

*Amman  
W.S.C.*

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

A jovial, smiling, sun-tanned fisherman arrived in the lovely harbour of old Charleston, South Carolina, today. Charleston, the city of imperishable beauty had on its best bib and tucker to welcome the fisherman. For it was His Excellency, the President of the United States, ~~Franklin~~ *And he came back with a big fish story.* ~~B. Roosevelt.~~ <sup>A</sup> The principal reason for his smile was that one hundred and thirty-eight pound sailfish ~~that~~ he had caught off Cocos Island, the legendary haunt of Seventeenth Century <sup>C</sup> bucanneers.

You could hardly expect him to be allowed to return

home without having to make a speech. He gave a talk to the lads of the Citadel Military School of Charleston. He kept it short and didn't overburden the ears of his listeners. The most important thing he said was something he had said before, and repeated again with double emphasis:- "Whatever happens this country must be kept free from any foreign entanglements." And he elaborated further:- "We will positively not be dragged into any quarrels that do not concern us, any wars on other continents."

And what about those entanglements on other continents?

LONDON

They take on a curious complexion tonight. For one thing, we have another friendly gesture from the British Lion. Instead of lashing his tail and roaring, he is purring softly. His feelings as presented by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin in the House of Commons today are almost incredible, when we recall the thunders that have gone out from London in the last month. It is just as though the Old Lion was inviting the Duce to pat his head and say, "Nice Kitty!"

But remember that line written by Rudyard Kipling:

"Oh, beware my country  
When my country grows polite."

And, the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin conveyed a hint of that in his speech to the Commons. He announced the date of the general election for the fourteenth of November. Then he added: "It is fortunate that this date should be imperative, according to the law of England. If we had to postpone it until next January, we might find the country facing a far more difficult



crisis."

Another part of his speech was significant, ~~That was the~~  
~~phrase in which~~ <sup>when</sup> he told the House that, "His Majesty's government  
have been investigating the military establishment and find the  
defense forces of the Empire ~~to be~~ totally inadequate." And he  
continued: "In the interest of world peace, it is imperative  
that our defense forces be stronger." ~~In fact, he continued with~~  
<sup>Then with</sup> ~~the utmost~~ emphasis: "Unless the imperial Parliament consent to  
strengthening the forces, I shall be obliged to decline to serve  
longer as Prime Minister."

So far as that goes, it seems clear enough. But the  
question that has us all guessing is: "What did the British  
Prime Minister mean by his reference to next January? What have  
the statesmen of Europe up their sleeve?"

## PARIS FOLLOW LONDON

But that's nothing compared to the sensation in the news from Rome. What makes it more portentous is that it comes by way of Paris. What it really amounts to is a call from Mussolini which means, in effect:- "Don't shoot, colonel, I'll come down."

In more diplomatic verbiage, the iron-fisted war-lord of Italy says to Great Britain and France:- "If you'll hold off on those sanctions, the penalties to be applied by the League, I'll withdraw part of my troops from Libya." Which is something - a recall of a threat. For the Duce's massing of troops on the Egyptian border was one of the things Britain was taking seriously. Mussolini also wants Britain to withdraw ships from the Mediterranean. London not so optimistic. But Rome rumors say four British warships will be withdrawn.

All in all, the voice from Rome tuning in with the voice from Westminster, makes a melodious duet.

STOCKS

The Stock Exchange continues its mysterious course. The value of shares <sup>keeps on rising.</sup> ~~continues to rise.~~ Late this afternoon, for no apparent reason, a wave of buying swept down on Wall Street.

Many securities went up as much as three points. Cotton went

up Seventy-five Cents a bale. Figure it out, if you can. Boom?

Or sales to Italy? Or what? Secy. Morgenthau's favorable report on American finance upon returning from Europe? Maybe.



## HEARST

I should rather like to be in Sacramento, California, at this moment. I'd like to be able to observe for myself the reaction to the latest sensational word from that master of sensation, William Randolph Hearst. By declaring his intention of leaving California because of that state's extravagant income tax, he makes a dramatic gesture that reverberates all over the nation. It's being featured in the newspapers of London and Paris tonight.

One irony in the situation is that the California income tax which drives Mr. Hearst out of the state was imposed by an administration that was elected because everybody was afraid of the confiscatory taxes threatened by Upton Sinclair. If you'll forgive a Biblical comparison, poor old Upton Sinclair threatened to chastise the Californians with whips. But the man they elected in his place has chastised them with scorpions.

The announcement from W. R., as the newspaper world calls him has Belascoed the current epidemic of fantastic taxation. He has given not only us taxpayers but the tax layers of nation,

state, county and city, something to think about. Says the six foot lord of San Simeon: "If I stay in California, the taxes will eat up eighty per cent, if not ninety, of my entire income." That includes, of course, the California income tax, New York income tax on his eastern earnings, and what Uncle Sam demands.

As westerner, I was interested in one paragraph of Mr. Hearst's letter, the one in which he said: "Heaven knows, I don't want to leave California. No one does. Least of all a native son whose father was a pioneer."

That calls to mind the fact that the fame and glamor of W.R.Hearst has eclipsed that wild west fame and glamor of his father, Senator George Hearst. The Senator was one of the most picturesque fellows who ever went from the south to win millions out of the mountains of the west. George Hearst was a contemporary



~~Jim Fair~~, of the whole rugged group of upstanding men who, in one way or another, made western America what it is and incidentally piled up plenty <sup>of gold dust</sup> ~~sugar~~ for themselves. It was a saying in California that the two best miners <sup>out there,</sup> ~~in the west,~~ the men who had the most unerring ~~a~~ nose for gold, were James D. Fair and George Hearst,

The Senator ~~Hearst~~ came of the rugged Scotch-Irish stock, ~~like~~ the people in Georgia. He was well into his fifties before he finally made his fortune. He was a man of quaint and homely humor. His dislike of affectation and frumpery sometimes disconcerted his snobbish friends. One of the nicest anecdotes about him is that once when he was running for office, he was reading a speech that had been written for him. There were hecklers in the audience who found fault with that elaborately prepared address. Thereupon George Hearst threw his notes to the floor and said: "Listen, you, this is what I want to tell you." And thereupon he poured out a vigorous stream of forthright sentiments in ~~the~~ good old western vernacular, at the end of which a voice from the gallery shouted: "Hell, George, why didn't you say that before?" And his son is speaking out in the contemporary vernacular right now.

AMBERG

In Pennsylvania, Governor George Earle issued the decision that two mobsters must go to the electric chair on November eighteenth for the kidnaping and killing of William Weiss.

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Turn over the page and consider this by way of contrast.

In a remote part of Brooklyn; a blaze on the street; a burning automobile. After the firemen put out the flames, they found in the charred wreck the body of a man, soaked in gasoline, chopped with a hatchet.

It sounds like the old days of prohibition, when such murders were so commonplace that we hardly spoke about them. The gentleman whose mutilated body was found in Brooklyn went by the name of "Pretty Louis Amberg." He was the seventh of his clan to die a violent death in the last two months. The dead man had gloried in the name of "Pretty Louis". He got that sobriquet because he was reputed to be the ugliest of five ugly brothers. Three of them are dead. One committed suicide in the Tombs. Another disappeared. Still another was shot down in a gangster execution I told about sometime ago. And still another is an honest, respectable fellow who has never been in any trouble. Their mother, in sorrow, had to change her name, long since.

## GIFTS

There's fun in little old New York today. The face of ~~old~~ Father Knickerbocker is wreathed ~~in a lusty, irrepressible~~ <sup>with a</sup> grin. But if you look at those of his boys who are members of the Board of Estimate, the high rulers of Gotham - are their faces red? ~~Ask them.~~

The episode I'm now referring to was supposed to be a state secret, shared only by some Ten million people in and around the metropolitan section of Greater New York. ~~But really~~ <sup>too</sup> ~~it's~~ ~~good~~ ~~to~~ ~~keep.~~

A party of dignitaries from the Land of the Rising Sun ~~recently~~ recently paid a visit to New York. Calling at the City Hall, they left a handsome donation of gifts. They included some handsome pieces of porcelain, exquisite Japanese prints, jewelry, musical instruments, superb specimens of ebony carved as only the Japanese today can carve them, canes, beautiful embroidered silk kimonas, - ~~in short,~~ all sorts of charming things; ~~It really was~~ a generous gesture on the part of <sup>the</sup> ~~those~~ visiting Japanese. ~~magnificoes.~~



Mayor LaGuardia was particularly delighted and he told the generous visitors that he was going to distribute this collection of gifts among the public schools of New York, for the benefit of public scholars. But before doing this, in a genial moment, His Honor the Mayor said to his colleagues on the Board of Estimate, such as the President of the Board of <sup>Aldermen,</sup> ~~Aldermen~~ the President of the various boroughs, the Comptroller, and so forth: "Why don't you boys take <sup>these</sup> some ~~of these things~~ home to the kids?"

But when His Honor arrived at the City Hall this morning, what did he find? Nothing of that generous collection ~~was left~~ but a few odds and ends. His distinguished colleagues had taken him so much at his word that nothing worth sending anywhere was left. There's a tale going round Father Knickerbocker's beautiful City Hall today that one Civic Father had grabbed so much that it took two secretaries and a chauffeur to load the things in his car. ~~I'm mentioning no names, but you'll find them in your favorite paper, if you haven't already.~~

~~There's a nice moral to this tale.~~ The moral is that on the Atlantic Coast one is not afraid of Japanese bearing gifts.

It also reminds me of a legend ~~that was~~ current when I was a sub reporter in Denver. The legend was: "Whenever a reformed administration is elected, take in the mat off the front porch."

unrelated, was difficult to understand.

But now the truth comes out. The meaning of the legend is that young Amundson's mat must have been taken away before he had it on the porch and gift of the mat to Maria Brown. There had been quite a few rumors that the Amundsons wanted the Kapewanga back. But now, it seems it was just those rumors which provoked last year's upheaval. For the amount of it was that the present minister who was put out, Earl Fox, was the principal lobbyist for the descendants of tragic Klans' work.

We have known for some time that Earl Fox was out. But it just came upon our ears that he was out with his own hands.

## HAPSBURG

I got quite a kick in a story that came to light today in Vienna. It was the story in the news of that bloodless revolution of last week. You may recall that the entire explosion, as related, was difficult to understand.

But now the truth comes out. The meaning of the thing is that young Archduke Otto, must wait many more years before he can sit on the plush and gilded throne of Maria Theresa. There had been quite a few rumors that the Austrians wanted the Hapsburgs back. But now, it seems it was just those rumors which provoked last week's upheaval. For the upshot of it was that the cabinet minister who was put out, Emil Fey, was the principal lobbyist for the descendants of tragic Franz Josef.

We have known for days that Herr Fey was out. But it just dawns upon our consciousness that with him go the imme-



diate ~~the~~ hopes of the ambitious iron-willed Ex-Empress Zita, the mother of the Austrian pretender.

This paragraph from history makes us all the more interested in a new book, the memoirs of the former Princess Stephanie. To recall her to your mind we have to go way back into the most sensational tragedy of the tragic Hapsburg family. For the Princess Stephanie is the widow of the Crown Prince Rudolf, the victim of the melodrama at Mayerling which produced one of the darkest, deepest mysteries of all time. Even many Hapsburgs today don't know what really happened that night of 1889 when the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary and the beautiful Baroness Marie <sup>Vetsara</sup> ~~Zetsara~~ were found dead in the imperial hunting lodge. ¶ Not only articles but entire books have been written around that fantastic, almost incredible story. Every writer of detective yarns, every student of history has tried to fill in the details. ~~But even at this date, the tragedy of Mayerling is <sup>as</sup> a profound and interesting a mystery as the identity of the man in the iron mask, or the disappearance of the Crown Princess' brother, the Archduke Johann Salvator, better known to students of mystery stories as Johann Orth.~~

All this makes the memoirs of former Crown Princess Stephanie all the more interesting. She spares the feelings of nobody.

NAZI

There's an addition to the list of "verbotens" in Germany. A couple of weeks ago Der Fruhrer made an important speech. It was delivered in a large auditorium on the Wilhemstrasse. Hitler was in his best form. Never was his booming voice more booming. But even the boomingest of boomers has to pause occasionally. And at one of those pauses came a sacrilegious sound that shocked all of the Faithful. It was a snore. (Parenthetically, as a world traveler I might add that if you haven't heard a German snore your ears have missed a rare delight.) It was as shocking as though a Feringhi had entered the Grand Mosque in Cairo or Bagdad with his boots on. Of course it couldn't be ignored. They ran down the adenoids from which that impious sound effect had emanated. And today there's ~~an~~ a new "verboten" in the Nazi decalogue "verboten to snore when der master speaks." And --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.