battle of the bonus. The rival forces are all set in Washington for the crucial engagement on Wednesday. It'll be a dramatic scene when President Roosevelt smashes another tradition and appears with a personal veto message before both Houses of Congress. Incidentally, the House of Representatives has adopted the necessary resolution for that joint meeting on Wednesday afternoon in the Senate Chamber.

No President ever before has appeared in person before the Congress to tell 'em, straight from the shoulder, face to face, why he is turning down a measure they've passed, and telling why they should uphold his veto.

Of course he's not the first President to stand out against bonus bills. Three Presidents before him, Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, made similar protests. No fewer than a dozen veterans bills have been vetoed within as many years. Of those twelve, four became law in spite of the presidents. In fact, the first defeat sustained by President Roosevelt in his relations with Congress was when the boys overrode him on the question of restoring certain pensions to veterans.

Meanwhile, the pre-battle skirmishing continues hot and heavy. One such skirmish was a visit to the White House by nineteen members of the House. They called on the President to implore him personally to back down and let the Patman Bill go through. But Mr. Roosevelt refused to budge an inch. The conference broke up without any result. This settles once again the oft recurring rumors that the President had ^S weakened and ^{is} ready to consent.

So all nerves will be drawn ^{as} tight as a fiddle string Wednesday afternoon when ^{The President} ~~Mr. Roosevelt~~ faces the combined congress. One of the interested spectators will be a gentleman named John Taylor. He is not so high up in the public fame, but he's well known to everybody on Capitol Hill. He's the field marshal of the forces that are trying to jam this measure through, the ^{legislative drum major} ~~lobbyist in chief~~ of the American Legion. He is believed to be the most powerful unofficial individual in all Washington, the most influential of all the lobbyists.

John Taylor himself is a genuine veteran. He has no fewer than thirteen decorations for bravery and distinguished service at the front. An iron jawed, heavy set man, with a perpetual cigar in his face, he doesn't plead with Congressmen, he tells ~~them~~.

A legislator who is known to be wavering will soon find himself

confronted by Taylor, of the A.E.F., barking out a strong hint that he'd better vote for the Patman Bill or lose the support of the soldier boys, their wives, families and relations. They say he thinks nothing of stopping even a powerful Senator in the corridor, to tell him where he gets off.

John Taylor is the son of a one time Philadelphia Chief-of-Police. He took a post-graduate course in politics as right hand assistant to Pennsylvania's masterful political boss, the late Boise Penrose.

He became a member of the American Legion Washington staff sixteen years ago. For these activities he gets Six Thousand a year but makes plenty on the side practicing law. He keeps a cross card index of every vote on legislation affecting the veterans. Sometimes a Congressman who forgets how he voted ten years ago, can find out in a jiffy by telephoning Major Taylor's office.

Such is the real opponent of the President in this fight over the Patman Bill. The word from the White House is that the President still has thirty-five Senators on his side. And they

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will be plenty to sustain his veto.

From the bonus camp the word is that a new measure is being drawn up, to be used in case that veto is sustained. It will be a modification of the Patman Bill. ~~Whatever way the fight goes, I do like to be in Washington on Wednesday.~~

CINCINNATI

An event important in the baseball world will be pulled off at Cincinnati next Thursday evening. The first game to be played at night under the big arc lamps, in the major leagues. This is one of the pet projects of the big six-foot-four Powell Crosley, who owns the Cincinnati Reds for fun. For the last two years he has put most of his spare time and his apparently inexhaustible energy into putting the Red men on the baseball map once more. He's got them out of the cellar and now night baseball is his next step. Incidentally, the Reds will play Philadelphia Thursday evening.

It's a move over which there has been a tremendous lot of squabbling among big league ball potentates. A lot of them have been against it.

As a matter of fact, the idea has already been tried out successfully. That is, quite a few games are played in the international and in other leagues, under the lights at night. The first game of night ball was played in Chicago in nineteen ten. Charlie Comisky, the old Roman of baseball, started it at his then new park. There was a great deal of argument between

Comisky and Ban Johnson, President of the American League, on the subject. Anyhow, that first game was not a success. The lighting system was imperfect and most of the players couldn't see the ball.

That was twenty-five years ago. It was only within the last few years that games have been played successfully at night in several of the minor leagues. And Powell Crosley is going them all one better by turning on the baseball floodlights with double the candle power.

And it's lights out for me and --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.