

GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY;

I just ran across a curious historic fact. There hasn't been a war between Britain and Italy since the invasion of the Roman Emperor Claudius in forty-three A. D. - when the Romans conquered Britain. But today, nineteen centuries later, a conflict between modern Great Britain and modern Italy is considered by many to be a possibility. I'm not one of the many, but the events of this afternoon have a formidable look.

There was an informal meeting of His Majesty's Cabinet officers at Number Ten Downing Street. Those present were the holders of the most important portfolios, among them Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, Ex-Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, now Lord President of the Council, and Sir Samuel Hoare, Foreign Secretary. The seven statesmen who were present came to the most momentous decision that has been made on Downing Street since Nineteen Fourteen. If Italy attacks Ethiopia, John Bull will try to apply what is called "financial and economic pressure." That means virtually a blockade. It won't be a blockade of battleships -- not yet. But it will be almost as menacing - if it happens.

His Majesty's

government made no bones about this afternoon's proceedings.

They were announced in stilted <sup>cold</sup> ~~cool~~, but no less deadly terms.

~~The seven Ministers who came to that agreement are the dominant members of the Cabinet. So it means that~~ <sup>W</sup>

When the full formal Cabinet meeting is held tomorrow, the government will recommend

that the League of Nations authorize these "sanctions," as they

are called, against Italy. This measure, of course, is one of

the <sup>provisions</sup> ~~proceedings~~ of the covenant of the League.

What is more, it looks as though Stanley Baldwin and his colleagues had the <sup>Empire</sup> ~~entire country~~ behind them. The decision was made after the Prime Minister had received visits from leaders of the opposition, from representatives of Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and all the dominions.

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But there is one fly in the British ointment. Can John Bull get anybody to back him up? What will France do? The swarthy Monsieur Laval is taking a leaf from England's book. He is making a secret bargain with the Duce. The grapevine telegraph says that all Laval hopes is to keep the fighting confined to Africa.

The next big question is, "What will be Mussolini's retort?" That's one thing that will make us wait eagerly for every next edition of the papers. This action in London may be decidedly construed in diplomatic terms as "an unfriendly act".

Not a cause for war, not yet. <sup>but the sort of thing that</sup> ~~But it's an act from which there~~  
*quickly leads to war.*  
~~will be no packing down. And the following steps can be only~~  
~~in only one direction.~~

No wonder that Lord President Ramsey MacDonald, echoing Premier Stanley Baldwin, said:- "I regard the present situation as the most serious we've had to face since 1914."

Another thing that means a good deal is the order from the War Office ~~xxx~~ sending troops from the Punjab to the Sudan. The Punjabis are notoriously among the best and fiercest fighters that John Bull has in his Indian Army. The climate of Africa will mean nothing to them. They will be right at home.

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And now, what of Uncle Sam? Downing Street tells us that England has requested our embassy in London to find out what the attitude of Washington could be towards this problem. But evidently the news hasn't reached Washington. This was the day for President Roosevelt's press conference at the White

House. The President declined to make any comment. He said he was unaware that Great Britain had addressed any such question to the United States. Of course, we must remember that it is the rule for a statesman to decline to recognize <sup>as information</sup> anything he reads in the newspapers. ~~as information.~~ Members of the government don't know anything until they have been officially and formally <sup>notified.</sup> ~~approached on the subject.~~

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But the ~~d~~etermination of Congress to keep Uncle Sam out of this African mess became concrete this afternoon. Without a record vote and with almost no debate the Senate adopted the neutrality joint resolution proposed by Senator Nye, and rushed it over to the House. The President ~~as I remarked~~ declined to say whether he wanted it or ~~whether he did~~ not. Speaker Byrns, however, said the Administration was anxious to have it adopted. As the cards lie now it's <sup>probable</sup> ~~possible~~ that the House will say "yes" as <sup>outspokenly</sup> ~~unquestionably~~ as the Senate.

There is one significant thing in that neutrality resolution: It would forbid "the export of arms, ammunition and implements of war" to belligerent countries. And, we must observe that it does not use the term "munitions of war." There's a vast difference between munition and ammunition. The World War showed that munitions in a modern war can mean anything from a sack of potatoes to a spark plug.

The phrasing of that resolution seems to me exceedingly important. What it means is that American manufacturers cannot export guns, cartridges, shells, aircraft, tanks, poison gas or battleships. But there is nothing to prevent the shipping of grain -- and cotton, which is vital to a country at war, - also motor cars, or any other of a long list of materials, raw and manufactured, which any fighting country needs.

Perhaps that's one reason why the resolution is slipping through Congress so easily. If it forbade the shipping of munitions, in the modern sense, it would mean, in case the conflict spread to a general European war, that the foreign trade of the United States would shrink to practically nothing.

## SCOUTS

Visitors to Rockefeller Center the last couple of days must have thought the place had been stormed and captured by an Army - an army of Boy Scouts. Lads in their khaki uniforms everywhere -- in the Gardens of the Nations, on the cloud-touching roof, through the marble halls. Thereby hangs a tale. Most of those lads are from the West. They came East to Attend the conclave of Scouts in Washington, D. C. When the Jamboree was called off, most of them were on their way. So they decided to take in New York. A census was taken among them to discover which ~~are~~ sights they most wanted to see. And here was their choice: the first three:- Jack Dempsey, Radio City, and the Empire State Building.

NOISE

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It will be interesting to see how the campaign against unnecessary noises thrives in America. It <sup>is</sup> going to be tried out first in New York City, <sup>That bold spirit,</sup> of all places! <sup>^</sup> Mayor LaGuardia has decreed a "Don't make a noise month" in October. No blowing of automobile horns ~~xx~~ at night or any other racket that can be avoided. Over in Europe this campaign is becoming more and more popular. The Prefect of Police of Paris has extended the silent hours of the night, hours during which it is illegal to blow the horn of your motor car. The silent hours in the City of Light are now from nine in the evening to eight in the morning. In other parts of Europe, the authorities have discovered that the ban on blowing horns has decreased instead of increased automobile accidents.

The man who started all this is <sup>an Englishman whose</sup> ~~a potentate whose~~ formidable moniker is Major Leslie Hore-Belisha. He is a classmate of Captain Anthony Eden and ~~he~~ sits beside him in the Cabinet. Major Leslie Hore-Belisha is Minister of Transportation in England. He found he couldn't sleep a-nights, because of the racket of tooting horns. That is how he came to start his campaign, and By George!, he won it. It's now illegal to do any

tooting in England between half past eleven P.M. and seven A.M.

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But his activities went further than that. He installed  
beacons at all the crossroads in the kingdom. He put over a  
campaign urging every woman to say to her husband and son when  
starting out for a ride: "Be careful and come home alive." Q

*cheery thought.*

~~In order to keep up the good work,~~ He got the motor car

manufacturers to build a place in the dash-board for a picture  
of the little woman. There the driver could see a photograph  
of wife, mother or sweetheart with an inscription underneath,  
"Please be careful for my sake." He didn't provide for any

picture of papa for the occasions when mama is driving the car -

*or any place for photographs of dear Mother-in-law.*

The latest activity of King George's Minister of

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Transportation is still more interesting. He has been making an  
investigation of fifteen hundred fatal motor car accidents in  
England and this is what he found:- It isn't speed that causes  
accidents, it's congestion. Out of fifteen hundred of those  
fatal accidents, only twenty-three people died in cases where  
the car was traveling more than forty miles an hour. But five  
hundred perished in cars traveling less than ten miles an hour.  
From this Major Leslie Hore-Belisha makes the deduction that a



man driving fairly fast is more alert, ~~while~~ while the slow driver lets his mind and his eyes wander.

He also found that most accidents occur between five and six in the evening, when people are rushing home. But here's a still more interesting fact he discovered, and I'll wager you it applies to America too. The majority of the accidents is caused by the indifference of pedestrians to traffic rules. The next most dangerous person on the road is the maniac who ~~drives~~ tries to pass another car when the road is not clear ahead. ~~And that's something to think about!~~

cut

FLOOD

I wonder if there has ever been such a year as this for deadly floods in all parts of the world. Again the hapless land of the Celestials is the victim. Again the Yellow River is rising. Again those angry waters threaten to overwhelm ~~xxxxxxx~~ millions of rich acres.

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The authorities have more than a hundred thousand coolies and peasants sweating day and night as they pile up sand bags, hoping to hold back that dirty rushing torrent. It's the northern part of the Province of Kiangsu that is threatened now; ~~It's~~ one of the most fertile parts of China. If the levees break, more than a million long suffering farmers will lose their homes and their crops.

DIMITROFF

Two years ago the Nazi government was trying to chop off the head of Georgi Dimitroff. Not only because he was a Communist but because they said he was one of the gang who set fire to the Reichstag. Though all the cards were stacked against him, Dimitroff escaped. And today that same Dimitroff, in Russia, lies in the hospital, wounded by the bullet of an officer of the Red army. There's a curious twist of fate for you.

Whether you approve of him or not, this former Bulgarian peasant boy is a colorful fellow. They say that even as a youngster he was a rebel. He was hardly in his teens when he first became a Communist. For ten years he was a deputy in the Bulgarian Parliament. He was mixed up in no less than three uprisings and convicted each time. He always escaped Scot free. When the Nazis got him, he had been <sup>(in)</sup> ~~in~~ exile ten years.

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At the time the Reichstag was burned, he was in a train on his way to Berlin. Nevertheless, he was arrested and charged with having instigated the arson.

I suppose in the years to come, that affair at Leipsig will be considered one of the famous trials in history,

like that of Dreyfuss, or King Charles the First of England, or the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson. When the curtain rang up there seemed to be no hope for Dimitroff. It was obvious that the trial had been organized to convict and condemn all the prisoners. But Dimitroff stood up and never gave ground for an inch. His courage and his quick wits baffled not only the prosecutor but the hostile court. Soon the public opinion of the world was so much on his side, even though he was a Communist, that it was impossible in all decency not to acquit him.

But of course he was expelled from Germany and was welcomed with open arms by the Soviet. We don't know whether the bullet that <sup>now</sup> laid him low was fired in a duel or just fired. At any rate, the man who wounded Georgi Dimitroff is a Red army officer and he has been arrested.

OLYMPIC

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There's always a bit of sadness in the announcement that a great steamer, one that used to be called the greyhound of the Atlantic, passes into the discard. In Nineteen twenty-two, the White Star liner "Olympic" astounded the world by setting a new record across the ocean, averaging twenty-seven, point eight-one knots for several hours. That isn't so bad even compared with the "Normandie's" average of twenty-nine point sixty-four knots. Today the great triple-screw ship "Olympic" is on the market, on the way to the <sup>scrapheap.</sup> ~~boneyard~~. In case anybody wants to buy her before she is scrapped, she'll be open for inspection at Southampton.

During the War, the "Olympic" did noble service. She carried three hundred thousand passengers through submarine infested waters. She had some exciting moments in those days.

One foggy morning in ~~the~~ May, ~~of~~ Nineteen eighteen, the "Olympic" was entering the English Channel, when a U-boat appeared on the surface. The Germans challenged. The reply of the "Olympic's" crew was to fire the forward gun. Before the U-boat could maneuver, the "Olympic" spun around, and rammed. She sheared off the nose of the submarine, rendering her helpless. Thereupon

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the gun crews of the liner finished the job. All ~~though~~ that summer she was ferrying American troops to France. She was attacked by submarines no fewer than seven times in three months. By skillful use of her guns and steering gear, and by showing a ~~swift~~ swift pair of heels, she finished every voyage without losing a man.

Another heroic achievement in the life of that gallant ship was a rescue off the Irish coast. That was when she saved the crew of the mysteriously crippled British battleship "Audacious!"

In her latter days, the "Olympic" was not so fortunate. Little more than a year ago, on a foggy day, she rammed the Nantucket lightship. It was the first and only fatal accident in her career. As you may remember, the lightship sank and seven of the crew perished.

And now the good old "Olympic" is on her way to the boneyard. It's rather shocking to think that the lifetime of such a great, costly and speedy vessel should be little more than fourteen years.

PRINCESS

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Over in Germany there's a young man who is learning that it's bad luck to become enamored of a Princess. A few days ago I mentioned the rocks that had been strewn in the path of the true love of Princess Carmo and her mother's secretary. Those rocks have now become <sup>u</sup>~~bolders~~<sup>^</sup>. Last week it was announced that the royal damsel, whose full name is Princess Caroline von Schoenaich-Carolath, ~~had to~~ run away from her mother, the wife of the Ex-Kaiser, to follow her fiance. Today it appears that mother has won out. First <sup>Mother</sup> ~~she~~ said <sup>"yes"</sup> ~~she would~~, then she said <sup>"no!"</sup> ~~she wouldn't~~. She thought that if she permitted the marriage of her daughter to a commoner, it would make the Hohenzollerns strong with the Nazis. When she discovered that the Nazis didn't care a hoot whom their ex-royalty married, the Kaiser's strong willed spouse had a change of heart. She even followed her run-away daughter from Holland into Germany, and <sup>read</sup> ~~apparently read~~ the royal riot act.

58 1/2  
The young Princess has now issued a statement, saying:  
"The news of my engagement to Herr Wunderlich", ~~which is the~~  
~~secretary's name,~~ "is inaccurate." \* And she added, "No such  
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engagement is planned." That leaves the would-be bridegroom

stunned and disconsolate. Perhaps he can find solace in the words of Owen Meredith:

"Man can live without love, - what is passion but pining?

But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Here's ~~wh~~ one who can't, so --

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

59 1/2