

MONTAGU

"Cheerio, there! I say -- will you have a hot dog?"

It's Lord Edward Montagu, second son of the ninth Duke of Manchester, who is speaking -- selling hot dogs. His Lordship has opened a hot dog stand at the famous summer resort of Maidenhead on the Thames.

He was going to enlist in the French Foreign Legion and presumably seek death on the battlefield. Some say it was unrequited love. But he changed his mind, changed it about death on the battlefield, and maybe about love, and has gone in for hot dogs instead. And he's making quite a success of it with his Oxford accent and his athletic frame, cultivated on the cricket fields. What cockney would't buy a hot dog from a lord?

"Hi si, 'Arriet -- 'ave a 'ot dog from 'is Lordship."

In his first day's business Lord Edward cleared a tidy profit of four pounds and tu-pence. "And, dash it all, that's better than the French Foreign Legion," he says.

This latest oddity is just another illustration of interesting conditions in the Dukedom of Manchester, not too,

much money, but plenty of original ideas -- a dukedom in the shadows.

Her party, they are saying I'll bet, that it's just as well that Prince George is getting married. His elder brother, the Prince of Wales has never shown any sign of being serious for wedding bells, but Prince George is different.

He has been reported at various times, engaged to Lady Alexandra Gordon, to Grace Vanderbilt, and to the Princess Dagmar of Sweden. During a visit to Africa, he was seen so often with Lady Mary Thynne that another round of rumour was started.

Once he set off quite suddenly for China, and the explanation was that his royal parents had intervened just in time to prevent his marriage to Miss Poppy Baring, daughter of Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring of Essex. And another time, he seemed fascinated by June Allyson of the movies when he met in 1933. That did have a dangerous sound, the possibility of a film star annexed to the royal family of Great Britain. Anyway, the Prince seemed to have a roving eye -- even as you and I.

Quite in keeping with all of this romance is the story of how Prince George paid a visit to Prince Paul of Yugoslavia.

## PRINCE

And then over in London tonight in fashionable clubs or at a dowager's party, they are saying I'll bet, that it's just as well that Prince George is getting married. His elder brother, the Prince of Wales has never shown any sign of hankering for wedding bells, but Prince George is different.

He has been reported at various time, engaged to Lady Alexandra Curzon, to Grace Vanderbilt, and to the Princess Ingrid of Sweden. During a visit to Africa, he was seen so often with Lady Mary Thynne that another rumor of romance was started.

Once he set off quite suddenly for China, and the explanation was that his royal parents had intervened just in time to prevent his marriage to Miss Poppy Baring, daughter of Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring of Cowes. And another time, he seemed fascinated by June Collyer of the movies whom he met in 1928. That did have a dangerous sound, the possibility of a film star annexed to the royal family of Great Britain. Anyway, the Prince seemed to have a roving eye -- even as you and I.

Quite in keeping with all of this romance is the story of how Prince George paid a visit to Prince Paul of Yugoslavia,

PRINCE - 2

and there met his host's sister-in-law, Princess Maria of Greece. And affairs seem to have run in the usual way of house parties.

The two young people were seen jaunting around the countryside together. They went golfing, shooting, swimming, yes, and dancing. Prince George is said to be the best royal dancer in Europe. The Prince of Wales is renowned for shaking a shifty foot on the polished floor, but Prince George is said to be the real Caramba of the Carioca.

The rumour in London is that the Prince proposed; and, the Princess accepted before the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace knew anything about it. That's not the way royal marriages are supposed to be made, but maybe their Brittanic majesties thought it was indeed time for George to get married. It's true that Princess Marina is royalty in exile. She's the daughter of King Constantine of Greece, who was dethroned right after the war and a sister of the last king, who stepped out when Greece abolished the throne altogether.

But then royalty in exile is better than no royalty



*In yes and there's* a lot of sprightly talk up in my Dutchess County neighborhood about a spectacular wedding that brings reminiscences. ~~They~~ Reminiscences of that sensational Massie case out in Honolulu, with ~~a outrage committed and an accused Hawaiian killed by the American Naval Lieutenant.~~

Well, Mrs. Massie's sister, Helene Fortescue, has just got married, or that's the way it seemed. The ceremony was solemnized on the stage of the Community Theatre at Carmel, a beautiful outdoor theatrical setting.

9  
Bill Meloney, the editor of the Pawling Chronicle, phones me that it was one of the most poetic weddings ever seen, and stately too. There were brides-maids, a dignified matron of honor, ushers, and a large crowd of friends attending. And the story went flashing to the society editors of the newspapers all over the country.

But now it appears it was all a hoax. The bride announces she was not married at all. The supposed minister who united them was no minister at all. ~~He~~ was just an insurance man. It was all intended to be a hoax on the brides-maids, matron of honor, ushers, and the audience. The playful



young pair, both of socially prominent families explained  
it this way:- "We thought it would be a good gag on our friends.  
And it was."



## VOLCANO

If you have ever gone touring in the Far west you are likely to have seen Mount Hood, one of the world's most beautiful peaks, like a cone of ice-cream turned up side down. <sup>It</sup> It's an extinct volcano.)

Nobody ever expects any harm from Mount Hood, **But**, it isn't so extinct but that it could deal tragedy to a party of three young mountain climbers. One of them, a young college student stood on the brink of the snow-covered crater and was overcome by the volcanic gas, ~~and~~ toppled into the pit and died.

Two Forest Service men entered the crater to rescue the body. They wore gas masks, but even so, they fell unconscious from the sulphur <sup>vapor,</sup> ~~gas~~ and it took desperate efforts to get them out and revive them.

So out there in Oregon, Mount Hood towers lofty <sup>snow,</sup> ~~and~~ beautiful, <sup>a slumbering</sup> ~~an extinct~~ volcano, but dangerous <sup>in its slumber.</sup> ~~it is~~

TEXTILE

Well, I can tell you something about the way the news is going to run next week. Every day we'll have headlines on one particular theme -- the textile strike, which certainly does seem to be inevitable now.

Of course, prophecy is dangerous and anything may happen, but the action of the mill owners today seems to be decisive -- they rejected and turned down the invitation for a meeting with the textile union leaders tomorrow.

So, Monday's newspaper headlines are scheduled to read:- "Half a million textile workers on strike." And when I made that prediction, I only hope I'm wrong.

SINCLAIR

Well California has a way of embarrassing Washington. Senator Hiram Johnson has been ~~in~~ an embarrassment to more than one occupant of the White House. And tonight the Administration is wrestling with a real puzzle. The nomination of Upton Sinclair. A last minute check up of the California votes today merely paint a more emphatic picture of Upton Sinclair's victory in the Democratic primaries. π Jim Farley, speaking for the Administration gives his okay, but it's a feeble O, and the K is somewhat tremulous. Postmaster Jim contents himself with the dogged statement that the Democratic party always supports it's nominees; and, Upton Sinclair is the nominee for the governorship of California. — *California leaning to the left they say.*

It's a curious high spot in the career of a man who has been such a fiery socialist. Ever since he leaped into fame with "The Jungle" that historical novel of the Chicago stock yards, the flaming Californian has been belaboring the things that are and the powers that be, *everything what is.*

Now he has turned a Democrat; and one significant angle is the supposition that in the coming election he will draw all of his old time socialist following.

And if President Roosevelt is a bit absent-minded looking at the cows and chickens at the Pinebeck fair tomorrow - where's he's to be -- maybe he'll be thinking -- California! Upton Sinclair! Democrat! Huh!

## MUNITIONS

More than one hundred companies engaged in the manufacture and sale of war munitions have been summoned before the U. S. Senate Investigating Committee. They are to be questioned about any foreign connections they may have. This follows the report we had yesterday -- that the name of the International Monarch of munitions Sir Basil Zaharoff has been found most significantly in the correspondence files of certain American manufacturers of Armaments.

It's big business, this trade in guns and gun powder. The League of Nations has just revealed figures which show that during the year of 1933 the World expenditures on Armaments was more than four Billion Dollars.

SPAIN

Over here we've been encouraging young men to take ~~an~~ interest in the affairs of government and go into politics. In Spain it's the reverse. It seems that the Spanish young men take too much interest in politics. So the government has issued a decree forbidding boys under sixteen to be members of political organizations. It also forbids young men ~~xx~~ under twenty-three to do any active campaigning without the written consent of their parents.

This anti-youth movement reflects the fact that ~~the~~ in Spain the young folks take their politics too violently. Four hundred and eighty have been ~~ix~~ put in jail, in Madrid alone, since the first of the year, for political offenses.

## AUSTRIA

There has been enough trouble in Austria all that battling against the Socialists, Nazis, and Communists, without the government's forces beginning a scrap among themselves. Hints of a more serious disturbance than ever come with the picture of fighting factions in the Heimwehr, -- fighting, brandishing their guns, calling each other traitor!

It has been known that there is dissention among the Heimwehr. Major Aemel, Minister of Defense, is the leader of the Vienna group. Some of the subordinate commanders are enemies of his. The anem of Prince Von Starhemberg, Vice Chancellor and high potentate of the Heimwehr is not mentioned in this latest news, but there have been frequent rumors that the Prince and Major Fey are not exactly buddies.

Anyway the various enmities came to a head at the Heimwehr barracks in Vienna with such a loud and violent disturbance that the police had to step in and take a detachment of the trouble makers off to jail.

This is the case of a man muttering in his sleep. He tosses uneasily, with dreams and nightmares; and words come from his lips, strange, terrifying words, broken phrases, fragments of a set speech. Yes, in his troubled slumber, the man reverts again and again to these words: "My name is Lang. I am the government executioner. These are my assistants. I am very sorry you must hang. You will have a few minutes in which to make a last request."

That is the way, talking in his sleep, the government hangman over in Austria has gone out of his head. Official explanation is that he has had a nervous breakdown -- from overwork. The overwork has come about with the numerous hangings of Socialists and Nazis since the revolutionary outbreak in Austria.

He got thirty-three dollars and fifty cents for a hanging, which he divided with two assistants. Yes, the business was lucrative, but now it has driven him crazy. Johan Lang was known as Europe's best dressed executioner.

He always wore formal dress, <sup>evening clothes,</sup> when officiating at the gallows. And he was most formal, with a never-changing ceremony,



when he went to a condemned man's cell. He had a set courteous speech -- that same speech which he has been mumbling in his haunted dreams:--

"My name is Lang. I am the government executioner.

These are my assistants. I am very sorry you must hang. You will have a few minutes in which to make a last request."

56

## GERMANY

It doesn't take any second sight to see that there are all sorts of undercurrents and cross-currents flowing beneath those latest changes in the German political line-up. Those changes have been foreshadowed, foretold, and in the cards.

If there's any astonishment about the promotion of Goering to the job of Vice-Chancellor, it's only because this shift has been delayed so long. Day after day, right after the Storm Troop crisis, we had insistent rumours that Goering would take Colonel Von Papen's place as Vice-Chancellor. Now at length it has happened, Von Papen having been transferred to Vienna as the German ambassador there.

We were also given every reason to believe, at the time when Hitler was crushing the Storm Troops, that Rudolf Hess was slated to have larger powers in the Nazi regime. Right in line with this, we now find Hess raised to the rank of Hitler's chief deputy, the leader's right-hand man.

*Start* { The interesting thing is that these two men's promotions, of Goering and of Hess, come right together. It looks

like a balancing act. Goering is a Nazi extremist of the hard-boiled fire-eating type. Hess is an outstanding moderate-take-it-easy-safe-and-sane-kind-of-Nazi. Yes, it's a balancing act with an extremist on one side, and a moderate on the other, but the balance seems to be inclined, a little heavier on the moderate side.

While Goering, with his decorations and uniforms gets the more decorative job, the more majestic uniform, the mild and unassuming Hess, steps into the position of real, unadorned significance. Named as Hitler's successor, to take Der Fuehrer's place in case of any emergency. If Hitler should die, or be absent, kept away for any reason, Rudolf Hess will act as the leader -- and will outrank Goering in the councils of the Nazi party.

I wonder how Goering likes that? I'll bet it's burning him up underneath all the gold braid and medals.

There's another German name in the news today. It's also on the passenger list on a ship bound from Hamburg to South America. The name is Fritz Tyssen, <sup>Teesen</sup> predominant in the industrial affairs of Germany.

Herr Tyssen is a great Teutonic steel magnate, chairman of the German Steel trust. He looks like an absent-minded Heidelberg professor, but is shrewd, stubborn and his tremendous will-power is famous. He was shrewd enough to gamble on Hitler's success a long, long time ago, ~~stubborn~~ <sup>stubborn</sup> enough to stick by his judgment of Hitler's potentialities, and his sheer will-power keeps him in a dominant position among the Nazis of the Third Reich.

Why all of this personality sketch? Well, it gives emphatic significance to the name of Fritz Tyssen on that ship's passenger list. Germany's international trade is in a desperate condition, ~~and it's safe to say that~~ <sup>and</sup> the King of Steel is on his way to ~~MEK~~ negotiate trade agreements with any or all of the score of Latin American republics.

Trade agreements between various countries are an increasingly vital feature of world affairs. Everybody is doing it

-- including ourselves, beginning with the President's recent trade agreement with Cuba.

DRESSES

58 1/2

They'll be wearing wooden dresses in Germany -- not woolen, wooden, ~~although it sounds as if I had a cold~~. It's all because of the shortage of raw materials in Germany -- wool for one thing.

I suppose the Nazis will soon be trying to regulate the winds, the rustle of trees and the courses of the stars. Any way ~~that~~ they are out to regulate feminine fashions which ~~was~~ would seem to be almost as hard. An institution of fashions has been established and one of *the* prime *objects of its* propoganda is to create a vogue for the substitutes, the ersatz that German women will have to use, by way of frocks and gowns. *P* It's first fashion edict is for wooden cloth to take the place of wool, that is cloth made out of wood pulp. They have given this ersatz cloth the name of Wood*f*stra, and they claim it will ruffle and pleat, frill and drape just as well as real wool. And they guarantee that the girls won't get any splinters wearing it. *P* So they'll have wooden coats and wooden skirts, and the old fashioned winter woolens will

59

DRESSES - 2

be made of wood. And when their knees shake they'll be  
knocking wood -- and SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.