

Comment.
W.C.

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY:-

Let's begin with a paradox. It's ^a contrast of dark war clouds on one hand and some insurance rates on the other.

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The international crisis, after brightening up for a while has been taking on a more ominous look in the past few days as the time of sanctions, economic penalties, comes closer and grows more real for Italy. Today we have Great Britain refusing in more decisive terms than ever ~~that she will not~~ ^{to} withdraw any part of her giant fleet from the Mediterranean. And we have London pressing Paris once more ~~now~~ about whether France will help the British fleet with ^{French men-o-war and} ~~her own fleet and with~~ naval bases, in case of ^{a clash.} ~~war~~

The League of Nations is setting the zero hour for the clamping on of sanctions that they hope will strangle Italy. ^{But the Vatican} ~~The And~~ ^{apparently will be exempt.} Geneva ^{is} talking about having its host of member nations withdraw their ambassadors and ministers from Rome. They're ^{even} thinking about stopping tourists from going to Italy.

In Rome the reaction to the tightening tension is an outbreak of violence. A stormy crowd of students began by yelling in a demonstration before the ^{British Embassy. Then they advanced on stores} ~~British stores~~ British or believed to be British. "Down with England," they shouted, and smashed a big lamp in front of a Roman tea room ~~x~~ that wasn't English at all. It was Italian, just some signs in English. Next a night club, ~~really~~ operated by English, and Americans. The mob would have smashed the ~~x~~ windows but before they got there the managers pulled down the iron shutters and stopped that. Iron shutters are common for protection in Italy, reminders of the street rioting tradition descended from the old day^s of turbulent city states, [^] Florence, Milan, Venice.

The students had previously been addressed by Mussolini, who spoke flaming defiance. He shouted that the

world should be ashamed of "the experiments that ~~are~~^{is} being tested today for the first time against Italy." And he declared "implacable resistance" against that experiment. He spoke of the League of Nations cohorts as "a coalition of egotist and plutocratic powers vainly attempting to halt the steps of young Italy."

Such are the darkening war clouds. Now the contrast-- the insurance rates. They come from our old acquaintance, Lloyds ~~in~~ London. Lloyds gives us "some new odds on war." Instead of being more threatening -- the ~~gi~~ figures are just the reverse. According to the Great British insurance institution, an international conflict is much more of a long shot ^{much more remote} than it was some days ago. Previous odds were eleven to seven against England getting into ^a war. Now those odds have ~~h~~ changed to eleven to one. A little while ago if you wanted to take out a policy with Lloyds, insuring you against ^{war} between major powers you'd have paid a fifteen percent premium. Now the premium has been cut to ten percent, ~~a fifty percent drop~~

What's the reason for the paradox? What peaceful sign does Lloyds see? Maybe it's because France and England have ~~now~~ drawn so much closer together, ^{to the point of} almost an armed alliance.

Supposedly, France wouldn't go into such an alliance with any intention of plunging into war with Italy. So, we hear Premier Laval declaring today in a definite voice -- a peace compromise will be made. And ~~xx~~ chiming in along with that Italy announces her will ~~xx~~ to negotiate. An Italian spokesman at Geneva said Baron Aloisi was coming back to the League with a compromise in mind. British Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, answered that by saying that England would like to try out peace possibilities before the boycott is slapped on Italy.

ETHIOPIA

A battle is reported on the southern front in Ethiopia.

~~The~~ Italian headquarters claim^s a victory, say^s their troops pushed aside the African resistance and kept advancing.

On the northern front, they report the capture of an important stronghold, a natural fortress, without resistance.

7P On the Ethiopian side, the government of the King of Kings announces the capture of an Italian tank, one of those little scooters. In it they found a single Italian officer, half dead with thirst. He was wandering around in his one-man tank ^{*looking for water.*} ~~living quarters~~. So they gave him a gallon or so to drink, and put him in chains in a tent. Water and chains. I'll bet the thirsty officer didn't mind.

ADDIS ABABA

Addis Ababa - news from the war haunted city. A sound of a chant, a song of crackling consonants that goes like this:- "Ka-ka-ka-Katie, Beautiful Katie."

We hear about this in the course of a bit of news that tells of a boom in the hotel business at Addis Ababa. The hotel business consists of one hotel, the Imperial. The Imperial consists of a rickety, ramshackle edifice that over here might have trouble qualifying as a barn. It has no heat. During the rainy season, the guests shiver. The hotel-keeper is a Greek - not surprising. Nor is it surprising that his name is George -- George Mendrakos. Let's call him "George-the-Greek" for short.

The Imperial at Addis Ababa may be no Waldorf and George-the-Greek may be no Oscar, but the Imperial is cleaning up -- financially. The diplomats and their families that have remained in Haile Selassie's capital find time heavy on their hands. Then, there are a lot of newspaper correspondents and newsreel cameramen. You know what that means - night life in

Addis Ababa. Every night there's a banquet. And George-the-Greek finds ways of producing caviar and champagne that later will not appear on the expense accounts.

The other night one of these parties nearly wrecked the hotel. The high spot was an uproarious few hours of barber shop harmony. A high soprano note was heard capping every climax. It emanated from one of the blue blood hostesses of the diplomatic set. They roared and sputtered, "Ka-Ka-Ka-Katie, Beautiful Katie". It rang an echo into the Ethiopian night.

At the door were gathered a crowd of blacks, some of those fierce tribesmen, wild for war, that we've been hearing about. They were grinning from ear to ear, and having a wonderful time. And George-the-Greek claims that the next day he heard a tribal warrior sauntering along and singing, "Ka-Ka-Ka-Katie". Well, there's something musically appropriate about it, Ka-Ka-Ka-Katie in Addis Ab-ba-ba-Baba!

WALKER

Jimmy Walker's home-coming was loud and noisy, but by no means a popular ovation. His friends were on the job with shouts and brass bands, but the public didn't turn out in hundreds of thousands.

And Jimmy didn't wisecrack. He was sentimental. About those sidewalks of New York sung by Al Smith, the one-time Mayor of those sidewalks said: "I love every cobblestone of this City."

When somebody shouted: "Jimmy will be our next Mayor", the former Mayor responded that New York didn't mean City Hall to him any more. "I love this place, my home", he said. And, he said it in that Home-Sweet-Home tone of voice, all in a rawther British accent, by Jove.

In the dead of night two men were driving along in a car in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. They kept their eyes open warily. They knew they had no business in the Brownsville section. You know -- the law of the gang, with districts divided up between the mobs; and the slogan is "keep out." The two men in the car had police records. They also had worse than that chalked up against them -- gang enmities, gang vengeance. They had it "coming to them" from the Brownsville mob. So no wonder they were on the lookout as they drove through the forbidden territory.

^{Then}
~~And~~ they saw something, a car -- a car behind them, following them. ~~They knew what that meant, and they stepped~~ on the gas. ~~The second car was close behind them now.~~ They expected a blaze of guns ~~at any moment.~~ Step harder on the gas.

There was a wild chase through the streets. The two men knew all about recent gang killings, extermination, swift death. In terror they drove faster, the longer the chase lasted, the more the ⁱⁿ suspense was dragged out. Fear was becoming maddening, for the car behind kept following, as inexorable as doom.

Block after block they drove, turn after turn they made. Then they began to breathe more easily. Their blood ceased to run with such a chill for they were coming into a zone of safety. They smiled, they were confident now. They were approaching the intersection of Bergan Street and Carlton Avenue. Safe? Of course. Right ahead was Brooklyn Police Headquarters. No their gang enemies wouldn't dare ~~to~~ kill them in ^{that} police-swarming zone.

But the other car still followed. ^{Yes, and} Look, it was putting on a burst of speed. It drew up ^{alongside,} ~~beside them,~~ and forced them to the curb and their terror was more delirious than ever. Two men jumped out of the pursuit car, covering them with drawn pistols. Pale, trembling, the frightened pair raised their shaking arms.

"Give us a break," they begged. "We didn't mean nothing, we'll stay out of Brownsville."

The reply came in a snarling voice:—"You're under arrest."

They felt like screaming for joy, it was the happiest ^{of} ending^s for them. It was only this -- they were ^{merely} arrested in connection with the sensational murder of the two Amberg Brothers in

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New York's gang war. They were taken to jail, sighing with relief. One of them exclaimed joyfully:- "I'm safe from being knocked off anyway."

Today they were questioned by the Brooklyn District Attorney about the Amberg murders. They said they knew nothing. Did that get them off? Not at all. They're being held on vagrancy charges. Still haunted by visions of their gang enemies, they beamed with smiles when they were ordered back to jail as mere bums.

DOLE

From Washington a repetition of just one word -- jobs, jobs, jobs. Millions back to work.

Just a glance at the basic philosophy of the Administration program -- abolish unemployment by putting the jobless to work for the government. Stop giving a relief dole to the needy, by putting them to work and giving them government pay checks.

The President demands that the Four Billion Dollar Public Works Program shall put an end to all federal dole-giving by December First. That means, putting Three and a half million of the unemployed to work on government projects.

Well, Harry Hopkins, head of the Works Progress Administration, makes the statement. "By tomorrow Two million persons on the government payroll. And by November fifteenth another million and half." That totals up to Three and a half million, the figure set in the first place.

EARTHQUAKE

An earthquake in Helena, Montana. That sounds like news days ago. But it's today's tidings. Another quake that shook the city violently. Store-fronts crashed out onto the sidewalks. All over the place broken glass came clattering out of windows. Plaster crashed from ceilings in offices.

There were some injuries, and there was plenty of fear. People rushed out of doors thinking that this time the whole town was toppling down. And the bitter cold wave they're having in the west added to the difficulty and discomfort.

Three distinct tremors were felt, and then the troubled earth became quiet.

But that's only the Helena part of it. The quake was felt at Butte, and in Idaho. Spokane, was jarred. And to the north at Calgary, in Alberta, the quake knocked furniture about in houses.

In the eastern states the earth isn't doing any quaking, but the waters are doing a bit of flooding - in upper New York State. Rain for days; rivers rising, pouring over into cities. Nothing more serious than flooded streets thus far.

L.T. AND TED PEARSON

L.T.:- Some late bits here, so I think I'd better signal a distress call to Ted Pearson, while I sort them out. So, Ted, will you take the mike for ten seconds, while I look things over? But only ten seconds!

TED:- All right, Lowell. All I'll say is that tonight's the kind of Fall evening when the temperature may drop, and turn your motor oil into a sticky glue-like mass that delays snappy action. Sunoco 20-W Motor Oil is the lubricant to use now.

FOLLOW TED PEARSON

Thanks Ted. Here are a few brevities, ~~I picked out,~~

The people of Budapest are worrying a little ~~tonight~~ because of the stand their government ^{is taking} ~~took today~~ on the question of sanctions.

Not sanctions against Italy, sanctions against Hungary. ~~There's~~

There has been talk that the League might penalize Hungary for refusing to join up in punishing Italy. The Hungarians had that brought sharply to mind today when a semi-official newspaper

declared that if the League tried any such thing, Hungary had the right to appeal to the World Court. Appealing against League sanctions to the World Court, which ^{was} ~~is~~ created by the League! --

That sounds novel.

In Central America ~~today~~ airplanes were dropping packages of food and medicine. That's because the recent earthquakes in Honduras have been followed by floods. People marooned. ~~in need of food and medicines~~

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In the case of those floods in upper New York State, they're receding in some places. ~~this evening~~ Still there's fear

that the over-flowing waters might swell and turn out to be as bad as the floods last summer.

As for British fleet reduction in the Mediterranean, Gibraltar reports three more destroyers arrived from England, passed through the Straits, ^{on to} ~~along~~ Malta. So instead of the British Mediterranean fleet reducing, increasing is the word.

awaiting trial,
New York usurers [^] ~~will not~~ [^] want their bail reduced.
But they never reduce ^d the interest they charge ^{d.}

The Administration spokesmen in Washington, looking around for an explanation - are blaming big business. Something to explain the Hundred and nine million Dollar drop in American agricultural export products. The export figures mean that much out of the pockets of the farmers. It's hard to blame anyone, so they fall back on big business and tariff.

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HUNT

Yes, it's Halloween. And, a few hours from now, at dawn, a sacred season will begin for Merry England - the hunting season. It won't be a hunt for pheasants or quail or rabbits, nor even a coon hunt. When an Englishman goes out hunting, that's shooting. When he's out riding, that's hunting, riding the with/hounds, Yoicks and Tally Ho!

And this year a celebrated personage makes his debut as Master of the Hunt. He's that same oil promoter, Francis Rickett, who created a sensation several weeks ago, by getting a concession from Haile Selassie for half of Ethiopia. With the dawning of the new day in England, Rickett goes into action as Master of the Craven Hunt, one of England's most aloof and exclusive.

The Tally Ho kind of hunting over in England stands our hunter about Two hundred and twenty-five Dollars a day.

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~~days~~ And when they get through they're not bringing home anything to eat for supper. The English pack of hounds, unlike the Missouri hound dog, is expensive. The puppies get better care than babies, because you can't train a baby to chase a fox. The hounds dine on steaming hot meals. The utmost care is taken of their feet. The fox hunting canine tootsies are pickled in brine to make them tough. The fox hunters themselves are also frequently pickled, *on a stirrup cup too many,* which sometimes makes them tough. And to the hounds are assigned chiropodists, who manicure the puppies' toe nails.

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So Yoicks and Tally Ho,

(SOUND OF HORN)

And so long until tomorrow.

TED PEARSON - FINAL COMMERCIAL

By the way, Sunoco 20-W Motor Oil never fights
the starter, never puts an unnecessary drain upon the battery,
never delays lubricating the motor. Your car will be a better
car next summer if you use 20-W Sunoco Motor Oil this winter.
Here's hoping you have heaps of fun tonight. This is Ted Pearson
speaking.