

Good Evening, Everybody:-

That
~~that~~ duet of Yes, No, No, yes, between President Roosevelt and ex-Governor Al Smith grew louder today with all sorts of trills and flourishes. "Yes," carols the President. "No," chants Al. And the nation is ~~is~~ left gasping by the question -- Was or was not Al Smith invited to the White House, ~~and~~ how many times?

He certainly was invited to drop in at the presidential mansion on his forthcoming trip to Washington, when he's going to address the Liberty League. The League of which the ex-Governor is one of the founders, is exceedingly critical of the New Deal. Mr. Smith turned down that White House invitation. ~~In the course of this invitation and refusal,~~ ^{then} The White House [^] remarked that ex-Governor Al had been invited on frequent occasions to call ~~upon~~ the President, *and hadn't come.* To this Mr. Smith replied that he had been invited exactly once and had accepted.

Back came the voice from the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt speaking. She declared that every time Mr. and Mrs. Smith were in

Washington they were asked to drop in for a visit.

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The Smiths' reply to this is that Mrs. ^{Smith}~~Smith~~ has never been
to Washington, and doesn't know what it looks like. And he himself
has seldom visited the National Capital.

The latest now is a comeback from the presidential side of
the controversey. This is to the effect that Mr. Smith has a standing
invitation to pay a call any time he comes to Washington. Just drop
in any time he likes, and he'd be welcome.

It's a curious petty bit of bickering between the two men
whose careers were so singularly tied together and then broken apart
between the President and the man whom the President nominated twice
for the Presidency. And the climax today comes on Al Smith's
sixty-second birthday.

Meanwhile we may note that the name of Al Smith has been
putup in the Ohio Primaries. And Governor Ely announces he will back
the man with the brown derby if that tan kelley is tossed into the
ring.

LINDBERGH

As the American Importer with the Lindberghs aboard approaches the mouth of the Mersey River tonight there are two questions to be asked: One is, "Will the Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh find the privacy they had expected in England? We hope so. The other an even more dismal query is, "What will be done with Hauptmann?"

The news from Trenton is of a kind to heighten and exacerbate the public keenness to know. All we've been told is that the Court of Pardons met at Trenton today, debated for two hours, and then adjourned. The meeting was held in camera, an exceedingly private affair. What happened, what sentiment was expressed at the discussion is not yet revealed. The Court did not even announce any date for the final hearing of Hauptmann's plea. And it is not yet known whether or no, the judges -- professional and laymen -- who comprise the Court of Pardons, will send for Hauptmann or allow him to appear before them.

Naturally all this just increases the suspense of the situation. It is significant that six of the judges, that is,

the lay judges on the Court of Pardons, have already had to consider the Hauptmann case as members of the Court of Errors and Appeals.

While all this was going on, the plight of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh and little Jon approaching British shores is not one to be ~~xx~~ envied. There are few more unpleasant experiences in travel than plowing through the Irish Sea in the dead of winter. Bleak, cold and stormy. And there is little encouragement in the news that the English newspapers are organized for just the same sort of reception that the exiles would get in their own country -- reporters, cameramen. Reporters by the squadron, by the cohort, by the legion, covering every possible landing place. It adds a grim note to this tragic drama.

READING

The death of the Most Noble, the Marquess of Reading, is of almost as much interest on this side of the water as it is in England. There was a time within the memory of most of us when Lord Reading passed more of his time in America than he did in his own country. Indeed, there are those who say that he had a great deal to do with bringing America into the ~~Waxy~~ World War. For the suave manners, the high courtesy and distinction of bearing that raised him to the post of Lord Chief Justice of England, ^{Viceroy of India,} ~~and~~ High Commissioner and Special Ambassador to the United States, made him exceedingly popular not only in Washington but elsewhere throughout ^{our land.} ~~the country.~~

~~He was unique in several respects.~~ He was the first Jewish lawyer to become Lord Chief Justice. And, he was the first Jew after Disraeli to attain Cabinet rank in England.

As Sir Rufus Isaacs, he was one of the most brilliant advocates the courts of any country have ever seen. His principal formula was rather simple, and it might interest many lawyers in our own country. Soon after he started to plead at the courts of justice in London, ~~Y~~ young Rufus Isaacs became conspicuous for his peculiar method of cross-examination. Where other cross-examiners

made it a practice to bully and intimidate witnesses, young Mr. Isaacs invariably handled them with the utmost politeness. What made it the more amusing was that he got further in half an hour treating witnesses politely than the bulldozing school could do in half a day. People tell me it used to be a rare forensic treat watching Rufus Isaacs conduct a case.

That same beautiful courtesy carried him all the way up the line. So much so that there was hardly a murmur when he attained the most resplendent job in the British hierarchy, Viceroy of India. As a boy he polished brass on a boat that took him to India. And when he returned to India it was as ruler of 350,000,000 - the King's Emperor's Viceroy.

During the War Lord Reading's activities were so varied that it was sometimes difficult for even members of his own government to find him. A former Speaker of the House of Commons once made the remark: "When Reading was Lord Chief Justice he spent most of his time in America. When he is Special Ambassador to America, he is always back in London."

KIPLING

Reading, the Viceroy passes. Kipling, the poet-laureate of the British Raj in India, is seventy.

Some fifty years ago, readers not only in England but in America, were electrified by a book of astonishing short stories called "Plain Tales from the Hills". Everybody said: "Who is this Rudyard Kipling?" The best answer the publishers could make was: "We don't know much except that he a young newspaperman in India. He has been working on the LAHORE GAZETTE and the ALLAHABAD PIONEER."

The sensation accumulated when "Plain Tales from the Hills" was followed by "Soldiers Three", "The Phantom Rickshaw". Later still by "Barrack Room Ballads", "Kim" and "The Jungle Books." The doctors of literature shook their heads, and scoffed. This young Anglo-Indian newspaperman wrote with an entirely novel style. Sometimes his language was not nice. The characters in his stories didn't speak the dialect favored by doctors of literature. They spoke like real human beings, even as you and I. Mulvaney and his pals spoke the vernacular, the h-less oath-laden red-blooded speech of live Tommies. Any-

how readers at large didn't care much for the opinions of doctors of literature. They liked Kipling and they recognized in him a new idea in the writing of English fiction. The result was that when young Rudyard Kipling landed back on the shores of England, just forty-five years ago, after an absence of fifteen years, he found to his astonishment that he was famous. And few writers have been so widely famous during their lifetime. He became next to Shakespeare perhaps the most quoted of all writers.

And that is the story of the thin, wiry, bespectacles, recluse now living in a quiet Sussex village, whose Seventieth Birthday is being celebrated today.

From time to time there was a wide clamor in England that Kipling should be made "Poet Laureate". The legend is that on one occasion the Prime Minister was going to give him the honor, a rather empty one except for a pension of a Hundred Pounds a year, when Queen Victoria put her foot down. It was said that she objected to the verse which ran:

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow of Windsor

With a hair~~y~~ gold crown on 'er 'ead?

She 'as ships on the foam - she 'as millions at 'ome,

An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

Whether there was any truth in it or not, the whole world knows that Kipling never became poet laureate. And once, in his early days he tried to get a newspaper job in San Francisco and not an editor would have him at any price.

RUSSIA FOLLOW KIPLING

Maybe it was in honor of his Seventieth Birthday, that the Soviet authorities in Moscow have for the first time consented to admit the works of Kipling into Russia. Ever since the Bolshevik Revolution, his books, along with others, were anathema. They were considered worse than immoral by the zealots of the Red faith; they were "bourgeois".

But the word "bourgeois" seems to be losing its terror for the magnificoes of Moscow. They have just announced a list of a hundred classics which in future Russian children will be allowed to read. Among English writers besides Kipling are Charles Dickens and William Shakespeare. And all good young Bolsheviki from now on are also going to be allowed to share the rare and unforgettable pleasures of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. Yes, in addition to Mark Twain, Fennimore Cooper is on the permitted list too.

~~So, as Huck Finn might have said to Tom Sawyer, if he had known Russian, "Do sve dahnya", or SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.~~

SPAIN

The Republic of old Spain is having a tough time in its young life. For cabinet changes, it is almost equalling the record of the fair isle of Cuba. Running a government in Madrid is almost like being an actor and playing one night stands.

The political layout in the land of fandangoes, mantillas and bull fights, is somewhat similar at present to that of France. While the Cortez, the Spanish Parliament, is divided among numerous parties, those parties in the main can be divided like Caesar's Gaul into three parts. Roughly speaking, they are grouped into the Right, the Center and the Left. At the Right stand the Royalist-Fascist crowds, at the Left of course the parliamentary Socialists and Communists. The Center naturally is composed of Republicans ranging from the Conservatives, who represent the moderate moneyed classes, to the Liberals, who speak for themselves, and speak plainly.

Having to placate such a three-headed monster makes it tough for anybody who tries to form a cabinet. And that's been the difficulty of Senor Valladares, who resigned this morning.

However, the latest reports from Madrid indicate that he will go on being premier. He tried to quit because no three of his

colleagues in the Cabinet, representing as they did such varied and opposing parties, could agree upon anything. So President Zamora said to him: ~~Man~~ "Come on ^{Don} Manuel, old boy, don't give up the ship. Try again." The meaning of that, as we learn from people who know Spain, is that when he tries again Senor Valladares will pick his Cabinet from the parties of the Center, and give up all attempts to pacify the extremists of the Right and Left. In other words, Spain's Premier will play the middle against both ends.

A new figure burst into the world limelight today. Until we read this morning's dispatches from the League of Nations front the name McDonald made us think principally of J. Ramsey, ~~MacDonald~~, one time Premier of Great Britain. But the McDonald who made the world sit up with his comments on the Nazi regime in Germany is sure-enough American, a Harvard man and a Buckeye.

~~Mr.~~ James G. McDonald was born in Coldwater, Ohio, forty-nine years ago. He got his first education at the University of Indiana. Later on he earned himself a reputation as an Historian, so much so that he was invited to the faculties of both Harvard and Radcliffe. Since 1919 he has been Chairman of the Foreign Policy Association. But until he became High Commissioner at the League of Nations to take care of refugees from Germany, neither ~~xx~~ the world at large nor his own countrymen had heard ^{very} much about him. He never was a headline ~~hunter~~ and this is his first appearance on Page One. Even while he was ~~xx~~ ^{on} the ~~xxx~~ job at Geneva taking care of the suffering thousands who fled from Germany he did his work effectively but quietly.

In that capacity he took care of nearly eighty thousand refugees from Hitlerism. And he reports that all but fifteen

thousand of them were located in new homes. In 1934 the "American Hebrew" conferred on James G. McDonald its medal for outstanding service in promoting better understanding between Christians and Jews.

It isn't necessary to expatiate on the withering remarks concerning the Nazi regime that McDonald made in his letter of resignation.

And now what about it? Well, it became obvious this afternoon that when he said, in his letter had today set the whole world talking. He urges the League now to step into the domestic affairs of the Fatherland and stop the persecutions of not only Jews and Catholics but also Protestants. But, it's obviously unthinkable that the League powers will suddenly drop their worry over Mussolini and Ethiopia and start invading Germany.

FLORIDA

All day long I've been deluged with telegrams that the rumors of the cold down in Florida last week were exaggerated. Chambers of Commerce, publicity managers, Commissioners of Agriculture, wire me with tears streaming through their beards that their citrus crop was not damaged and that on the contrary Florida is shipping one of the finest crops it ever had.

After that I wonder whether I dare mention that one of the greatest ski experts in the world is a Floridian. That nimble witted pachyderm, Bill Cunningham in COLLIERS predicts that Dick Durrence, who never saw snow until he was twelve years old, is a fair bet for the world's championship at the Olympic Winter Sports meeting in the Bavarian Alps next month. Until he went north to Dartmouth, Dick Durrence of Florida had never even seen anything more than a picture of a skate. As for a ski, he hadn't even heard the word. But after two years in New Hampshire in those hills around Pecketts, and at Hanover, when he was only fourteen, he was proclaimed by experts as a man with perfect form on skiis. And at the Olympic trials last April his rating was officially entered as tops.

WEATHER

Ah but, the latest message from the weather man up here where I am is:- "Hold on to your earmuffs! get out your red flannels! you ain't seen nothin' yet." A remarkable thing is that in some of the southern states -- not Florida, not Florida -- the snow is deeper than it is in New York. They have twelve inches of it in South Carolina. Communication lines, crops and highways were seriously affected in the neighborhood of Atlanta, Georgia. And up here where I am the prophecy is: zero tonight. So now it's out into the cold, the frost and the icy breezes for me -- and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.