

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

A donation to a university is provoking comment in well informed European circles. On its very face, the phenomenon calls for some explanation, because it's a Japanese gift to a Polish institution, of learning.

Interest is heightened when we observe the name of Mitsui. That name is a talisman in the Far East, a symbol of gigantic money power. The house of Mitsui is the dominant financial clan of Japan, with huge interests in banks, railroads, shipping and factories, especially munitions factories. The name of Mitsui has cropped up significantly from time to time in our own armanent selling investigation. Some people say that Baron Hachiremon Mitsui, chieftain of the entire clan, is the richest man in the world, not excepting that other mighty munitions man, Sir Basil Zaharoff, or Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller. The Mitsuis are supposed to have a finger, open or secret, in most of the international financial pies. So, there is every excuse for asking the reason why - when the house of Mitsui gives thirty thousand yen to found a chair

of Japanese history and culture at the University of Warsaw.

The particular Mitsui who made the gift is Takaharo Mitsui. He belongs to the automobile branch of the great clan which now is specializing in the building of cheap cars. The world of international trade is familiar with the fact that Japan has been looking with interest at Poland, as a cheap car market. Further, an order was recently placed for half a million dollars' worth of zinc from Polish mines, zinc to be used in building low cost Mitsui cars. The inference is, that the gift to the University is propaganda to create good feeling toward Japan and Japanese products, the opening gun of a Mitsui automobile selling campaign in Poland.

And there is a broader aspect, not to be neglected - that Japan is on one side of Soviet Russia and Poland on the other with a strongly anti-communist viewpoint and always a potential enemy of Red Moscow. All the more reason to establish some Japanese University influence in Warsaw.

STAM

Today's report about the case of the two American missionaries killed in China is as brief and cryptic as last night's dispatch. The terse messages come from the troubled interior of China. Last night the report merely told that the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stam of Paterson, New Jersey, had been found. They were missionaries, murdered by Chinese bandits. There was no word about their three months' old baby daughter who was with them.

Today's report is merely that the baby has been found, alive and well. Helen Priscilla Stam, her parents killed, is being taken to mission headquarters at Wuhu. There is no further explanation, no account of how the baby was found. Maybe even the merciless Chinese bandits were touched by a helpless infant, and spared the child. That's only a surmise.

POET

Latin Americans are talking tonight of the passing of Santos Chocano, the poet. They called him "the trumpeter" for the echoing sonorous ring of his Castillian phrases. He was a Peruvian with a magnificent genius for poetry, and for trouble. In his own land he wrote in flamboyant verse of jungle valleys and the tawny spotted jaguar. He also got into political difficulties. He wandered northward to Central America, writing odes to the sun-flame and jungle-green of the tropical wilderness. And his instinct for trouble led him from one revolutionary movement to another, from one exile to another.

His career came to a climax when he joined Villa, in the days when that lord of banditry and revolt was master of northern Mexico. Santos Chocano rhymed the fiery crimson and gold of Mexico mountain and desert, also the crimson and gold villany and splendor of Pancho Villa, as poet laureate to the guerilla warrior.

Now he has come to the end of his trail of poetry and adventure. A violent end. And perhaps there is poetic justice in this - because Santos Chocano himself once killed a promising young Latin American writer in an argument over politics. He served a

few weeks in prison for that.

The last chapter of his story keeps up the full romantic ~~flavor~~ flavor. It tells of a treasure hunt, the discovery of buried ancient gold.

In Chile the poet and a Chilean partner found the treasure trove near the city of San Diego. And having found it, they quarreled bitterly. The partner claimed that the poet had tricked him out of his share of the gold.

Yesterday the two men met on a street car. There were bitter words. The poet's former partner flashed a knife and struck. Santos Chocano tried to struggle and get away. But his assailant was on top of him, and stabbed him to death.

Thus a treasure trove and knife thrusts end the career of the poet who was laureate to Villa.

OKLAHOMA

Some weeks ago, when we were hearing the story of that hunger strike in the depths of a Hungarian mine, I remarked how different were our own American ways in labor disturbances. Passive resistance like that was far removed from the strikes and walkouts over here. But that was not such a sound piece of philosophy, it seems. Not when we think of that hunger strike of five hundred miners in Oklahoma. They took possession of the building used by the county authorities in the town of McAllester. They refused to leave, and declared they would starve to death where they were, unless their demands were met. They demanded jobs, or that each be given a five dollar order for groceries to provide food for themselves and their families. The hunger strike brought the Governor election of Oklahoma into the situation, to settle the strange and dangerous affair.

He's quite a personality - that Governor-Elect, Twenty-five years ago Ernest Marland struck Oklahoma oil and made a huge fortune - some say over fifty million dollars. He went in for philanthropy in a big way. Then after years as a multi-millionaire philanthropist he went bankrupt. He claims unscrupulous finances

did it. So he went into politics with a hue and cry against Wall Street. Now he's the Governor-Elect; and he was immediately confronted with the Oklahoma hunger strike among the miners.

The five hundred miners in the county building were without food for two days, and visions were briefly raised of something resembling that errifying and fantastic death strike in the Hungarian mine.

MAIL

Over one million pounds of mail sailed today on the United States Liner WASHINGTON. This is ~~certain~~ an indication of better times as it is largest amount of mail carried by any ship since 1929. This constitutes an all time record for the port of New York for delivery of mail in any single day.

RESCUE

For two days and nights, three ships lay tossing and pitching in the North Atlantic, one ship in a sinking condition, the other two vainly trying to give help. Now the story is complete, with the last incident played to the end - to a brave and joyful end.

This latest heroic tale of the sea began when the British freighter, the S.S.USWORTH, was caught in those recent North Atlantic storms, eight hundred miles off the coast of Newfoundland. She lay wallowing in the trough of the towering seas; her engines disabled, her hold full of water, sinking.

Her distress calls were answered. The Belgian freighter JEAN JADOT, steamed to the rescue, and the Cunard liner ASCANIA too. But rescue was difficult, impossible for two days. The storm was too wild, the crests of those waves were too high. They couldn't launch lifeboats. No boat could live in the heavy seas. They couldn't shoot a line to take off the twenty five men of the crew of the USWORTH. So the two rescue ships could only stand by and wait and hope for the storm to moderate, so a rescue would be possible. And they waited for two days and two nights.

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Meanwhile, the USWORTH was sinking, her decks ~~away~~ awash, the seas breaking over her, the crew hanging on for dear life, in danger every moment of being swept overboard. At last it was seen that she could not remain afloat any longer. The storm had moderated a bit, **But** was still blowing fiercely. It was still dangerous to attempt the rescue. But, the rescue had to be attempted if the men aboard the foundering vessel were to be saved. So, while the liner ASCANIA stood alongside to lend a hand if needed, that Belgian freighter, the JEAN JADOT, lowered her boats to take off the crew of ~~the~~ USWORTH. With their oars beating the waves, the lifeboats struggled through the raging sea. One was swamped by the towering waves. Two men, two rescuers, were lost. But the other boats kept on, fighting their way to the sinking ship. And they made it. They took the twenty five sailors off the USWORTH, rescued every man. ~~Then~~ The story ends with the picture of a ship plunging beneath the waves, as the abandoned USWORTH took her last dive - and the two other ships disappearing in the distance:- the liner ASCANIA and the freighter JEAN JADOT ~~are~~ steaming proudly, conscious of duty well done.

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HITLER

A railroad accident in Germany today is attracting international attention. Any accident, railroad or otherwise, that Hitler is in, is a thing to provoke comment. If anything happened to the Reichsfuehrer, it would throw the affairs of Germany into a state of chaotic doubt, with repercussions all over the world.

Moreover, when a railroad accident results in the death of thirteen people and injuries to seven others, why that's a mishap to attract melancholy attention.

Hitler was a passenger aboard a speeding express train. Near the town of Verden a bus, crowded with people, was crossing the tracks. Something went wrong. It didn't get across the tracks. And the whizzing express train hit the bus, demolished it! Killed most of its occupants.

None of the passengers in the train were hurt. Hitler was uninjured, except possibly for a nervous shakeup. His emotional temperament is one to react vividly to the impressions of a disastrous accident like that. And today's mishap may have its effect on German railroading, maybe the building of grade crossings or a campaign for safety.

KING

The King of Italy celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday last month, but the news has just leaked out about a unique series of telegrams he received - telegrams of congratulation. First came congratulations from the chief of the government - "Birthday greetings to Your Majesty"- signed Mussolini. Whereupon the King sent back a "thank you" message Gratzia to Premier Mussolini.

Then His Majesty got a wire from the Minister of War. Who is the Minister of war? Why Mussolini. He holds the War Portfolio too. So, in accordance with royal etiquette, the King wired a telegram of acknowledgment -multa gratzia- to Minister of War Mussolini. Next came a message with birthday greetings from the Minister of Marine - also Mussolini. The King's remarks at that stage might have been amusing to hear as he replied to Minister of Marine Mussolini. Anyhow, it stopped there. Probably the telegrams were sent as a matter of form by the various ~~ministries~~ ministries, and then maybe somebody got wise. At any rate, the King didn't receive any congratulations from Mussolini as Minister of the Interior or as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Or as the head of the twenty-two different corporations which are replacing the Italian Parliament.

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Nor did he receive congratulations from ~~Cousin~~ Cousin
Mussolini. The Duce has been decorated with the "collar of the
assumption" which gives him the right to be called "cousin of the
king."

SWITZERLAND

Maybe the trouble with Al Smith was that his derby was brown and that he didn't wear a Prince Albert coat, because it is now proven that a derby hat is no bar to the presidency - at least not the presidency of Switzerland. The newly elected ruler of the Republic of the Alps is known for the singularity of his black derby, and his Prince Albert coat, which he wears even on horseback. Yes, and even when he rides as a commanding officer at the head of his troops during military reviews, he is attired in that most unhorsemanly costume - a Prince Albert. But then Switzerland knows there is a reason.

Herr Rudolf Minger had to work hard to earn those distinctions of prosperity. He was, in the most classical sense, a poor boy. The new president is the only member of the Swiss Federal Council who has not had a university education. In Switzerland there is one major occupation for a poor boy, he milks the cows and helps to make Swiss cheese. So from early dawn to late at night Rudolf Minger, the poor but ambitious boy, milked the cows and made the cheese. And in time he became an exceedingly successful cow maker and cheese milker - I mean cow milker and cheese maker. He developed a great dairy farm and cheese factory of his own, and grew rich. That's when he

abandoned the farm overalls for the derby hat and Prince Albert coat of an affluent citizen. As a big milk and cheese man, he became the leader of a political party and won a post in the powerful Federal Council. And then he wore his derby and Prince Albert more proudly than ever.

He was promoted to be chief of the Military Department, with the rank of colonel of infantry, and he reorganized the Swiss army. As a Colonel, he should have worn a military uniform, but Rudolf Minger thought too much of his derby and his Prince Albert. He had worked enough long/and hard enough, from rags to riches, to deserve those symbols of success. He wouldn't give them up, not for a Field Marshall's epaulets or an Admiral's cocked hat.

Yes, the people in the land of Swiss cheese understood. They're saying today that Herr Minger's curious military riding costume had to do with his popularity. The popularity that has swept him into the presidency.

Maybe if Al Smith had worn not only his brown derby but also a long tailed evening coat and had flown an aeroplane in that costume, he might have become President.

And now as I start for a jaunt to Kalamazoo tonight and Grand Rapids tomorrow, I'll put on my brown derby and spike-tailed coat and say SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.