

LINDBERGH

L. T. Simoes, Friday, Dec. 28, 1934.

*Chambers
1934*

Good Evening, Everybody:-

The latest in the Lindbergh case is not only a fresh sensation, it is a downright puzzle. You remember John Hughes Curtis, the Norfolk shipbuilder? He's the man who got himself so much notoriety by the ~~usual~~ hoax ~~that~~ he perpetrated while the search for the baby was at its height, the hoax that sent Colonel Lindbergh on a fool's errand at sea, all up and down the Atlantic coast. His story was believed by a great many people because he was sponsored not only by a clergyman, the Very Reverend Harold Dobson-Peacock, but also by Rear Admiral Guy Burrage. Curtis, you may recall, said he had been in actual communication with the kidnapers and that the Lindbergh baby was safe and well. It was ⁱⁿ ~~not~~ this hope that ^{the grief-stricken father} ~~Lindbergh~~ went on that tragic cruise.

The Norfolk shipbuilder, ^{finally} admitted that his story was a ^{fake} ~~hoax~~ and he was tried for obstructing justice, fined a thousand dollars and given a suspended sentence of one year in jail.

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We haven't heard anything of him since that time.

But now here he is, back in the picture again. The amazing tale from Norfolk, Virginia, is that Curtis has offered to be a witness in the trial that begins at Flemington next Wednesday, the trial of Bruno Hauptmann. Curtis's Lawyer announces from Norfolk that his client is prepared to swear that he had personal contact with Bruno Hauptmann during the hunt for the kidnapped baby. What is more, he is ready to testify that Hauptmann showed him some of the ransom money, and that this occurred before the child was found, dead.

Altogether this would seem to be the most bewildering bit of news that has come out since Hauptmann was first arrested. It looks as though Curtis were trying to repudiate his own repudiation. He said his story was a hoax. Now he claims he contacted Hauptmann. But it looks though he were shouting in vain this time. I don't imagine anybody will pay much attention to his story.

RELIEF

The issue is becoming more and more sharply drawn in the ~~XXXX~~ question of direct-relief as against work-relief - whether the Government should hand out cash to the needy in somewhat the form of a dole or whether it should provide jobs by a giant program of public works. Curiously enough, many people who used to shy in a most startled way from the mention of a dole, now have changed around and express a preference for what would ~~be~~ amount to a dole, as against ~~the~~ titanic expenditures for public works. In the earlier period of the depression, it was an almost universal dogma that the proper thing to do was to provide jobs, ~~and~~ ^{but} not to pay the unemployed for doing nothing. ^{Now} ~~But~~ it has been seen that public-works-job-providing builds up to a staggering ~~large~~ program and ^{inevitably} ~~evidently~~ threatens to ~~become~~ ^{provide} ~~competition~~ ^{for} private business.

9 Along these lines we have a set of recommendations which the New York State Economic Council will present to the New York Legislature. It is a four point program, two points of which call for - no further unnecessary government spending, and no government competition with private business.

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Roosevelt
The Administration, however, ~~advocates~~ is committing itself

more emphatically to the program of ~~direct~~^{work-} relief instead of anything resembling a dole. The National Industrial Conference Board comes out with a statement that public works job providing ~~work~~ costs fifty per cent more than direct cash relief. This is categorically denied by Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins, who declares that the Public Works system is only fifteen per cent more costly.

And then of course there is the Government's drastic move in stepping out of the cash relief picture by turning back the "unemployables" to the care of the states. These "unemployables" consist of the sick, the aged, ^{and} widows, who are not able to hold jobs. They number about four million. Administrator Hopkins maintains that state and local agencies will adequately take care of this class of the needy. He points out that states and municipalities have been increasing their relief appropriations, and pats them on the back for doing their bit.

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Everything tends to focus on the new Administration philosophy that the federal government should avoid direct relief and concentrate upon the task of providing jobs. And there are still plenty of jobs to be provided, as is indicated by the latest

statement of the American Federation of Labor. The Federation declares the unemployed ^{now number} ~~amount to~~ eleven million, ~~and~~ four hundred and fifty-nine thousand. One ^{detail} ~~declaration~~ in the report might occasion some surprise. From every side come figures showing that business has taken an upward swing this fall and early winter. But the ^{A. F. of L.} ~~Labor Federation~~ gives statistics ^{to show} that unemployment has ^{actually} ~~increased~~ increased; that there were four hundred and twenty thousand more jobless in November than ~~there were~~ in October, and that November of this year showed an unemployment increase of four hundred thousand over last year.

There is more than one puzzle in today's news.

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The foreign policy experts are busy figuring out a reason for a visit that Sir John Simon, John Bull's Foreign Minister, is about to pay to Benito Mussolini, Italy's Duce. They are ~~lx~~ laying heavy stress on the fact that this visit is to take place some time before January thirteenth. ~~January~~ *That's* ~~thirteenth~~ ~~is~~ the date on which the people of the Saar ~~district~~ are ~~going~~ to vote, ~~whether they shall return to Germany. And~~ there's the rub, as ~~the~~ ^{our} talkative old friend Hamlet says.

Everybody ~~now~~ seems ~~to be~~ confident that Germany *hands down -- or rather hands up in salute to Hitler.* will win, ^A All the European chancellories are resigned to it

^W ~~A~~ whether they like it or not. But what they're afraid of now is

that, having won this point, Hitler will want more. So that, they say, is why Sir John Simon is ~~going~~ to Mussolini.

John Bull wants to see Germany bound by a treaty which will include France, Italy and Great Britian, a ~~treaty~~ treaty on armament. Sir John Simon for some time has been hard at work trying to draw Germany into the ~~fold of~~ ^{circle of} the treaty of ~~Locarno~~. ^A That agreement

provided³₁ that Germany and all her neighbors should promise to keep inside their own borders. No conquests. So far, Berlin has turned a cold shoulder to the idea.

England's Foreign Secretary wants more than that.

He wants Germany back in the League of Nations. And that, they

say is what ~~he wants~~^{he's going} to hobnob with Mussolini. ~~about~~^{He has} ~~He's~~₁ also

indicated that it would be ~~all right with him~~^{okay} if Monsieur Laval,

~~the~~ Foreign Minister of France, were among those present.

The reason for that is fairly obvious.

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SIMON follow Saar

by the way,
Sir John Simon is one of the most talked about actors
in the British scene. On the one hand he's one of the strongest
men in the Government. And on the other hand he's also one of
the most attacked. He's been holding down a difficult job,
and he has sometimes had people guessing. For instance, H. G.
Wells, has a spicy paragraph about him in his "Experiment in
Autobiography." Wells was describing a visit he paid to President
Roosevelt at the White House. ~~Concerning~~ Concerning their
conversation Wells writes:-

"Only one thing need be recorded, the President's
manifest perplexity at some recent turns ^{of} British diplomacy."

Wells goes on to say:- "And the wonder ~~that~~ peeped
out -- a wonder we all share -- over the question as to what
Sir John Simon imagines he is up to."

Of course it must be remembered that Wells is not
among the admirers of the British Foreign Secretary. However, ^{Sir}

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~~John~~ ^{John} is an interesting fellow. Because of his name many people
believe he is Jewish. But, ~~that is not so.~~ ^{no, he's} ~~He's~~ the son of an

English Nonconformist clergyman. Though the family could barely afford it, young John was sent to Oxford. It was a good investment because he went from Oxford to the Bar, and when he was only twenty-six, received one of the biggest fees ever paid to an English lawyer. And some of them get whopping fees.

When young Simon was only thirty, an age when most barristers are still working for nothing, drawing up other men's briefs, he was council to the British government. He became Solicitor General at thirty-six. It is generally reported that when he took his present job he gave up an income of a quarter of a million dollars a year. In fact he has been called the smartest lawyer in England. His admirers say he has the best mind, legal or otherwise, of any man in the British Empire. His detractors -- well, we won't go into that. Personally he's handsome fellow, tall, athletic, silver-haired, an expert skater; and, when he can't skate his principal diversion is croquet.

Fancy that!

MOUNTAIN

There's a theme of Mountains, and a deeply human theme -- in the news that Leopold, the young King of the Belgians, is on his way to do some mountain climbing in Switzerland. His young Queen Astrid with him.

A couple of weeks ago I worked on a Fox newsreel shot that showed a mountaineer in Belgium climbing a rocky summit to the dizzy point from which a King fell and lost his life - the War hero, King Albert, father of the present King Leopold. I was impressed to see what a sheer beetling pinnacle of rock that peak was. It looked almost impossible for a human being to scale, and the climber did it by clinging and climbing from ledge to ledge, up the perpendicular side. It gave me a new idea of the dizzy peril to which King Albert had fallen a victim.

And now Leopold and Astrid, on their first vacation since the death of Albert made them King and Queen, have chosen Switzerland and mountain climbing!

MICHAEL

There's a good deal of speculation about the latest report from Roumania. I had occasion to observe the other night that the gossips in Bucharest are full of rumors that Magda Lupescu, the beautiful red-haired lady to whom King Carol had been so much attached, is on her way out. And that, they say, implies a reconciliation between the King and Princess Helen, who divorced him. Incidentally, Helen is also the real name of Magda the Red Head.

Well, the rumor crop has been fertilized by the surprise visit that young Crown Prince Michael is making to his mother. The thirteen year old heir to the throne, they claim, was sent by his royal father to Florence, in Italy, to play Santa Claus. Taking with him a trunkful of presents. So the inference is that the youngster has been commissioned by King Papa to be a messenger of peace, to Queen Mamma. If that is true, it's important. It's important not only in Bucharest, but in Vienna, in Rome, and all the Balkan states.

Of course, these rumors have been denied. The usual mysterious spokesman, the "palace official", says there is nothing

to them. One often wonders what palace officials are doing when they are not denying rumors. However, it's interesting to think of the royal little Santa Claus beginning his diplomatic career at the age of thirteen by trying to negotiate a treaty of peace between his father and mother.

CHARMS

In Paris there is a sage and learned man, of strange and supernatural powers - Professor Counselor Bertrand Bonheur-Toulouse. The Professor deals in the dark and devious merchandise of magic. For years he has purveyed charms and amulets, such as ^{the} rabbit's foot and other ~~tokens~~ ^{But he's} of good luck. ~~He's~~ ^{he's} in jail tonight, and all because he thought of a brilliant idea.

The Professor ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ reasoned that Africa is the traditional land of witchcraft and sorcery and therefore ought to be a good market for his magical wares, charms, amulets and rabbit's feet. So he started a mail order business with the French colonies in Central Africa, and found ready customers among the black regulars of the French colonial army. He found that they wanted their good luck to take the form of promotions. So he sent them many a rabbit's foot, which he guaranteed would bring them speedy ^{elevation} ~~promotions~~ to the ranks of ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ corporal, sergeant and even lieutenant - and he enclosed a bill for a hundred Francs.

But the Africans were cagey, and decided to try the charms before sending the money. Somehow or other the rabbit-foot-magic ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ didn't seem to work, the promotions were not forthcoming. The Africans couldn't quite understand, so they went to their

French officers and demanded - "Where are the promotions?" The officers replied there were no promotions. There were controversies and arguments. The dusky Sengalese soldiers, highly indignant, decided not to send the money to the Professor. The French officers, also indignant, went further. They forwarded accusations to Paris, charging the Professor and his magic with disrupting the French West African Army.

So the Professor is in ^{the bastille,} ~~jeil~~ And he's indignant too. He protests that his rabbit foot charms have always worked.

TP "Mais oui, ^{but,} "See if they work now", is the ^{unfeeling} response of the French authorities.

DANCE

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The Americanos will all be dancing the Americano. That's the latest dance. As the name implies, it is something for the United States, with a dash of hot Spanish sauce. At the special holiday meeting of the Dancing Masters of America, at the Hotel Astor, the adepts of the nimble toe explain that the Carioca requires a toe ^{nimbler than} ~~nimbler than~~ you'll find inside the shoe of the tired business man. And, the tango is graceful and elegant, except when the tired business man and his wife start raising their heels and swinging in that sinuous knee bend. Then it isn't.

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The answer to all this is the Americano, something simple and easy, for the weariest motor magnate on the dance floor in the Fountain Room of the Book Cadillac in Detroit. You can dance it to any rhythm of music, fox trot, tango or even waltz. So when the orchestra starts in dreamy three-quarter time at the Bellevue in Philadelphia, the exhausted oil *executive* or *advertising wizard* ~~millionaire~~ will have no excuse to say: "Let's sit this one out, Flo, or Betty" *as the case may be.* ~~Mable Mabel.~~ "I can't waltz." To that she'll say: "It may be a waltz, Mr. ~~Armour-Swift~~, but we'll dance the Americano."

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The dancing masters claim that any fatigued financier can
step the Americano on the Starlight Roof at the Waldorf as long
as he's able to walk.

They say the whole country will be doing the Americano,
all the way from Spokano to Bostano. That's what they say.

59 1/2
To which all I can say is

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

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