ZEPPELIN

Peril in the sky flashed today when the French authorities got a message. The word flashed across the clouds:- "We'd like to have permission to fly over French soil, to land in France if necessary. We're having serious motor trouble."

That request coming through the ether was from the super Zeppelin, the von Hindenburg, returning from her maiden trip to South America. She has eighty-two passengers aboard.

In a later wireless flash Dr. Eckener, the skipper, tells that one motor out of four has stalled, and they can't get it going. And at the same time the von Hindenburg is bucking heavy headwinds over the Mediterranean.

The Germans claim that on her outward voyage the von Hindenburg took a long way around, to the north, to avoid flying over French soil. With the bitter tension existing between France and Germany, she hadn't been able to get permission to fly over France. But all of that was changed today. "Ship in difficulties" --- that old cry on the sea or in the air, changes everything. The French Government immediately wires its permission.

"We'll do anything we can to help," said Paris.

The latest is that the von Hindenburg is riding safely and will land tomorrow, in France.

LEAGUE

Today, before the League of Nations, Great Britain came to a climax of her accusations against Italy. Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden spoke the telling word - about poison gas. He declared the records show that Italian ships have carried two hundred tons of deadly chemicals, through the Suez Canal. That of course does not say that Mussolini's men have actually been using the poison gas that was shipped. But it isn't to be assumed that they took the stuff to East Africa to kill off insects.

That is the charge of the prosecution. What does the court say? And what does the defense say?

The court in this case is the League of Nations - that is the League jurists who have passed on the case. They turned in a report - that the League has no jurisdiction in the quarrel about gas. It xxx isn't the League's business. It all comes under the heading of the International Agreement of Nineteen Twenty-Five, the agreement not to use deadly chemicals in warfare. The League report suggests that the accusations against

Italy shall be referred to the powers that signed that anti-gas treaty. Italy signed it. So did Ethiopia. And so, by the way, did the United States. In fact, the prohibition against gas was drafted by the late Senator Burton of Ohio.

What does the defense reply? Rome? Mussolini says ~~he will~~ not reply at all. He won't give any accounting to the League on the alleged use of gas in East Africa. He wants to submit the question to another sort of judgment. He declares he is willing to let the International Red Cross pass on the matter.

There was one party to these proceedings today who was ~~mighty little~~ interested in the discussion, in fact, didn't want the discussion to take place. France, of course. Premier Flandin is still stubbornly trying to focus ~~tension~~ League attention not on Ethiopia but on the Rhine. The French declare that if Hitler goes ahead and builds fortifications in the Rhineland, France will appeal to the League of Nations for penalties against Germany, drastic penalties, penalties with teeth.

Meanwhile, there seems to be little prospect of an early

Ethiopian settlement. The Italians are driving at top speed, a climatic attempt to sweep away Ethiopian resistence and swiftly occupy the country - and give the League of Nations nothing to talk about.

HAILE SELASSIE

True or not true? In the international crisis the question looms important. It concerns whiskers, famous whiskers, Haile Selassie's whiskers. Is the rumor true that the King of Kings has shaved off his beard, the best known beard in the world today. George Bernard Shaw has a renowned crop of spinach, there's Supreme Court Justice Hughes, and the young Italian Air-Marshal Balbo, the explorer Sir Hubert Wilkins and others with notable bushy adornments. And, there's Santa Claus and the Smith Brothers. But for the past year no set of whiskers has been so famous in newspapers and newsreels as the stately black beard of Haile Selassie, the Negus Negusti, King of Kings, Lion of Judah, Emperor of Ethiopia.

There is no confirmation of the rumor that he has shaved em off. The first report came from the Italian side. Today's word from Rome adds insistent and precise-sounding details. The Italians say they know about it, because a native Ethiopian saw the King of Kings, shaved, smooth-faced. This Ethiopian told an Askari in an Italian native regiment. The soldier told his officer; the officer told a reporter and the reporter told the world. Further details

say that Haile Selassie got a shave and is fleeing in disguise, because of a trap set for him by a warlike Gallas. This sounds more plausible, as the Galla people are a subject race, and hate their Amhara overlords. Always have. There have been consistent reports of Galla uprisings against the defeated Ethiopian armies. So the question of Haile Selassie's beard is of international importance - indicating danger to the life of the Emperor, one of the prime figures in the world crisis. It also bears upon the possibility of a general uprising of the subject peoples against the Ethiopian government --a thing for which the Italians have been hoping.

SLAVE FROM MECCA

Fuad Hamzeh, Minister of Foreign Affairs for King Ibn Saud, visited the famous American University at Beirut, Syria. Fuad Hamzeh was accompanied by Sheik Abdullah, Saudian Minister of Defense for Holy Mecca. So impressed was the Sheik from the Sacred City of Islam, so impressed with what he saw of American education at Beirut, that he at once entered his son Mohammed, and his nephew, Abdul Aziz; and, even more remarkable, he entered one of his slaves as a student. Other Sheiks and Saids from the City of the Kaaba, Mecca, are sending their sons with Mohammed, Abdul Aziz and the slave, to that great American school in Beirut.

This little item interests me because it reminds us of what an important part that university plays in the life of the Near East. There are few universities on earth whose influence is greater than the one presided over by Bayard Dodge at the foot of the Lebanon Mountains, at the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

FIRESTONE

Back in Nineteen Twenty-Five and Six, the British formed a world-wide rubber combine, to put up the price. The product of the tropical tree jumped to a dollar and twenty-three cents a pound. And what could the Americans do about it? Our land produces most of the things needed for modern life - but not the tropical plant that gives rubber. Great Britain, with her vast equatorial empire, was able to manipulate a stranglehold. It looked that way - until one particular American arose and said, "No". He was a big-shot in the rubber industry, one of those rugged characters. He had battled his way up in the rough-and-tumble school of business, and was never known to shirk a fight - Harvey Firestone.

Born on a farm, his first job was - clerk in a coal company. Then he hit the road selling patent medicine - nostrums that would cure everything from a pain in the big toe to innocuous desuetude and cerebral strabissmus. After that, a job with a firm of carriage makers - but the firm went broke.

Then came the startling news - in Nineteen Five. The incredible report - that a certain Henry Ford, building those new-fangled automobiles, planned to turn out two thousand cars a year, and sell them at five hundred dollars a piece. All of those flivvers needed rubber tires, and Harvey Firestone got

the order. That started the tire rolling in a big way. The firm grew into a live industry. Today Harvey Firestone stands - one of the last of the old-time pioneers in business.

This, then, was the man who set out to break the British stranglehold on rubber, the international price-raising monopoly. His idea was - if we Americans can't grow rubber in our own country, let's find a land where we can. He looked up the tropics and selected the west African Republic of Liberia - that odd nation founded by former black slaves from the United States. There Firestone leased a million acres, and planted rubber. It was a bold experiment. There were international complications. There were industrial complications. It was a struggle for the world's supreme market in rubber - because out of every four pounds grown in the world, three pounds are consumed in the United States.

How has the adventure turned out? Well, we hear today - about Harvey Firestone. Not the industrial pioneer himself, but his son, a Vice-President of the Company. The younger man has just returned from a trip to Liberia. He went out there to

study the rubber experiment. He reports - fifty-five thousand acres intensely cultivated. A production - second or third largest in the world. He announces that as a result of his inspection - they are going to build a million dollar factory on the African coast, at Port Elizabeth, Liberia. That indicates how the adventure in rubber ~~has~~ is turned out.

GOLD

There's the glint of gold in the news tonight, a cheery gleam, also a melancholy glow. The cheer is - "hello". The melancholy is - "good-bye".

In California, it's "hello Jeystone!" The old Keystone gold mine, one of the fabulous ore deposits of yore. They struck gold in Eighteen Fifty-One and took seventeen million dollars out of it. Then for a long time it lay idle, a deserted mine. Now Keystone is going back into operation again. Explanation? The high price of gold, and new mining methods.

Tonopah - there are legends of gold and silver around that name. Recently, a couple of fellows are digging a ditch in their Tonopah, Nevada back yard. They struck ore worth from thirty-five to sixty dollars a ton. Then, a hundred feet xx away from that strike, two other fellows took a lease, and found a vein of ore. Today's news tells of a regular gold rush. They struck pay dirt fifty feet from the main business street, fifty feet from the Butler Theatre and from the Tonopah Fire Department.

The golden melancholy good-bye comes from Alaska. Any of us who have been up there in the old sour dough country,

will feel a ~~tinging~~ twinge of regret at the news. The Juneau Ferry and Navigation Company has gone out of business. What a legend goes with that, ~~it is~~, the Juneau ferry!

It seems to symbolize all the rough northern romance of the Alaskan mining camps. In Eighteen Eighty-Seven, when Captain John Martin started the ferry, he used to make the rounds of the saloons in Juneau and blow a fish horn, signalling - the boat is going. In gold rush days, the miners crossed in endless numbers between Douglas and Juneau, their ~~xxxxx~~ bags full of the precious dust. The blackjack game on the ferryboat was a saga of ~~three~~ the north - ten dollar gold pieces for chips. The boats crossed the Gastineau Channel ~~a~~ one million, one hundred and twenty-three thousand times during forty-eight years, without a mishap. But now the supreme mishap has occurred - a bridge! That's what licks a ferryboat. A modern Two hundred and fifty thousand dollar span has been built across the channel so the Juneau Ferry and Navigation Company is going out of business - auctioning off its one boat! up there in the Land of Gold.

BASEBALL

As the opening of the baseball season draws near, the newsman is inclined to talk about the star palyers in the big leagues. But let's not do that. Let's talk about the managers. That's suggested by a remark of Quentin Reynolds, the sports writer. He says that the managers are much more interesting than the players.

You can't escape the memory of John H. McGraw, the most vivid and picturesque of them all. A rollicking Irishman at times, but cold-blooded in baseball. And his successor Bill Terry is something like that too -- cold-blooded. A jolly fellow is Bill, but he'd fire his best friend if he thought it would help the team. Last season he put one of his pitchers to work as a bat-boy -- because the pitcher had failed to obey orders. And for hard-boiled discipline, take Rogers Hornsby. He believes in it and can enforce it. He thinks he can lick any man on the club, and doesn't hesitate to try. He's so strict he won't let a player read a newspaper in the clubhouse. Says it's bad for the batting eye. He doesn't mind about books. Because they haven't any books.

Micky Cochrane, of the Detroit world champions, goes in for the subtle thing -- pyschology. Quentin Reynolds, in

~~an article in this week's~~ a Collier's ~~Weekly,~~ article tells how Micky took drastic psychological measures with School Boy Rowe. The School Boy was in a pitching slump. Micky said -- "That guy's too good-natured, too easy-going to get the best out of his arm. He needs something to jar him and jangle his nerves."

So Cochrane told the other members of the team not to talk to the School Boy, never say a word to him, never answer a question or even make a remark about the weather. The silent treatment! School Boy Rowe stood ~~it~~ the icy, silent chill for two days. Then, half wild, he sent to Cochrane and demanded that somebody should speak to him, give him a warm word.

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Cochrane put him in to pitch ~~and~~ that afternoon, and the angry, nerve-strained School Boy tossed a shut-out. After that -- they talked to him plenty.

~~Now -- let's have the silent treatment right here, and --~~

~~SOLONG UNTIL TOMORROW.~~

POLETS

It's an odd thing - a family incorporating itself. Everybody in the clan, cousins, nephews and in-laws, turned into a corporation. That has been done by the Polet family of Seattle. Polet, Incorporated, has fifty-one members. The head of the concern is Alphonse LaSalle, known around Seattle as "the singing chef". When he cooks waffles, he warbles.

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This curious corporation had its inception with a mournful ceremony, the funeral of Michael DeCaro, a baritone of the Chicago Opera Company. DeCaro was related to the Polet family, one of the clan. And when he died they remembered how he owed his success to other people's money. To complete his operatic studies and get his chance in the world of song, he had borrowed from people outside ~~of~~ the family.

So at his funeral the Polets said - "that shall never happen again." They decided to incorporate themselves as a business concern to finance the musical talent of anyone connected with the~~ir family~~ clan. They are putting up an initial fund of five hundred dollars, and will chip in and increase it - for the greater musical glory of Polet, Incorporated. Ha-l-u-t-m

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