

L.T. - SUNOCO. TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1936.

*Chamber
1936*

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

Dick Finegan, in Chicago,
I used to work for a city editor, ⁿ who always hammered
one thing into the heads of his reporters - the value of that good
old newspaper quality, human interest. I'm reminded of that
tonight, because the pageant of the news is dominated by - human
interest stories. Let's begin with the two old friends, who
aren't friends any more.

GOMBOES

Some day Premier Gomboes and Dr. von Ekhardt are going to hurt each other. They are working up to it. They used to be fast friends, boyhood pals - the head of the Hungarian government, who was a peasant lad, and the powerful ^{politician} ~~politician~~ who now is leader of the Peasants' Party. Three years ago their beautiful friendship ended, and they became bitter enemies when Dr. Ekhardt said Premier Gomboes' word could not be depended upon. Gomboes challenged him to a duel. ^{Next day there} they were, on the field of honor, with pistols ready, when Ekhardt explained that he had meant no reflection on the Premier's personal character. So the duel was called off.

Recently, the Premier has been in Rome, negotiating important international agreements with ^{Dictator} Mussolini and Premier Schuschnigg of Austria. ^{And} That led to a debate on foreign affairs in the Hungarian Parliament, ^{in the course of which} Ekhardt shouted at Gomboes:

"You're an unreliable representative of Hungary in international affairs." Gomboes roared back: "This is too impudent." ^{So, there was} another challenge to a duel. ~~followed.~~

Today
Now, the word comes ^{of} how the head of the government
and the leader of the Agrarian Party faced each other for the
second ~~time~~ on the field of honor, ^{at} twenty-five paces, with
pistols. At the fatal signal they fired. But nothing fatal
happened - nothing at all. Marksmanship, not so good. Both
duelists missed. Then they turned their backs on each other,
unreconciled.

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Yes, they had better look out. The next time they
appear on the field of honor, somebody might get hurt. Even
this time - somebody might go to jail. ~~Duelling~~ Duelling is
against the law in Hungary. But then I suppose you'd hardly
lock up the head of the government and the leader of the
Agrarian Party.

ETHIOPIA

An interesting new turn in the international drama is promised at Geneva tomorrow. The League of Nations will stage a big meeting. Two things will come up for discussion, those twin problems - ~~about~~ the Rhine and ~~about~~ Ethiopia.

The report is that Great Britain intends to push the Ethiopian angle. Foreign Minister Eden will bring to the forefront the Italian sky bombardment of African towns and the rumored use of poison gas. Britain ~~will press these charges and~~ will demand League action - a settlement ^{of} more sanctions.

This is precisely what France does not want. ~~and~~ France is interested in the Rhineland angle, and is afraid that if Ethiopia is hauled into the League foreground, the question of doing something about Hitler and the rearmament of the Rhine will be shelved. The French demand that both Britain and Italy shall line up in opposition to Germany.

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So, ^{there they'll be -} ~~you can see~~ the British and French at cross purposes at the League tomorrow.

Today Rome granted a drop of balm to sooth London's annoyance. Mussolini formally repeated his promise not to

bombard Addis Ababa. Rome reiterates the fact that the air raid of the other day was just a case of Italian sky fighters pursuing and destroying an Ethiopian plane that landed at the capital city. Mussolini also promised not to bombard Diridawa, a town on the railroad, a ^{place}~~town~~ under French influence. ~~TT~~ Otherwise, the Italians are going right ahead. General Graziani in the south seems ~~to~~ about to stage a dash for Jijiga, ^{and} the southern capital, ^{army} ~~to~~ continues to chase ~~of~~ Harar. Marshal Badoglio's northern ~~army~~ ~~is~~ chasing the remnants of Haile Selassie's imperial guard, and is advancing on the Ethiopian northern headquarters at Dessye. Badoglio's men claim they have captured the royal automobile of the King of Kings, a big, sleek American car, decorated with ^{royal} ~~all the~~ insignia, and the monogram of the Lion of Judah.

Haile Selassie seems to be able to take it. He has a secret headquarters somewhere now and from this he issues a proclamation - that he is not suing for peace, that he will not discuss peace with Italy except on his original terms - through the League of Nations.

Now for a human touch on East Africa. It is given by W.W.Chaplin, an American newspaper correspondent with the Italian army. He tells us how he stood in a garden in Somaliland, a fair garden bright with flowers, and there he gazed at a simple monument, bearing the name: ~~of~~ - the Duke ^{the} of [^] Abruzzi.

And Chaplin in his book just out, ~~books~~ called "Blood and Ink", reminds us how some forty years ago the Duke ^{the} of [^] Abruzzi, cousin of the King of Italy, fell desperately in love with the beautiful daughter of rich Senator Elkins of West Virginia.

They became engaged. But royal dynastic policy would not permit them to be married. The Duke ^{the} of [^] Abruzzi bowed to the dictates of his family. From then on it's a story of a heart sick man.

He sought solace in exploration, achieved what was then the farthest ^{point} [^] north toward the pole. In the Himalayas he led an expedition and climbed higher up a mountain than any man had ever climbed before. In East Africa he ^{scaled} ~~mountain~~ [^] ~~his~~ [^] way to the pinnacle of the mountains of the moon. He was the Admiral of the Italian fleet during the World War. Then he retired to remote solitude in East Africa, a plantation, a great experimental farm,

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a model village for the natives. Newspaperman Chaplin tells us how he, Chaplin, wandered among one time slave people of Somaliland raised by the Duke, taught by him how to live in comfort and self-respect, how to till their soil, living at peace with their neighbors.

The Duke of the Abruzzi died two years ago, and now lies beneath that humble stone in a plot brilliant with African flowers on the road to Ethiopia.

Lodojinsky.

Apr. 7, 1936.

GENERAL LODOJINSKY

Every time I have had to tell about the dangerous condition of affairs between Russia and Japan in the Far East, I have thought - how appropriate it would be to spin a yarn about the Russo-Japanese War in Nineteen Four, -- a tale of similar soldiering back in those days. My friend, General Teodore Lodojinsky of the Imperial Army of the Czar, was there; a young lieutenant of Cossacks fighting against the soldiers of the Son of Heaven. What was that battle, general?

GENERAL:- The battle of Laio Yang. After it was fought there was a lull, nothing much except patrol duty. I went out every night with a party of Cossacks on patrol in No Man's Land. That was how I happened to meet my friend, the Japanese lieutenant.

L.T.:- As General Lodojinsky tells it each night he and his patrol hung out in a shack in No Man's Land. They soon found signs that during the day the shack was being similarly occupied by a patrol party of Japanese. There were empty cans of Japanese tinned foods vvvv... -----

GENERAL- Ah! And that empty bottle of Osaka beer! The Japanese make such excellent beer, Monsieur. Perhaps that is why I felt cordial toward my unknown friend, the enemy officer.

L.T.:- So the lieutenant of Cossacks one night left a note in the shack, an invitation saying:- "I'm here by night, you're here by day. I almost feel as if we were room-mates. Perhaps we can meet and have a chat."

GENERAL:- I left the note in German. Perhaps he could understand German, I thought. The next night, when I took my patrol to the shack, I found his reply - in Russian, excellent Russian.

L.T.:- And so, with an exchange of notes, a meeting was arranged. The two enemy lieutenants lingered behind their patrol parties. And met in their mutual dwelling, the shack. What were you telling me, General, about something that startled you? Something of vivid military meaning?

GENERAL:- Yes, it was ~~■~~ something that gave me a lesson about the Japanese. The moment I saw Lieutenant Okoma, I noticed that he had taken his ~~soldier's~~ shoulder straps off his uniform, all his regimental insignia. While I was wearing ~~my~~ full regimental markings. ^{And -} They seemed to burn me. In this strange meeting he had taken care that I should not learn to what regiment ~~■~~ he belonged, what regiment was in front of us, useful military information. I, a European, had been careless - but not a Japanese.

L.T.:- And that Japanese officer spoke Russian so well because he had been a spy.

GENERAL:- Yes, he told me he had worked in a barber shop, at Vladivostok, a barber shop patronized by Russian officers, shaving them - and listening, ~~VI~~ maybe he had shaved me. Maybe so. I couldn't remember.

L.T.:- The question of a shave!

GENERAL:- Yes - and that's the way for an old Russian story to end, ~~with wonder and doubt~~. Who can know? Nichevo. That's still my philosophy, ^{Nichevo--} although I'm an American now.

L.T.:- Reminding us General, that now you are one of those White Russian exiles who have made careers for themselves in foreign lands. I recall how a dozen years ago, you, the Czar's general, opened "The Russian Eagle" here in New York; and you, the Czar's general created that vogue for Russian music in America. Now you've reestablished the Russian Eagle at the SherryONetherlands -- mine host, mine host, Teodore Lodojinsky, who looks back to the days of war as a general in the Imperial Army of the Czar!

The word politics has an ugly way of creeping into tragic affairs. We Americans have reason to know that. Now, from Mexico, in connection with that frightful train wreck, we hear the word "politics." First reports were that it was a crime by bandits--

when the Vera Cruz-Mexico City Express was bombed and blown off the track, ^{at least ten} ~~a dozen people~~ killed, ^{maybe 40.} ~~a score injured.~~

But today in Mexico City, especially at ^{that city's} Hotel St. Regis, where the magnificoes hang out -- there were whisperings and a shaking of heads. It was pointed out that there was no attempt at robbery. That doesn't make it look like bandits. The first word was that a railroad official aboard the train was carrying a large sum of pay-roll money. But this now is denied.

Then the whispers add that in the coaches were three prominent political figures, candidates in the Vera Cruz election of last Sunday -- elections embittered by factional animosity. They were Signor Zamudio, Dr. Padilla and Colonel Chazaro, who served on the staff of the former President, Ortiz Rubio. There were many vengeful ones who might be interested in removing these men. The news today doesn't tell whether they were victims of the wreck, except that Colonel Chazaro survived. He took command of the

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military guard of the train and made a futile hunt for the conspirators.

So politics is suspected of the train-wrecking ~~when the~~ ^{with these} coaches jammed with passengers and a consignment of soldiers ~~was on its way~~ ^{bound} from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. The fast express had just substituted a steam engine for an electric engine, ready for a long climb in the mountains. Near the Paso del Macho Bridge, ^{there} ~~and~~ [^] was a blinding explosion. The locomotive, the baggage car, two Pullman coaches and an oil tanker attached to the train were hurled off the embankment down into a ravine. Burning oil was sprayed over the wrecked cars. There was no doubt about ^u what had done it. Fragments of the bomb were found, and a six hundred foot wire which had been used to touch ^{it} off from some distance away. ^{But -} [^] No trace of the bombers -- only the sus-
picion, politics.

PLANE CRASH

If there is anything that can relieve the dark depression of disaster, it's -- heroism. And so often we find the evil of mishap accompanied by deeds of bravery. That's the case with today's dreadful plane crash. The big T.W.A. sky liner on its way west from Newark, hit the Pennsylvania mountains - lost in the fog. They say the Pittsburgh radio beam didn't work right. Fourteen ~~mp~~ people aboard, eleven killed. The three survivors, injured. One is reported to be Mrs. Meyer Ellenstein, wife of the Mayor of Newark, New Jersey. The second is a man. The third, Nellie Granger, hostess of the plane.

The hostess alone was able to go for aid, though she was badly burned. She made her way four miles through the mountain country, stumbled through a snow storm, struggled to a farm house and summoned help. Then, taking two blankets and a bottle of coffee, she led the rescuers to the scene of the crash.

A glint of bravery, in a dark mournful story. Details are meagre.

STEEL

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Today's report on the annual meeting of the United States Steel Corporation should give us a momentous decision on industrial policies, the business outlook of the nation, up-to-date, nationally important slants on steel. But the things that catch the eye are some odd touches -- exceedingly human.

There's the stockholder who possesses one share out of all the millions of steel shares. He turned up in full dignity at the meeting of the stupendous corporation. He's an ink salesman, and he thought he could sell some to the assembled magnates -- black ink, not red.

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One motion passed by the masters of steel ended a long and bitter fight. From year to year ^{at} at each meeting a stockholder would arise and make a motion. It had nothing to do with dividends or prices. This epicurean stockholder was concerned about the luncheon served at the meeting. He wanted to include pumpkin pie instead of the mere traditional apple pie. Time after time his pie motion was turned down, but this year he won out. The multi-millionaires of steel passed the pumpkin motion. And pumpkin pie was served at the luncheon.

Then there was a venerable stockholder, ^{age} ~~sixty~~ seventy-
one, who didn't bother with ^{deliberations on} ~~the~~ steel ~~corporations decisions~~.

He came only for the luncheon and ate a whole tray of pie,

not only pumpkin but also apple. He even managed to get a

slab of cocoanut pie. A regular pie binge--
pie-eyed. And s-s-sholong until tomorrow.

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