

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

The air waves crackled this afternoon with two pitiful calls for help. On two of the world's great oceans, men in distress.

One of these cries came from the icy North Atlantic. A fishing schooner sinking, one hundred and fifty miles off bleak Cape Sable, Nova Scotia. "Unless help comes quickly," so the message ran, "every man aboard the schooner GERTRUDE M. FAUCI of Boston, must perish." The vessel met the same fate that befell the TITANIC on her maiden voyage twenty-three years ago, -- ramm'd an iceberg.

The plight of those storm beaten fishermen seemed hopeless for hours. No immediate help could be rushed to them because Uncle Sam's Coast Guard ships do not cruise those waters. And no vessel of the Canadian government was available. Coast Guard cutters were dispatched to the scene under forced draft, but they had a long way to go. However a general radio call was sent out to all ships off the Nova Scotia coast to hurry to the rescue. And all the while that fishing schooner lay there

leaking heavily, with an exhausted crew manning the pumps.

But the calls for help were heard. The trawler Lemberg, fishing in nearby waters, arrived on the scene. She found the GERTRUDE FAUCI with a bare handful left aboard. All but three of her crew had abandoned ship, taken to the lifeboats in a wild sea. But finally rescue was at hand. Eleven saved. Three remain to be saved. Ship sinking.

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No shipwreck, no iceberg, no sinking vessel. One thousand miles from California's coast, the ship CALIFORNIA STATE, a training vessel for merchant marine students. Last Saturday one of them reported to the sick bay. On Monday he was dead. Then the dreadful cause became known -- meningitis. And the infection spread like a prairie fire, and now the CALIFORNIA STATE is on the high seas, with seventy students stricken -- and only one physician. One doctor, no nurses, seventy patients, at sea. Again, the radio crackled. And now Uncle Sam's naval destroyer TATTNALL is on its way with all the speed her turbines can churn. Half a dozen navy surgeons, nurses,

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plenty of serum, on their way from the Canal Zone, toward the CALIFORNIA STATE. In case the serum isn't enough, more will be carried out to sea by planes.

NEUTRALITY

For sometime we have been hearing that President Roosevelt wanted a new neutrality measure. He was anxious for one that would give him discretionary powers; that would leave it up to the head of the state to decide how Uncle Sam might steer clear of getting mixed up in foreign messes. The Washington correspondent of the Farm Journal ^{some time ago} predicted that, much as the White House wanted it, he wouldn't get it. That prophecy was fulfilled today. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee turned thumbs down on the idea. And the vote was unanimous. The Senators decided to continue for another year, until May 1937, ~~the force of~~ the present neutrality resolution. However, it will be amended before it is adopted by the Senate. The amendment will forbid any loans or credits to foreign nations at war.

While this was being decided at Washington, an interesting question of neutrality cropped up before the House of Commons. It was brought out in a statement by His Majesty's Colonial Secretary, the Laborite Jim Thomas. He informs the House that some four hundred Italian soldiers deserted from the Duce's banner. And they had crossed the Ethiopian border into the

beautiful colony of Kenya. Now those four hundred are a source of considerable worry to His Majesty's government. Of course, they were interned. But while they're interned they have to be fed. Now the question is shall King Edward the Eighth send a bill to his cousin, Victor Emanuel for the keep of those four hundred deserters? Or must they be a charge at the expense of King Edward? To send them packing back into Ethiopia or into Italian territory would certainly be unkind. Presumably the Italian generals would punish desertion in time of war with the usual penalty, the firing squad. So it's a nice point for King Edward's Cabinet.

The latest report from Addis Ababa is ~~quite~~ startling. That is, if it's true. Twenty thousand Italian soldiers buried on Ethiopian soil, that's a tremendous casualty list for a colonial war. Even more sensational is the rumor that only five thousand of these were Askaris, native troops. The other fifteen thousand were Italians. ^{Quite a} ~~That's a large~~ figure especially when you consider that they were all supposed to be killed in one battle, the ten-day battle in the Tembien region that raged during the last ten days of January.

LINCOLN

A tall, gaunt figure with deeply lined face, stalked abroad throughout forty-eight states of the Union today. Not, to be sure, in person, but in memory. Many of the places in which his anniversary was observed, were wilderness when he was alive. For it was six score and seven years ago that a mother gave birth to Abraham Lincoln.

The ceremonies of ~~the~~^{to} day were ~~entirely~~ solemn and reverential. The only fireworks were set off last night, ~~when~~ in a debate between Secretary Ickes and Governor ~~Gene~~ Talmadge of Georgia. ^{And} ~~But~~ we will hear something tonight, Lincoln's Day, being peculiarly the ~~property~~^{occasion} of the G.O.P., just as Jackson Day is of the Democrats, ~~is usually~~^{time} the ~~occasion~~^{time} for political statements of ~~considerable~~ importance. ~~And never so much so as this year.~~ At ten o'clock tonight Ex-President Hoover will speak in Portland, Oregon, on the state of the nation. And at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York the National Republican Club will hold its Fiftieth Lincoln's Day Dinner. The principal feature of that will be a speech by Senator ~~Vandenburg~~^{Vandenburg} of Michigan, ~~Arthur Vandenburg~~ who for months has been mentioned as a possible candidate for the G.O.P. nomination.

POPE FOLLOW LINCOLN

Far off in Europe there was a celebration of a different kind. In the independent state known as Vatican City, the cardinals and high prelates of the Catholic Church assembled in their scarlet robes, archbishops and bishops with mitre and crozier, the papal guard of nobles in their gold laced accoutrements, Swiss Guards in historic uniforms, the diplomatic corps in full rig, marched in majestic procession to the Sistine Chapel. There, before Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" on the altar wall, they heard solemn pontifical high mass. All this, to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius the Eleventh.

Many epoch-making things have happened since His Eminence Achille Ratti, then Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, put on the Fisherman's Ring. Catholic laymen as well as clergy will tell you that he will go down in history as one of the greatest popes. And he ranks among the most scholarly encumbents of the Holy See. For seven years he was head of the Ambrosian Library and for four years Prefect of the great Vatican Library.

Perhaps the most history making thing that has happened in his reign so far was the famous concordat with Mussolini. The agreement which ended the fifty-nine year imprisonment of the Popes, the treaty that restored them to the rank of temporal sovereign. Today was the seventh anniversary of that concordat as well as the fourteenth anniversary of the Pope himself. But before he achieved this pact, Pius the Eleventh had made treaties with several of the newly created states, including Latvia, Poland, Lithuania.

Naturally, today's celebration was the occasion of rich gifts from all over the world, and messages. One of those messages must have aroused ironic sentiments in the Vatican. It was a telegram from Adolph Hitler. The gist of it was "Permit me to congratulate Your Holiness on the anniversary of a treaty reestablishing peace between church and state." And while that telegram was going over the wires from Berlin to Vatican City, Chancellor Hitler's secret police were arresting a hundred Catholics, priests, nuns and laymen, in the Rhineland. Even more ironic seems the charge brought against those prisoners. They are accused of conspiracy with Communists.

CROATS

A jury in Paris rang down the curtain on another act of the drama I mentioned last week. (The verdict of "guilty" against six Croatian terrorists, guilty of having assassinated King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Foreign Minister Barthou of France, comes as a vindication of French law and order.

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However, there's a string to that verdict. Although the jurors found all six defendants guilty, they also found that the circumstances were, as they expressed it, unusual. The sentence, therefore, will not be the guillotine but imprisonment for life. *life on Devil's Island.*

So far it looks as though only three of them will suffer ~~the~~ penalty. As I observed last week, *the other three, including* ~~three of them, including~~ the leader of the gang, were tried in their absence. Dr. Pavelic, the Number One Terrorist of the Croatian movement, and two of his colleagues, remain in safety, in Italian territory, under the Duce's ^a protection.)

But there's another act yet to come in this drama of assassination and terror. For this we have to look to Sao Paulo, in Brazil. The heroine - or villainess, as you choose, is a lady named Katherine Schissler. Katherine, they say, is a

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beautiful blonde. Three months ago she was a beautiful brunette. However, she still remains beautiful according to the cable reports. Katherine has been spotted by the Brazilian police at the request of the French Surete. The Parisian political police say, compared to Katherine, our own gun molls are mere dilettantes. drawing room ~~dilettantes~~. They have been looking for ^{her} ~~Katherine~~ ever since the assassination of Alexander and Monsieur Barthou. For it is she who is supposed to have carried the suitcase full of weapons for the Croatian assassins.

She disappeared immediately after the shooting. The cops trailed her to Berlin. But when they broke in to arrest her, she held the German police at bay, with a six gun and beat it out of a back window.

That started a merry chase. Her ensuing history sounds like a dime novel. From country to country she fled. Sometimes in one disguise, sometimes in another; occasionally dressed up as a man. Personally, ~~I find such yarns a trifle difficult to swallow. I've never yet seen a woman in men's clothes who looked like anything else but a woman in men's clothes.~~

~~At any rate, Katherine~~ ^{She} finally got to Brazil. ^{And} There, ^{now}

she is being watched, surrounded by the gendarmes of Sao Paulo.

They haven't arrested her yet, because they are waiting for the proper papers. And they are being mighty careful ^{too.} ~~about it.~~

The French officials have warned their Brazilian colleagues that

Katherine is bad medicine, a regular two-fisted gun woman after

the fashion of ^{our own} ~~the~~ late Bonnie Parker. She thinks no more of

~~xx~~ shooting a policeman or two, than you or I might ^{of} potting a

rabbit. Such is the Woman in the Case of the assassination of

King Alexander.

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CANNIBALS

From the still colorful South Seas comes an item that recalls the yarns of Robert Louis Stevenson and Nordhoff and Hall -- yarns of swashbuckling captains like the notorious Bully Hayes, and other black-birders, as the South Sea slavers were called.

The central figure of a tale that comes to me is a young English scientist with a peculiar bent. An anthropologist named Harrisson, and his specialty, study of the cannibal. Mr. Harrisson is supposed to be one of the great authorities of the world of science on the ways, morals and tastes of man-eating men. He spends his whole time observing, collecting information, putting it together, and discovering the answers. Two entire years of his life he spent living with one cannibal tribe. And somehow he managed to avoid slipping the pot himself.

The scene, is the two islands, Malekula, North and South. Islands in the fierce new Hebrides, off Australia. A part of the archipelago is administered by the Australian government, part by France.

The white residents in that neighborhood have been in

a state of terror for some time. Both North and South Malekula are still inhabited by cannibals, and those anthropophagus savages have been raiding far and wide for their dinner. They raided so much that the white residents became nervous, and protested to both the French and British governments. Britain turned the complaint over to Australia. And, somebody said: "Why not put that skinny scientist Harrisson on the job; he's safe- and knows more about cannibal tribes than anybody alive!"

So Harrisson landed on Malekula and plunged into the bush. With him he took a herd of pigs as a peace-offering as an insurance policy. So as soon as he reached his destination Harrisson sent out invitations to a feast. His invitation was accepted. Several chieftains attended with their full retinue. But one thing astonished Harrisson. The chiefs and their retinues were all armed with rifles. About the last thing you would expect of cannibals in the bush. And scientist Harrisson saw why they had spread so much alarm amid the surrounding islands. They were rifles of white ancient vintage; mementoes of fifty years ago, when blackbirding flourished in the South Seas. Cannibals

Sightseers in New York have a new sight to see.

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The doors of the Museum of Science and Industry were thrown open today at its new home, Rockefeller Center. Of all the museums in New York this is one of the most interesting and one to which the youngsters flock most keenly, especially the mechanical-minded. It's a sort of modern Merlin's cave where you see the magic that is being produced by scientists and engineers.

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Appropriately enough, the first person to walk through the door was a nine-year-old lad, ^{named} John ^{W.} Stephen ~~Arents~~. At his school the other boys call him "Einstein." The first thing he said was:- "Where's the electrical exhibition?" Then he added:- "You know, I'm going to invent an airplane run by electricity. At first I thought of using a vacuum to fly it, so I named my new airplane "Vacu.'" After looking around the museum, Johnnie said:-
I guess electricity will be more practical."

And that's what we need right
Another visitor at the museum today was a somewhat

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here - vacu - and s-l-u-t-m,
~~elder than Johnnie. That was Mrs. George Carleton Beale, mother of Carleton Beale, the author. I mentioned something about Mrs. Beale sometime ago. She's seventy-eight years old. Born in~~