

UTILITIES

The picture of a big utilities battle in the courts certainly acquired a few more glaring strokes of color today with the government saying -- "Haul them before the Judge." The utilities companies are flocking to the rallying cry that the holding companies law is unconstitutional. One after another has said they won't register with the Securities Exchange Commission as the law requires. They won't hand in financial reports so that the Commission can decide which holding ~~xx~~ companies should be decapitated. The utilities people say, "why should we do that until we find out what the Supreme Court has to say about the law."

But the government comes right back with the declaration that it will start suit against all companies who fail to turn in their reports. Civil suits, however, not criminal prosecutions, for the present. That was made clear today.

ROOSEVELT

The date line for this next story is - Thanksgiving Day White House. The President is at Warm Springs, Georgia, where he'll celebrate the feast of gratitude. According to his yearly custom, he'll eat turkey with child infantile paralysis patients.

So, with the date line of Thanksgiving White House we'll observe that President Roosevelt is digging into those stories about big steel companies and bids on public works. It all comes out of the hullabaloo when it was found that steel for the Tri-Borough Bridge in New York had been bought from a German concern. Secretary Ickes spoke up, and they put an end to the German steel contract. The Secretary then made the ~~XXXX~~ accusation that the steel companies, in submitting bids to the Government, had been getting together and arranging the bids to suit their own convenience.

Now, the President has taken up the matter and today said - - investigate! The Federal Trade Commission

is to do the investigating.

The second presidential announcement from the Thanksgiving Day White House comes under the heading of - Navy. The civil head of the nation, who is also the Commander of the Fleet, decrees that we shall have Four thousand more gobs; the personnel of the Navy to be increased by that figure, which will boost its man power to a Hundred thousand. Also - a boost for the marine corps. A thousand more marines. There are now Sixteen thousand leathernecks. The President says ~~make it~~ ^{ill raise it to} Seventeen thousand.

More gobs and more marines, ~~we mean more money~~ ^{must eat more beans -- more dough,} So the

Government will tack an extra Three million, five hundred thousand Dollars to the Nineteen Thirty-six Budget to cover the cost.

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ITALIAN TRADE

There's no let up in the pressure ^{to} Washington is putting on trade with Italy. The latest is directed toward American shipping owners ^{who} ~~that~~ ^{owe} the government money. We have been hearing that angle for some time -- that the administration will refuse favors to those shipping companies that keep on ^{carrying} ~~bringing~~ to Italy supplies that come under the head of secondary war materials. Oil, for example. Today the Shipping Board passed out a strong hint to the ship owners saying -- "Just keep in mind that when you transport those secondary war materials to one of the belligerents, you are violating the spirit that's behind the American neutrality policy."

And that seems to produce quick results, because we hear of cancellations. Oil tankers about to sail for Italy -- held up, sailings cancelled.

The Italian government is deeply concerned about ^{all of} ~~this~~ ^{the} ~~government pressure about shipments.~~ Officials in Rome say that ~~xx~~ more and more ^{this} ~~is~~ lines the United States up with the League of Nations, puts us in the position of imposing those League sanctions on Italy. They are especially bothered by the prospect of the supply of American Oil being shut off. Their

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whole campaign in Africa is based on oil for tanks and planes.

If we cut off oil to the Italians, they will have trouble

finding any source of supply, because ~~all~~ other ^{supplies} ~~sources of~~

~~oil~~ are nearly all controlled by League members.

STORM

Instead of war news from Italy, of which there isn't anything much, let's look at death and destruction of another sort -- in southern Italy, a terrific wind, blasting the country. The Province of Catanzaro, well-known to many Italians in this country, was hit hardest. Officials reckon the sum total as twenty-five victims in all. But they are afraid it may run higher when they have accounted for the fishing boats at sea. Scores of craft were caught in the swirl of the storm as it raged over the Mediterranean.

Father
Halstead.

Nov. 22,
1935.

FATHER HUBBARD

Fire is hot and ice is cold. Volcanoes burn, while glaciers freeze. There's a giant volcanic eruption in Hawaii, and here sitting beside me is Father Hubbard, the Glacier Priest. What's the tie? Well, the remote and desolate Alaskan peninsula and the Aleutian Islands are in a region of both fire mountains and ice mountains. That happens to be the place where Father Hubbard has specialized in his explorations. Which makes the Glacier Priest an expert on volcanoes. So I want to ask him his opinion about the giant lava convulsion that tonight is making the sky red, in mid-Pacific.

FATHER HUBBARD: I wish you would tell me something about it, Mr. Thomas. I have been running around all day and haven't seen the late accounts of the eruption in Hawaii.

L.T.:- Well, for one thing, it's a vocal eruption to utter the name of that mountain - Mokuaweoweo. It's on the island of Hawaii, largest and southernmost of the group. Not the island on which Honolulu lies but on the one that also boasts of the historic volcano, Mauna Loa. Mokuaweoweo is the second largest

active volcano in the world today. It has a pit, second in size only to historic Mt. Vesuvius. So, today's eruption is a stupendous affair. It began with the usual roar and rumble of the earth. Rivers of molten lava pouring, flowing down the mountainside, two giant streams of lava. And they have been advancing at astonishing speed - fifteen miles in less than twenty four hours, one lava river headed for the City of Hilo, the other for the Kona coast. Today the fiery stream was within twenty-five miles of Hilo. The city hasn't been in such danger since Eighteen Ninety-Nine, when the lava came to within three miles. On the Kona side, the flaming river is sure to push across an important government road. A number of villages of the Hawaiians are fated to destruction. The United States coast guard ship, the TIGER, is standing along the coast, directing the work of getting the threatened population out of the doomed villages.

Old timers in the volcano region say they have never seen such a flood of lava, or such fiery speed. The sky reflects a crimson color, visible for sixty miles.

L. T.:- Is all of that according to your experience with volcanoes, Father Hubbard?

FATHER HUBBARD:- Yes. Three kinds are recognized - the flowing, the eruptive, and the intermediary. The Hawaiian volcanoes are of the flowing kind. The lava rises and breaks through the crater wall with a bit of explosion, but not much. The eruptive kind are Mount Pelee in the West Indies, and Krakatoa in the East Indies. They burst with terrific explosions, like monstrous bombs -- shattering and destroying. Mt. Vesuvius, for example, is of the intermediary type. Sometimes it has a lava flow, and sometimes it explodes as it did when Pompeii was overwhelmed.

The flowing type of volcano is naturally the least dangerous, and that's the saving grace in volcanic Hawaii. Of course there's always a danger that there may be a break and the sea water may pour into the terrific fires. Then there is a gigantic explosion. But the sea-sides of the Hawaiian Islands seem to be thoroughly cemented; closed tight through the ages. Not much chance of the water of the ocean getting into the fiery

heart of Mokuaweoweo. Lucky, that the mountains of Hawaii are not like those of the Alaskan peninsula.

L. T.: Up where you have spent so much time in recent years, Father. You've been in them during eruption, haven't you?

FATHER HUBBARD: Yes, we went right down in^{to}the crater of Aniakhak while the eruption was still going on. The volcanic put is an immense basin twenty-one miles in circumference. At one side of the crater floor, the explosion had blown a hole three miles around. And, from this vast hole, the flames spouted to towering heights, blowing ~~up~~ aloft a stream of cinders and stones. It had been going on incessantly for twenty-five days. When we got there, explosions were shooting out of the gaping hole a couple of times a day.

I had three geology students from California with me. We climbed down into the main volcanic basin, and made our way to that hole blown in the crater floor. It was a scene of stupendous desolation, rocks discolored by noxious gases. As we

went on, we saw dead birds, killed by the fumes. That gave us a shiver.

But, we saw insects flying, gnats and the familiar Alaskan mosquitoes. That encouraged us and we went ahead - to the edge of the gapping hole.

Suddenly there was a tremendous puff, and a cloud of brown gas was blown up, just like a brown smoke ring. It came drifting over us, and that's when we shivered the hardest. But we saw the gnats and mosquitoes still flying around. That meant the fumes were not so deadly. Those bugs were a blessing. The gas was a kind of hydrogen sulphide, had a dreadful smell, but not so dangerous.

L. T.: By the way, Father Hubbard, I haven't had a chance to say it's surprising to see you here. We heard some weeks ago that you had a bad plane crash in the Arctic, didn't know for sure that you were still alive.

FATHER HUBBARD: I heard that too -- plenty. I was deluged with

telegrams. But it wasn't I that had the crash. It was another fellow by the name of Hubbard - Percy Hubbard, the veteran northern flyer. He was badly injured. At that time we too were flying among the glaciers up there, but didn't have a mishap. So I'm back here in civilization as big as life, ready to lecture at Carnegie Hall, tomorrow night.

L.T.: Well, that was quite an adventure, Father, and particularly appropriate today. There's quite a string of adventure tales in the news. Here's one from San Francisco.

CLIPPER

Any catalogue of adventure, on even the most adventurous day, would give a banner headline to the wide wings that took to the sky on the Pacific Coast just a few minutes ago. Yes, The China Clipper is on her way, trans-Pacific -- to Asia. She made one sky voyage after another out over the space of the greatest of oceans, pushing her way from one island stop to another, Hawaii, Midway Island, and Guam -- test flights. Today she inaugurates the full trans-Pacific airline service, the first scheduled sky transport hop across the giant of oceans.

It's to include passenger service, but for this first hop there are no regular passengers aboard -- only freight, mail and crew, radio crew, flying crew. One of the biggest affairs for the United States mail, because it's a world event for stamp collectors. The Clipper carries tons of letters with their cancelled stamps, philatelic treasure.

At the controls is Captain Ed. Musick. What a veteran

he is! Pioneer of the airways; ten thousand flying hours; a million flying miles to his record -- but not one stunt. He never went in for stunt flying. And not one accident, ^{on his record sheet.} ~~still more important~~

Not only is Ed Musick sure of himself, but his wife is sure of him ^{too--} which is the more unusual sort of a thing. When he took the ~~giant~~ China Clipper on her great ~~px~~ pioneer flight to Hawaii some months ago, the Missus was in New York visiting her sister. The night when Ed was in the sky over the Pacific she called the air line and asked how the flight was going. And they said O.K.

She went to bed, and called the airline when she got up the next morning. That's how ^{confidant Ed Musick's} ~~calm the pilot's~~ wife is, as the Clipper steers ^{its pioneer} ~~a~~ course -- San Francisco, Hawaii, Wake Island, Guam, Manila, Canton ^{China.}

RUSSIAN FLIGHT

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The experts over in Sovietland are ^{just having} reported as ^{con-}firming ^{ed that} ~~the~~ latest altitude record. They examined the instruments of aviator Kokinako's plane and say he's correct when he says he achieved an altitude of forty-seven thousand, eight hundred and eighteen feet, a little more than nine miles. That figure is five hundred feet better than the previous record held by the Italian aviator Donati, who scaled to just below nine miles.

Of course, such altitudes don't sound like much beside our own ^{Capt.} ~~Commander~~ Stevens' upward trip of more than fourteen miles. But he did ^{his} ~~it~~ in a stratosphere balloon. ^{— heavier than air —} Airplanes [^] don't climb anything like as high.

INDIA

Here's adventure plus mystery, mystery that drifts in dim blankness from India. All Hindustan knows about it, yet knows next to nothing. The father's name - is a secret. The girl's name - is a secret. The name of the kidnapper - is a secret. Mystifying Oriental, quite in keeping with the strange and secret East.

Yet all of India knows there has been a kidnapping. Several days ago an advertisement appeared in newspapers of India. Inserted by the father, whom we'll have to call "Mr. X". He offered a reward of Seven thousand Dollars and expenses for the recovery of his daughter, whom we'll have to call "Miss Y". She is heiress to a personal fortune of more than Two hundred thousand Dollars. Several months ago she was ~~ad~~ abducted by a kidnapper whom we'll have to call "Mr. Z". The surmise was that Mr. Z carried Miss Y away across the Assam border into the jungles of Burma. So the father, Mr. X. called for amateur detectives to undertake the ~~xxx~~ search, and win the reward.

Father X, is no simple-minded Hindu, sending irresponsible people on a wild hunt. His advertisement specified

that each amateur detective must plunk down a deposit in cold cash, chilly rupees, to the amount of Thirty seven dollars.

Did that discourage the amateur detectives of fabulous Hindustan?

You can judge by this:- already four thousand Indian imitators of Sherlock Holmes have each put \$37 in rupees on the line.

They've deposited with the canny, fatherly Mr. X a total of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

So tonight that army of four thousand Shiva worshipping sleuths is on the manhunt, girl-hunt, trail - seeking Miss Y, kidnapped by Mr. Z. Directed by a woman appointed by the father, Mr. X. This lady commander of the girl-hunt is known to be a social worker, but her name is kept a secret. So I suppose having exhausted X, Y, Z - we'll have to call her "Mrs. A".

Which - mysteriously caps the ~~xx~~ secret climax. And,

SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.