RUSSIA

L.T.-Lanco. Tuesday, Sept. 18, 1934

Today the final formal action took place in the case of Soviet Russia and the League of Nations. The League assembly at Geneva voted the U. S. S. R. a full-fledged membership. The council had already approved, which made the matter certain. And now the whole assembly of delegates has made it an accomplished fact.

"Come in, Russia, have a chair," says the League. "Thank you, I will," replies the rolly-polly Maxim Litvinoff, Number One Communist diplomat, who was on hand to take his place as the red delegate in the councils of the League.

The newspapers in Moscow are not boiling with enthusiasm, but are rather cool in celebrating Russia's League membership. They are saying critically that the other nations of the world are divided into two groups, one wanting to keep the peace treaties and hold what they have, and the others wanting to change the peace treaties and get what they haven't. They rather take the attitude that Red Russia is a Communist saint among a lot of capitalistic sinners.

MILITARY

Two rather singular events have occurred in the two powerful empires that are so particularly interested in military matters just now -- Russia and Japan. Each of these happenings illustrate vividly strange and formidable tendencies:- the ways of Red Communism in the vast former empire of the Czars and the intense patriotism descended from the Samurai in the Land of the Rising Sun.

The Red Communist happening is a military promotion, which at first glance seems just like another army officer stepping up a notch in rank, somebody being made a general. Ah, but we observe a feminine touch. This new general in the Red Army is a woman. So far as I know, she is the first fighting Amazon ever to be given the rank of a general officer in an army of a great power.

Over in Russia they call her Red Tamara, a battling Amazon fighting under the Red flag. In the Russian civil wars, she was a familiar figure in her blazing red uniform. She commanded a Cossack regiment for the Soviets. A woman riding at the head of the Cossacks! She distinguished

herself at the seige of Tiflis and attracted the attention of Trotsky then Red Commissar of War. Trotsky promoted her and made her a permanent figure in the military hierarchy of the Red regime. And now she's a general.

She doesn't cut such a martial figure. She's fat and forty, bulging out of her uniform of Soviet red. But then he-men generals have been known to be fat and forty, with double chins and protrusive, balloon waistlines.

The significance of the woman general is redoubled when we find that her position on the Soviet General Staff is that of Senior Officer of the Women's Military Division.

The old rule against fighting between males and females, observed even among the animals, is just a lot of bourgeois nonsense to the Red Lords of Moscow.

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From the Japanese side we hear all about a banquet, a festive party. Three Japanese lawyers were distinguished at a swank naval club in Tokio, where high officers drank toasts to them and presented them with little statuettes, as gifts of honor.

These three lawyers were the defense attorneys for a group of naval lieutenants who, two years ago, committed a sensational political assasination. They shot down the head of the Japanese government, Prime Minister Inukai. The lawyers defended the assasins in court and got them off without drastic penalties. They made the defense that the assasins of Premier Inukai did a patriotic deed. A protest against his foreign policy.

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That story of royal romance which comes along today offers an interesting hint or two.. If you're bashful about proposing marriage to your best girl, why, have her give you a manicure. It's easy then. Or maybe a shampoo would make it still easier. While she douses your head with suds, that's the time to utter the words -- "Will you be mine?"

Anyway, curiousity about how Prince George of England proposed to Princess Marina of Greece has been illuminated with full details. The Princess herself tells how it happened. The royal son of their ~~xxx~~ majesties, King George and Queen Mary glanced at his fingernails. I suppose the cuticle needed trimming and there might even have been a ~~shadow or two, a~~ dusky band underneath the nails.

"Pretty bad, I'll have to get a manicure," observed ~~the~~ His Royal Highness.

"Couldn't I do it ~~manicure them~~ for you?" asked Her Royal Highness.

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And in no time she had a bowl of soapy water, a nail file and an orange stick. The first hand was about finished when His Royal Highness asked: "How would you like to have the

King and Queen of England for your father-in-law and mother-in-law?"

And Her Royal Highness answered, "I'd love it."

And that's the way it was arranged between their royal highnesses. That romantic bit of manicuring hit the nail on the head, a cuticle way of proposing. Maybe the royal precedent will set a new fashion, marriage by manicure, or popping the question while getting a shampoo -- or suppose your best girl happened to be a chiropodist!

After that we have the story of royal etiquette and the forbidden undershirt. Of course political events in Europe deal mostly with black shirts, brown shirts and blue shirts, but this one concerns undershirts.

Over in Bulgaria, they are celebrating a royal visit. In the capitol city of Sofia, the order went out that everybody must get busy and celebrate the coming of King Alexander of Yugoslavia. The citizens along the main stem in the Bulgar capitol were ordered to sweep their stoops and decorate their houses with brand new flags. Also to decorate all balconies with potted plants placed where they would not fall off on the royal head.

And every house along that main street had to be painted a bright yellow. Wood piles had to be screened by tin sheeting painted red. And special emphasis was laid on the command that no laundry should be hung out. The citizens of Sofia are much inclined to hang out long lines of the day's wash, especially the good, old-fashioned, Bulgarian undershirt.

But that was forbidden on the royal day when his

majesty, King Alexander of the Yugoslavs paid a visit to the equally majestic King Boris of the Bulgars. So they painted the town yellow and didn't wash their undershirts, that day.

NOME

Today airplanes took off from points on the Pacific Coast, headed Northward. They are loaded to the limit with foodstuffs for the wild coast of Bering Sea, headed for Nome. That famous Alaskan city, so renowned of gold-rush days is in a desperate state. It is one blackened stretch of still smoking ruins; and its fifteen hundred inhabitants, burnt out of house and home by the big fire, are in straits for food and shelter.

Tonight in every state of the Union there's an individual here and there who sinks into an interval of thought, remembering the time when he was on the gold beech at Nome. And I'm one of them, one of the few thousand people who sometime or other made the trip to Alaska and stopped a while among the sourdoughs left over from the big days of placer mining.

The Nome gold-rush began in 1898. When an odd miner or two stumbled upon nuggest and golden sand and one of the most remarkable stampedes in history was on. A village of miserable shacks grew as if by magic into a modern town. In those mad bad days Nome had a population as high as twenty thousand, the prospector, the adventuring tenderfoot, the sour

dough, the gambler, the dancehall girl, and the Eskimo. All those inimitable characters of a wild mining town in Alaska.

Even today at Nome you'll hear stories of Mother woods, the hardest-boiled old gal that ever made hard-boiled men seem like timid doves. She came to Nome in her middle age, after having tramped the trail of every gold stampede in the North. She wore a sun-bonnet, native Eskimo "mukluks" of sealskin for boots and knee length skirts which chocked everybody in that land of dance-hall girls. Her language made the most hardened sourdough gape with scandalized admiration. So they all called her "Mother".

During the brief Arctic summer she fought and swore and rampaged along the gold trail. Then at Nome she passed the winter taking care of the sick and the injured and the frozen, the most tender nurse. Mother indeed.

When finally she got her mining claims snarled in a lawsuit and hadn't the money to keep her case in the courts, the whole town of Nome took up a collection and paid her legal expenses.

Then there was Joe Ripley, who had an Eskimo wife. Eskimo women are seldom beautiful and Joe Riley's wife the ugliest of them all. He was a skinny runt. She huge and fat. And she used to beat him when he was drunk, which was most of the time.

Yet, Joe was convinced, was always bragging to everyone -- that his Eskimo wife was the most beautiful woman in the world. When he had a few drinks he would fight with fist, knife or pistol with anyone who would exhibit the slightest doubt about his wife's dazzling beauty.

Then he'd go to his shack, to the great fat scarecrow of an Eskimo, and she'd give him a couple of black eyes.

Well tonight the fabulous gold city of Nome lies a mass of charred embers. Some say a spark on the roof of a hotel started the fire. Anyway, the flames swept uncontrollable in the cold Arctic breeze. Everyone in town fought the fire, men, women and children. They dynamited block after block, but couldn't halt the blaze. Only two buildings are left, one the headquarters of the Lomen Brothers, the Arctic reindeer

magnates. The damagex today is said to be two million dollars, and everybody homeless.

The icebound Arctic winter is closing in. The season for ship traffic is over up there on the Polar Circle. The last ship had gone. So tonight planes are flying northward to the relief.

About ninety years ago a surveyor was charting the then almost unexplored territory of Alaska. He came to an uncharted place along the coast, and on the map he was making he wrote the word "name" and put a question mark after it -- meaning the place needed a name. Later on the authorities in studying his map misread his handwriting and thought the word "name" was --- Nome. That's how the legended mining town came to be called Nome, synonym for gold.

And now Nome may be on its way out, for good. It may become just a name and a question mark again. The gold rush days are over and what's the use of rebuilding. That's what some people are saying. And, with the Arctic winter closing in on the ruins it may be that the entire population will

be moved to St. Michael, Teller, or Dutch Harbor, or some other Alaskan town. The blackened ruins of Nome may be left to the polar bear, the ptarmigan and the Eskimo.

YACHT

I don't know if Uncle Sam is weeping tonight. Maybe he is grinning stoically as he takes it on the chin again in the Cup Races. It really looks as if our British cousins were going to win out in the great est of all yachting extravaganzas. Using a simile of "hands across the sea" it looks as if a hand were reaching across the sea and swiping our yachting cup.

~~It began to look that way yesterday when John Bull's Endeavour beat our own Rainbow. And the Union Jack appearance is all the more vivid tonight, with the Endeavour scoring another victory.~~

Yes, T. O. M. Sopwith's sprightly yacht scored another victory today. The story is a good deal like that of yesterday, a close race, only today it was closer. And, faster. Scudding swiftly, a thrilling thing of tall white canvas, the Endeavour's time was ~~close to~~ a record for that thirty mile course. She sailed it in three hours and nine minutes. Skipper Vanderbilt's American cup defender was ~~to~~ not a minute behind --no, not a minute, just fifty-one seconds. I'm no yacht racing expert, but a fifty-one second difference in a three hour race seems like a magnificently close finish.

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Well, that's two straight heats for John Bull. He needs only two more, four out of seven, to take that cup he has been vainly fighting for, ~~for~~ more than eighty years.

I don't suppose Uncle Sam is weeping. He can afford to smile. True enough, your Uncle's athletes have been getting a whole series of shellackings ~~licks~~ in various international sports ~~of~~ late. ~~the past couple of years.~~ But for so ~~then~~, they swept everything before them; ~~them for so long that~~ So, the old gentleman in the red, white and blue suspenders can well be philosophical about it and say:-

"Captain Sopwith, you, and your amateur crew, and Mrs. Sopwith, are sailing a mighty fine race. And if you win out in the end, I am sorry for only one thing, that old Sir Thomas Lipton is not here to see it."

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I don't suppose a movie star's birthday comes under the head of world ~~important~~ shaking news, but when a prima donna of the screen, celebrates her birthday by telling her right age -- well that may not be world ~~important~~ world shaking either, but it is odd.

She admits that she is twenty-seven, which is old when you are twenty and young when you are thirty-five.

Except for this age telling, Greta Garbo is so silent and secretive, that they still call her the Swedish Sphinx. For five years she employed a young woman to act as her double, a shadow Greta Garbo. This shadow Garbo looked like her to begin with and was paid to dress like Garbo, do her hair like

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Garbo and walk like Garbo. In fact, to be Garbo -- even on the screen. Sometimes in a Garbo picture you thought you were seeing the Swedish Bernhardt of the movies, when in fact you were looking at Geraldine Dvorak.

She frequently took Greta's part in the long shots, and sometimes even in the close-ups.

The shadow Garbo is in London now, acting as a hostess in a night club. She has just been telling some secrets of

the Swedish Sphinx. The shadow Garbo tells that the real Garbo isn't so sphinx-like because she is temperamental, she's just afraid.

For two years after she went to Hollywood, they laughed at her. They laughed at her tall stature. They called her gawky. They laughed at her big feet. That's what made the Swedish Sphinx so sphinx-like. Having your feet laughed at is enough to make anybody a sphinx. In fact just glancing down at my own feet makes me feel like a Sphinx. So,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.