

L.S. - Sunoco. Monday, May 13, 1935.

Kuman
MBC

First let's take

~~Now~~ the burning question of the hour. "When will

Barbara marry her Count?" The latest is that they're not

marrying today because it's the Thirteenth. So it's tomorrow. *or*
*tonight - after midnight.*Some think the Queen of Nickels and Diamonds is stepping
down a notch when she trades the title of Princess for Countess.

Princess being supposedly something royal. But when she marries

Count von Haugwitz-Reventlow she's at least wedding a title

about which there is no argument. The Count von Haugwitz-Reventlow

belongs to a family that is related to the nobility of half a dozen

European countries. Cousins everywhere. Uncles on every shore.

Aunts from Antwerp to the Antarctic.

The former Miss Hutton's new bridegroom, if and as when
he so becomes, seems ~~to~~ to be financially a different sort of
fellow from any of the marrying Mdivanis. The Danish Count, they
say, has almost as many castles and estates as he has relations.

All we are allowed to know at present is that the
famous Reno divorce mill has ~~been~~ been turned with streamlined speed

for the beautiful Barbara and the mental ^{cruelty} she suffered
at the mental hands of her psychically
merciless Prince.

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People do say that one advantage of her new alliance is that she won't have to spend any of her time watching her new husband play bad polo. And she'll be not only in the Social Register -- but also in that formidable bible of the nobility, the Almanach de Gotha.

NIZAM

From millions in nickels and dimes to billions in emeralds and rubies.

Sir Mir Usman Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad, commonly referred to as the richest man in the world, pops into the news by way of a romantic story, a story connected with salvage. His Highness, Sir Usman Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad, is suing the owners and crew of the famous Italian salvage ship, the "Artiglio." (arteelco)

The tale begins with the sinking of a British liner off Cape Ushant. The ship went to the bottom of the choppy waters of the English Channel, carrying with it a consignment of gold and banknotes belonging to His Highness, the Nizam. When the vessel sank, the notes were cancelled and the Nizam's Treasury printers turned out a new issue.

(arteelco)
Then the salvagers of the "Artiglio" got on the job. They raised not only the gold but also the iron chests tightly packed with three-and-a-half million dollars' worth of the ~~Nizam's~~ Nizam's banknotes. The Nizam didn't want the banknotes back, since they had been cancelled. So members of the ~~fx~~ crew improved the shining hour by selling them all over Italy as souvenirs. And that's what

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annoyed the Nizam. He's refusing to pay for having those banknotes salvaged. And he's suing the owners and crew of the (artiglio) "Artiglio;" he says he gave no instructions for those cancelled notes to be brought up from the briny deep. It cost him money to have the new issue printed, and he certainly didn't tell the sailors to go around hawking the cancelled currency.

This little item bears out descriptions that we have heard from time to time of the Nizam's peculiarities. The richest man in the world is said to be in many respects a tightwad. Nobody knows how rich he really is. In addition to his revenues, he is reputed to own a billion dollars' worth of jewels. The royal vaults in Hyderabad would make Ali Baba's famous caverns look like a Sixth Avenue, New York, hockshop. Once every year a van laden high with gold bars is driven into an underground cellar beneath the palace. It is parked next to a similar van also full of gold, and there it stays. A gold coin that passes into those royal clutches just passes out of circulation. Nothing but paper money and small coin is used in the huge state ruled by His Highness.

He never wasts a penny. Nothing in his palace can be thrown away until the royal eyes have inspected it and decided that it cannot be used. He drives about in ancient Flivvers that rattle like skeletons bouncing on a tin roof. He wears the shabbiest clothes in his kingdom, leaving glorious raiment and Sultanic splendor to his servants, except on state occasions when he turns himself into a picture out of the Arabian Nights.

POLAND

It was only to be expected that the death of Marshal Pilsudski, "the Iron Man of Poland", would set the nerves of Europe to jangling once more. The balance is so delicate that anything is enough to get European statesmen all a' dither, let alone the death of one of the strongest dictators. Only a few ^{months} ~~weeks~~ ago we were told that the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia and Foreign Minister Barthou of France would upset that delicate balance. But nothing really serious happened. It is to be hoped that the general alarm over the passing of Pilsudski will be equally groundless.

Nevertheless, it does shake the balance. Poland today is in just as ticklish a situation as in the days when Frederick-the-Great was disturbing the ~~peace~~ peace of Europe. The Poles are just as much as ever between the prongs of a nut cracker, with the Russians on one side and the Germans on the other. Pilsudski, so long as he was alive, had the secret of steering his country through the rapids. The question naturally arises: "Who will take his place?"

Many people are wondering whether this will be the cue for the return of the ~~New~~ ^{New} Poland's first Prime Minister, Ignace Jan Paderewski. The great pianist did not last long as a statesman.

In recounting the part Pilsudski played in the restoration of Poland, the memory of Paderewski's services has been pushed into the background. People tend to forget that during the World War the dean of all living pianists gave up his music, and devoted all his time and energies to his country. Indeed, the thirteenth of President Wilson's Fourteen Points was originally drafted by Paderewski and Colonel House at the great musician's suite in the Hotel Gotham in New York.

But power gravitated into the iron hands of Pilsudski. And it is not probable that Paderewski the virtuoso and patriot will want to repeat his experience with a squabbling parliament and intriguing politicians.

The choice for the mantel of the old Field Marshal - Dictator thus seems to lie between Poland's President, Mossiski, and the Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck. It was Colonel Beck who received French Foreign Minister Laval on his recent visit to Warsaw.

BONUS

The fate of the Bonus Bill is still up in the air. The report from Washington is that the President stands pat. No objections have fazed him. He is unmoved by the telegrams that have poured into the White House by the tens of thousands. Also by the ¹⁰statements of Governor Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board and Chairman Jones of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation that the Two Billion Dollar inflation rider attached to the Patman measure would not mean real inflation. The President is going to ~~veto~~ veto that bill as soon as it comes to him, ~~and~~ that's his last word.

The reasons for the deadlock over relief in Illinois are just coming to light. Many people wondered why the legislators at Springfield have been so reluctant to pass the sales tax measure when the situation was so critical. It develops that the Legislature has been on fire on both sides. On the one hand those ^{the unemployed,} in need, clamouring for the passage of the measure, on the other hand important organizations opposed to it. Both the Illinois Chamber of Commerce and the Illinois Workers Alliance, neither of whom can be ignored, are opposing it vehemently.

Meanwhile, the need grows more acute in Illinois. Thousands are being saved from starvation by private charities. It was expected that the return of Mayor Kelley, of Chicago, who has been on a vacation, would mean the end of this critical condition. But so far nothing has happened.

FARMERS

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Washington, D.C., is filled today with visitors of a new kind. They haven't gone to the Capital to ask for anything or to complain about anything. They are farmers from all over the country, who have made a pilgrimage in order to say:-

"Three cheers for the A.A.A."

It is said that nobody asked them to go. They just wanted to rally 'round the Washington Monument and cheer the idea of getting something for not planting something.

Here's a question that isn't a riddle. Which would you rather be, a newspaper man making a record as a butter and egg man or a farmer publishing a great newspaper? Mr. Frank E. Murphy of Minneapolis might be able to answer the question because he happens to be both. He is publisher of the Minneapolis ^{Tribune} ~~Tribune~~, one of the great newspapers of America and one of the oldest. He's also Director of the Associated Press. In addition to this he ^{has} just ~~was~~ won the butter producing championship of the country. He's the owner of Femco Johanna Bess Fayne, a nine year old Holstein, who has produced more than fifteen hundred and twenty-five pounds of butter in twenty-five months. That means she delivered seventeen thousand quarts of milk in the year. ^{Murphy's} ~~That's~~ *Milky Way to success.* ~~almost enough to provide milk baths for an entire Fiegfeld chorus.~~

In a New York Court today a case was called that does look like the height of insolence and cheek, the cheek of the racket.

A week or so ago, Mayor LaGuardia opened the new Bronx Terminal Food Market, and His Honor made a ringing proclamation: ~~against the food racket. The crooked game that gyps the dinner table was out~~ the new market ^{must} ~~be~~ be kept absolutely one hundred per cent free of the food racket. In dramatic emphasis, he turned to Deputy Commissioner Michael Fiaschetti of the Department of Markets, who is a hard-fisted veteran of the police, and ^{commanded} ~~commented~~ in tones still more ringing: "Don't you let even a cousin of a racketeer come near this market!" It was all exceedingly ringing - reverberating, ~~in~~ ~~the~~.

A couple of days later a contractor, who had begun some trucking business in ~~xxxx~~ the new market, was driving along in his car, when a big limousine flashed up alongside of him, cut across in front of him, and stopped him. A man got out, entered the contractor's car, and sat down beside him.

"Keep away from that market", the mysterious man said.

"Keep your trucks away." The contractor asked bewildered questions,

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and this was the arrogant response: "I'm the boss of the market." The unknown man had a long blackhand scar down one cheek and looked the part of a dangerous boss. He concluded by telling the contractor that if he didn't keep his trucks away, and drop his business in the market, his trucks would be destroyed, his drivers ~~got~~ beaten up, and, more sinister than all, something would happen to his two little daughters.

That was the follow-up to the Mayor's proclamation, which had been so ringing - the slashed-face-gangster-boss of the market. It certainly was the height of racketeering insolence and cheek.

A couple of days later, in response to a menacing telephone call, the contractor was waiting in his house with a bankroll ready. The scar-faced boss showed up. He demanded five hundred dollars down and a sizeable fee each week, if the contractor was to be allowed to do business in the market. After a bit of bargaining, money was paid.

Then, at that moment, things happened in a good old melodramatic way, just as on the stage. From concealment in another room, just as if he were doing it in the movies, Mike Fiaschetti stepped out, gun in hand. With him were a couple of other detectives,

likewise gun in hand. The boss of the market reached for the ceiling and in one fist was the money, a roll of marked bills, all according to the way such stories invariably go. The contractor, whose nerve was fairly strong, had taken the extortion story to the authorities, and an orthodox trap had been set and sprung. So today on the court schedule in the Bronx was the trial of the boss of the market and his gang.

STRIKE

On the labor front the news is good and bad. From Toledo it's encouraging. But now it's up to the men, the automobile workers themselves. Their leaders, the A.F. of L. Officials, say they ought to vote for the agreement, the tentative agreement that was worked out last night.

All that will be thrashed out tonight at a mass meeting. Tomorrow we shall know whether there is to be peace or war in the automobile world.

But in Camden, New Jersey, there's the deuce to pay. Five thousand ship workers threw down their tools. That is when the whistle blew this morning, the boys just didn't show up. Instead they sent delegates to inform the New York Shipbuilding Corporation that they ~~are~~ aren't coming back until their union is recognized, accompanied by a sweetener in the pay envelope.

So far as the public is concerned, this is a blow from an unexpected quarter. But it was no surprise to Washington. It turns out that Madam Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, has had one of her best fixers on the job for several weeks. But only today was it made known that the fixer in question might be unable to

bring the shipbuilders and the workers together.

The serious aspect of this, from a national point of view, is: work suddenly stopped on Fifth million dollars' worth of ships for Uncle Sam. Four destroyers and three cruisers were on the ways. The navy had hoped to launch within the next year.

NAVY FOLLOW STRIKE

One interesting thing about those accidents in the big Pacific naval manoeuvres is that they were absolutely unknown today. Two ships damaged. Two lives lost.

When the manoeuvres were first planned, Admiral Reeves, the tall, lean, bearded Commander of the fleet, intended to make them different from other war games. That's the reason for the strict censorship and secrecy that prevailed while they were going on. It turns out today that this ^{practice} ~~peace~~-warfare was kept so dark even the Navy Department at Washington didn't know what had happened, nothing about the accidents, until Admiral Reeves gave out the news. Usually, manoeuvres are conducted with reporters and cameramen aboard, so as to show the taxpayers what they're getting for their money.

Incidentally, Admiral Reeves is a particularly colorful officer. He's the ^(Sinkus) Cincus of the Navy. That means Commander-in-Chief of the U.S.Fleet. At Annapolis he was known as "Bull Reeves", because of the ferocity with which he bucked the line on the football field. He fought at Santiago and fought so well that he was jumped four points, exceptional promotion.

Later on he went back to Annapolis as chemistry teacher and football coach. And they say he was a crack-a-jack coach, in fact so popular at the Academy that several classes dedicated their Lucky Bag, as the official Class Book is known, to Lieutenant-Comander Reeves, as he then was. He learned to fly when he was fifty-three. His son, instead of following in papa's footsteps, went to West Point. He is now in the Army Air Corps.

PHILIPPINES

There must be high excitement in the Philippine Islands at this moment. The election is on, it started at six o'clock. That's the election in which the Philippinos will decide whether they will accept or reject independence. No casualties so far. But sentiment is hot. One important leader of the rebellious Sakdal Party is in the ~~comp.~~ He is just being held by the police to avert trouble.

And to avert trouble ^{here at the N.B.C.,} ~~in this studio,~~ I'll say
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SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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