

B.I. - Lunoco. Monday, March 16, 1936.

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200

LONDON

About a week ago, we all sat on tender hooks, watching the European drama. Through everybody's thoughts ran the dread question: "Will it mean another war?" The ~~things~~ news from London today gives a picture not of a drama, but an opera bouffe. Every hour it seems to be more evident there will be no war, not now. As we used to say at school: "One's afraid, ~~and~~ ^{the} other dasn't." All the fighting that's in sight now may be described in the language of ~~our tiresome old friends~~, Prince Hamlet - "Words, words, words, Horatio." That's what the news amounts to that comes from ^{a rather drab} ~~that dingy, drab looking old~~ pile of masonry in London, known as ~~His Majesty's Buckingham~~ Palace.

There is one quality to the proceedings both amazing and amusing. The august diplomatists have let it be known that they are astounded at the messages they have received from Berlin. Which just shows that the easiest way to astound a diplomatist is to say what you mean. The communications to the Council of the League from the Wilhelmstrasse, are nothing but formal paraphrases of what Chancellor Hitler has been saying all along: ^{namely that} Germany declines to appear before the League in the role of a bad boy,

before the headmaster, to bend over and take his punishment. He wants peace, says Der Fuehrer. But he wants it as an equal. Whoever speaks for him around that council table must have a voice equal to that of Captain Eden of London or Foreign Minister Flandin of France.

No, there's nothing new about this. The new feature is that Hitler has been obliged to repeat it. Today he hopped in a plane and flew to Frankfort Am Main. There he said it all over again to crowds aroused to frantic enthusiasm by the sight of gray-green uniformed, goose-stepping soldaten.

There's one thing about Adolph Hitler that you have to admit, whether you like it or not. What he means he expresses in no uncertain terms.

Placards and banners greeted him, reading: "A weaponless Germany means poverty. An armed Germany means trade."

Reports from American correspondents tell us that one of the prime reasons for the Rhineland's jubilation over the return of the troops is that it has stimulated business, brought

LONDON - 3

cash, money into the shops, put unemployed to work. Other banners were of a more flamboyant type, such as: "The world looks towards Hitler; Der Fuehrer looks to you."

~~said at Munich on Saturday.~~ "We aim to express ourselves in a peaceful way ^{erred Hitler.} "But we'll stand for no foreigners meddling in our internal affairs." And, here was his peaceful gesture; ~~again a~~ ~~paraphrase of the Munich declaration.~~ "I am ready to conclude an agreement with the French Government. Let both governments, ours and that of France, appeal to their peoples. Let them ask whether the people do not want the hatchet to be buried and buried for good between France and Germany." ~~To this~~ ^{Then} ~~came~~ ^{his} ~~the~~ peroration: ~~"I am sure the answer would be the same from both sides."~~ ^λ "I am sure the people of France would say they don't want Germany to be an oppressed nation."

9

For the rest, he again blamed the alliance between Paris and Moscow for his action in repudiating ^π ~~Locano.~~ ~~He~~ ~~simply forced the Fatherland to restore its sovereignty of its own territory.~~

While the Chancellor was reasserting himself in Frankfurt his Foreign Office in Berlin was busy receiving and replying to curt and acid messages from London. A curious question of ~~a bit of~~ translation seemed to offer a faint hope for compromise. It concerned just one word. By the official translation, the Allies were given to understand that Hitler wanted his peace offer considered "immediately." ^{And} ~~That word just~~ stuck in the French craw. So there came another message from the Wilhelmstrasse that the word should not have been translated "immediately," but "in due course."

However, even that explanation didn't smooth the ruffled French fur. Foreign Minister Flandin stands just as pat as Hitler. ~~in that poker game,~~ ^{But} Apparently, the other members of the League Council did not take the affair to heart as keenly as Monsieur Flandin. The result was a stormy secret session. We don't know yet exactly what transpired. But the answer was, "Germany shall have a seat at the table but no vote." Moreover the League won't even consider proposals of peace, proposals for a new treaty from a country that has just openly broken two of them.

The line-up at London is interesting. On the one hand are France and Belgium, the protagonists, ~~They are~~ backed up by Russia, Poland, Turkey, ⁺ Spain. On the other side are Germany and ~~xxi~~ Italy, since Mussolini has definitely and explicitly scoffed at the idea of joining in any sanction against Berlin. John Bull is sitting on the fence. And, as some American commentators have observed, the position is giving him splinters in his pants.

The indications are that tomorrow's session of the League Council will be an open affair. Not a private fight, but one that anybody can get into. After the delegates got through their stormy meetings today they put their heads together to draft another telegram to Berlin. Since Hitler has consistently said what he meant and stuck to it, the ^{inference} ~~inference~~ is that his reply, if any, will be politely scornful. And that will leave the matter ~~xx~~ just where it was before, just nowhere.

And tomorrow, the crisis threatens.

LAWRENCE

51
(Again the rumor revives that Colonel Lawrence, Lawrence of Arabia, is not dead. Every correspondent who returns from Africa tells the same story. They've all been positively assured by the natives that the uncrowned king of Arabia is working for the British government among the subjects of Haile Selassie.) They have even pointed out individuals whom they identified as Lawrence in disguise.

This is one of the immemorial traits of what ~~Kipling~~ Kipling calls: "The immemorial East". When I was in India, I met Hindus who assured me positively that Sir John Lawrence, ^{John} General ^{of the long ago Indian Mutiny} Nicholson and other heroes were still alive, waiting for the time when their services would be needed again.

The belief in the survival of Lawrence of Arabia exists on both sides of the Red Sea. Of course, the better informed Arabs take no stock in it whatsoever. But thousands of the humble folk in both Africa and Arabia, are convinced that their hero ^{again} is on a mysterious mission. One of the men who was so identified to an American correspondent almost looked the part. He had the external appearance of a European. In features,

52

carriage, complexion, he might have been mistaken anywhere for an Englishman or an American. One curious correspondent took the trouble to investigate carefully. He discovered that the man who had been identified to him as Lawrence was a rich ~~European aristocrat~~ *European moslem.*

STRIKE

When is a strike settlement not a settlement? Tonight's answer appears to be: when it's in New York City.

The day opened hopefully. Elevators going up and down, buildings were running in normal fashion. No placarded pickets on Father Knickerbocker's sidewalks, no husky gentlemen with clubs swinging around the lobbies of apartments and hotels. No extra concentration of cops as a concrete reminder of New Yorkers that the building service people had gone on strike.

But things are not so hopeful this evening. In the middle of the afternoon pickets began to reappear. Grumblings, complaints, and vociferous protests again heard. And the words were:- "We struck, but we struck out!"

The union leaders declare that they have been gipped. The agreement signed by real estate owners has been violated, they say. A most important clause in that treaty provided that strikers should get their own jobs back. But in thousands of cases they've been locked out. That's the union side of it. James J. Bambrick, the field-marshal of the strikers, makes that

STRIKE - 2

complaint in a telegram to Mayor La Guardia. "It is quite evident," he said, "that the Realty Advisory Board signed the agreement with no intention of living up to it." Added to that protest was this threat:- "The union, will not be responsible for the disorders that will unquestionably follow this violation of contract."

But here's the Realty owners side of the dispute. They have refused to reinstate some former employees. That much they admit. But, they vow, they have kept out only the trouble-makers, rioters, men who committed acts of violence while the strike was on.

That's where the matter lies tonight. An agreement, but both sides again unable to agree.

BASEBALL

Here's an idea for rulers, a way to avert revolutions. The idea is that if you encourage a love of baseball, people won't rebel.

The idea comes in a letter from diamond dopster Bill Brandt, an official of the National League. As you know Powel Crosley's Cincinnati Reds were the first Major League ball club to go to Uncle Sam's island dominion of Puerto Rico for spring training.

During all those disturbances down in Puerto Rico, a lot of baseball fans wondered what was happening to Boss Crosley's ball players, whether they suffered any harm as innocent bystanders during the trouble. The answer is, they didn't. In fact, their presence on the island was partly responsible for the fact that the disturbances weren't any more serious.

Maybe that sounds like an enthusiast's tall story. But the authority for it is no less a potentate than the Governor of ~~the~~ Puerto Rico himself. He told Larry McPhail, general manager of the Reds, that the failure of that Nationalist

BASEBALL - 2

revolution last month can be laid to the doorstep of the Cincinnati team. When the Nationalist leaders wanted their adherents most, they couldn't get hold of them, because the conspirators were all at the ball game, watching the Reds instead of going red. Nationalists and Loyalists, instead of fighting it out in the streets, were sitting in the bleachers watching the players fight it out on the diamond.

TAILOR

In the news from France comes a tale worthy of the pen of the great Victor Hugo. In fact, when you've heard it, you will probably say it reminds you of that most distressful of Victor Hugo heroes, *John Valjean.* Jean Valjean. The name of this modern Jean Valjean is Leon Aurognon. He was a tailor by trade. One night, fifteen years ago, he was sitting at a café on the left bank of the Seine, more or less quietly, sipping his cognac. A brawl developed in that café. When the fight was over, a body on the floor lay dead, and Leon Aurognon was missing.

According to French custom, a suspect who disappears is tried just the same. So the tailor was convicted, found guilty of murder. The court pronounced the usual sentence, the guillotine. And for fifteen years the officers of the Suréte, France's G-men, hunted in vain for Leon Aurognon. They hunted all over France.

56
But all that time ^{the tailor} ~~Leon Aurognon~~ never went outside the fortifications of Paris except for a short vacation. He just ^{moved} ~~went~~ to another quarter, ~~of Paris,~~ a section on the right bank of the river. There he started life all over again. Apparently, he is a good tailor. Under a new name he established a flourishing business,

took unto himself a wife, and became the father of nine children.

At the end of fifteen years the usual thing happened.

A former boon companion from the left bank passed by Layon's tailoring shop, recognized him, denounced him. So that now the respected man of business, the white-haired father of nine children, landed in the prisoners' dock, accused of murder.

But this time he had accumulated enough money to engage a good lawyer. Luck was on his side. The old witnesses against him had disappeared. His lawyer showed the court that when he got into that cafe brawl fifteen years ago, Aurognon was acting in self-defense. And a jury of his neighbors, who had got to know him as an honest, decent fellow for fifteen years, turned in a verdict, "not guilty." So Leon Aurognon goes back to his Madame and nine petits garçons.

NIZAM

Aboard a vessel, India bound from London today, are forty-eight of the largest and flattest feet in Europe. Coppers! Twenty-four of them Scotland Yard and the Continent on their way to Hyderabad, Deccan in Hindustan. Deep mystery surrounded their departure, nobody knew why that consignment of two dozen sleuths should have been shipped to the King-Emperor's Indian Empire. But now the mystery is dispelled. They're going out to protect the richest man in the world, His Highness, the Nizam.

It seems that His Highness has been reading American newspapers and looking at gangster pictures. And the idea has struck his august mind that some knowledge of the technique of American snatchers may have trickled into the heads of other people in India besides himself. In short, High Highness has become afraid of kidnapers. Not so much on his own account, but on account of his tiny grandson, an infant whose value has been estimated at five hundred million dollars. So it is to serve as bodyguards for that gilded baby that the forty-eight sleuthing flat feet are sailing.

I've just seen a picture of that infant Croesus the

other day. The little chap looks more like something out of the "Arabian Nights" than a live baby. Carried in the arms of his Ayah, he was dressed in cloth of gold so rich and jewel encrusted they'd make a grown man stagger if he tried to wear them.

Nobody knows how rich the Nizam really is, including himself. The legend persists that the bulk of his wealth, jewels that have been collected by his ancestors for hundreds of years, are kept in a mysterious cave, a cave like the famous one invaded by Ali Baba. It is supposed to be guarded by poisonous snakes, - cobras and Russells vipers. Only the official custodians know the password that the snakes understand. Whenever a wedding takes place in the Nizam's family, his sons and daughters are allowed to go into that cave and take away as many jewels as they can carry in their hands. But when they die, those jewels are returned to that cave. One of the latest of such marriages was that of the Nizam's eldest son. He is the father of the baby with the bodyguard of twenty-four European flat feet. His name is Sahabizada Azam Jab. The lady he married, the five hundred million dollar baby's mother, was the Princess Darru Shavar, only

daughter of the late Prince Abdul Medjid Effendi, former
Caliph of the Moslems and successor of the Sultans of Turkey,
if anybody wants to know. And,

SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.