January .

Early this afternoon I thought I had a bombshell on my desk.

Sensations, a new Nazi putsch like the one in which the late
Chancellor Dolfuss was murdered, a coup d'etat. The story was that
the Heimwehr in southern Austria was mobilizing and marching on
Vienna. All the public buildings were guarded by troops with
machine guns. The vagueness of the news made it sound all the more
tremendous.

But now it turns out that bombshell was a dud. To be sure,
there has been a change of government in Austria, though YMMXXXXMMXXXX

\*\*OP\*\* Schuschnigg is still Chancellor. But the complexion of his
Cabinet has changed slightly. There was dissatisfaction. The
origin of it all was that vote and the speech made by Baron Stolpl,
the Austrian delegate to the League of Nations. There were
mutterings of dissatisfaction because of Austrian pro-Italian
actions at Geneva.

Well, everything has quieted down now. The Cabinet has been reorganized. The Heimwehr of south Austria did start a move on the capital. But when they were reassured that their leader was to be included in the new Cabinet, they subsided. There are still

strongly armed squads of police patrolling the important public buildings around the Ballplatz. But the situation seems to have been handled in a masterful fashion and quiet reigns once more.

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I suppose the Italians will take today's news as proof of the truth of Mussolini's charge that John Bull is bent on war. The attitude of the gentlemen on Downing Street does seem to be more and more unbending. So it sounds from the news. The Entente Cordiale somewhat uncordial moment. Curt, snappy, imperative messages flying across the channel. One of these imperious notes said to France: "If you don't back us in the Mediterranean, you get no protection from us against Hitler."

Mediterranean, you get no protection from us against Hitler."

The scene is still further complicated by rumors that

Premier Laval is fed up and wants to chuck his job. They're going to hold a senatorial election on Sunday, and that's no particular help. In fact, it is on that account that Monsieur Laval is delaying his reply to John Bull until Monday.

There is no avoiding the unmistakeable smell of brimstone in the European scene. King George's ministers make no bones about it. War, war between Great Britain and Italy, is well within the bounds of possibility, say they. And what tragic implication there is in that!

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But it's what the Cabinet is going to tell the country:- "Be prepared for another war."

At the same time, Stanley Baldwin and his ministers proclaim that they have no intention of starting anything. They don't, for instance, propose to initiate any acts of aggression against the Duce. Nevertheless, they repeat, "We cannot guarantee that the imposing of economic sanctions will not end up in warfare".

At first hearing that doesn't sound like news because plenty of other people have been saying it. But when a Cabinet publicly makes such an admission, that is news with a genuine cause for alarm in it.

People are not speculating, "Just what is Great Britain after? Just what do they expect to do if they crush Mussolini?"

The answer gives in some quarters is, "smash Fascism." The antiFascisti believe that a defeat would be the downfall of Mussolini.

It usually does mean the end of a dictator. Whether it would also mean the end of the Italian Fascist corporate state, is another question.

Whatever its result may be, the British lion is unquestionably lashing his tail. One of his growls expressed his intention of insisting that peace, when it is discussed, must be one suitable to the Emperor Haile Selassie.

Just one more thing from Europe. France has begun her part of the job of punishing Italy. She has lifted the embargo on the shipment of arms to Ethiopia, which she had maintained for so long. The Quai d'Orsai so notified Geneva today.

We also hear that the Sub-Committee of the League of Nations has finished listing the products which are to be withheld from Italy. The list now includes raw materials. What makes it particularly serious for the Duce, is that the raw materials mentioned are controlled entirely by countries that are League members. The list includes aluminum, manganese ore, chromium, amalgam, nickel, and other metals without which no modern army can be properly equipped.

As for Africa, the news from the front is pretty tame. today.

The closest approach to any excitement comes from another one of those rumors that are public dished up every day, which are supposed to keep our interest alive. The latest rumor hints at a clash between Italian troops and British subjects. This was in British Somaliland. There a lot of Somalis are supposed to have been killed by bullets from the rifles of the Duce's men. It's even reported that they have fired on John Builty camel corps.

There's no xx official confirmation of this report. We don't know whether the casualties actually xxx occurred or whether, if they did occur, they were intentional or the results of bullets going wild. According to another version, large numbers of cattle and goats on the British side of the line were destroyed by Italians. Of course we have to remember that feeling runs high and that everything of that nature is bound to be exaggerated.

The only other bit of important information concerning

Africa comes from Rome; something that has been expected for

quite a while; the appointment of the runaway Ethiopian

general, Ras Gugsa, as Governor of the Province of Tigre.

fashioned somewhat after a Japanese model. Naturally, Ras Gugsa becomes nothing but a pasteboard governor, a papier mache mask for the Italian high command. At the same time, it enables it to say to the world: "See here, we are giving the Ethiopians autonomy; we are giving them one of themselves for a governor."

It is amusing to perceive the way in which all the gossip we hear about the Italian army comes by way of Addis

Ababa. The latest is that General DeBono, Commander-in-Chief,

of the army in the north, is about to be decorated, decorated

with the royal and noble order of Vavia - on your way! Mussolini

dissatisfied with his conduct of the war in northern Ethiopia.

The dissension has become so acute that His Majesty, King Victor

Emanuel, was obliged to step in to bring about peace, they say.

This brings more limelight to a man who has had a colorful career. We heard about him when page one was black with news about the Matteoti case. You may recall how Matteoti, a rich deputy and leader of the young anti-Fascisti, was killed. The editor of a clerical newspaper charged Emilio DeBono with his murder. He was brought to trial and acquitted. Thereupon, Mussolini sent him to Africa to take command in Tripoli, where he had already seen considerable service.

Aside from his military record, DeBono has other claims on Mussolini. He was one of the four who organized the march on Rome, and established the power of Fascism.

Ever since the Duce became Premier, DeBono has been one of his principal advisors on military affairs. At various times he has been chief of the carabiniere, the national police force, and also head of the Fascist militia. Though he is sixty-nine years old, he is full of vigor, alert, erect, and dynamic. Also, he is a strict disciplinarian.

The story of his downfall emanates entirely from the headquarters of Haile Selassie. So we may be pardoned if we take it.

With a grain of salt, especially as it is denied in Rome.

More news from the Far East for a change: The Japanese are getting ready to cut themselves another slice of cake. Chinese cake.

It is interesting to observe that the wily Nipponese always take advantage of disturbances in Europe. It was while France and England were all hot and bothered over the spectacular rise of Hitler, that the Mikado's generals xxxxxxx calmly and emphatically helped By the time Europe's statesmen had, for the themselves to Manchuria. time being, quit worrying over the policies of the Nazi chief, the seizure of that province from China was an accomplished fact. Manchukuo was erected as a puppet state and apparently there is nothing anybody can do about it. The League, you will recall, made the gesture of sending Lord Lytton's Commission. That Commission turned in a caustic report. The only effective result was that Japan resigned from the League.

A similar situation presents itself today, and the indications are that the war lords of Nippon are getting ready to take advantage of it. The nations of Europe have eyes for nothing but the African situation. The statesmen have plenty to keep them

awake, worrying whether it will spread into a war between Italy and John Bull. This time again it's part of northern China. They say the Japanese are going to take over five provinces of China proper. The diplomatic phrase, the words used by Japan to explain this, is that it will be done "to promote the natural exx economic affinity between North China and Manchukuo."

Jesse Jones without a horse, riding a tank.

And, by the way, an embarrassing occurrence came to light in north China the other day, In that part of the country, are there ix quite a number of Mohammedans. The officials in charge of their mosques were somewhat astounded to receive word from the government in Nanking that "a large group of American Moslems and Muzzins were on their way to Peiping." The Mallahs promptly bestirred themselves and prepared an elaborate welcome for those American sons of Allah. This was indeed joyous news because they had not yet heard that Islam was making such progress in the WaitedxStates.

U.S.A. It was assumed that the Americans were passing through China to make a pilgrimage to Mecca.

But when those American Moslems finally showed up, the shock was even greater. The so-called Mohammedans were a party of fifty Shriners, tourists from San Francisco! The headgear worn by those nobles of the Mystic Shrine had given rise to the rumor that they were Moslems. There was an awkward moment for the first the Islamic circles of Peiping. One wonders what would have happened if those Shriners had been touring in Turkey. Mustapha Kemal has

made the wearing of the fez illegal in his realm.—a hanging matter. And then Kipling could write a poem: "They are Hanging Fifty Shriners in the Morning."

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## EARTHQUAKE

Still another earthquake in Asia! There seems to be no end to such tales of disaster this year. This time it occured in territory belonging to the Soviet Union. As a matter of fact, it was a mild one, though serious enough at that -- a hundred and twelve killed, four hundred and seven injured, in Tajikstan, in Central Asi. It was their second quake in a week. The damage was grave enough to necessitate a hurry call for help to Moscow. So the government has been sending planes with food and clothing for the sufferers.

Wives as well as husbands ought to be interested in the new idea put forth by a Viennese doctor. The idea is that if the little women gets jealous of you, and starts to throw things, don't run away to the South Seas, send for the doctor. Jealousy is a disease just as much as any bad cold in the head like mine.

The idea comes from the famous neurologist, Doctor

Wilhelm Stekel. He has established a clinic for the treatment of
jealousy. Violent attacks of jealousy sometimes result in crime.

These crimes, said Dr. Stekel, could be prevented if the patients
would realize that they are patients and should consult a
neurologist.

He has some more ideas on the subject. He explains that jealous people should be devided into two classes. Some are conscious of their weakness and admit it. Others the opposite, when jealous won't even admit it to themselves, and are the more dangerous of the two classes. But, says Dr. Stekel. "Even they can be cured by a talk from their mental physician - or some good locking movie sheik. Dr. Stekel's idea is catching on in Vienna. The first day his clinic was open, no fewer than fourteen women applied for treatment. The story doesn't tell us how many men there were. Maybe the Viennese husbands aren't addicted to jealousy.

Here's something about "the man who cannot lose himself."

But it seems that I've lost myself. Arkansas, San Francisco,

all mixed up-
Vancouver, -- but the story comes from London. It's a bit confusing.

Wish you'd

How about lending me a hand, Ted? Take the mike while I get

this straight.

All right Lowell, here's something appropriate. Your "man who cannot lose himself," maybe he's got one of those monogrammed emblems to keep himself identified!

There's only one thing we regret about the individual monogrammed emblems which are so popular among your motorists. It is this. Out of the thousands and thousands of applications we've received for emblems, each application accompanied by its dime, a few were so illegible that we just couldn't read the name and address. All of these orders are being held with the hopes that you'll write us if you ordered your make emblem and didn't get one. Write clearly this time, tell us when you ordered it and what initials you asked for. Address your letter to Post Office Box four, five, five, New York City and we'll immediately check through our files, find your emblem and rush it off to you. Remember - write to Post Office Box four, five, five, New York City

And now, Lowell, what about that man who cannot lose himself?

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He's in London, but he comes from Arkansas. He's quite a traveler, and sailed to foreign parts via San Francisco and Vancouver. That's how the geography got mixed up.

He is simply flooding the world with descriptions of himself -- William Hendrick Arnold, lawyer, seventy-four years old. And then full details about his appearance, history, habits, and so on. Lawyer Arnold has a whole stack of these, and every time he goes to anhotel he deposits a copy with the management.

Even when he dines at a restaurant he leaves one of those personality sketches of himself at the desk. With these documents all over the place, the Europeans naturally were curious. They asked polite questions -- why? What is the reason? And the Arkansas attorney explains it this way:-

"Fifty years with the law has taught me to be careful and do everything in a proper manner. As a result of the traces I leave behind, people will know what to do if anything should happen to me."

So they now call him the man who cannot lose himself.

Of course, he might keep himself found with one of those

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Blue Sunoco monogrammed emblems, as Ted Pierson has suggested.

But the document he uses instead is a lot more copious. It

begins:- "Historical sketch dictated by W.H. Arnold of Texarkana

to Erba H. Booth, public stenographer, Hotel Sir Francis Drake,

San Francisco, before sailing to Vancouver, August 9, 1935."

And the rest of the historical sketch is just as precise and

ample.

Well, maybe this broadcast is getting too ample. So, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.