

ETHIOPIA

C. J. - Lunoco. Thurs., Sept. 5, 1935.

Checked  
MBC

What Italy said yesterday, Italy dramatized today -- at Geneva. Yesterday, the Italian delegates presented a bitterly worded document to support their argument that Ethiopia is not a civilized country, has no right to belong to the League of Nations, and should not be treated as an equal by civilized governments. Today the debate at the League meeting continued. The spokesman for Ethiopia arose to present Haile Selassie<sup>side.</sup> As he took the floor and started to speak the Italian delegates arose and walked out of the hall. Baron Pompeo Aloisi<sup>Aloysi</sup>, chief of the Italy delegation said the walkout was to dramatize Italy's stand that Ethiopia is an outlaw among the nations and is not to be treated as an equal.

Yes, that's acting on what was said yesterday. And here's the gist of that Italian indictment of Ethiopia as the full report comes to us today.

Mussolini's document declares that Italy has for years tried to live in Peace with Ethiopia, but that the Ethiopians have violated all treaties and agreements, with a persistent hostility. The indictment relates that the greater part of the weapons and munitions the Ethiopians have procured in the years past were sold

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to them by Italy and that -- Ethiopia still owes most of the purchase price. In return the Black Kingdom has committed innumerable offenses against Italy -- so the document says. Maltreatment of Italians in Ethiopia and raids across the border into the Italian colonies.

Mussolini's "I accuse" goes on to state that the realm of the King of Kings was admitted to the League of Nations supported by Italy, on the promise to abolish slavery and conform to the usages of civilized nations. These ~~xxx~~ promises the Italians say have all been broken. They claim that Haile Selassie's edicts against slavery had been a meaningless matter of form, just lip service, and that slavery flourishes unchecked in Ethiopia. The document specified some atrocious sorts of slavery. It also mentions the Gebbar System, an Ethiopian form of service, claimed to be just another kind of slavery. The charges go on by enumerating barbarous punishments, prisoners chained so that they are bent double for years, a woman buried up to her neck for three days before being killed, an offender wrapped in ~~xxxxx~~ paraffin and burned as a ~~living~~ living torch. And even cannibalism is charged.

So these are the accusations on which Italy bases its demand that Ethiopia shall be expelled from the League of Nations -- accusations that were put into action when the Italians walked out on the Ethiopian speech of defense today.

## SEA

The main theme tonight is - the sea, ~~the wide space~~  
~~of perilous ocean~~, and the adventures of the folk <sup>who</sup> ~~that~~ sail on  
the sea. With the Dixie <sup>still</sup> the big headline of the day, the news  
brings us a whole series of tales of the briny deep.

The Dixie news is so good, it's almost no news. Just  
plain, unexciting, but the more interesting for all that. No  
thrills, no drama. Everything okay, with a sprained ankle or two  
the nearest thing to <sup>a</sup> tragic <sup>situation</sup> ~~agitation~~.

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Last night, of course, there was suspense and peril -  
as a hundred and ten passengers and fifty-four members of the crew  
were taken off the Dixie by surrounding ships. All the elements  
of heroic rescue. The sea ~~was~~ running wild, and each lifeboat  
trip ~~was~~ an adventure of wind and waves - until finally the sea  
rose so high, with blasts of wind and a drenching downpour, that  
the rescue work had to be stopped. No more people could be taken  
off the Dixie.

When day came there was a swift change. The weather  
calmed down, the sky was sullen and threatening, but the sea ~~was~~  
moderate - <sup>the storied calm that follows the</sup> ~~exceedingly moderate after all that hurricane~~ tempest.

*This morning*

1 Captain Sundstrom called for volunteers to man the first lifeboat.

The boat put out and had no trouble at all. Other lifeboats followed. And it all turned into a commonplace bit of routing<sup>e</sup> work. The remaining passengers aboard the Dixie were taken off and transferred to the rescue ships with ease. It took a mere two hours and fifty minutes. Captain Sundstrom remains aboard with sixty-seven of his crew to look after the grounded vessel.

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There's all the look of a miracle in these two main facts:- First - a crowded passenger ship caught in the lash of a dreadful West Indian hurricane and hurled on a reef. Second - ~~that~~ not a life lost, only minor injuries, the passengers taken to Miami in excellent shape. The Captain seems to have been hurt as badly as any, and he has only a banged up leg. And the ship itself seems not to be so seriously damaged. And they say ~~the~~ *her* hold, wedged on the reef and battered for two days by hurricane seas, is tight and almost free of water. The upper part of the ship was deluged by the towering waves that broke over her, but the hold remains comparatively dry.

The human side of this story of shipwreck sums itself

up in one word - courage. Courage of the officers, of the crew, of the passengers. There's praise all around. The officers and crew were calm and matter of fact, and went about their business in a skillful matter of fact way - encouraging the passengers, feeding them, preparing them for the rescue. The passengers themselves were cool and brave, singing songs. A priest led a prayer. Yet they passed through one night of unmitigated horror - a nightmare of hardship, when they believed that they were surely doomed.

And that's the only dramatic thing to be told today, the stories were related by the rescued passengers of how they huddled on the deck in a hurricane blast of wind that nearly blew them overboard - and in the drenching sweep of waves and rain. The cabins were flooded as the towering combers engulfed the ship. No sleeping in the drenched bunks as the water poured in and flooded the staterooms. They tell how the ship was struggling through the hurricane, beaten and battered - and then the sudden shivering shock. Then they realized the engines had stopped. And the Dixie was aground on a reef in one of those wild West

Indian tempests that are the terror of the waters of this hemisphere.

One of the heroes of the epic of the Dixie was Henry Treger, an N. B. C. radio engineer. He came in mighty handy when the hurricane blew away the radio antenna and a new one had to be rigged up. The N. B. C. engineer tells how for a while they couldn't get to the radio room, because it was impossible to stand on the deck against the blasting hurricane. "The wind," he says, was driving a hundred and thirty miles an hour, and the rain was hitting like a barrage of bullets." Then, in the wind and storm, they managed to climb the outside smoke stack ladder and fasten the end of the antenna to the whistle. That's how they managed to flash the distress signals, the signals that brought rescue. A rescue so well done that it ends with hardly a thrill.

DORIC FOLLOW SEA

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You'd think that one rescue at sea would be enough for any day, but here's another. It happened off the coast of Portugal. The British liner Doric, with seven hundred and thirty-six passengers aboard, was steaming along, returning from a Mediterranean cruise. Smack, bang, and she collided with a French steamer, ~~the Fernigny~~. The Doric was rammed just below the waterline, her number three hold crashed and flooded. There was plenty of excitement aboard, because a number of the Doric's passengers had been in another crash and collision about three weeks ago. They were aboard the Laurentic, when that liner had a collision with a freight ship and was badly banged up, <sup>costing</sup> ~~with the~~ ~~loss of~~ the lives of several of her crew. Two collisions at sea within a brief time are rather severe on the nerves of any passenger.

But nothing tragic happened today, unless you'd call the expense to the Cunard Line tragic. Distress signals brought rescue ships swiftly to the scene, and the transfer of the passengers immediately began. Not that there was any grave danger. The Doric was not sinking. She might have limped safely into port with



all her passengers aboard, but the Captain decided not to take any chances, not to fool around. So the seven hundred and thirty-six passengers piled into lifeboats and were put aboard the British Oriental liner ~~xxxx~~ Viceroy of India and the British steamship Orion.

Right now the Doric, with her full crew aboard, is steaming for port, crawling along under her own steam.

The Astors and guests were just finishing breakfast when the explosion occurred. A passing power boat came rushing to the rescue and took the party off the disabled craft.

It wasn't so placid for the Placidia. In fact that tranquilly named pleasure barge hasn't been having such a tranquil for some time now.

She's a thirty-eight year old wisen yacht and used to be called the Laurien. She was bought this summer by John Jacob Astor. He paid a thousand dollars for the then named Laurien, which is cheap for an Astor yacht. The bearer of the fabulous multi-billionaire Astor name must have thought he was getting a

ASTOR FOLLOW DORIC

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Next we have a yacht, and the legendary millionaire name of Astor. It turns out today that the John Jacob Astors and their guests narrowly escaped death <sup>when they had that</sup> ~~or injury when there was~~ an explosion ~~aboard their pleasure craft.~~ At first it looked more like a rather comic misadventure, but <sup>later</sup> ~~today's~~ reports indicate that it <sup>was a close call.</sup> ~~might have been serious.~~

Two boiler tubes blew up on the Placidia, as she was ~~about~~ cruising in Narraganset Bay. The Astors and guests were just finishing <sup>a meal</sup> ~~luncheon~~ when the explosion <sup>occurred.</sup> ~~went bang.~~ A passing power boat came rushing to the rescue and took the party off the disabled craft.

So it wasn't so placid for the Placidia. In fact that tranquilly named pleasure barge hasn't been having such a tranquil for some time now.

She's a thirty-eight year old steam yacht and used to be called the Laurion. She was bought this summer by John Jacob Astor. He paid a thousand dollars for the then named Laurion, which is cheap for an Astor yacht. The bearer of the fabulous multi-millionaire Astor name must have thought he was getting a

bargain. <sup>she wasn't such a bargain</sup> Maybe ~~the bargain wasn't so good~~ when he got through reconditioning the ancient vessel, with changes and repairs, to make the Laurion worthy of the Astor name. When that was all done, a <sup>dire</sup> ~~terrible~~ blow descended. The Steamboat Inspection Service refused to grant sailing papers. The inspectors said the Laurion, for all the fixing up, was unseaworthy. So John Jacob Astor had to do some more fixing up, and finally got the Laurion in such shape that the steamboat inspection said okay.

Then he changed her name, and rechristened her the Placidia expecting now that all would be placid. But all was not placid, when with a ~~high society Astor~~ <sup>of twelve people</sup> yachting party, <sup>of twelve people</sup> aboard, the boiler tubes blew up and narrowly missed blowing up the whole party.

LIGHTSHIP follow Astor

Our last sea story concerns the <sup>famous</sup> Nantucket Lightship.

It's an old story, the lonely lives led by those lighthouse and lightship keepers, isolated from everything. This time it's the case of a lightship man who got a radio message that his father had died. What could he do? Well, in this case, James Demain hitch-hiked by sea.

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He radioed to the superintendent in Boston asking whether he could take a couple of days off and go to the funeral in Melrose, Massachusetts. The reply said: "Okay, if you can find a way to get there." No way for the lighthouse service to send a boat for him.

So Demain followed the example of the hitch-hiker along the road who waves <sup>his</sup> to a car for a ride. He climbed to the turret of the ~~gii~~ light-ship and started to hitch-hike passing vessels. He did it with a megaphone. Lots of boats go by the Nantucket Lightship and he hollered his lungs out. The bellow over the sea stopped a freighter bound from Porto Rico to Boston.

<sup>Q</sup>  
~~The~~ boat came over and fetched him and took him on to Boston.

Hitch-hiking on the deep blue.

That's the end of our sea stories. So let's go to the thing that started us off on this oceanic theme -- the hurricane.

## HURRICANE

President Roosevelt took action this afternoon and has ordered an inquiry. He has sent word to General Frank Hines and Harry Hopkins, head of the F.E.R.A. to name a board of investigation. Of course, there's no use to have a probe or an inquest into the whys and wherefores of a hurricane. The President wants to know the reason for the loss of <sup>all</sup> those veterans on the Florida Keys. Why wasn't something done in advance? The Hurricane didn't hit by surprise. A hurricane never does in these days of ~~the~~ *scientific* ~~meteorological~~ meteorological service. The Weather Bureau did its work and gave advance word of the terrible storm. So why weren't the veterans taken from those exposed camps on the Florida coast before the wind came smashing; and why weren't preparations made in advance, preparations of safety? ~~precautions?~~ That's what the inquiry is to find out.

## ADD HURRICANE

The hurricane dead are still unnumbered. Estimated figures run from two hundred to five hundred - but the Red Cross puts it three hundred. But the scenes of terror are only too clearly described, bodies strewn along the coast, even hanging in trees. Improvised morgues. Survivors injured, survivors stunned by the terror of the wild storm.

The disastrous wind after sweeping up the west coast of Florida kept on into Georgia. That state today was getting its dose of hurricane. But the velocity was diminishing. Georgia gets only a hint of what they got farther South, yet, it's a vivid hint. Towns in South Georgia plunged into darkness and isolated as the storm broke down electric lines. Streets strewn with fallen trees. Automobiles blown into ditches. Rain in drenching torrents, floods. And heavy damage to the cotton crop.

FOKKER

Remember the name of Fokker during the World War, when  
the Germans were scouring the sky in those <sup>speedy, manoeuvrable</sup> Fokker planes?

Well, we're going to have that same name in the  
Washington headlines. Anthony Fokker has been in the airplane  
business over here for some years past. Senator Nye, Chairman  
of the Munitions Inquiry, has been trying to get the airplane  
designer to do a bit of testifying about some war plane deals.  
The Senator was informed today that his agents finally had been  
able to slap a subpoena on the man whose name was a sky terror  
during the World War. So Tony Fokker will be heard  
from soon.

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AUTOMOBILE

In California a mining prospector walked into a police station to report that somebody had stolen his car. The cops asked him - what was in it?

"Well, nothing much of any value," replied the prospector.

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"Just <sup>a lot</sup> ~~forty sticks~~ of dynamite."

So the police are out hunting cautiously, worrying about what may happen with crooks dashing about and maybe getting into some gun play in that <sup>If a bullet ripped into that car they'd</sup> high explosive bomb on wheels. ~~They'd~~ come to an end quicker than I could say -

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SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.