

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:

The news this evening seems to consist largely of personalities, interesting people who break into the headlines. At a glance here I see such names as Lloyd George; and Sean Lester, High Commissioner of the League of Nations at Danzig; Ruth Bryan Owen; and Elsie Janis. Also - Joe DeMaggio.

- The name of Lloyd George, of course, is of major interest today in London - after the bitter, rancorous speech that the old-time World War statesman made against the Baldwin government. This evening we have several new angles and sidelights on what certainly stacks up as one of the most savage, insulting attacks ever launched with raging words.

The angry Welshman blastered his oratory in connection with a bi-election that is being held to fill the place in Parliament left vacant by the resignation of J. H. Thomas, Secretary of Colonies in the Baldwin Cabinet. And Lloyd George did not hesitate to point a long accusing finger to the fact that the one-time great Labor leader, J. H. Thomas, had resigned because he was pronounced guilty of letting our government secrets concerning the British budget - a leak which enabled speculators

to make huge sums of money.

The little fire-eater, who was Britain's World War Prime Minister, didn't limit himself to anything so trivial as a mere financial scandal, but straightway tackled the grand theme of British international policy and the object failure of London and the League to stop Mussolini from taking Ethiopia.

He spouted a stream of vitriol that shakes every concept of the sedateness of British politics. Listen how the whip of words slashes and scorches, with the insulting epithet of "Rats" applied to such exalting personalities as Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, Foreign Minister Eden, and Sir Neville Chamberlain.

Lloyd George screamed: "They bolted, they ratted. Rats, I am told, desert the sinking ship. These are the rats that scuttled the ship!"

To that we can only say, "Them's harsh words," Mr. Lords!" Then we further appalled when we find Britain's World War statesman presenting England with the following figure of speech: "The British bulldog", he said, "with not a single bite, not even a spot of blood, runs away with his tail between his legs."



And, I suppose there are plenty of indignant Englishmen who will salute that Lloyd Georgian jibe with cries of "Heaa, heaa!" Anyway, there are plenty of Italians who will be yelling: "Si, Si"!

All of which has London buzzing with the question: "Is Lloyd George about to stage a comeback?" And that sends recollection back some years to the swiftness and suddenness of his fall. As World War Prime Minister he emerged from Britain's greatest trial as a statesman covered with glory. Lloyd George seemed a broken man. His health gave way. His finances were at low ebb. He took a little part in politics, retired to the life of a country squire! Won prizes at flower shows, bred poultry that earned blue ribbons. Lloyd George seemed a mere political memory.

But perhaps it's characteristic that the World War statesman steps to the front again in a time of Britain's greatest international difficulty since the World War topping it all off with just about the most ferocious diatribe on British political record.

Today's news gives us another side of the picture, something by way of contrast. A large section of the British public may be indignant about the lifting of sanctions - but business is business. Italy, Mussoliniland, is being invaded. Across its borders are swarming regiments, cohorts and legions - of salesmen. With the Sanctions lifted, the fifty odd nations that voted them are now free to trade with Italy once more. They can sell goods to the Fascists. The economic boycott cost them money, and now they are eager to get it back by doing a big selling job in Rome, Milan and Naples. So the salesmen are on the march.

Reports from the Franco-Italian border say that huge heaps of French goods are stacked up there, waiting to be shipped into Italy. And of course when there's a carnival of merchandising, you can hardly keep Britishers out. England, sore at her diplomatic defeat by Italy, is willing to sell the Indians all the goods they can possibly pay for. John Bull didn't win any glory, so he will have to be content with making a profit.



Here's one personality who can hardly be said to be in the news today -- Hailie Helassie. The exiled Emperor appears not in a screaming headline, But in a mere few lines tacked to the end of a story.

The one-time King of Kings is back in England, inconspicuous, hardly noticed. He who was the Conquering Lion of Judah is disappointed and forelorn at the way the League of Nations turned him down. He is more thoroughly conquered than ever. He doesn't know what to do now, his plans uncertain. They say there's just one thing you can depend on - he won't return to Ethiopia. At the League of Nations he said he would go to the west of his former empire, a section which the Italians have not yet occupied, and there continue the struggle against the invader, battling to win back the throne of the Queen of Sheba. But this fighting talk, it's explained now, was just a gesture. Haile Selassie doesn't know where to go.

## DANZIG

Probably the news from abroad that is most significant today comes from Danzig, from the sorest of sore spots. The crisis there has been expected for several days - ever since (the Danzig Nazi chief, Dr. Greiser, made his truculent appearance before the League of Nations. He definitely made himself a personality in the news, by demanding that Danzig should be turned over to Hitler's Germany.) Standing before the League, he gave the Nazi salute and thumbed his nose at newspaper men when they laughed. He injected another personality into the news when he denounced the Irishman, Sean Lester, who is High Commissioner of the League of Nations and has been in charge of things at the disputed Baltic port. The Nazi demanded the Irishman should be removed.

(The world importance of Danzig today lies in the fact that it's believed to be Hitler's next objective.) Having scrapped the Versailles Treaty, by rearming Germany and by re-fortifying the Rhineland, the Nazis are expected to keep on tearing up the Treaty by seizing Danzig. That city was taken away from Germany at the end of the World War. Some proposed



to give it to Poland as part of Poland's "corridor through German territory to the sea. But it ended in a compromise, Danzig being declared a free city under the rule of the League of Nations. Germany wants Danzig to be German, and Danzig wants the same thing. The Nazis have swept the town elections in overwhelming force. The whole place is Nazified. Hence the demand at Geneva that the League of Nations should remove its High Commissioner, Sean Lester, and should hand the Baltic port over to Hitler's Reich.

The agitated statesmen have been expecting something to happen. And something did happen today. The Free City of Danzig took action. The town government there announced a breakaway from the League of Nations control. Danzig declares its independence of the League. And that puts him in a tough spot. Just what the League of Nations Commissioner is going to do in a city that has broken relations with the League, is something that will tax the diplomatic ingenuity of the small, sharp-eyed Irishman. He's a trim, lively figure, tactful in the extreme. Right now, he needs all his tact.

Today's event is only a step toward the return of Danzig

to Germany, which in turn is certain to provoke another European crisis.



OWEN

The news of the day headlines the names of two women -- Ruth Bryan Owen and Elsie Janis. Mrs. Owen, daughter of the renowned Williams Jennings Bryan, is American Minister to Copenhagen. However, the news about her doesn't concern international affairs. It isn't an affair at all -- it's marriage. An international marriage. Our lady Minister to Denmark right now is in this country campaigning for the Democratic ticket. Nevertheless, the news of the approaching nuptials comes by cable. It isn't the lady that tells the glad tidings. It isn't a gentleman either. It's a lady. What I mean to say is that the announcement is made by the mother of the bridegroom-to-be. He is the Danish Captain Rohde, an officer in the Bodyguard of King Christian. Mrs. Owen confirms the news.

Our beautiful Minister to Denmark is fifty-one years old. The captain is forty-one, and over six feet tall. You've got to be over six feet to get into the Royal Danish Bodyguard.

The chiming of wedding bells will be now new tinkle in the ears of Ruth Bryan Owen. The first time -- when she was eighteen, the daughter of the great Commoner married an

artist, but the musical bells soon turned to the unmusical proceedings of the divorce court. In 1910 she married a British army officer, and during the World War followed him to the Palestine campaign. She was a war nurse in Egypt. Then she was left a widow.

As Minister to Denmark Madame Owen has been a diplomatic hit. They liked her for the way she took her three grandchildren to a popular carnival and the way she rides a bicycle in Copenhagen, as Danish women do. She dresses beautifully, and is a regal hostess. But, her finest compliment came not from the Danes -- but from the Eskimo, whom she had visited on her trip to Danish Greenland. The people of igloos and kiacks sent birthday greetings, addressing her as "Inunguak," which means a dear and a real human-being.

Ruth you dear old Inunguak!



## ELSIE JANIS

The crude and vulgar-minded today are asking a low, materialistic question, couched in these unmannerly terms: How much will be left when the creditors are paid off? They're asking that about Elsie Janis' latest inspiration - giving all to charity. In a letter to a Tarrytown newspaper the sweetheart of the A.E.R. reveals that she's going to sell her lovely home, a historic landmark known as Upper Manor House -- a miniature feudal castle built late in the Seventeenth Century by Lord Frederick Philipse. It's full of rare furniture, antiques and souvenirs. Elsie Janis is going to auction it all off, and give the proceeds to the poor -- after she has paid her creditors.

She says she's motivated by a desire "to do something swell" as she expressed it. The idea came to her as a divine inspiration.

An unusual turn in a life that has been crammed with the unusual. It's more than thirty-five years ago that Mrs. Bierbower stopped off at Washington with her daughter Elsie, and took the little girl to see President McKinley.

For the President Elsie sang: "Just Break the News to Mother." Whereupon, the Chief Executive gave the little girl a resounding kiss on the brow and told her that someday she'd be a great artist. The prophecy was correct. Elsie taking the name of Janis rose to a height of theatrical stardom. The time was when she earned thirty-five hundred dollars a week and more. When the World War came she tore up her fat contract and joined the army. She went to France and with a captured German truck for a stage toured the front lines and gave performances for the Doughboys. The Sweetheart of the A.E.F. Some years after that retired from the stage and married a young man, many years her junior. But Elsie Janis always has to be doing things. So now she's going to auction off her estate, and give the proceeds to charity -- although those materialistic people, the creditors will have to get their share.



## BASEBALL

The sports personality this evening is a goat.

The big baseball game in Boston produced a shining figure, not for cheers but for jeers. True, (the pitching of Dizzy Dean was the star event in the all-star-game, and Lou Gehrig smacked out a homer, but the unexpected was provided by Joe DiMaggio - the goat.

Italian Joe from San Francisco, has been the year's scintillating phenomenon in baseball, with his dramatic deeds at the bat. He might have been expected to shine as the star of stars toda . But what did the Number One young player of the American League do? He went hitless, not a bingle, not a single. And he made a costly error.) Early in the game he hit into a double play, when a hit would have meant a run. He kept swinging and getting nowhere, inning after inning. Then the ninth came. The American League team one run behind. There were two out. The tying run was on base. A hit was needed to stave off defeat and Joe DiMaggio came to bat - Joe, the young prodigy, what did he do? He hit a pop up for the last out. And there went the game! The National League winning four to three - their first all-star victory

## ROCKEFELLER ENDING

Here's a personality with a story -- a descendent of a poor German family, a one-time bookkeeper. The son of a travelling doctor, he got a job as a clerk, salary fifty dollars a month. When, at the end of a year, he asked for a raise and it was refused, he quit. He managed to scrape up nine hundred dollars and went into business as a commission merchant. His first year profits were forty-four hundred dollars. Then he founded an industry. And after that I don't have to tell you anymore of the story. As for the industry -- I'll just say Standard Oil! The man -- John D. Tomorrow he'll be ninety-seven And he has set his mind on reaching a hundred.

His prescription for longevity is -- moderation and regularity. He has always laid his life out in a changeless pattern. He considers it a sin to deviate a mere minute from schedule -- getting up in the morning, mealtime, trips to Florida, games of golf, and prayer. His system of life he expressed in a familiar proverb -- "You can't have your cake and eat it too." There'll be a birthday cake at the Rockefeller home tomorrow. And John D. will have his cake, because his doctors will let him eat it.



I suppose life can't be too long, but a broadcast can - and -

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.