

ETHIOPIA

The Nobel Peace Prize this year; none at all. The Committee at Stockholm announces that no Nineteen thirty-five Peace Prize will be awarded.

That's the aptest comment anybody could make on the scene that appears in the news today, a scene in northern Ethiopia. A great encampment in a valley between lines of steep hills. Fifteen thousand Ethiopian troops in the valley. On the high overlooking hills bristling machine guns and anti-aircraft guns. These are to protect the Ethiopian camp from air attack.

Then a roar in the north! The planes are coming! It's the desperate squadron, twenty-fighting planes, each with a death's head for an insignia - led by Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law. They swoop to the attack in single file, one after another. They dive into the deep valley and skim the ground, bombing and machinegunning. The anti-aircraft guns and machine guns, posted strategically on the nearby hilltops, reply with a withering hail of fire. They don't have to shoot upward at a steep angle, they can blaze away with level aim, sometimes actually

shooting downward at air planes, as those planes sweep along in the valley below. Anti-aircraft shells rip through wings. Machinegun bullets clip the bodies of the bombers.

The camp in the valley is in a panic. Tents burst into a blaze! The packed mass of fifteen thousand Ethiopian soldiers scatter to cover. The bombs burst among them. The machine gun bullets from the low flying planes rake them.

Rome describes it as the greatest air battle since the World War. One of the strangest of air battles -- sky against earth. Anti-aircraft fire shooting downwards at air raiders.

The planes make two attacks, swoop, return upward, get into formation, and swoop again. Every plane struck by the cross-fire from the hilltops, some of the planes hit a score of times. Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, has the gas tank of his ship punctured by a bullet. The gas leaks in a stream. He's out of the fight, turns back, gets to the Italian lines, and makes a forced landing. Nobody hurt.

Each of Mussolini's two sons shoots away all his machine gun ammunition, and then opens fire with rifles. Firing from

planes with rifles.

But the thriller was in plane Number Five, piloted by Baron Orsini. The mechanic was working a machine gun. An Ethiopian bullet hit him and shattered his leg. He kept on firing. The machine gun jammed. Despite his broken leg, he

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climbed into the upper machine gun post, and continued to fire until his superior officer ordered him down. A bullet clipped the gas tank. The gas was draining away. The relief pilot climbed in a position and held his finger over the bullet hole, stopping the leak during the return flight.

No one killed among the sky fighters, ~~and~~ They estimate ^{that} they inflicted Two thousand casualties on the Ethiopians ~~when the planes raided the~~ ^{en} camp ^{ed} in the valley.

This blazing episode of ultra-modern war ~~now~~ seems likely to be a prelude for the first big battle on the northern front. All accounts seem to indicate that the Ethiopians are prepared to throw the full weight of their resistance against the Italian advance. Ras Seyoum ^a is said to have pushed through the Italian line at a point where ^{there is a gap.} ~~it is not yet hooked up~~ That would put him in the rear of the enemy forces. And, the Emperor Haile Selassie has left Addis Ababa by plane, his destination kept secret, but it is believed that he has gone to the northern front to take the supreme command of the big battle.

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In Rome Mussolini keeps up his bold ~~front~~ of defiance

in the face of the world - with his own sanctions against the League sanctions; his one nation saying, "If all of you fifty are out to boycott me, I'll boycott you." They've now extended that to a point of warning to the United States - that if we cut off more supplies to Italy beyond the munitions specified right now by our Neutrality Law, well they won't buy anything at all from us.

By the way Marconi was scheduled to broadcast to America today. But he couldn't. The British wouldn't let him -- wouldn't give him re-broadcast facilities. Inventor of radio can't broadcast.

Meanwhile, Mussolini seems to expect the end of the whole business, war and everything, by Christmas. One report is that negotiations are going on, busy and earnest, between Great Britain, France and Italy. And, they say - that's why Mussolini kept such a heavy police and military check on the wild, angry demonstrations in Italy yesterday - Sanctions Day. Because, he expects that everything will be settled peaceably and reasonably by Christmas. Reminding us, of Henry Ford's old World War ambition

of getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas.

So no wonder the Committee at Stockholm has announced

- no Peace Prize to be awarded for Nineteen thirty-five!

JAPAN

Tomorrow -- is the word. Not any Mexican "Manana," but a Japanese "tomorrow." November Twentieth. I don't know how accurately the dope drifting in from the Far East will work out, but it's precise and insistent -- that the date for Japan to take over the five Northern provinces of China has been set. A high Chinese official, ^Vvery much in the thick of the Japanese plan, declares that the date for Japan's seizure of Northern China has long been fixed -- tomorrow, November Twentieth. Well, we shall see.

Anyway, the stage is set. Japan demands that those five Northern provinces of China shall declare their independence, and become a new nation -- under Japanese auspices, just as in the case of Manchukuo. They constitute a huge teeming populous area, five hundred thousand square miles, nearly a hundred million people. And the land is the heart of ancient traditional China, the Valley of the Yellow River.

Tokyo's plan, as tentatively sketched, is that the five provinces shall combine under a new government to be run by what will be called, "an anti-communist commission." This to illustrate

Japan's contention that she is acting against the menace of Chinese communism. The new autonomous state will not be considered as separated from China; but would be entirely independent of the Chinese Government at Nanking. It would in fact, be under the dominance of Tokyo. The Japanese have extensive plans to tie the whole thing up, financially and economically, with Manchukuo and with Japan.

Nippon means business. The Tokyo generals have eleven divisions of troops in Northern China. And they'll say "march," if the Chinese authorities of the Five Provinces show any sign of balking.

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But what does China mean? That's shrouded in a good deal of Oriental mystery, with one vivid indication coming to light today. It is known that the Nanking Government is ^{divided.} ~~is in a~~. One party can't see any use in trying to stop Japan. The other party wants to fight. ~~It~~ Today Chiang Kai-shek, the big chief of the Nationalist Government spoke his piece. He addressed ~~the~~ ^{of the} Congress, Kuomintang, at Nanking. His declaration was a thing of sliding evasion. On one hand he said he hoped the governors of the five provinces would remain loyal to China. But on top of that he added what sounds like a phrase of surrender:- "The hour," declared Chiang Kai-shek, "the hour of eventual sacrifice has not yet arrived." Which sounds like a hint that the Chinese Government will not ~~not~~ oppose the Japanese, when they lop off Northern China.

Japan is moving ~~will~~ while the West is in trouble. While the League of Nations is imposing the sternest punishment on Italy for trying to grab Ethiopia, Japan is grabbing China. The League did nothing when Tokyo ~~seized~~ ^{seized} Manchuria a couple of years ago. China appealed in vain. What would the League do now, if China ~~could~~ ^{sh} appeal once more? It would be most ^{embarrassing.} ~~a~~

And what would we do if the five provinces should disagree with Tokyo and the Japanese generals should send those eleven divisions marching? We put our neutrality into effect when Mussolini similarly sent his divisions marching. We're now thinking of cutting off more supplies to the belligerents. But, suppose Japan should become a belligerent in China?

Questions for statesmen to answer.

All of which adds interest to an announcement in Washington today an announcement naming the delegates to the London Naval Conference which opens on December Fifth. Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy will have their delegates on the job. And so will we -- Norman Davis, Ambassador at Large, William Phillips, Undersecretary of State and Admiral Standley, Chief of Naval Operations - as rumored before. President Roosevelt selected them and told about it today.

George
McManus.

Nov. 14, 1935.

GEORGE McMANUS

And now, let's bring up father. Let's bring him up to the mike. He's sitting here as broad, expansive and jolly as Jiggs himself -- i.e. Jiggs when Maggie isn't around. Yes, George McManus on the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of that scrappiest of married couples - Jiggs and Maggie.

L.T.:- How did those two ever get hitched up, George? What fascinations did Jiggs see in Maggie? And what manly charms did Maggie see in Jiggs?

GEORGE McMANUS: That's a tough question to ask, Lowell, of any couple that's celebrating their Twenty-fifth Anniversary. Twenty five years is a long time married. But it all goes back to more than thirty years ago, when a thirteen year old boy^{he} was sitting in a school room, and wasn't minding his arithmetic book. He certainly deserved a licking. He was just finishing a sketch of a red-headed, freckle-faced kid in the next aisle, when the teacher noticed what^{he}/was doing. She had an icy look in her eye,

and she told the boy to come forward with the offending piece of paper. When she saw the sketch, she became still more icy. Then in that boy's desk she found a whole stack of cartoons he had been making -- neglecting his spelling and grammar all the time. She glared at the lad. That was how I first ~~attracted~~ attracted public attention as a cartoonist. I knew I deserved a licking, and expected the teacher to give it to me. But she did worse than that. She decided to let my father apply the strap, which he certainly could so. So she sent him that unfortunate collection of sketches. My father looked them over and called me. I could only admit I was guilty, and was waiting for the strap. But, instead, he took me right down to the office of the St. Louis Republic, and showed the editor the sketches, and they gave me a job as an office boy, with a little drawing to do on the side. That's how I became a cartoonist.

L. T.:- But how did you meet Jiggs and Maggie? Socially?

And was Maggie balling out Jiggs at the time? Is it true that Jiggs is a sketch of yourself?

McMANUS: No, he's old Bill Barry, the best Irish comedian of his day. I was tickled pink with his acting in a play called "The Rising Generation," and saw it again and again. It was a skit about an old Irishman always troubled by the social ambitions of his womenfolk. So I modelled Jiggs on old Bill Barry as he played the corned beef and cabbage husband. Twenty-five years ago today Jiggs and Maggie made their first appearance in the funny ~~xx~~ papers.

L.T.:- Yes, the Silver Anniversary of the most successful comic strip running today. And how are you celebrating tonight, George?

McMANUS: With the Banshees, Lowell. That's ^anew organization of New York wits: Bugs Baer, Bob Ripley, Damon Runyon, Jack Dempsey, Aylesworth of N.B.C., you yourself, and so on. They're meeting at the Waldorf tonight. And I'll tell those birds that in every one of them, and in every man, there's a bit of Jiggs. And in every women, there's a bit of Maggie.

L.T.:- That ought to cheer us all. We're all just Jiggs and Maggie, the whole human race!

BASEBALL

Briggs of the Tigers - that's the word in baseball tonight. The Detroit Tigers have a new owner: and his name is Jiggs -- Briggs - Walter Briggs, manufacturer of auto bodies. Money made from his body works. He's not new in the affairs of the Detroit diamond. He was already a partner in the ownership of the Tigers - with Frank Navin, who died last week. So now Walter Briggs has bought his share. "I know of no better way to pay a tribute to Frank's memory as an old friend and an associate," he says.

The new boss of the Tigers is fifty-eight, and rich. Once he was young and poor. He went to work on the Michigan Central Railroad when he was only fourteen and made his first step upward when he became foreman of the car department. From railroad cars to motor cars. Now a magnate in the automobile body industry.

black body suddenly became tense. The long, brawny right arm flashed a lightning swing -- a wild one, but it caught Kid Savage square on the button, and out he went.

Tonight the report from a Harlem hospital is Sam Langford ~~still~~ in a serious condition, but ^{maybe he'll} ~~he'll probably~~ pull through. ~~Because~~ Old Sam, ~~while he~~ could glimpse just enough eyesight thirteen years ago to launch a knockout haymaker, ^{but} ~~at~~ this time he couldn't see enough to tell a red light from ^a green. So a taxi hit him. A few years ago he had gone stone blind, but a charity affair was held. The surgeon operated and gave him back a little of the light of day. But not enough for him to see ~~now~~ that the traffic light was red. And a taxi cab was coming.

And a-l-u-t-m.

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