

From the land of the pyramids, the Sphinx and the Nile - flaring reports of wild disturbance all day. And the most spectacular ^{incident} ~~of all~~ seems to be about as mysterious as the Sphinx itself. Two stories about a British officer. One relates that he shot four students. He was in command of a detachment of Egyptian police, when the rioters came swarming down on the outskirts of Cairo. ~~And he fired with deadly precision.~~ He fired and hit four, killed one. He himself was injured.

But another account merely mentions the British officer as being a casual passerby, who was set upon by the rioters. He was injured, not badly. In this case the shooting is said to have been done by the Egyptian police, a number of students wounded - no mention of any killed. Of course these two stories may refer to two different officers. There's plenty ^{of} confusion _^ in the details that come from rioting Cairo.

But there's no confusion about the general fact - that ^Y yesterday's anti-British outbreak has spread today through towns and villages of the ^{Nile} Delta. There was fighting from morning till night between government police and the storming members of the Wafdist Party. Wild yells of "Down with England!", with

stoning, clubbing and shooting. — *Low tailed. Hundreds hunt.*

Behind
~~Back of~~ it all is the fact that Foreign Minister, Sir Samuel Hoare, in England, put the pro-British Premier on a tough spot in Cairo. It all goes back to the Egyptian Constitution.

England took a protectorate over Egypt during the World War.

Then, in Nineteen twenty-two, *came the* decree ~~the~~ *of* independence *for* the ancient land *of the Pharaohs*. And with independence that Constitution was adopted.

It ran along in a troubled way until December first of Nineteen thirty-four. Then the Egyptian Parliament ~~were~~ *was* sent home and the Constitution ceased to operate. A stop-gap government took power, the present one, under Premier Tewfik Nassim Pasha. *RP* The Egyptian Nationalists have been demanding the Constitution again, have been expecting England to put it back into force. So they got a jolt the other day when Sir Samuel Hoare, British Foreign Minister, made a speech. Sir Samuel was making a campaign speech *for* today's election in England. In it he spoke of that Egyptian Constitution in not very favorable terms and gave a broad hint that England had no intention of restoring it. This provoked the rage of the Wafdist National Party, a rage which climaxes in the present outbreak.

Nobody knows how far the present rebel ^{trouble}~~tendencies~~ will go in Egypt, not very far probably. But the members of the Wafdist ^{Party}~~Party~~ are talking about a non-cooperation campaign, modeled on Gandhi's gospel of non-resistance in India. ^{TR} All in all, it's quite embarrassing for London, with Italian divisions standing on the Egyptian ^{border.}~~ports~~ London announced today that British troops would not intervene in the Egyptian trouble. But if things got so bad that the British did have to go in - it might be an awkward point of propriety in front of the League of Nations.

ENGLAND

If today were American Election Day, we would be having flashes of early returns, ^{wires} ~~wild~~ buzzing. The time in England is five hours earlier than here, and the polls over there closed

some time ago. But they don't do things so wildly in sedate

Albion.

~~England~~ Even an Election Day count is made with dignity and

leisure. They don't rush it, no early flashes, no buzzing wires.

So the news about today's vote casting is -- nothing, ^{copious or complete} ~~undoubtedly~~

Every sign that

^{sweeping} the Conservatives have scored a victory. but we knew that much

yesterday or two weeks ago.

ETHIOPIA

The war stories of battles and skirmishes in Ethiopia are all reflections of the military fact that the Italians are now mopping up. Having consolidated their lines, they are clamping down on parties of Ethiopian warriors, left skirmishing in the territory the Italians have occupied. Rome tells of fights with isolated groups. Addis Ababa tells of catching ^{alone} ~~isolated~~ Italian detachments and treating them rough. This Rome denies.

AIDA

A musician friend of mine calls attention to a novel angle in the Ethiopian embroglio. What has music got to do with it? Well, it's this way -- as explained by Carlo Edwards, long an assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, ~~who~~ now ~~is~~ swinging the baton at symphony concerts by P.W.A. orchestras.

"The opera season is just beginning in Italy," said he. "And you know what the favorite and most successful of all Italian operas is -- Aida. It isn't only an Italian opera. You might ^{also} call it an Ethiopian opera." [#] And that's a fact. In Aida, beloved by Caruso and all Italian dramatic tenors, Ethiopia plays a large and melodious part. The very first line of the opera goes like this: "The word comes that the Ethiopians have dared to defy our power." The star baritone role is that of the Ethiopian King Amonasro -- the operatic Haile Selassie. There are choruses of Ethiopian prisoners, ^{Aida herself is an} ~~and the beautiful~~ Ethiopian princess, ~~Aida~~. And the opera rings with choral shouts of "Guerra" -- war.

"And so," said Carlo Edwards, an American who studied music in Italy, "I wonder how the Italian audiences will feel this season when they hear their favorite opera -- all about the

Ethiopians and all about war. And will they shout "Bravo!" when the operatic Haile Selassie, with ringing melody and a high note, defends the freedom of his Ethiopian land?

~~And~~ To that I might add that Aida was composed by Verdi as a star feature for the opening of the Suez Canal -- that same canal of such perilous significance in the row between the Italians and the Ethiopians -- and England.

Right now it's morning in Manila . And this evening the ~~Phil~~ Filipinos will start out on independence tomorrow ^{morning.} So today, on Thursday, November fourteenth, we may observe that this is ~~the~~ Philippine Birthday, Friday, November fifteenth. It's all based on ^{the} time difference ~~in~~ between these longitudes and the longitudes ~~across~~ ^{around} the world. Frank Murphy, American Governor-General of the Philippines, now becomes High Commissioner to the Island Commonwealth. And Manuel Quezon, long the foremost Philippine politician, becomes ^{Senor} President. The oath will be administered to him by Justice George A. Malcolm, in the presence of Vice-President Garner.

Yes, it's Philippine Independence, a new born government. But still for a while there are some strings to it all. For example, the new High Commissioner, Frank Murphy, has ~~the~~ power to veto Philippine laws, but it's unlikely that the veto power will be used to any extent.

FINANCE

Financial writers today are falling all over their vocabularies finding words to express a big buying day, floods of orders, prices surging upward. And -- the ticker tape behind, falling down on the job. The wild Wall Street day was just a thermometric reaction ^{to} ~~of~~ several things. Number one -- the President's new economy plan. The Wall Street day began with the humming word that Mr. Roosevelt had ordered government spending to be cut down drastically for the 1937 budget. Slash of half a billion. That's ^{a fairly} ~~the~~ big minus sign. There also is a plus sign, just as large. The Treasury Department expects that better business is going to increase ^{the 1937 Federal} ~~its 1937~~ income by half a billion. Half a billion less in the red and half a billion more in the black, ~~and~~ the total ~~is~~ a billion dollar betterment of government finance. That's what the President's new economy ~~seems~~ ^{to indicate} ~~means~~ to Wall Street.

Today there was plenty of activity in Washington, pencils busy figuring out economy cuts. A cool breeze of moderation emanates ^{tonight} from the Treasury Department, warning that some reports of wild budget slashing are exaggerated. But, nevertheless,

the keynote is -- economy. Meanwhile the Bankers' Association in New Orleans adopted an official resolution today -- against government spending.

And, of course, another thing that Wall Street heard early this morning was Secretary's Roper's breathing spell declaration. Appropos of the President's breathing spell declaration sometime ago, now his Secretary of Commerce follows it up by breathing even harder, panting in fact. The Secretary made his pronouncement to the Associated Grocery Manufacturers of America at their annual dinner at the Waldorf in New York. He said that the times are growing better fast, so there's less and less need for drastic measures. He declared the basic reforms planned by the government had been completed, and there'll be no more large scale experiment. He defended profits and had a good word for big business.

Yes, these resonant tidings from the high places of government put Wall Street in a booming mood today. But there were some other declarations not proclaimed with so much political oratory today, and from not such high places. But they had their

effect also -- dividend declarations and statements of increased earnings. When there are prospects of melon-cutting, the boys want to be right there at the table.

SEA

53
That's about all the news I have from lands near and far, our own country and other countries. So, let's go to the sea. There may be nothing new on earth, but there's always something new ^{at} ~~on the~~ sea.

Tonight we have a far northern lighthouse in peril of blizzard and polar ice - also in peril ^{of} a sailor with a wooden leg. ^{And -} We have the weird plight of ^{an Asiatic} a fishing fleet in the distant Caspian ~~Sea~~.

And in British waters we have a paradox - not a ship that sails the sea but a sheep that sails the sea.

The Arctic lighthouse, the menacing ice and the sailor with a wooden leg, are all part of the same thing ^{that} ~~the~~ people in the east have been fearing all day long - the mercurial nose-dive of the thermometer. The cold snap, long overdue, has come with a sudden shiver. In northern New York State, they spent the day fighting against the freeze. The cold snap came with rain and sleet and ice. Trees loaded with a frosty burden, overloaded, cracking and falling down. Slippery roads blocked by trunks and branches of elms. The weight of ice ripping down power lines, telephone service cut off, electricity out of commission, households lighted with oil ~~and~~ lamps and candles.

54
Well, you can imagine what it is in northern Canada, -
in Manitoba, for example, on Cox's Reef, a hundred and forty
miles north of the mouth of the Red River. There's a lighthouse
on Cox's Reef with two lighthouse keepers. Two weeks ago a ship
set sail to bring them a regular supply of food. The ice was
forming fast. The food ~~supply~~ ship was caught in a jam, frozen
solid. Her crew of eight had to get back to safety, traveling
over the ice.

And what about the two lighthouse keepers, ^{with} their food
supply running low? A howling blizzard raging, blinding snow,
intense cold. Nevertheless, a party of hardy men of the north
set out for the rescue. Laden with ~~food~~ supplies for the lighthouse
~~men~~, they started on a hundred-and-thirty-mile trek across the
frozen sea, beating their way through the northern tempest.
Today we hear fears for their safety. No word from them, and the
blizzard grows worse.

So there you have the peril of the lighthouse tenders
and the rescue crew, ^{And that's} bad enough, without the sailor with the
wooden leg. The northern fishermen tell the story with eerie terror.

The blizzard-marooned-lighthouse on Cox's Reef is haunted.

Haunted by the ghost of a sailor named Plunkett, who, when the storm howls, goes stamping around the lighthouse with a clumpity-clump, with his wooden leg; the plunkety-plunk of Plunkett. He was the first lighthouse keeper who tended the beacon, but he died in a strange way. His successor was an Indian. And that Indian was so terrified by the ghost with the wooden leg, that he never would sleep in the lighthouse. He made his bed on the outside, on one of the lighthouse hatches, no matter how the tempest hooted and howled and whistled.

Tonight the haunted lighthouse, two marooned keepers, starving. The rescue party - where?

FISHERMEN

The sea story from the far off Caspian, beyond the Caucasus has quite a Biblical flavor. Remember how the Red Sea receded to let the children of Isreal pass? Well, in the Caspian, the sea has receded. No children of Isreal there - only a fleet of fisherman in a bad fix. A fishing fleet was hauling in a good catch. They were plying their nets several miles from the shore. Suddenly they found themselves on dry land. Their boats sitting on the bottom of the sea.

A sudden freak of waters. Along a hundred and fifty miles of coastline the waves of the salty inland Caspian had suddenly receded, had backed away, leaving land where a depth of water had been.

The fishermen were marooned out there for five days. They couldn't get back to shore because of the treacherous ooze of what had been sea bottom. They were in a dangerous plight.

The modern note is struck when we learn that airplanes flew out and dropped food to them. So the fishing fleet sat on the waterless bottom of the sea for five days, until just as suddenly the sea returned and set them afloat once more so they were able to go away from that place.

It sounds like the miracle of the Red Sea, only when the waters parted the Isralites were lucky enough not to have their boats with them.

But, the weird Caspian phenomenon is not so strange, when you consider that it's a sea of tricky shallows in the north. Shifting banks of sediment brought down by the Volga, where the Volga Boatman sings. The Caspian is known for large seasonal changes of depth. And these seasonal changes, with the freakish lay of banks and shallows, sometimes produces a startling movement of the waters.

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SHEEP

In British waters there's a ship, and aboard the ship is a sheep. And woven around it all is a paradox of maritime law. The ship is in trouble with the British authorities, and it looks as though it will continue to be, as long as the sheep lives.

The good ship NEREUS was bound from the Thames to the River Plate, with a general cargo of freight - Captain Elias Fonares and a crew of thirty-nine. Yes, a crew of thirty-nine - and three pets, animal pets. A pig, a cow and a sheep. The three beasts ate out of the same trough. They got along none too well. It wasn't the pig that was greedy, it was the sheep. That sheep was hogging everything in the trough. The discord between the animals came to a climax as the NEREUS drew near the Equator. Maybe the cow was irritated by the heat. Anyway, there was an outbreak of commotion in Equatorial waters, as the cow kicked the sheep, kicked it overboard.

The captain and his crew were not the sort to see their pet perish there on the Equator. They launched a lifeboat. It was a battle against wind and wave for two hours. But they rescued the sheep. The animal

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had inhaled a good deal of sea water and was in bad shape, but the tender hearted Captain and crew nursed it back to health. I don't know what they did with the ^{cow and} ~~common~~ pig, but the sheep now took the rank of a shipmate - its life given up by the sea.

58 1/2 The NEREUS made a prosperous voyage down to the Argentine and then back to London. A stroke of trouble descended the moment she put into Victoria docks. Quarantine regulations issued by the Minister of Agriculture, forbid the bringing in of livestock of any such fashion. So the authorities ordered the Captain to kill the sheep. The doughty skipper refused. "The sea", he said, "has given the sheep back to life, so why should we be more merciless than the sea?"

The only answer to that was - prosecution and a fine. If the fine was paid, the authorities, according to law, couldn't do anything more about the sheep. So the Captain paid the fine.

59 The only trouble is that every time he puts into British waters again, he will go through the same procedure - prosecution and a fine. You can see the paradox. Every time the NEREUS

~~returns to~~ ^{near} her home port, she will be violating the law.

59 1/2 And I'll be violating the radio law if I don't hurry and say s-l-u-t-m.